



(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Disclaimer

"If it was not good, it was true; if it was not artistic, it was sincere; if it was in bad taste, it was on the side of life."

—Henry Miller, on criticism and the Supreme-Court-level lawsuit he received for writing *The Tropic of Cancer* (1934)

Regarding This Book's Artistic/Pornographic Nudity and Sexual Content: *Sex Positivity* thoroughly discusses sexuality in popular media, including fetishes, kinks, BDSM, Gothic material, and general sex work; the illustrations it contains have been carefully curated and designed to demonstrate my arguments. It also considers pornography to be art, examining the ways that sex-positive art makes iconoclastic statements against the state. As such, *Sex Positivity* contains visual examples of sex-positive/sex-coercive artistic nudity borrowed from publicly available sources to make its educational/critical arguments. Said nudity has been left entirely uncensored for those purposes. While explicitly criminal sexual acts, taboos and obscenities are discussed herein, no explicit illustrations thereof are shown, nor anything criminal; i.e., no snuff porn, child porn or revenge porn. It does examine things generally thought of as porn that are unironically violent. Examples of uncensored, erotic artwork and sex work are present, albeit inside exhibits that critique the obscene potential (from a legal standpoint) of their sexual content: "ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual or simulated, masturbation, excretory functions, lewd exhibition of the genitals, or sado-masochistic sexual abuse" ([source](#): Justice.gov). For instance, there is an illustrated example of uncensored semen—a "breeding kink" exhibit with zombie unicorns and werewolves (exhibit 87a)—that I've included to illustrate a particular point, but its purposes are ultimately educational in nature.

The point of this book isn't to be obscene for its own sake, but to educate the broader public (including teenagers*) about sex-positive artwork and labor historically treated as obscene by the state. For the material herein to be legally considered obscene it would have to simultaneously qualify in three distinct ways (aka the "Miller" test):

- appeal to prurient interests (i.e., an erotic, lascivious, abnormal, unhealthy, degrading, shameful, or morbid interest in nudity, sex, or excretion)
- attempt to depict or describe sexual conduct in a patently offensive way (i.e., ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual or simulated, masturbation, excretory functions, lewd exhibition of the genitals, or sado-masochistic sexual abuse)
- lack serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value

Taken as a whole, this book discusses debatably prurient material in an academic manner, depicting and describing sexual conduct in a non-offensive way for the express purpose of education vis-à-vis literary-artistic-political enrichment.

*While this book was written for adults—provided to them [through my age-gated website](#)—I don't think it should be denied from curious teenagers through a supervising adult. The primary reason I say this (apart from the trauma-writing sections, which are suitably intense and grave) is that the academic material can only be simplified so far and teenagers probably won't understand it entirely (which is fine; plenty of books are like that—take years to understand more completely). As for sexually-developing readers younger than 16 (ages 10-15), I honestly think there are far more accessible books that tackle the same basic subject matter more quickly at their reading level. All in all, this book examines erotic art and sex positivity as an alternative to the sex education currently taught (or deliberately not taught) in curricular/extracurricular spheres. It does so in the hopes of improving upon canonical tutelage through artistic, dialectical-material analysis.

Fair Use: This book is non-profit, and its artwork is meant for education, transformation and critique. For those reasons, the borrowed materials contained herein fall under Fair Use. All sources come from popular media: movies, fantasy artist portfolios, cosplayer shoots, candid photographs, and sex worker catalogs intended for public viewing. Private material has only been used with a collaborating artist's permission (for this book—e.g., [Blxxd Bunny](#)'s OF material or custom shoots; or as featured [in a review of their sex work on my website](#) with their consent already given from having done past work together—e.g., [Miss Misery](#)).

Concerning the Exhibit Numbers and Parenthetical Dates: I originally wrote this book as one text, not four volumes. Normally I provide a publication year per primary text once per text—e.g., "[Alien](#) (1979)"—but this would mean having to redate various texts in Volumes One, Two and Three after Volume Zero. I have opted out of doing this. Likewise, the exhibit numbers are sequential for the entire book, not per volume; references to a given exhibit code [exhibit 11b2 or 87a] will often refer to exhibits not present in the current volume. I have not addressed this in the first edition of my book, but might assemble a future annotated list in a second edition down the road.

Concerning Hyperlinks: Those that make the source obvious or are preceded by the source author/title will simply be supplied "as is." This includes artist or book names being links to themselves, but also mere statements of fact, basic events, or word definitions where the hyperlink is the word being defined. Links to sources where the title is not supplied in advance or whose content is otherwise not spelled out will be supplied next to the link in parentheses (excluding Wikipedia, save when directly quoting from the site). One, this will be especially common with YouTube essayists I cite to credit them for their work (though sometimes I will supply just the author's name; or their name, the title of the essay and its creation year). Two, concerning YouTube links and the odds of videos being taken down, these are ultimately provided for supplementary purposes and do not actually need to be viewed to understand my basic arguments; I generally summarize their own content into a single sentence, but recommend you give any of the videos themselves a watch if you're curious about the creators' unique styles and perspectives about a given topic.

Concerning (the PDF) Exhibit Image Quality: This book contains over 1,000 different images, which—combined with the fact that Microsoft Word appears to compress images twice (first, in-document images and second, when converting to PDFs) along with the additional hassle that is WordPress' limitations on accepting uploaded PDFs (which requires me to compress the PDF again—has resulted in sub-par image quality for the exhibit images themselves. To compensate, all of the hyperlinks link to the original sources where the source images can be found. Sometimes, it links to the individual images, other times to the entire collage, and I try to offer current working links; however, the ephemeral, aliased nature of sex work means that branded images do not always stay online, so some links (especially those to Twitter/X accounts) won't always lead to a source if the original post is removed.

Concerning Aliases: Sex workers survive through the use of online aliases and the discussion of their trauma requires a degree of anonymity to protect victims from their actual/potential abusers. This book also contains trauma/sexual anecdotes from my own life; it discusses my friends, including sex workers and the alter egos/secret identities they adopt to survive "in the wild." Keeping with that, all of the names in this book are code names (except for mine, my late Uncle Dave's and his ex-wife Erica's—who are only mentioned briefly by their first names). Models/artists desiring a further degree of anonymity (having since quit the business, for example) have been given a codename other than their former branded identity sans hyperlinks (e.g., Jericho).

Extended, Book-Wide Trigger Warning: This entire book thoroughly discusses xenophobia, harmful xenophilia (necrophilia, pedophilia, zoophilia, etc), homophobia, transphobia, enbyphobia, sexism, racism, race-/LGBTQ-related hate crimes/murder and domestic abuse; child abuse, spousal abuse, animal abuse, misogyny and sexual abuse towards all of these groups; power abuse, rape (date, marital, prison, etc), discrimination, war crimes, genocide, religious/secular indoctrination and persecution, conversion therapy, manmade ecological disasters, and fascism.

To bun-bun. Thank you for being so kind and for teaching me so much.



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

To [Bay](#). I wanted to include a small addendum, acknowledging your contributions once per volume; i.e., what attracted you to the project, me to you, and what we appreciate about each other as partners in its making (and as lovers). For this volume, here is the fourth slice of the pie (for Volume Three, part one): You teach me to see the joy in all things, to make things campy, gay and fun. This includes myself as a trans woman. You taught me to see myself proudly as a "faggot," to reclaim and understand the language that had chained me down and held me prisoner. Whereas Zeuhl (an ex of mine) always taught me to "not say gay" (to be fair, I was in the closet at the time), you use "faggot" freely and sincerely as a joyous epithet; e.g., "I'm a gay little faggot." Indeed, you'll suddenly tell me so, giggling (to which I feel breathless with delight). There is always music in your words, laughter in your heart, and love in everything you touch; you don't hammer swords into ploughshares, but spring them into flowers whose awakened bouquet flows into the light of a better world. I'm happy that I can make you feel seen and heard and vice versa; you make my wildest dreams come true.



To [Bay](#). I wanted to include a small addendum, acknowledging your contributions once per volume; i.e., what attracted you to the project, me to you, and what we appreciate about each other as partners in its making (and as lovers). For this volume, here is the fifth slice of the pie (for Volume Three, part two): You taught me that when you make a likeness of someone that you want to exist in place of the current version, you're making a gravestone of something that never was, but could be in the future with someone else. With you, babe, I don't have to. You're already ideal. But it feels like a fairy tale—not a delusion to erect and lose ourselves inside regarding a promised "better end," but a current palace of play that helps us find joy and healing together.



Abstract

"This castle is a creature of Chaos. It may take many incarnations." —Alucard, Castlevania: Symphony of the Night (1997)

My book, *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism: Liberating Sex Work under Capitalism through Iconoclastic Art*, examines the various differences between sex positivity and sex coercion in sexualized media. Its "Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism¹" combines a wide variety of theories in order to critique capital and capital's sexualization of all workers: anarcho-Communism, Marxism and fourth wave intersectional feminism with the sharpness of Gothic academic theory, the immediacy of online political discourse, as well as postcolonial, posthuman and queer theory, ludology, sex education, antifascist (thus antiwar/anticapitalist) sentiment, poetry and a variety of ironic, xenophilic sex worker illustrations and negotiated labor exchanges' creative successes that illustrate mutual consent in Gothic BDSM language; i.e., what I call "[ludo-Gothic BDSM](#)" using various poetic devices to establish—among other things—rape play and the palliative Numinous during calculated risk to raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness; e.g., [Metroidvania](#) and the monstrous-feminine having the whore's revenge against profit pimping nature (re: "[Rape Reprise](#)"). As such, *Sex Positivity* employs these theories (and their respective language/mode of expression) holistically and intersectionally to dialectically-materially examine and combat unironic xenophobic mental enslavement during the Internet Age: sex positivity (and universal liberation from profit and the state) versus sex coercion (and universal enslavement pursuant to profit).

Specifically *Sex Positivity* tackles how neoliberal state-corporate proponents—i.e., official or stochastic cops, including TERFs (trans-exclusionary radical [fascist] feminists) and other standard-to-tokenized (crypto)fascists use canonical imagery created from coerced sex work to affect imagination as a socio-material process; i.e, using canon to generate complicated linguo-material arrangements that

- continuously exploit sexualized workers through widespread xenophobia under late-stage Capitalism; i.e., Capitalism sexualizes all workers to heteronormatively serve the profit motive, commonly through harmful Gothic poetics and BDSM theatrics.
- canonically exploit said arrangements to enshrine their abuse in abject, cryptonymic-hauntological crypts/chronotopes that "incarcerate," "lobotomize," "infantilize" and "incriminate" the public imagination; i.e., Mark Fisher's Capitalist Realism, or myopic inability to imagine a world beyond Capitalism even when Capitalism is in decay (whose maxim regarding Capitalist Realism reads: "It is easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of Capitalism"; [source](#): *Capitalist Realism*, 2009).
- simultaneously pimp and condemn sex-positive artists who seek to liberate sexualized workers through their own iconoclastic, ironically xenophilic praxis; i.e.,

¹ Re: "the deliberate, pointed critique of capital/Capitalism and the state using a unique marriage of Gothic/queer/game theory and semi-Marxist (an-Com) ideas synthesized by sex-positive workers during proletarian praxis: developing systemic catharsis, mid-liminal expression, with ludo-Gothic BDSM." Refer to "[Paratextual Documents](#)" for the full definition, as well as all of the core Gothic theories I use.

camping the canon to escape its brutal historical materialism through their own creative successes, achieving praxial catharsis regarding systemic abuse and generational trauma.

Sex Positivity illustrates, similar to how oscillation is a key component of the Gothic, that Gothic Communism is the oscillation between Capitalism and anarcho-Communism as dialectical-material forces felt in Gothic language by real people: oppositional praxis, or the practical application/synthesis of theory in dialectical-material opposition. To combat nation-states as the ultimate foe, Gothic Communism's chief aim is to be campier (thus sexier and funnier) than Marx; i.e., camping *his* ghost to develop a holistically intuitive anarcho-Communism begot through a widespread, collective and solidarized emotional and Gothic intelligence/awareness that recultivates the Superstructure and reclaims the Base through intersectional resistance and *de facto* (extracurricular) reeducation.

Simply put, Gothic has that mood, that *cool factor* to do the trick; i.e., by subverting monstrous language, which normally dehumanizes workers and nature through popular stories furthering abjection (us versus them): to suitably humanize the harvest, which capital (and its Realism) can *only* pimp out when vengefully raping nature as monstrous-feminine whore. The whore's revenge against profit, then, is to fuck back on the same Aegis; i.e., when the Man comes around, show him *your* Aegis. When done correctly, its paradoxical, cryptonymic exposure will set you free (re: silence is genocide), but reversing abjection must happen together as one—per intersectional solidarity healing from rape through a shared pedagogy of the oppressed: walking away from Omelas and towards post-scarcity while becoming better stewards of nature than historically have ever existed (assimilation is poor stewardship)! Medusa demonstrates there is power in what they try to control; take it back by using it in ways they can't steal from you! Become the Gorgon!



(artist: [Nyx](#))

Non-Profit and Funding (donations and commissions)

Sex Positivity is non-profit/entirely funded through donations and [commissions](#); i.e., I am unemployed, and any money I raise goes towards helping the people I work with. I take payment on PayPal, Patreon, and CashApp, etc; all links are available [on my Linktr.ee](#).



You may also refer to any of the donation links attached to the individual model promotions; i.e., those found on [the Sex Work page](#) specifically or on the individual webpages built for my muses; e.g., [Nyx'](#) [page](#) and the various details *it* contains: an Aegis for where power is found, stored and expressed!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

Concerning what these donations and commissions ultimately go towards, this entire project is the result. *Sex Positivity* seeks to raise awareness and engender activism towards and from all workers, but especially sex workers and the marginalized more broadly (many of whom turn towards sex work to survive); i.e., I do sex work, myself (see: "[About the Author](#)"), and the vast majority of sex workers I operate alongside are marginalized in some shape or form.

To it, the overarching goal of my work is to humanize the dehumanized by *reclaiming* monstrous poetic tools of dehumanization; i.e., during informed mutual labor exchange, using the dialectical-material context (and social-sexual factors) of every exchange separately and together to vividly demonstrate protest: through artistic invigilation and expression, one whose holistic, intersectionally solidarized cooperation unfolds during a larger pedagogy of the oppressed (and its modular axes of privilege and oppression synthesizing praxis, mid-duality and -opposition). Those who walk away from Omelas, we seek to amplify and mobilize our cause using what we got—to unite and stand against the state, profit and capital's various traitors (cops, which pimps are, token or not) by reclaiming not just our bodies, sexualities and genders, but our labor and *its* holistic performative value: developing Gothic Communism through *stochastic* means and *de facto* education.

The state from the beginning is a pimp, one that antagonizes nature as monstrous-feminine to put it (and those of it) cheaply to work; i.e., by pimping it genocidally through imbricating persecution networks guided by pre-emptive revenge labeling workers (and

nature) as "terrorist," "black," "alien," "witch," and "other," etc; e.g., [Amazons and the Medusa](#)—with Athenian women tokenizing to attack themselves and the natural world they (and other workers) belong to. In turn, sex work is the oldest profession, hence the oldest form of labor exploitation through rape² (which is all that profit, hence wage and labor theft, is); the oldest form of *worker* revenge is the whore's *against* profit, which sex workers (and by extension all workers) attain through collective protest raising emotional/Gothic

² From "A Note about Rape/Rape Play; or, Facing the Great Destroyer" (2024):

I want to define [rape] as something broadened beyond its narrow definition, "penetrative sex meant to cause harm by removing consent from the equation." To that, there is a *broad, generalized* definition I devised in "[Psychosexual Martyrdom](#)" (2024), which will come in useful where we examine unironic forms of rape, but also "rape" as something put *into* quotes; i.e., during consent-non-consent as a vital means of camp during ludo-Gothic BDSM:

martyrs are generally raped by the state, which we have to convey mid-performance *without* actually getting raped if we can help it ("rape" meaning [for our purposes] "to disempower someone or somewhere—a person, culture, or place—in order to harm them," generally through fetishizing and alienizing acts or circumstances/socio-material conditions that target the mind, body and/or spirit) [emphasis, me]: finding power while disempowered (the plight of the monstrous-feminine).

Rape can be of the mind, spirit, body and/or culture—the land or things tied to it during genocide, etc; it can be individual and/or on a mass scale, either type committed by a Great Destroyer (a Gothic trope of abuse of the worse, unimaginable sort, rarefying as a person, onstage) of some kind or another as abstracting unspeakable abuse. It's a translation, which I now want to interrogate with the chapters ahead. So we must give examples that are anything but ironic before adding the irony afterward as a theatrical means of medicine; i.e., *rape play challenging profit through the usual Gothic articulations in service to workers and nature at large*.

Simply put, to be raped is to be deprived of agency facing something you cannot defeat through force alone (rape victims are often brutalized for trying to fight back)—capital and its enforcers, pointedly raping nature and things of nature-as-monstrous-feminine by harvesting them during us-versus-them arguments according to Cartesian thought; *terror* is a vital part of the counterterrorist reversal humanizing Medusa during activism as a psychosexual act of martyrdom. There is always damage, even if you survive, but there is a theatrical element that lets you *show* your scars; i.e., during consent-non-consent as an artistic, psychosexual form of protest through ludo-Gothic BDSM: having been on the receiving end of state abuse as something to demonstrate and play with for educational, activist purposes—generally with a fair degree of revolutionary cryptonymy (showing and hiding ourselves and our trauma).

By comparison the state uses masks, music (and other things) as a coercive, complicit means of cryptonymically threatening us with great illusions. These rape our minds without irony in service to profit. Such proponents are generally people in our own lives who don the mask/persona of the Great Destroyer to frighten us into submission; i.e., by threatening us with total annihilation as a force of unreality that feels shapeless and overwhelming yet humanoid. This is no laughing matter, nor is subverting it during rape play, both of which the rest of this volume (and Volume Three after that) will explore at length ([source](#)).

In short, to establish a grounds for humor and play during camp is to give workers control over things over things normally out of their control; i.e., putting "rape" in quotes during calculated risk, which ludo-Gothic BDSM essentially treats as activism when developing Gothic Communism to break Capitalist Realism.

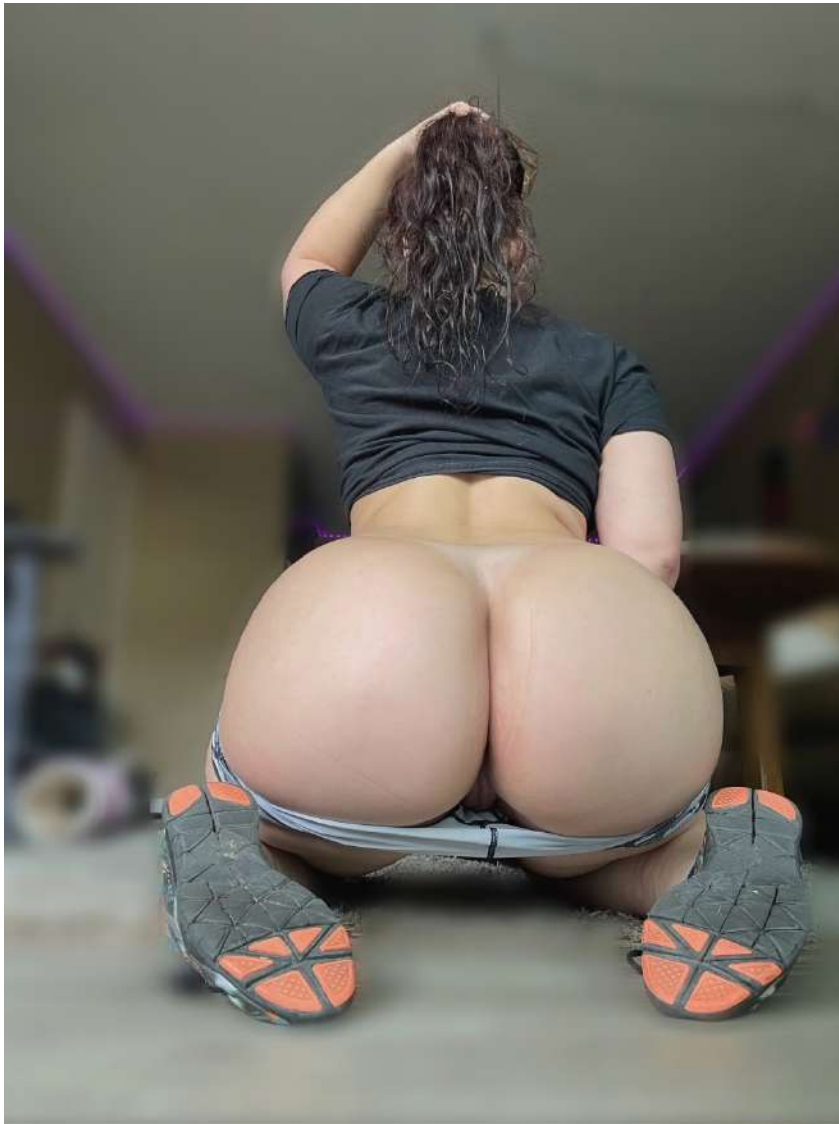
For further information specifically on ludo-Gothic BDSM, refer [to my new webpage](#) cataloging the subject and its history as coined and synthesized by me. —Perse

intelligence and class, culture and race awareness on all registers: reversing the terrorist/counterterrorist refrain (thus abjection process) through ludo-Gothic BDSM (see: footnote, above) cryptonymically playing with power as it is understood in society at large (re: Gothic poetics and the dialectic of the alien).

We not only heal from rape as something to survive by playing with it; we seek systemic change and universal liberation by playfully putting "rape" in quotes, showing and hiding various things during the cryptonymy process, mid-paradox (refer to "[Paratextual \(Gothic\) Documents](#)" and "[Audience, Art and Reading Order](#)" for further summaries of these terms and arguments). To accomplish this, we must endure shameless tokenization, unchecked police brutality and widespread decay in the interim. Sex workers are offshoots of the Medusa, which the state has exploited since Antiquity into the present space and time; i.e., from Athens, Sparta and Rome into the First, Second and Third Reichs leading into Capitalism and *Pax Americana* as it currently exists. Labor has infinite value, and the elite only have what power we give them in that respect; i.e., monopolies are impossible, provided we fight back any way we can; re: by showcasing our humanity on the very fruit

the elite want to harvest. On *our* Aegis, Medusa speaks through us, our peachy cakes and pies freezing capital Numinously in its tracks, breaking Capitalist Realism. "Stare and tremble," indeed!

(artist: [Nyx](#))



If you wish to support the work that my friends and I do, please refer to the links above. Also check out some of the models being promoted; the entirety involved can be accessed on [the Acknowledgements page](#).

Promotions/Model Interviews

Sex Positivity has a variety of promotion materials, whose [dedicated webpage](#) catalogs individual *book promotions*. Each lets you access a given volume/module's contents per individual chapter (and subchapter, sub-subchapter, etc). So while you *can* download the full *PDF files* for said series for free [on the *Sex Positivity* one-page promo](#) (and learn more about the project as a whole/donate if you wish), the posts for each promotion contain *smaller blog-style book sections*—each with its own before/after transition hyperlinks and full-size images (versus the PDF images, which have been compressed twice—once by Word, then again by a PDF compression software).



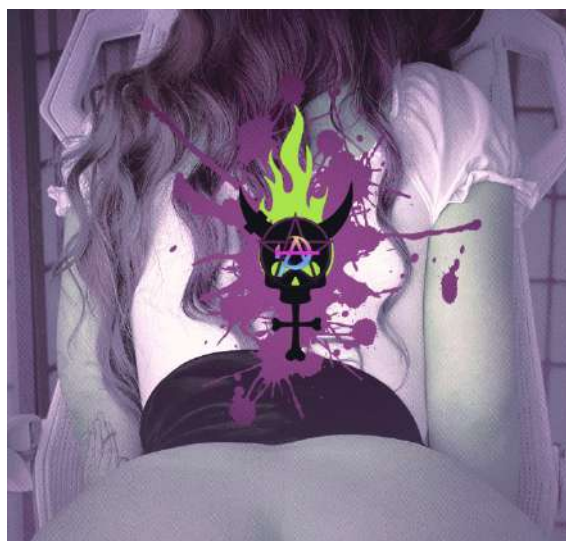
(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

To it, each book promotion is a full *promotion series*; i.e., with its own *table of contents* that contains section summaries, page counts, promo posters, and the full *book disclaimer* for the entire series:

- **"[The Total Codex](#)"**: The book promotion for Volume Zero/my *thesis volume*, which contains my series' thesis argument (re: "Capitalism sexualizes everything") and introduces/unpacks its complex theory.
- **"[Make It Real](#)"**: The book promotion for Volume One/my *manifesto*, which takes Volume Zero's complex theory and simplifies it; i.e., as something to synthesize and instruct among ourselves.
- **"[Brace for Impact](#)"**: The book promotion for Volume Two, part one, aka *the Poetry Module*, which concerns the poetic application of monsters (with some historical elements).
- **"[Searching for Secrets](#)"**: The book promotion for Volume Two, part two/the Monster Module's *Undead Module*, which concerns the poetic history of undead monsters (with some applicative elements).
- **"[Deal with the Devil](#)"**: The book promotion for Volume Two, part two/the Monster Module's *Demon Module*, which concerns the poetic history of demonic/natural monsters (with some applicative elements).

- **"All the World"**: The book promotion for Volume Three, aka *the Praxis Volume*, which combines Volume Zero's complex theory, Volume One's simplified theory/synthetic model, and Volume Two's monster history and application; i.e., as something foster our own creative successes of proletarian praxis with versus the state, which boils down to sex positivity (and liberation) versus sex coercion while developing Gothic Communism (with a huge focus on resisting tokenization; e.g., TERFs).

Said webpage also contains the *promo posters* designed for this book series; i.e., including ones *not* featured on the one-page promo (which only has one of each). Along



with those, you will also find information about an *interview series* I'm conducting with past models: "[Hailing Hellions](#)"; e.g., "[An Interview with Delilah Gallo](#)."

(model and artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

[Click here to access the project's most vital Gothic paratextual documents](#); e.g., its main Gothic keywords, but also theories and central tenets, which aren't contained in the full glossary. [Click here to access the non-Gothic paratextual key terms](#), as well as

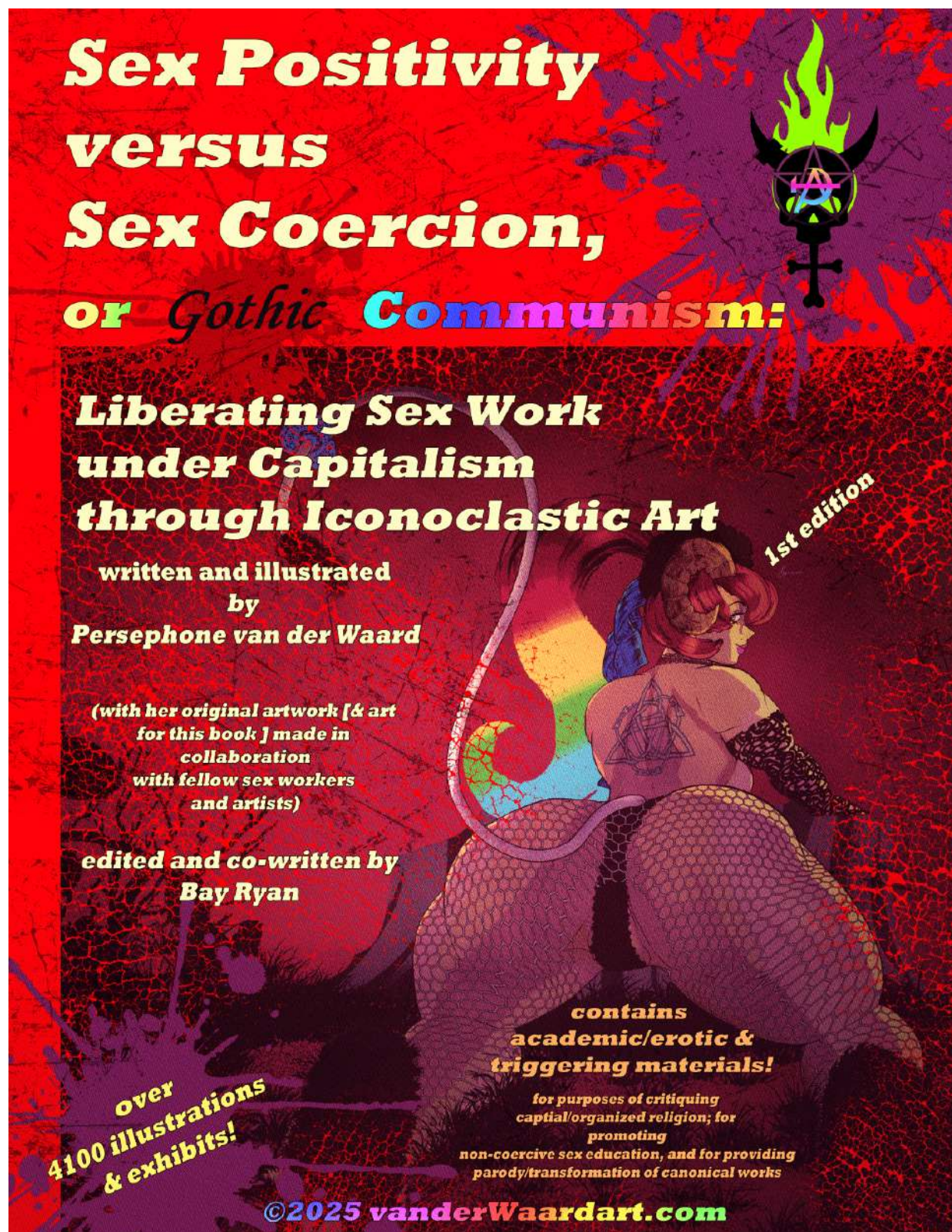
information about the series' intended audience and reading order.

[Click here to access the project's extended glossary of specialized terms.](#)

[Click here to access the project's most vital Gothic paratextual documents](#); e.g., its main Gothic keywords, but also theories and central tenets, which aren't contained in the full glossary. [Click here to access the non-Gothic paratextual key terms](#), as well as information about the series' intended audience and reading order.

[Click here to access a list of the project's individual book promotions, promo posters, and model interview series](#). Each promotion presents a given volume/module in an online, segmented, and serialized blog-style format (versus downloading the PDF files in their entirety to read offline).

Learn about me! The above material dedicates to *Sex Positivity*. [Click here to read about its author](#), including her academic contributions, [specialization in Metroidvania](#) and BDSM ([specifically ludo-Gothic BDSM](#)), [Tolkien](#) and [Amazon](#) scholarship, gender identity and politics, and personal portfolio when working solo/with other sex workers.



Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism: Liberating Sex Work under Capitalism through Iconoclastic Art

Volume Three (volume 4 of 4, from 0 to 3): Praxis, parts one and two; 1st ed. (1.0a³)

**written and illustrated
by
Persephone van der Waard**

**(with her original artwork [& art for this book]
made in collaboration with fellow sex workers and
artists)**

edited and co-written by Bay Ryan

**This book is strictly non-profit/not for resale.
Originally released [on her 18+ website](#) for
purposes of sex, gender and art education,
transformation and critique.**

³ Added a "Promotions/Model Interviews" page.

Two Essential Halves: Dividing Volume Three in Two

We speak of Time and Mind, which do not easily yield to categories. We separate past and future and find that Time is an amalgam of both. We separate good and evil and find that Mind is an amalgam of both. To understand, we must grasp the whole.

—Isaac Asimov, foreword to *Light Years* (1988)

The size of Volume Three has required that I divide it in two, if only because doing so has made it easier to work with and transport. It's still very much a single volume, but one composed of two essential halves: the Introduction and Chapters One-through-Three for part one, which lay out sex positivity, sex coercion and the liminality between them; and Chapters Four and Five plus the Conclusion for part two, which concerns the creative successes of proletarian praxis vs state praxis. Both are in the same PDF file, which will contain the usual paratextual documents (with images swapped out for each), but their unique content works in harmony and must be combined to grasp the whole of oppositional praxis. *Technically* this is a six-book series, but I still prefer to consider it four volumes. But, just as the Gothic concerns manmade (Cartesian) divisions that alienate us from nature and ourselves—i.e., as black-and-white beings to battle with one another in service of elite aims; e.g., Ripley the centrist warrior-maiden defending her virtue from the Communist, intersex Medusa—we must consider how liberation occurs by subverting these dichotomies to upend worker abuse within state territories being



reclaimed by us. Doubled during oppositional praxis, Ripley and the alien become things to canonize *or* camp. To camp canon, you will need both volume halves. Just as Ripley and the alien aren't separate from each other, but form two essential halves torn asunder and going to combat with multiple versions of themselves, the spectres of Marx and capital haunt the same cathedral and its inhabitants across space and time; they *cannot* exist without each other in some shape or form. As *Galatea*, we can free them from Pygmalion's mind, making each our own.

(artist: [BTG Art](#))

Volume Summaries

Sex Positivity is composed of four volumes: Volume Zero, One, Two and Three (arranged numerically as "volume [1, 2, 3, or 4] of 4, from 0 to 3" on their text-only title pages). Each has a proper title and ordinary noun(s) with which it is referred to; e.g., Volume One is also called "the manifesto," and Volume Two is also referred to as "the Humanities primer," etc. As of 5/9/2025, my entire book series is live, with each volume accessible through my website's 1-page promo (below).

These summaries are short and basic. To access the entire list of volume/chapter summaries for [Sex Positivity](#) and its full table of contents, a separate PDF can be downloaded from my website. [Click here to access my website's 1-page promo, which contains all relevant download links/information regarding my book.](#) —Perse

Paratextual Materials (per volume)

The paratextual materials concern the entire book, and come with each volume. The front of every volume will have: its front and rear cover images, its first disclaimer (legal information, citation facts, and trigger warnings, etc), the abstract, the inner cover image for the entire book, the text-only title page for the current volume, the volume/chapter summaries; an essay about "making Marx gay" and a small explanation on one of this book's oldest and chief aims, illustrating mutual consent; the second disclaimer (what I will and won't exhibit), an address to the audience, essential keywords, and (for Volumes One, Two and Three) a heads-up section with various reminders from Volume Zero, including reading comprehension pointers; and, of course, the table of contents per volume. There's also (for Volumes Two and Three) a small section about losing our training wheels and relying less on theory as we push into the second half of the book; and (for Volume Three, parts one and two), a brief explanation on why that volume was ultimately divided in two. Finally, the back of each volume will include the keyword glossary and the Acknowledgments and About the Author sections.

approximate⁴ length: ~57,000-62,500 words/~204-220 pages⁵ and ~17 unique images (including the front and rear covers)/~95-104 total images

⁴ The length of the paratextual documents vary slightly per volume. All approximations are subject to change as the volumes are finalized.

⁵ ~75-95 pages for the front of the volume, and ~128 for the rear.

Volume Zero⁶: Thesis



The thesis volume contains the *complex theory* of my book series; i.e., its various lists of interconnected theoretical devices, as well as the entirety of specialized keywords, all of which I unpack and explain in order. To that, it contains my author's foreword, a small essay on the performance and paradox of power

("Notes on Power"), as well as my book's manifesto tree (scaffold of oppositional praxis), thesis argument⁷ on Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism, "camp map" and symposium; it uses them to encompass, then articulate, the entirety of my book's theoretical content, using a variety of cited material and keywords (e.g., the Gothic, monstrous-feminine, and *Amazonomachia*) to delve into its broadest/most common arguments as deeply as possible. Written based on years of independent research—as well as older blogposts, essays, [and my master's thesis](#)—Volume Zero essentially operates as my PhD on [Metroidvania](#) and [ludo-Gothic BDSM](#) but also my total curriculum, which can be simplified as needed when being taught to others in more anecdotal, everyday forms.

approximate volume length (minus the paratextual documents): ~226,000 words/651 pages and ~474 unique images

⁶ When writing the thesis volume, I just called it "the thesis volume"; I also wrote it after initially writing Volumes One, Two and Three (out of order, and revisiting each in turn after my thesis was completed and put online, followed by Volumes One; Two, part one; and Two, part two's sub-volumes, etc). For my own sanity I have decided to continue preserving the original nomenclature: the thesis volume, Volume One (the manifesto), Volume Two (the Humanities primer) and Volume Three (on proletarian praxis). The thesis volume is technically Volume Zero in relation to them and I sometimes call it that in the book; I also call it "my thesis," "the thesis argument" or "the thesis volume," etc.

⁷ (a summary of the thesis paragraph from the thesis volume): "Capitalism dimorphically sexualizes everything under a heteronormative, settler-colonial scheme, one whose Cartesian myopia of Capitalist Realism must be escaped from; i.e., via a deliberate iconoclasm that liberates sex workers (or sexualized workers) under Capitalism through sex-positive art."

Volume One: Manifesto and Instruction



Volume One contains the *simplified theory* of my book series; i.e., its Gothic-Communist manifesto outlines a teaching method for synthesizing praxis, meaning through an *introduction* to Gothic-Communist theory from my thesis volume that has been simplified. Written before my thesis but updated in light of its construction, the manifesto takes a more conversational

approach to my thesis argument; i.e., presenting said argument through my original preface, manifesto, sample essay and synthesis roadmap as a potent means of teaching others how to develop Communism through the Gothic mode. To this, Volume One merely *begins* exploring the application of my theories when trying to achieve development through praxial synthesis and catharsis; i.e., power and trauma as things to interrogate (and negotiate/play with) by writing about and illustrating them through Gothic poetics in the shared dialogs of contested spaces: ludo-Gothic BDSM serving as a flexible, campy and productive means of teaching empathy and class/culture consciousness through anecdotal evidence merged with dialectical-material scrutiny and analysis—where survival and healing from state abuse (and generational trauma) must be expressed through what we create ourselves as stemming from said abuse and its complicated spheres. While the reduction of pure theory to more comprehensible forms remains vital to achieving emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness, their instruction is nonetheless informed by workers living with trauma who inherently distrust the state: the oppressed. Heeding *their* pedagogy remains essential when synthesizing praxis in our own daily lives; i.e., through our personalized learned approaches to Gothic instruction being assisted by those with less privilege merging their poetics (and theatre) with ours.

approximate volume length ("): ~206,000 words/564 pages and ~394 images

Volume Two: Monsters

Volume Two is the Humanities primer/Monster Volume. It divides into three smaller modules, which comprise a *history of applied Gothic theory and poetics* (simple and complex). Organizationally the volume divides in *two* larger parts, with *three* separate modules; re: the Poetry Module in part one, which explores the *usage/application* of Gothic poetics (with some historical elements); and Undead and Demon Modules in part two, which explore the *history* of Gothic poetics (with some applicative elements; re: ludo-Gothic BDSM). Due to their length, each

module has actually been released as its own sub-volume; in turn, each has its own promo series, where you can read a given module, piece-by-piece, as individual blogposts; re: "[Brace for Impact](#)" (the Poetry Module), "[Searching for Secrets](#)" (the Undead Module), and "[Deal with the Devil](#)" (the Demon Module).

Furthermore, the sub-volumes collectively explore the complex-to-simple usage/application and history of Gothic poetics during oppositional praxis; i.e., its (un)ironic manifestation as xenophobic and/or xenophilic: creatively interpreting (and negotiating with) the Gothic past/Wisdom of the Ancients to better understand our own alien, fetishized world and the exploitation we face within it as dehumanized workers. We will demonstrate how to think like a Gothic poet/Renaissance person (through applied monstrous poetics), then examine two basic monster classes—the *undead* and *demonic*—and include *anthropomorphic* examples from the natural world as further hybridizing these already intersecting modules (furries, chimeras, composites); e.g., zombie-vampire werewolves, or undead fox demons, etc.

We'll also reconsider Mark Fisher's notion of Capitalist Realism; i.e., inspecting how it fosters a plethora of cyberpunk and other dystopic/operatic "canceled futures," whose canonical, myopic hauntologies and cryptonomy must be challenged with iconoclastic monsters operating as a counterterror device: to help people radically imagine, and empathize with, a world beyond Capitalism (and state terror). Instead of simply viewing the current world as ending and labor to blame for it, we can learn why the state is ultimately to blame for a) its own decay and b) its scapegoating of said decay onto dehumanized monstrous-feminine workers of decreasing privilege/socio-material advantage. In turn we can portray the Medusa (nature-as-alien) as something to hug, fuck and love, not rape, kill or otherwise harm for profit *vis-à-vis* Cartesian thought.

Volume Two, part one: Poetry Module



Whereas the Monster Modules focus on the *history* of Gothic poetics—i.e., as something to learn *from* when poetically articulating our *own* pedagogy of the oppressed—the Poetry Module focuses on Gothic *poetics* as a historical-material process whose history we contribute *towards*. Its emphasis lies in teaching with Gothic poetic devices by *applying* them, the module explaining said devices while

going over them, one-by-one; i.e., in a series of poetry-themed sections: "Time," "Teaching," "Medicine," and "the Medieval." Last but not least, the module includes

a sizeable extension that goes over different ways to play with the imaginary past; i.e., per ludo-Gothic BDSM and rape play.

approximate length ("): ~300,000 words/~795 pages, ~625 unique images

Volume Two, part two: Undead Module



This module explores the poetic history of *the undead*; i.e., as creatures driven less by active intelligence and more by a desire to *freeze* and *feed* in the buried presence of *trauma* and *harmful conditions*. It explores how the state's monopolies lead to a state of exception within its sites of settler-colonial violence, which in turn create a violent upheaval/silent scream among the oppressed

and oppressors alike as the state *takes* from workers and nature; i.e., the voice of colonial trauma and the vengeful, desperate feeding on the living by the undead as the genocided dead, having come home to roost—zombies. However, the alienation and feeding also affect the ruler class, leading to vampirism as a canonical effect that must be personified in healthier forms of medieval nostalgia that, for their using logical motions, become ghost-like, copied and imperfect. Reclaiming these modules requires embodying and subverting the very traumas the state relies on to control us by keeping us hungry and braindead (a process I call "lobotomization")—to, as the undead generally do, paralyze *our* prey and feed on *their* frozen bodies, albeit in ways that pointedly develop Gothic Communism: by taking *back* what's ours during ludo-Gothic BDSM (demons, by comparison, tend to *give*; e.g., dark desires, fatal knowledge or revenge fulfillment).

approximate length ("): ~430,580 words/~1,055 pages and ~832 unique images

Volume Two, part two: Demon Module



This module explores the poetic history of *demons* (made/summoned/of nature); i.e., as actively cunning-yet-alien shapeshifters. Canonized as treacherous within transactional dialogs of forbidden, unequal *exchange* (of power, knowledge and darkness) and permanent *transformation*, demons frequently yield a repressed *desire* for radical change haunted by systemic abuse; i.e., of

rape and revenge as things to canonize *or* camp through the Gothic mode: as untrustworthy beings made deceitful and torturous through the ghost of the counterfeit's process of abjection's Promethean Quest or Faustian bargain. As such, we'll consider the subversive, cryptonymic potential of demons; i.e., to reverse abjection through revolutionary cryptonymy's double operation (to conceal and reveal taboo subjects), all while dealing with state doubles (re: DARVO and obscurantism, including tokenized variants). Be those people, places or something in between (the chronotope and its castle narrative/*mise-en-abyme*), we'll do so through their classical function—as seductive, mendacious granters of dark wishes, including fulfilling the whore's revenge: of nature policed, thus pimped, as monstrous-feminine by the state for profit, which the demon (as a vengeful, monstrous-feminine whore) challenges said motive (and its raping of nature) in favor of something better.

To it, we'll explore the dark, hauntological creativity and endless morphological variety of demons, but especially how they manifest and behave; i.e., as a vengeful, nebulous, psychosexual matter of exchange, transformation and desire, onstage and off, during ludo-Gothic BDSM and liminal, half-real expression: composite bodies like cyborgs, golems and robots that are built with mad science (the Promethean Quest), occult beings that are summoned and dealt with (the Faustian Bargain), or overtly natural totems that are hunted down within nature-as-alien.

approximate length ("): ~534,396 words/~1,245 pages and ~1,169 unique images

Volume Three: Praxis



Volume Three, or the Praxis Volume, combines Volume Zero's *complex theory*, Volume One's *simplified theory/synthetic model*, and Volume Two's monster *history and application*; i.e., as something to challenge the state by fostering our own *creative successes* of proletarian praxis, and whose **mutual consent, informed consumption** and **informed consent, sex-positive de**

facto education, descriptive sexuality and **cultural appreciation** boil down to sex positivity (and liberation) versus sex coercion while developing Gothic Communism (with a huge focus on resisting tokenization; e.g., TERFs).

In other words, Volume Three covers the informed, intersectionally continuous application of successful proletarian praxis *as* we reinterpret the Gothic past pushing for universal liberation. Striking a careful, intuitive balance between pure theory and taught instruction, its introduction/summation takes Volume Zero's

theoretical backbone, Volume One's simplified teaching approach and Volume Two's past lessons, then outlines the dialectical-material objectives through which to apply our central Gothic theories—i.e., in a dialectical-material way using updated, posthumanist models (expanded beyond Cartesian thought) in order to achieve Gothic Communism one step at a time. This includes the creative successes of proletarian praxis, which the volume explores in relation to state forces who resist their transformative power to keep things the same; i.e., the state vs workers, generally by pitting the latter against each other. A huge part of proletarian praxis, then, involves a gradual development of emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness during our updated teaching approach and labor negotiations when expressed during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., to counterattack state forces in service to our larger goals—our six Gothic-Marxist tenets—thwarting Capitalist Realism.

The Praxis Volume divides in two halves (inside one volume):



Volume Three, part one: Lays out sex positivity *and* sex coercion—but also the liminal areas between them—in a two-part introduction, followed by three chapters.

Volume Three, part two: Concerns sex positivity *versus* sex coercion. It contains Chapters Four and Five plus the Conclusion, which concerns the creative successes of proletarian praxis versus state praxis. Time to fight!

approximate volume length ("): ~282,000 words/837 pages and ~586 unique images

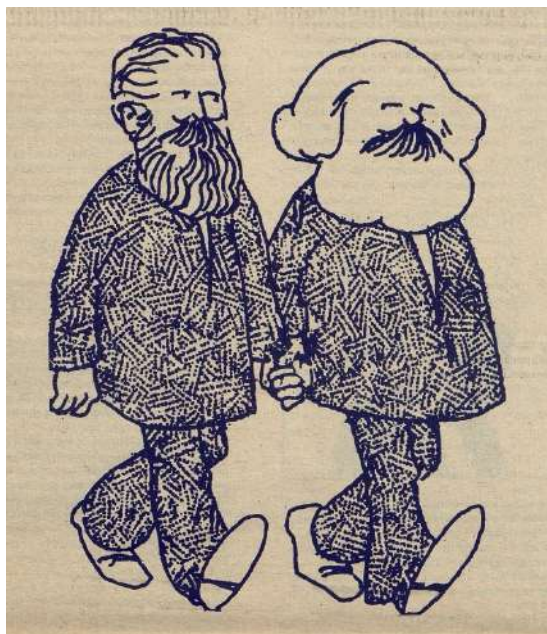
approximate total book length: ~2,015,400 words/5,367 pages and ~4,184 unique images

Making Marx Gay

"Why camp canon?" you ask? Because we have to! Canon is heteronormative, thus foundational to our persecution as built into capital out of antiquity's Drama and Comedy into more recent inventions of the staged gimmick; i.e., of the back-and-forth wrestling match versus the Greek play's chorus and musical numbers, but also the opera and castle as an operatic site of forbidden, extreme desire, guilty pleasure and possessive love. Capitalism needs enemies to fight who are different from the status quo and we fit the bill. In short, we fags "make it gay" for our own survival.

—Persephone van der Waard, *Sex Positivity, Volume Zero* (2023)

This short, five-page essay aims to address several key points: a) about Marx's homophobia, and b) inability to say as much about queer rights that we, while camping canon, must address by camping Marx, hence making *him* (or rather, his ghost) gay. I wrote it after thinking on Marx's underlying bigotries and other shortcomings in Volume One (which I mention in that volume's preface). While I had focused on his lack of a conscious Gothic critique [and active anti-Semitism](#) (source: "Karl Marx in the Ludwig Rosenberger Library of Judaica," 2006), I also wanted to address his homophobia, insofar as to camp something is to make it gay *using Gothic poetics*. We must do this to Marx's ghost, lest Communism remain stuck in place, unable to develop away from Capitalist Realism.



([source](#): *The Gay Liberator*, no. 42, 1974)

Fascists tend to say, "make something great *again*," arguing as they do for a return to greatness that is inextricably tied to a conservative imaginary past. Conversely, Marx and his ilk tended to look to the future to escape the ghosts of the past, except their banishment under Capitalist Realism has led them—as Derrida pointed out—to haunt language through spectres of the man himself: his nebulous, shapeshifting reputation. It is *this* version of Marx that we must contend with, because it is the one that we can transform out of the actual man himself as a complicated fixture of history.

To that, this brief reminder stresses something that my thesis discusses repeatedly and should likewise be kept in mind throughout the entire book: Marx

wasn't gay in the functional sense⁸; he *was* to some degree *homophobic*, and bigoted in ways his epistolary correspondence with Engels reveals. And while I think it's entirely worth noting that homosexuality and its formative history merit valid criticism insofar as men with power have often sexually abused children (which Foucault dubiously called "everyday occurrence in the life of village sexuality [and] inconsequential bucolic pleasures," notably lamenting their ending of, following the rise of the bourgeoisie⁹), we must also remember that until the late 1800s gender-non-conformity was entirely synonymous with *criminal activity* (for men, because women and slaves weren't legally considered people at this point); i.e., "sodomy" as a breaking with the ancient canonical codes that stress PIV sex, thus sexual *reproduction*. To this, those who abused children and those who did not were clumped together in the same messy sphere, say nothing of important but tardy modern distinctions such as "trans," "intersex," and non-binary," etc.

Moreover, this malnourished trend (and its inherited confusions) stemmed from socio-material conditions that are *not* set, but rather can change and transform as time goes on. Just as the word "homosexual" didn't spring into formal, written existence until 1870—and words like "transsexual" and "transgender" emerged later still—the *oral*, *Gothic* traditions that informed them are as old as Humanity itself (certainly far older than Enlightenment thinkers and their disastrous Cartesian models) and have only continued to evolve over time (which Volume Two shall demonstrate). So our praxis (which Volume Three shall cover) must take heed

⁸ I.e., not openly, anyways. Heteronormativity certainly has closeted men endlessly overcompensating for their perceived "lack" of straightness, to which we can only speculate about Marx being closeted or not. What matters is what he said or didn't say regarding the liberation of GNC people from state control. His problem, as we shall see, lay less in how he focused primarily on class and material conditions instead of class and culture combined through socio-material conditions, but that the language hadn't "caught up." As Sherry Wolf points out in "The Myth of Marxist Homophobia" (2009): "It is insufficient, however, to argue that Marx and Engels were merely prisoners of the era in which they lived, though they were undoubtedly influenced by the dominant Victorian morals of the early Industrial Revolution" ([source](#)). Indeed, they fought progressively for the Cause regarding those scandals and crises-of-the-day that society published most openly and clearly. Among these, homosexuality had yet to emerge, and indeed would not until Oscar Wilde's infamous trial (1895) twelve years after Marx had already kicked the bucket (1883).

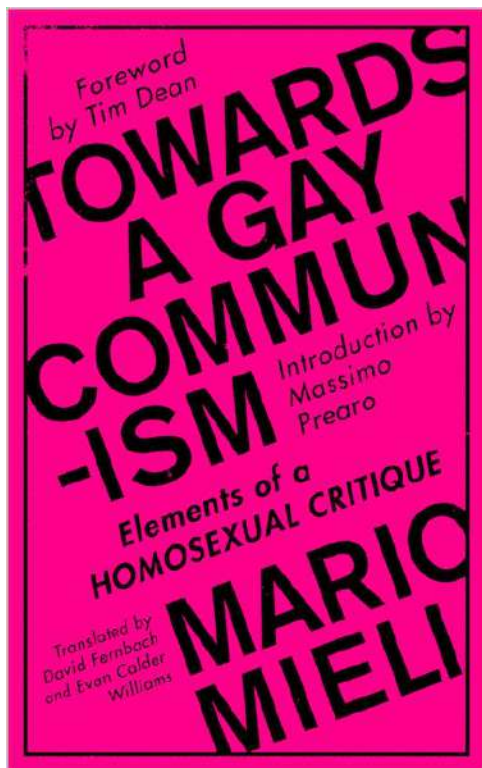
Wolf raises concerns about American slavery and anti-Irish racism, to which Marx and Engels fought for the oppressed; what injustices they saw and had the language for, they fought for the side of workers on *social issues*:

All this refuses definitively the argument that Marxism is interested only in questions of class. Marx and Engels' body of writings and life's pursuit have influenced generations of revolutionaries who have fought for a better world, including a sexually liberated one. Yet there is no reason to defend every utterance and act as if they were infallible gods instead of living men, warts and all (*ibid.*).

I'm inclined to agree with Wolf, but won't apologize for the societal ignorance that informed Marx and Engel's private homophobia. Clearly there is room for improvement, which neither man lived to see, and this is best expressed through Gothic poetics; i.e., the open, popular language of monsters and aliens as fetishized by the state, but also workers for or against the state and the bourgeoisie.

⁹ From *A History of Sexuality, Volume One* (1980).

of the updated jargon, but also the imaginary past as something to revive in the present by making *Marx* gay in ways the man himself could not.



([source](#): Pluto Press)

The idea isn't exactly new—Mario Mieli's *Towards a Gay Communism* established the basic idea in 1977 and the Revolutionary Communist Party's admittedly incomplete 2001 "On the Position on Homosexuality in the New *Draft Programme*" discussed the idea towards homosexuals and women¹⁰, first and foremost, while not having the most comprehensive understanding of trans people¹¹. My approach takes things much further through a *holistic Gothic methodology* meant towards ending Capitalist Realism (which hadn't crystalized in 1977, let alone the 1800s). *Sex Positivity* camps canon by "making it gay" using monsters to consciously humanize, thus liberate, workers with; i.e., cooler, sexier and more fun, etc, and in ways that—unlike Foucault or Marx—actively and effectively diminish the state's capacity to inflict harm in service to the profit motive through *Gothic poetics*.

In other words, the state commodifies oppression through monsters, which we must challenge by making our own. Our "making it gay" includes Marx and his ghostly reputation as something to debate with (and improve on) in spectral forms

¹⁰ The New *Draft Programme* raises a series of rhetorical questions for which no immediate answers are supplied:

Should our goal be to put an end to the subordination of all women, and to liberate all humanity, or to be satisfied with some women laying claim to a few prerogatives historically reserved for privileged males and with groups that have been discriminated against and 'marginalized' achieving some 'self-expression' within a self-limited subculture or community? Should we be seeking to find individual solutions and pursuing illusions like 'inner peace,' or to collectively raise hell and, with the leadership of the proletariat, unite all who can be united, to tear down the old society and build a new one with the goal of uprooting and abolishing all oppression? ([source](#)).

In short, their stance is less hard than it should be.

¹¹ "More recently a movement has emerged to take up the rights of transgendered people (people who live or 'pass' as the opposite gender as well as people who actually become transsexuals via medical and surgical intervention). This is a development our party needs to understand better" ([ibid.](#)). Clearly.

that hold these once-living men accountable *now* for their bigotries *back then* (from my author's foreword in the thesis volume):

Marx wasn't gay enough for my tastes, thus could never camp canon to the amount required. In camping him, I'm obviously doing this through the Gothic mode, specifically its making of monsters—their lairs, battles, identities and struggles—through a reclaimed **Wisdom of the Ancients** that represents ourselves during shared dialectical-material struggles that take what Marx touched on before going further than he ever could

However private they may have kept them, it doubtless affected their ability to speak out loud concerning the rights of gender-non-conforming persons and their divergent sexualities. So we, by camping their ghosts, must not be silent like theirs were/are; we must use any means at our disposal to "cry out," including novels and movies, but also videogames and their franchised material (a neoliberal phenomenon)—e.g., *Metroidvania* (which Volume Zero will expand upon).

Just because Marx and later, Foucault, were "of their times" and indeed regressing to some degree towards an imaginary (thus possible) world—one where the past-as-problematic informed their incomplete visions of the future—this doesn't mean we must do the same; i.e., blindfolded and crossing our fingers. Indeed, we can openly acknowledge a queerness of the historical past in imaginary forms that speak to a better future than what Marx dared imagine. For he and Engels, queerness was "sodomy" and the third sex (a problematic term) was "Uranians," but *that* view was informed by the present availability of information *at the time*. Even so, Engels—despite calling sodomy "abominable" in "Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State" (1883) and lacking the ability to distinguish harmful forms from non-harmful forms—tries in the same essay to imagine a world beyond his own that speaks to our goals:

What we can now conjecture about the way in which sexual relations will be ordered after the impending overthrow of capitalist production is mainly of a negative character, limited for the most part to what will disappear. But what will there be new? That will be answered when a new generation has grown up: a generation of men who never in their lives have known what it is to buy a woman's surrender with money or any other social instrument of power; a generation of women who have never known what it is to give themselves to a man from any other considerations than real love or to refuse to give themselves to their lover from fear of the economic consequences. When these people are in the world, they will care precious little what anybody today thinks they ought to do; they will make their own practice and their corresponding public opinion of their practice of each individual—and that will be the end of it ([source](#)).

In response, Sherry Wolf writes in "The Myth of Marxist Homophobia,"

While here Engels is explicit about how heterosexual relations would undoubtedly be transformed by a socialist revolution, his broader point is that by removing the material obstacles to sexual freedom the ideological barriers can fall. This raises far-reaching possibilities for a genuine sexual revolution on all fronts ([source](#)).



(artist: [Mugiwara Art](#))

Again, I am inclined to agree, but want to critique Engels a bit more than Wolf does. The people he's discussing aren't those born into a world where Capitalism simply "doesn't exist" *when the person is born*. To posit that is to kick the can down the road and shrug one's shoulders. Instead, the *current* generation must try to imagine a better future while developing Communism in the bargain. To that, hearts, minds and bodies *can* change while people are alive, and the trick, I would argue, is through Gothic poetics; I was in the closet once and have needed to work hard while alive to become a better, more authentic person. It's certainly far too late to

rescue Marx and Engels the *historical figures* from the embarrassing grave they admittedly dug for themselves, but we *can* transform their *spectres* as living entities inside society and ourselves. Take what is useful and leave the rest. Marx will understand. And if he doesn't, to Hell with him!

Illustrating Mutual Consent

Sex Positivity was founded on informed consent through negotiated labor exchanges. By extension, the book's entire premise is to illustrate mutual consent (and other sex-positive devices) through dialectical-material analysis; i.e., something to learn from when regarding the *products* of said labor whose iconoclastic lessons nevertheless cannot be adequately supplied by singular images (or collages) alone, but must instead be relayed through subtext in an educational environment where these things are being displayed: a gallery. In other words, sex positivity becomes something to exhibit and explain during dialectal-material analysis of sex-positive works prepared in advance by mutually-consenting parties.



(model and artist: [Mischievous Kat](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Every volume for this book is full of exhibits like the one above; every exhibit that features artwork made in active collaboration amounts to a conscious attempt between myself and others to negotiate our respective boundaries in open cooperation, and each was made while interrogating personal and systemic trauma as something to mark and negotiate with using monstrous language. Regardless of the exact poetics used, a large part of any exhibit made in collaboration is the deeper context for its construction: that the sex work and artwork being displayed remain just that—work, which requires payment in ways that both parties agree is fair from *fairly*

argued and fairly implemented positions.

In keeping with the anarchist spirit of things, nothing was arranged from positions of unfair advantage on my end; everything was spelled out up front. In turn, the various permissions that other workers granted me were executed by those who had total say over the material being used/featured: in essence, they controlled how I represented their labor, bodies, and identities. From the cropping of the images and monster design choices per illustration, to the aliases being used and the services being plugged, every personalized exhibit has been devised according to how the models-in-question decided while navigating these exchanges. To that, each transaction goes well beyond commercial goods traded for money and includes whatever we bartered, insofar as labor for labor amounts to a great many things: photographs for art, sex for sex, sex for photographs, art for sex, and acts of friendship and displays of shared humanity and kindness that we discovered along the way.

To all of the people involved, I give thanks; this book could not exist without you. For a comprehensive thanksgiving to all the sex workers involved in this project, please refer to the Acknowledgements section at the back of the volume.



(artist: [Mischievous Kat](#))

Defining Sexualized Media/Sex Work, and Regarding Hard Kinks: What I Will and Won't Exhibit

"What's in the box?!"

—David Mills, *Se7en* (1995)

Comrades,

These remaining paratextual elements (and their footnotes) are lifted directly from Volume Zero. Given how they discuss the entire book, I've decided to include them in every volume purely for convenience. You may skip them using the hyperlinks, below.

The praxis volume's table of contents don't appear until page 140, preceded by the heads-up on page 122. Until then, this second disclaimer explains what I will and won't artistically exhibit in the book

- [What I Will Exhibit \(and related terms\)](#)
- [What I Won't Exhibit](#)

followed by several more small paratextual sections:

- [A Note on Canonical Essentialism](#)
- [The Six Gothic-Marxist Tenets and Four Main Gothic Theories](#)
- [The State: Its Key Tools; re: the Monopolies, Trifectas and Qualities of Capital](#)
- [Abridged Manifesto Tree \(of Oppositional Praxis\)](#)
- [About the Logo \(for Gothic \[gay-anarcho\] Communism\)](#)
- [Concerning My Audience, My Art, Reading Order and the Glossary](#)
- [Essential Keywords, a priori](#)
- ["Rage Over a Lost Penny": Neologisms; or, Jargon that I Coined](#)
- [Written Backwards: A Ship of Theseus, a Gothic Castle](#)

[Click here](#) to skip to the heads-up (a small section of things to keep in mind from the thesis volume); [click here](#) to go directly to the table of contents and the rest of the volume.

Love,

—Your "Commie Mommy," Persephone

The manifesto is the second of four volumes for *Sex Positivity* and contains ~394 unique images; all four volumes, when they release, will contain over 4,000 unique images (subject to change) and hundreds of collage-style exhibits. These

invigilate, interrogate and weaponize sexualized media for proletarian purposes of class/culture/race war during oppositional praxis (competing applications of theory during dialectical-material exchange, or opposing *material* forces), but especially fetishes, kink and BDSM common in Gothic poetics: monster art/porn and yes, hardcore sex. Given the taboo nature of these things—and that Gothic media habitually explores taboo subjects like dehumanization, murder and rape, we're left with a thoroughly loaded equation whose variables have specific definitions:

Capitalism sexualizes all labor for the profit motive in a heteronormative (thus colonial, dimorphic) theatrical scheme: "sexualized media = sex work as sex-positive vs sex-coercive in the fight for basic human rights centered around debates of universal correctness/ethics and reactionary purity arguments."

To address both the equation and the taboos that Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism wrestles with, I wanted to provide some definitions and disclaimers, right out of the gate.

To start with, we need to define **kink**¹², **fetish**, and **BDSM** as forms of **roleplay** that we'll expand on (e.g., **chaser/bait**, exhibit 1a1a1h1) in the thesis volume and elsewhere in the book (normally block-quoting keyword definitions is restricted to the thesis volume, but these terms are some of the most vital in the book. As such, these four definitions will not be abridged, nor will any of the others in this second disclaimer as it appears in all four volumes):

roleplay

The playing of roles in social-sexual situations, usually with a dominant/submissive element (as many come from classic stories which tend to be heteronormative; but even iconoclastic stories transmute BDSM, fetishes and kinks to be sex-positive within dominant/submissive models).

kink

¹² In this disclaimer and the entire thesis volume, I have **emboldened** and **color-coded** keywords (rather than opt for italics/underlining, which I generally utilize for *emphasis*). Generally this is done when first introducing them, but also when I am about to define/am currently defining or otherwise stressing their involvement (I will also do this as a graphical aid to showcase when a bunch of keywords are being used in tandem, especially during the thesis statement). Regardless of when I do, it's meant to clue you in that we're discussing words that have specific definitions that are about to be expanded on or otherwise invoked (at the present time or later in the document) or *reinvoked* after they have already been explained. Also, while this only happens a few times, a couple of phrases aren't in the glossary because I haven't been able to define some of the more niche or incidental expressions (usually idioms or figures of speech); this is something I'd like to address in a future, second edition.

Nontraditional forms of sexual activity that don't necessarily involve forms of power exchange between partners (unequal or otherwise).

fetishization

A fetish, or the act of making something into a fetish, is "a form of sexual desire in which gratification is linked to an abnormal degree to a particular object, item of clothing, or part of the body." Generally, fetishes are pre-existing social-sexual trends that people either embrace or reject. They aren't explicitly sexist (e.g., mutually consenting to show feet), but become sexist when used in exploitative ways (e.g., sex workers forced to show their feet to generate profit for someone else).

(demon) BDSM

Bondage, discipline, sadism, and masochism—seemingly nontraditional forms of sexual activity that involve unequal power exchange that has actually been canonized and must be camped in doubled forms. Both involve power, but non-consensual (sex-coercive) variants canonically involve power *abuse*—generally of women and other marginalized workers by white, cis-het men/arguably token queers in romanticized tales thereof (e.g., Stoker's vampire, Barker's Cenobite) that often, according to Susan Sontag's "Fascinating Fascism" (1974), invoke not just the "master scenario" whose purely sexual experience is "severed from personhood, from relationships, from love," but also the fascist language of death: "The color is black [and red], the material is leather, the seduction is beauty, the justification is honesty, the aim is ecstasy, the fantasy is death" ([source](#)). In a sex-positive sense, such rituals regularly invoke demons as a Gothicized means of catharsis, but also practicing impulse and power control during non-harmful euphoria whose painful, physical, emotional, and/or sexual activities occur between good-faith participants; i.e., ironic variants of Ann Radcliffe's classically **xenophobic** and dubiously "consensual" **Black Veil** (hiding the threat badly), **demon lover** (the xenophobic/xenophilic threat of unironic mutilation and rape), and **exquisite "torture"** (rape play).

We'll further unpack Radcliffe's tricky torture tools in the thesis volume (and lay waste to her sacred memory in the process). There's also **dom(inator/-inatrix)**, **sub(missive)**, "strict/gentle," **topping/a top** vs **bottoming/a bottom**, **regression**, **rape fantasies**, and **aftercare**; but we will likewise unpack these in the thesis volume when we discuss subverting **rape culture** and "**prison sex**" **mentalities** *vis-à-vis* **Man Box**, **good play vs bad play**, and other germane theatrical factors (**ahegao**, **moe**, chasers/bait, etc).

Now that we've outlined the basic ideas of Gothic fetish and kink, the rest of the disclaimer will provide some definitions for what I will exhibit, followed by what I *won't* exhibit. This goes beyond basic nudity like the image below but will involve nudity in either case:



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

What I Will Exhibit (and related terms)

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas, Nocturnos lemures, portentaque.

Dreams, magic terrors, spells of mighty power, Witches, and ghosts who rove at midnight hour ([source](#)).

—the pre-preface epigram to Matthew Lewis' *The Monk* (1796)

Matthew Lewis was a very queer and very educated young man when he wrote *The Monk* (which despite the lack of open queer discourse at its inception, is a tremendously queer apologia written in Gothic camp *par excellence*). Like him, I am very queer and educated (though not as young or closeted, I think); also like him, I like to parody sex in the Gothic mode—i.e., write about campy monsters in sexualized media. Here are some glossary definitions and exhibits to give you an idea of what I mean:

sexualized media

Media that contains sexual and gendered components—of cis-het men and women, but also queer persons/other marginalized groups for or against the state. However, the treatment of sexuality and gender—how it is sexualized by "the Media" or in media more broadly—depends on if it is sex-positive or sex-coercive (some examples, below):



(from the companion glossary, exhibit 3a1: Artist, top-left: Frank Frazetta; top-middle-to-right: [Sveta Shubina](#); bottom-left: J. Howard Miller; bottom-middle: Norman Rockwell; bottom-right: Michelangelo.

Artistic mimicry through homage is a common phenomenon of art, with women being illustrated historically by men for various purposes. A common reason for doing so was to illustrate their place in a

man's world; e.g., as wives, mistresses [the Virgin or the Whore] but also as workers. Whereas open fascism historically relegates women to traditional modes of women's work, American propaganda temporarily made various concessions during WW2. These occurred to support the overall war effort and the material interests of the elite. After the war ended, women's rights were quickly rescinded in favor of a return to the status quo, female workers being demonized by the same male employers and patrons who formerly promoted them [and fetishized by the likes of Frank Frazetta, who started his career during a regression towards female re-enslavement after the war].

Mimesis is a back-and-forth process, borrowing images and symbols for new purposes during oppositional praxis. In Rosie the Riveter's case, promotions of female "equality" were themselves guided by an American sense of righteousness that went on to be co-opted for social movements long after the original pieces aired. Indeed, Rosie only became a cultural icon of feminism in the 1970s—i.e., as a symbol of female empowerment that eclipsed Rockwell's Christianized mimesis of Michelangelo's Isaiah. On Rockwell, Christina Branham writes in "Rosie the Riveter" (2016),

The pose she strikes seems a bit awkward, but it too conveys a message: it was inspired by Michelangelo's portrayal of the prophet Isaiah on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Why? As stated during a Sotheby's 2002 sale of the original art, "Righteousness is described throughout Isaiah's prophecy as God's strong right arm." Rockwell's Rosie is certainly sporting some strong man-arms, but I would say the bigger message is that America was on the side of righteousness [[source](#)].

After Rockwell's upstaging by Miller's latter-day revival, the image of Rosie took on a life of its own. The image itself went on to convey the nostalgia of a reimagined past: the rights of cis-het white women [which second wave feminism primarily represented through its arguments]. In the works of future artists, nostalgia becomes something to reclaim, but also regress towards depending on the context and political leanings of the creator.)



(from the companion glossary, exhibit 3a2: Assorted pieces by Milo Manara and Luis Royo; middle-right: Olsen; far-top-right: [Morry Evans](#). Hauntology presses women into different forms of transgressive servitude—i.e., more about titillating the cis-het male gaze within risky positions of appropriative peril and high imagination/adventure that women are expected not just to perform but compete for under male Pygmalions. Indeed, white, cis-het women assimilate and promote these roles, focusing on the unironic torture of a highly specific and prescriptive industry body type, versus catharsis for women forced to do certain forms of coercively humiliating labor regardless of the genre. Reduced to blind pastiche, these can perpetuate various harmful stereotypes within transgressive media as a means of submitting to formal power rather than resisting and reclaiming it through the same rituals as subverted; e.g., Morry Evan's work of a servile giant for the counterfeit of a nun; or Sveta Shubina's Bowser and Peach, below. We'll examine more iconoclastic subversions throughout the book; e.g., the aforementioned size difference as something to appreciate in different monster types, such as the Amazon/mommy dom, exhibit 51d2.)



(from the companion glossary, exhibit 3a3: Artist, left: [Sveta Shubina](#); right: Don Bluth. The desire to separate the art from the artist and aesthetics from ideology is understandable/possible, but it remains important to remember that when emulating a given style, said style in the past was associated with a problematic belief system and its symbolism; e.g., Don Bluth's damsel-in-distress, Princess Daphne, "needing" to be rescued from the dragon by a man who is still draconian themselves [the knight and the dragon being dichotomized variations of the "walking castle"/human tank]. Shubina is clearly emulating Bluth's visual style but subverts the relationship between the princess and the dragon—i.e., like King Kong but seemingly negotiated through the topos of the power of women [to attract men] as something to toy with. This context, of course, is difficult to glean from the base drawing itself, all but requiring a bit of imagination from us to reinterpret the same old clichés. But even if these stereotypes are subverted, their own work will remain haunted by the sexism of past idols that people unironically love in the present.

The woman as "emasculator" ties to the ironic cuckold of men, having them figuratively "by the balls": "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." This historically unenviable position becomes canonically enviable among women forced to compete for limited husbands with wealth, being judged by men as "gold diggers" and judged by other women jealously fighting over the same heteronormative prize. Conventionally pretty women become viewed through various double standards: the treacherous beauty as a user of everyone around her to get what she wants; i.e., sex as a weapon. While the narrative reduces the woman to a singular role and personality type, it's one where their intelligence is treated like a concealed weapon behind their sexuality as front-and-center. They're forced into uncomfortable clothes and pitted against other women wearing the same princess-style uniform; i.e., the historical-material reality of women competing for the same bloodline: to be the king's prized broodmare.



This includes Bowser in BDSM circles, [a prime candidate for the "daddy dom" or queer "bear" stereotype](#) [artist, above: Taran Fiddler]. The paradox of the spiked collar is canonized as the master's sigil that simultaneously is an anti-predation device for a large, powerful pet in iconoclastic circles.)

sex work

Any work centered around sexuality and gender roles, including artwork. More commonly thought of as "prostitution," patriarchal sexism under Capitalism extends sex work to the broader division of sexualized labor within a colonial gender binary: men's work versus women's work. While the former focuses on war, violence and promotion through socio-material dominance, the latter involves submissive, traditionalized modes of sexual-reproductive labor towards a male authority figure—often a boss, parent or husband. So, while many sex workers perform strictly eroticized acts in this manner, many more are secretarial or marital in nature, performed inside traditional sites of women's work like kitchens, bedrooms, or laundromats, but also banks or hospitals. In the creative world, sexist employers compel female creators (musicians, models, illustrators and writers, etc) to promote prescriptive notions of coercive sexuality and gender tied to heteronormative beauty standards, fashion and music. Regardless of the work, sex-positive workers will resist sex coercion through their own labor.

sex positivity

Sexual/asexual expression that enables individual self-expression (thus self-empowerment) by relatively ethical means—the right to do sex work or partake in sexual activity *if one so desires*. In other words, it is a *positive freedom*; i.e., freedom *for* people to do what they want, specifically "the possession of the power and resources (material conditions) to act in the context of the structural limitations of the broader society which impacts a person's ability to act." Apart from being morally good and materially beneficial, sex positivity empowers marginalized communities (who, amongst other things, are generally exploited for sex as a form of labor); it does so by arguing for mutual consent, descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation using historically regulated language: bodies and biology, gender identity/performance and (a)sexual orientation.

sex coercion

Sexist, heteronormative argumentation, work and artistry that compels and upholds sexual and gendered norms by abolishing others through various unethical means. This includes corporations downplaying their harmful actions as benign, or fascists framing their openly harmful actions as justified. This freedom to act is a *negative freedom*; i.e., freedom *from* external restraint on one's actions. It is generally repressive towards marginalized communities, the elite exploiting them on a material level while also denying them their basic human rights.

Small idiosyncrasy in terms of my writing: When using "sex positivity" or "sex coercion" (nouns) as adjectives, they will be hyphenated; e.g., "The sex-positive fog crept in on little sex-coercive feet." This is completely arbitrary but my aim is to be consistent. —Perse

basic/civil human rights

The Communist idea that all human/animal workers deserve fair and equal treatment, which nation-states and corporations historically do not give (they are bourgeois and exploit workers). In Marxist terms, these rights are administered through Communism not according to profit, but "From each according to [their] ability, to each according to [their] needs." According to LeiLani Dowell at the Worker's World Forum in 2012, [this existence is planned and achieved through the development phase, aka Socialism](#): "...to each according to their *work*."

ethics, ethical, ethicality

This book treats *universal ethicality* not as canonical societal norms (what is prescriptively "correct" or "morally right" according to canon), but that humans, animals and the environment have basic, unalienable rights. The universality of these rights is what is correct. Anyone's hypothetical ability to systemically "question" or undermine these rights—including the bourgeoisie—is fundamentally incorrect/unethical (what moderates call "compromise").



KASIA BABIS thenib.com

(artist: [Kasia Babis](#))

-phobia/-philia

In Gothic-Communist terms, a *phobia* isn't raw, animal fear—e.g., fear of death or the unknown—but an actionable, social-sexual stigma, bias or taboo assigned to a particular out-group or historical-material victim under the

status quo/inside the state of exception: xenophobia, pedophilia, necrophilia, etc. This extends to various moral panics—e.g., Satanic panic, Red Scares, or the fascist revenge phobia of the backstabbing Jew, etc. Phobias are canonically fetishized. Philias are often deliberate/accidental misnomers insofar as abuse euphemisms are concerned (again, necrophilia, pedophilia, zoophilia); i.e., used to describe acts of abuse wherein the abuser is acting on a sexual attraction or otherwise abusive compulsion but is acting it out on a party that cannot actually consent (the dead, children, or animals; slaves, wives and other humans legally regarded as property in some shape or form).

purity arguments

A type of reactionary, fascist argumentation tied to manufactured scarcity, consent and conflict as radicalized during moral panics under police states/ethnostates. Think "boundaries for me, not for thee," but attached to limited-time waivers for those who best fit whatever soldiers those in fascist seats of power are looking for (with Himmler anything but "Nordic"). This tends to historically-materially manifest in racial-purity pseudoscience and aggressive recruitment tactics, defending the "purity" of a nation (and its children and women) through racialized supermen, generally with the descriptor "ethnic" attached to them—e.g., ethnic Germans (in Nazi Germany) or Jews (in Israel).

In short, my exhibits and general writing/illustrations concern sexualized media, sex positivity vs sex coercion according to basic human rights (and animal rights/environmental health) according to various xenophobia/xenophilia (whose distinctions—of monster-slaying and monster-fucking—I'll expand on more during the thesis volume) and purity arguments. All are generally relayed through roleplay during kink, fetish and demon BDSM theatre and power/death aesthetics, and while there's room to communicate trauma of all sorts, I have my own comfort levels in terms of what I'll invigilate, exhibit-wise.

What I Won't Exhibit

But my grief was unavailing. My Infant was no more; nor could all my sighs impart to its little tender frame the breath of a moment. I rent my winding-sheet, and wrapped in it my lovely Child. I placed it on my bosom, its soft arm folded round my neck, and its pale cold cheek resting upon mine. Thus did its lifeless limbs repose, while I covered it with kisses, talked to it, wept, and moaned over it without remission, day or night. [...]

Sometimes I felt the bloated Toad, hideous and pampered with the poisonous vapours of the dungeon, dragging his loathsome length along my bosom: Sometimes the quick cold Lizard roused me leaving his slimy track upon my face, and entangling itself in the tresses of my wild and matted hair: Often have I at waking found my fingers ringed with the long worms which bred in the corrupted flesh of my Infant. At such times I shrieked with terror and disgust, and while I shook off the reptile, trembled with all a Woman's weakness ([source](#)).

—Agnes de Medina, *The Monk*



Lewis' camp is violent in the tradition of the Elizabethan/Jacobean theater (e.g., *Titus Andronicus*, c. 1594; and *The Duchess of Malfi*, 1614). As such, he had a thing for the abject, the grotesque as hyperbolic and necromantic—dragged

up and carted about in a thoroughly campy danse macabre. I'm not partial to combining sex and abject gore, and its exclusion from *Sex Positivity* doesn't mean it *can't* be sex-positive¹³; it's just "not my bag." I'd like to quickly explain why.

¹³ Consider the postcolonial critique of colonized peoples' being openly raped onscreen during Jennifer Kent's hard-boiled historical drama, *The Nightengale* (2019). The film unflinchingly explores the intersectional complexities of class, race and gender during Australia's colonization by the British empire; i.e., of the Irish indentured servant and Indigenous slave of color by white Englishmen. It's not meant to be entertainment and that's the point. It also doesn't celebrate the rape of the heroine or the various other people who are raped and/or murdered by the villain as an extension of the white, European (Cartesian) status quo. Despite their brutal nature, these frank depictions of rape aren't exploitative, but expressed through a historical drama meant to educate us about the generational trauma that has been whitewashed in recent years; thus, they are abjectly violent and harmful, but patently designed to be sex-positive by expressing the sex-coercive nature of the abusers towards the abused.

Everyone has limits when it comes to kink, BDSM and the Gothic¹⁴. What I explore in this book is informed by my own kinkster's/artist's bias—my artistic **hard limits** regarding **hard kink** (scat, gore, vore, loli, actual rape) intersecting with my gender identity, orientation (demi-pan, polyamorous) and chosen kinks, but also my Gothic writings about these things. So, while I *could* easily write an entire book about "male humor" or literal shit, extreme torture porn and "Male Gothic" abjection, hard kink is not something I prefer to explore in my own sex work, artwork or writing (except for consent-non-consent, which we'll cover a fair bit). Likewise, while I am a "gore hound" when it comes to horror movies ([I once interviewed Vancouver FX for their effects work in "Alien Ore," 2019](#), for example), I don't enjoy exhibiting those things as abjected, then fetishized by capital—e.g., acts of unambiguous rape, but also intensely private things put on display like female bathroom antics as a means of publicly degrading the subject as an unironic object of total humiliation, or demonizing literal human excrement/bodily waste.

Art is shared negotiation, and all the content in this book has either been negotiated or is Fair Use. As a whole, *Sex Positivity* doesn't curate itself to please everyone; it exhibits sex positivity by blurring the lines between porn and art, asexuality and sexuality, pain and other pleasurable responses, trauma and catharsis, lover and associate, etc. Couples and friends can make art. Enemies can, too (friendly and unfriendly). Sometimes I've slept and played with models, but also have friends-with-benefits and platonic friends (my best friend, Ginger, is strictly platonic though we're very open with each other). I engage with all of these things to reflect on praxial synthesis: life drawing and modeling, performance art, homemade porn, cosplay, makeup tutorials, asexual exhibitions of nudism, etc).

Furthermore, there was originally no hardcore porn of me in this book (despite me generally playing with my muses and friends in some shape or form). Starting with the Poetry Module, onwards, I have started including myself in a small number of exhibits (mostly with Cuwu).

This book constitutes the cathartic exploration of trauma through Gothic Communism; i.e., through iconoclastic, pornographic art made by workers in exhibitionistic-voyeuristic collaboration: exhibits that feature and highlight the context of negotiation, for the monstrous-poetic expression of our rights and pedagogy of the oppressed¹⁵ (this book features a small number images to critique data theft under the AI boom, but otherwise consists entirely of artwork made by

¹⁴ The Gothic mode/imagination. For our purposes, the making of monsters, though I will unpack other definitions for context in the symposium: "the 'Gothic' [is] a common point of contention as something that historically remains difficult to define that nevertheless is plastered over everything and used off-hand for centuries according to aesthetics whose ownership is equally imperiled among different media types."

¹⁵ Radical empathy. [Coined by Paulo Freire in his 1968 book of the same name](#), the text is a warning to closeted (and active) moderates to stop talking down to people who know their own trauma far better than moderates do.

actual humans, not generated by unthinking machines). Even so, while I feel thoroughly uncomfortable exhibiting canonical art as a source, endorsement or perpetuation of unnegotiated trauma,

- animal exploitation or abuse (my stepfather forced me to watch as he killed our pet rabbits in front of my brothers and I, then cooked and ate them) but also frank depictions of animal butchery under Capitalism (e.g., *Our Daily Bread*, 2005, and its unflinching examination of an ordinary abattoir)
- abuse, exploitation and fetishization of children and/or persons with physical or mental disabilities
- unironic torture porn in general (e.g., *A Serbian Film*, 2010; *Martyrs*, 2008; *Funny Games*, 1997; *Kidnapped*, 2010)
- necrophilia exploitation films (e.g., *Nekromantik*, 1988)
- the grotesque; e.g., the "geek show" gross-out exhibit from William Lindsay Gresham's 1946 novel, *Nightmare Alley*, or Katherine Dunn's *Geek Love* (1989)

I *do* discuss things like chattel/canonical rape, public shame/self-hatred, murder and unironic psychosexual violence (meaning "battle sex," or warring notions of sex in terms of theatrical codifiers for a belief system, but also coded instructions executed by arbiters of an unironic and ironic nature: cops and victims)

psychosexuality ("battle sex")

Literally "of sex and the mind," but in Gothic often having a combative "sex battle" element (the psychomachy), psychosexuality is the adjacent placement of pleasurable pain and other euphoric sensations next to unironic harm; i.e., rape fantasy or theatre. Just as canon and camp exist in the same shadow zone, performative irony and its absence are equally liminal using the same shared aesthetics of power and resistance, death and rape, heroic (monstrous) violence: the colors of stigma, vice, power and sin. Canonical psychosexuality conflates pleasure with genuine harm, including bigoted stereotypes that further this pathology. These result in widespread misconceptions about healthy BDSM as a result of sex-coercive BDSM (through unironic "demon BDSM" examples, including criminal hauntology news cycles or "true crime" in other mediums besides television), and genuine pluralities that seek out dangerous sex (hard kink) due to confused pleasure responses resulting from extreme prey mechanisms/posttraumatic stress disorder that compel victims to unironically spifflicate; i.e., "to be self-destructed or disposed of by violence" in an unironic sense. As something to unironically or ironically seek out on and offstage, abuse manifests differently per person relative to congenital and environmental factors which are often

accident-of-birth. But general psychosexuality manifests through the Destroyer persona and their utterly devastated victim as part of the same social-sexual equation; i.e., a cultural pathology or ironic, informed interrogation regarding the proliferation of this extremism in normalized, canonical depictions of heroic sexuality as embattled: as sex-coercive, hence unironically violent and rapacious through warring factions thereof (and against camp in the larger meta conversation).

in writing throughout the book; and there's certainly a place for all of these things in iconoclastic art (trauma needs to be communicated in as many ways as it can); i.e., the digging up of dead things when we feel—in the classic Gothic sense—"buried alive" according to the enforced relationship between sexuality and gender as Gothicized in canonical works:

live burial

The Gothic master-trope, live burial—as marked by Eve Segewick in her introduction to *The Coherence of Gothic Conventions* (1986)—is expressed in the language of live burial as an endless metaphor for the buried libido within concentric structures as something to punish "digging into" (which includes investigating the false family's incestuous/abjectly monstrous bloodline; [source](#)). To move beyond psychoanalytical models and into Marxist territories, I would describe live burial as incentivized by power structures in ways that threaten abuse (often death, incarceration or rape) to those who go looking into hereditary and dynastic power structures, especially their psychosexual abuse and worker exploitation: the fate of the horny detective, but also the *whistleblower*.

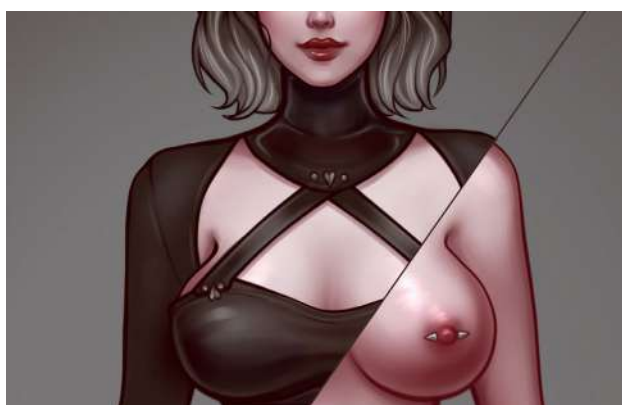
This poetic disinterment and its paradoxical examination of ourselves as abjectly undead *is* critically valid; it's just not the kind of necromancy I care to communicate through, first and foremost. As the kids say, it "gives me the yuck."



For example, porn under Capitalism becomes synonymized with gore and other taboo displays as looked at a particular way—*clandestinely* or otherwise in trashy, "forbidden" stories that communicate through vibes, raw pastiche, recycled conventions, and aesthetics first and foremost. Parody is common, but optional (especially "perceptive"

parody, which goes against the profit motive). As such, I thoroughly recognize several key foils, including the fact that a) non-painful pleasure and harmful/non-harmful pain elide in classic Gothic aesthetics¹⁶ and fiction, but also *apparel* as a core part of these stories; and b) often rely on humiliation kinks that cheerfully play with dead things in a *memento mori*, "happy Gothic"¹⁷ approach to "dead body positivity"—i.e., of the Tim-Burton *Corpse Bride* (2006) sort (to be frank, I prefer

¹⁶ E.g., nipple piercings, which often appear in the shape of spikes—as "phallic," but also as anti-predation devices (see, below); they work within human physiology as something to fetishize at various erogenous points that explore "forbidden" sites (and means) of pleasure; i.e., the *pierced* female nipple or clitoris as a visually intense and physically playful means of pleasurable pain that *isn't* automatically linked to biological reproduction, while supplying the viewer, player and owner with liminal cosmetics of death and exquisite "torture": the woman-in-black's heart-adorned fetish gear commonly made from leather and lace (the classic damsel/demon or virgin/whore binary).



(artist: [Honey Lavender](#))

¹⁷ The term "happy Gothic" has been lifted straight from Catherine Spooner's [Post-Millennial Gothic: Comedy, Romance and the Rise of Happy Gothic](#) (2017).

the less-gory-and-more-moody gloomth of the Mancunian postpunks, or Edward Smith's The Cure), but also more "strict" BDSM: "marathon sadism," electrocution, knife play and hard-choking¹⁸ or simulated drowning exercises, etc. These *can* be transgressively sex-positive as a means of psychosexual catharsis—especially when dealing with regressive trauma or confused pleasure and pain responses; i.e., seeking pain for its own sake, or having death fantasies (towards oneself or others in a gradient of unironic and ironic forms) that launch a knee-jerk (so to speak) orgasmic response/*jouissance*¹⁹ that stems from surviving hardcore sexual abuse (and emotional/physical abuse, or intersections of all three).

Yet, despite their validity as provably cathartic within the Gothic mode, abject sexuality and strict BDSM still aren't "my bag" in terms of what I like to study or explore; that is, despite having performed sadistic exercises on an ex-partner by request, said person also traumatized me, making future requests of performing "strict" pain on new partners a potentially unpleasant task. Not my thing. Sex and full-on gore? I'll pass. But sleep sex (exhibit 11b2), societal collapse/Gothic castles (e.g., the danger disco, exhibit 15b1), Numinous consent-non-consent (exhibit 39a2), voyeurism (watching consenting couples fuck [exhibit 101c2] or having others consent to watch *me* fuck) and graveyard sentiment (exhibit 37b)? Hell yeah, sign me up (I hesitate to quote Coleridge because he's a racist prude, but he was absolutely on the money with this snippet from "[General Character of the Gothic Literature and Art](#)" [1818]: "...the Gothic art is sublime. On entering a cathedral, I am filled with devotion and with awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite; earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left, is, 'that I am nothing!'")!

Porn under Capitalism is always a liminal proposition, one where canon conflates gore, rape, and general harm with supposed acts of love (e.g., *Squid Game*'s gratuitous 2021 violence illustrating a generalized violation of human rights through misdirection and pornographic force presented as a "cute" game). As the title might suggest, then, *Sex Positivity* is largely about sex positivity as something to replace canonical forms of abuse with; i.e., *liminal* expressions of sex and

¹⁸ These kinks are classified as "hard" for a reason: They're potentially dangerous and require not just experience but expertise, meaning if you don't know what you're doing when performing them, you could easily harm or even kill someone. For example, choking is fine when a professional sadist is working with someone they trust, while both parties know the ropes and have safe words (the traffic light system is a safe bet). But experience is the teacher of fools and informed consent requires just that—for people to be informed correctly. The problem is, many people learn from entertainment, especially regarding BDSM as canonically harmful. So while Gothic media can potentially yield critical power within discourse about systemic abuse, it won't actually teach you proper choke technique in terms of giving or receiving erotic asphyxiation (any more than watching James Bond will show you correct espionage). Never try it by yourself and always have someone who won't harm you by accident (or on purpose). Just ask [David Carradine](#) or [Richard Belzer](#)!

¹⁹ E.g., *frisson*, aka "the skin orgasm" (often felt during so-called Numinous, or "religious" experiences).

trauma that lean towards, and help lead survivors away from, the status quo using cathartic monster poetics and sex-positive "demon BDSM," *not* Radcliffe's demon lover (more on them, in the thesis statement and Volume Two)!

Whether sex-positive or not, monsters are liminal, but their iconoclastic reclamation coincides with ironic rape fantasies and complicated symbols of recovery (fetishes) that reverse-abject state-sanctioned, social-sexual violence through transformative, even pornographic Gothic embellishment. Abject sexuality and exploitation exist squarely outside my invigilator and creator comfort zones, hence won't be featured in this book. That being said, I *will* have plenty of monsters that approach these subjects comfortably for me; i.e., to a *healing* degree, not a "geek show" insofar as the exhibiting and voyeurism of peril are concerned. To that, camp and schlock allow for "rape" to exist in quotes using fetish aesthetics—often with a fair amount of Gothic nostalgia and expertise. Weird nerds tend to know their stuff, and can push into abject spaces in ways that still account for the boundaries of others:



(exhibit -1a: Artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#). They aren't just a stone-cold fox; they're an incredibly passionate and knowledgeable filmmaker and performer when it comes to schlock and camp! Both genres are equally worthy of study and consideration as things to recreate and learn from.)

Of course, I *am* discussing the Gothic mode in a sex-positive light; there are some liminal/grey-area exceptions I'll need to make, exhibit-wise. For example, I repeatedly discuss Mercedes's awesomely schlocky creations (and other campy monster artists reclaiming heteronormative stigmas), featuring her "tromette" performances in our book's first exhibit, as well as exhibits 67 and 78, among others; despite having *some* gross-out qualities, her content is something I'm

comfortable recreating in my own work/exhibiting in this book with her permission (she's also incredibly sex-positive, which makes working with her a snap).

So while this book displays and analyzes "vanilla" porn (exhibits 32a or 32b), it tries quite hard to examine dozens of cases of sex-positive *monster* porn (too many to easily list, but Mercede's previous exhibit counts, as does exhibit 1a1a1h3a2). I also exhibit several contentious subjects: one, several drawings of naked, pre-pubescent children/teenagers from Robie Harris and Michael Emberley's 1994 sex-education book for children ten-and-up, *It's Perfectly Normal* (exhibits 55 and 90a); two, [the problematic moe art style](#) (meaning either a child-like appearance, or sexualized children/teenagers in non-erotic media) featured in neoliberal, American-aligned media like *Dragon Ball* and *Street Fighter 6* (1986 and 2023, exhibit 104b) but also canonical porn (exhibit 104c)—albeit as something to be wary of; three, [ahegao or "rape face," which is also examined](#) in the same section, in exhibit 104d towards the end of the book; and four, one example of straight-up murder and torture performed by the Male Gaze of an evil superman called Homelander (exhibit 1a1a1h3a1a1) and several examples where unironic rape scenes are discussed, but not shown. Excluding the Homelander collage, unironic rape and violence aren't openly displayed in this book's imagery (and even then, it's featured to make a point about Man Box culture).

This book series contains hundreds of collages, some of which include liminal, complicated examples of sexualized media that ultimately have something to salvage or transmute away from canonical, sex-coercive forms mid-resistance; e.g., ironic psychosexuality (exhibit 0a1b2b) and catharsis (exhibit 0a1b2a1). For our book's second exhibit (exhibit -1b), here's an example to give you an idea of what you should largely *not* expect moving forward:

- abject, gross-out gore—either as an exploitative dissection of the human form, or as eroticized, psychosexual variants (e.g., Phedon Papamichael's excellent, but hard-to-watch exploitation film, *Inside* [2008]—a movie about a Gothic impostor forcing her husband's killer to have a C-section during an utterly gross scene which makes *Alien*'s "birth scene" look positively ordinary by comparison).
- any bathroom hijinks and overt, aggressive rape scenarios involving animals, disabled people, dead bodies, or "non-consenting" persons (excepting *moe* and *ahegao* and some appreciative rape scenarios; i.e., consent-non-consent).



(exhibit -1b: Various scenes of gore from classic horror movies, as well as abject merchandise and gory props, aka [memento mori](#): "remember that you [have to] die." Most are shots of the 2018 *Halloween* [from "[The Horrors of Halloween](#)"] or screencaps from *Alien*, 1979, middle strip; however, the far-mid-left shot of Reagan from *The Exorcist*, 1973, [is from EllimacsSFX](#). Such Gothic craftsmanship tends to form a tradition of recreating death and disgusting things, but also female vulnerability through the Male Gaze—with the bathroom not simply being a place of abject activities like taking a shit, but also a place of profound vulnerability where one's pants/panties are literally down: easy pickings/the sitting duck. These grotesque exhibits have been canonized by male Pygmalions like Stanley Kubrick and Alfred Hitchcock, who both made their lengthy careers by needlessly terrifying/torturing women—so much so that after 180+ takes on *The Shining* [1981] Shelley Duval became a decades-long recluse, [only returning to break the silence in the 2020s](#)²⁰ [the same "tortured saint" effect happened to Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio [being tortured on the set of *The Abyss*](#)²¹, 1989; but also

²⁰ Cody Hamman's "The Forest Hills Star, Shelley Duvall, Sits Down for an Interview with Grimm Life Collective" (2023).

²¹ Brandi Yetzer's "Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio Never Worked With James Cameron Again After Filming a Torturous Scene" (2022).

Maria Falconetti [being forced to kneel for hours on stone during *The Passion of Joan of Arc*²²](#), 1928; and taken to awful diegetic extremes with the aforementioned *Martyrs*]. These Pygmalions also tended to take the mastery of suspense away from earlier female examples—e.g., suspense girl-wizard, Ann Radcliffe, who admittedly had her own problems—but also any notion of informed consent regarding their own workers' basic human rights.)

There are plenty of specialized terms in here that I will explain more during the essential keywords paratext, and many more still during the thesis volume (all are defined in the full keyword glossary per volume) but for a quick, handy idea about Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism, refer to the next two sections: "The Six Gothic-Marxist Tenets and Four Main Gothic Theories" and "About the Logo."



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

²² Chadwick Jenkins' "Suffering the Inscrutable: The Ethics of the Face in Dreyer's 'The Passion of Joan of Arc'" (2018).

A Note on Canonical Essentialism

...latitude, like genetics and ecology, is not destiny. We echo earlier concerns about the perils of single factor explanations and suggest that chance, and perhaps factors that promoted colonial empires, need to be more seriously considered as potentially important drivers of human inequality ([source](#)).

—Angela M. Chira, *et al*, "Geography Is Not Destiny: A quantitative Test of Diamond's Axis of Orientation Hypothesis" (2024)

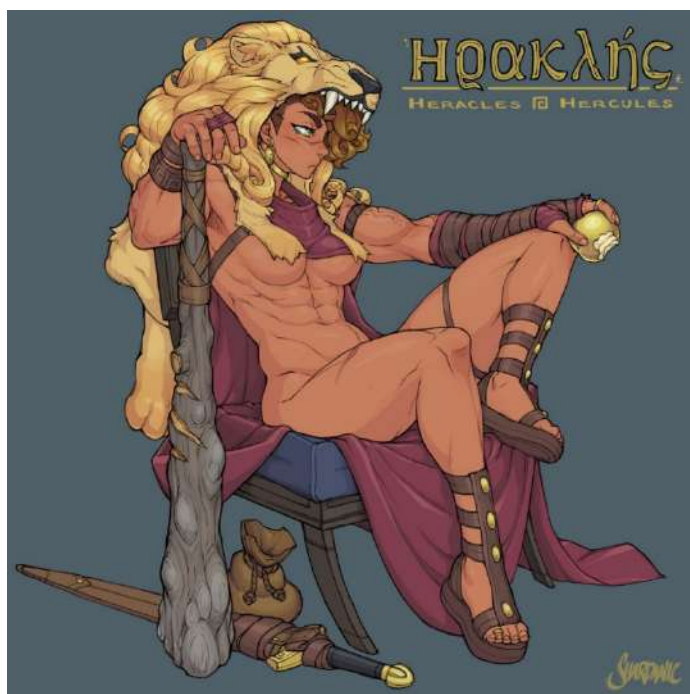
Watching Rebecca Watson first discuss the widespread critical backlash received by Jared Diamond's *Guns, Germs and Steel* (1997) after its debut, [then offer up various counter studies since the book's publication](#) ("Study: Guns, Germs, and Steel was Wrong," 2024), I thought of my writings on Capitalism and canon; i.e., as things to oppose through iconoclastic art when developing Gothic Communism, mid-opposition. For the next four pages, I want to quickly mention and reflect on the essentializing nature of canon within Capitalist Realism—both why the latter requires the former to succeed, but also how it manifests in ways we should routinely keep in mind.



(artist: [Alexey Lastochkin](#))

Per my thesis statement, Capitalism sexualizes everything in a heteronormative (vertically arranged, sexually dimorphic) scheme; *canon* achieves heteronormativity by essentializing biology, ecology and geography (economics, etc) in equal measure in order to achieve and maintain a *Cartesian* outcome:

domination of the natural world (and workers) to serve profit. This happens through the routine gendering of Nature vs Society (*vis-à-vis* Raj Patel and Jason Moore) by Cartesian thinkers; i.e., in ways that men like Francis Bacon and René Descartes started, but continue to remain relevant under Capitalist Realism as a more recent affair that neither patriarch lived to see: a raping of nature as Promethean, meaning in this case "primed for abuse, *ad nauseum*." Nature is Medusa; Medusa must obey *and* die (over and over).

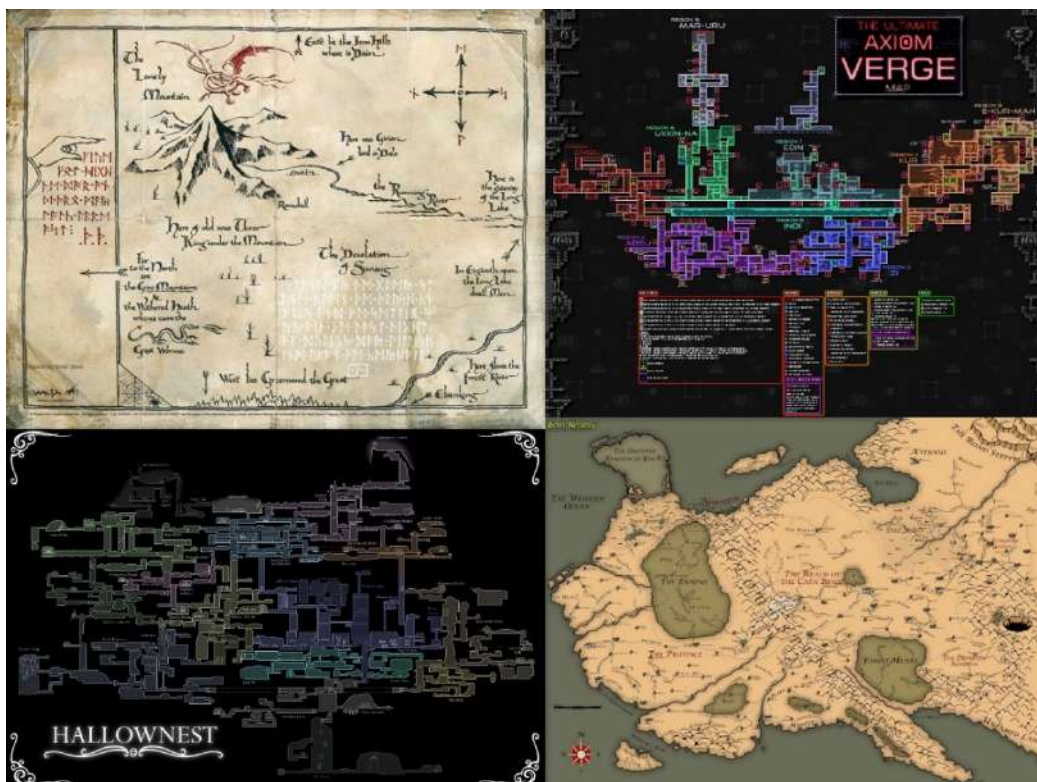


(artist: [Shardanic](#))

In turn, said Realism yields neoliberal fantasies (often videogames) that present nature as good or evil in essential terms, and by extension, gendered ones that are biologically and ecologically divided along problematic moral categories whose territory is geared towards a settler-colonial outcome: the mapping and execution of conquest, thus genocide through us versus them, reliably framing "us" as *human* and "them" as *inhuman* through various black-and-white binaries that serve capital, thus

empire (or humanizing inhuman groups—e.g., white cis-het women [above]—to recruit them harmfully into a centrist story that *prolongs* settler-colonial conflict; i.e., for profit's sake, instead of permanently ceasing hostilities by actually addressing the socio-material conditions that historically lead to them: pro-state workers triangulating through the equality of convenience ["boundaries for me, not for thee"] to unironically punch down in *defense* of the state *against* intersectional solidarity and workers, animals and the environment at large).

It bears repeating that said execution of conquest involves a map of a location, the latter filled with enemies (e.g., orcs) who must be cleared by human agents or token enforcers, doing so step-by-step, person-by-person, room-by-room to effectively "sweep" the entire area of perceived hostilities. Doing so is meant achieve one cycle of capital in miniature; i.e., moving money through nature to achieve profit as expressed concentrically on *all* registers. Likewise, the basic categories of land, sexual biology and ecology manifest in a variety of refrains canonizing Cartesian dualism (and its harmful divisions) through Capitalist Realism. My book pointedly highlights two: Tolkien's and Cameron's; re (from "[Scouting the Field](#)"):



(the map exhibit [1a1a1h2a1] from Volume Zero: "...Videogames are war simulators; in them, maps are built not merely to be charted and explored, but conquered through war simulations. The land is an endless site of conquest, war, rape and profit carefully dressed up as "treasure," "liberation" and "adventure," but in truth, brutalizing nature during endless wars of extermination borrowed from the historical and imaginary past as presently intertwined:

- top-left: Tolkien's refrain, "Thror's Map" from *The Hobbit*, 1937
—source: [Weta Workshop](#)
- top-right: Thomas Happ's map of Sudra from *Axiom Verge*, 2015
—source: [magicofgames](#)
- bottom-left: Team Cherry's map of Hallownest, from *Hollow Knight* 2017
—source: [tuppkam1](#)
- bottom-right: Bungie's map of the West from *Myth: the Fallen Lords*, 1997
—source: [Ben's Nerdery](#)

[...] Under Capitalist Realism, Hell is a place that always appears on Earth [or an Earth-like double]—a black fortress threatening state hegemony during the inevitable decay of a colonial body. Its widening state of exception must then be entered by the hero during the liminal hauntology of war as a repeatable, monomythic excursion...)

Tolkien's refrain gentrifies war in a fantasy-themed cartography (the map of conquest in novels, movies and games, video or otherwise), which neatly and

consistently divide land and occupant between good and bad, human and orc (or spider, demon, ghost, etc). Cameron's refrain, the shooter and the Metroidvania, was first inspired by Robert Heinlein before likewise being injected into popular media as conducting *military optimism*²³ abroad: insectoid places to go and bomb/shoot into oblivion. Doing so happens while simultaneously popularizing it back home through military urbanism and urban warfare inside the Gothic castle (versus the land *around* the castle, as Tolkien tends to do; i.e., the *open* battlefield). There is always an enemy of nature to kill and destroy in ways that fetishize the larger alienating process, turning "empowerment" into a Promethean Quest through a Faustian bargain. It becomes Romanticized, nostalgic, endlessly remediated (a Cycle of Kings, ruins, graveyards). By extension, war is dimorphically sexualized as us-versus-them, the hunt (and its associate tensions, reliefs and anxieties) celebrated with a lucrative fakery to maintain the lie of Western sovereignty through the ghost of the counterfeit's usual process of abjection. The West, including its fantasies, remain haunted during the liminal hauntology of war as a routine appearance within a structure; e.g., Dracula's castle.

On this generic spectrum and its assorted cartographic architecture, one thing remains constant between the two refrains (and their imitators and offshoots): nature is monstrous-feminine, queer, non-white and non-Christian, etc. This includes its land and various human and non-human occupants being deliberately prepared for endless invasions and harvests by Capitalism's architects and usual benefactors: white cis-het men (and token agents) of various monomythic positions. There is a good land and a bad, a good people and a bad, a good nature and a bad, and the centrist nature of the larger structure sanctions and essentializes canonical violence by the good against the bad; i.e., reliably justifying the former invading and brutalizing the latter to move money through nature by *cheapening* nature. Nature becomes Hell by design, amounting to a documentation process required by Capitalism to function in essential perpetuity.

In short, nature becomes canon, a mandate for how to think, thus behave regarding the usual benefactors and victims within a settler colony and the state of exception found in or between its surrounding areas of influence. There must

²³ From Persephone van der Waard's "The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in *Metroid*" (2021):

Just as *Alien* evolved into *Aliens*, the *Metroid* franchise has become increasingly triumphant over time. Abjuring the Promethean myth, it instead offers military optimism—the idea that seemingly unstoppable enemies can be defeated with patience and, more importantly, military resources; the more victories, the more resources there are to use (even if these are little more than looted plunder in the grand scheme).

Samus repeatedly embarks on the Promethean Quest. Over time, this quest has become less cautionary and more professional. The Promethean past isn't something to fear or avoid; it's something to shoot. This attitude removes the quest's cautionary elements, especially where the military is concerned. This creates a franchise much more fixated on Samus as a neutral figure with military ties. Rather than fight them, she does their bidding and is celebrated for it ([source](#)).

always be a good and bad land, but also good and bad occupants according to biology as essential (and connected to gender) in terms of a heteronormative ordering of workers within nature as something to control, thus dominate; i.e., there are white cis-het men and anything else is alien to varying degrees; e.g., white women are alien, but *not* as alien as trans people *provided* they behave within the structure. "Rocking the boat" through intersectional solidarity against capital invites collective (and selective) punishment through reactive abuse to keep these dichotomies not only installed, but constantly enforced through physical, mental and/or socio-ideological forms of menticultural violence; i.e., dogma insofar as canonical *essentialism* aids and abets in Capitalist Realism concealing capital functioning as it always does. As something to criminalize and dominate, nature is always alien, fetishized, incorrect, criminal, outside, black, etc...



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

The proof is in the pudding. Or rather, it appears in the "pudding" of people as expressed through commodities that—when reclaimed by active, emotionally/Gothically intelligent and conscious workers synthesizing praxis—assist in said workers' chaotic liberation (camp) as part of the natural-material world enslaved and exploited by Capitalism through routine, orderly conquest and genocide (canon); i.e., by dissolving the very boundaries, thus binaries, that trap and exploit us in home as foreign: a settler-colonial project for which we are *not* strictly welcome and for which internal and external tensions

hyphenate clean divisions like inside/outside or correct/incorrect into something far more liminal, messy and grey. "There is no outside of the text," insofar as people and their interactions with each other (and the various cultural markers of coded behaviors that lead to or resist genocide) become something to acknowledge *ipso facto*. We see the *aesthetic* of torture, for instance, in calculated risk as a proletarian function; i.e., a Gothic fetish that aims to express power through its theatrical absence/disparity as an informed means of negotiating state trauma. In viewing it, we must learn to recognize the human, thus autonomous, person involved in defense of nature, of workers, of our land, sexualities, bodies, genders, etc, as constantly under attack by capital.

My friend, Harmony Corrupted, is but one example. Consider how this book is full of similar people, places and things. Seek them out, but also recognize the ones I do not have time to list. Do so to achieve class and culture war yourselves; i.e., as a cathartic sexual undertaking with non-heteronormative (thus non-Cartesian) results. We're in this together, comrades!

The Six Gothic-Marxist Tenets and Four Main Gothic Theories



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Gothic Communism has six Gothic-Marxist tenets (the Six Rs) and four main Gothic theories (the Four Gs). They operate in conjunction, and their collective idea is (to borrow from/rephrase our abstract)

to make Marxism a little cooler, sexier and fun than Marx ever could through the Wisdom of the Ancients (a cultural understanding of the imaginary past) as a "living document"; i.e., to make it "succulent" by "living deliciously" as an act of repeated reflection that challenges heteronormativity's dimorphic biological essentialism and bondage of gender to sex, thus leading to a class awakening at a countercultural level through iconoclastic (sex-positive), monomorphic Gothic poetics.

I've written the Gothic-Marxist tenets *to keep in mind*, not cite each and every time. In short, they provide general teaching objectives that sit between theory and application, and their interpretation and scope is meant to be fairly broad and conversational regardless of your exact approach. They are as follows:

- **Re-claim/-cultivate.** Seize Gothic art as the means of emotional (monstrous) production, tied to cultural symbols of stigma, trauma and fear that abject workers or otherwise emotionally manipulate them to surrender the means of production—their labor, their intelligence and control—unto canonical productions that normally make workers ignorant towards the means of reclaiming these things: the ability to produce, appreciate and cultivate a pro-labor, post-scarcity Gothic imagination, including theatrical implements of torture; i.e., shackles, collars, whips and chains, but also undead, demonic and/or animalized egregores in service of Gothic Communism. As part of their complex, warring praxis, minds, monsters, history and sexualities, workers must hone their own reclaimed voices—a dark poetics, pedagogy of the oppressed, splendid lies, etc—to challenge the status quo (and its war and rape cultures) by attaining structural catharsis during oppositional praxis, thus limit the systemic, generational harm committed by capitalist structures (abuse prevention/risk reduction behaviors).
- **Re-unite/-discover/-turn.** Reunite people with their alienated, alienizing bodies, language, labor, sexualities, genders, trauma, pasts and emotions in sex-positive, re-humanizing (xenophilic) ways; an active attempt to detect and marry oneself to what was lost at the emotional, Gothic, linguistic and materially intelligent level: a *return* of the living dead and the creation/summoning of demons and their respective trauma and forbidden knowledge. This poetic coalition should operate as a sex-positive force that speaks out against Cartesian division, unironic xenophobia and state abuse, while advancing workers towards the development of Gothic Communism.
- **Re-empower/-negotiate.** Grant workers control over their own sexual labor through their emotions and, by extension things (most often language, symbols or art) that stem from, and relate to, their sexual labor as historically abjected and privatizing under Capitalism; to allow them to renegotiate their boundaries in regards to their trauma through their sexual labor as their own, including their bodies and emotions as a potent form of power interrogation, *re-negotiation* and *re-exchange* amid chaotic and unequal circumstances (worker-positive BDSM and Satanic rebellion, in other words) that fight for conditional love and informed, set boundaries during social-sexual exchanges that heal from complex, generational trauma: the "good play" of conditional offers and mutually agreed-upon deals—not unconditional, coercive love compelled by pro-state abusers; i.e., "bad play" and "prison sex" within rape culture. This doesn't just apply to deals with institutions (e.g., [where I had to make conditional/unconditional offers set by a \[money-making\] university](#)—linked arm-in-arm with financial [money-

lending] institutions exiting as a part of the same student-exploiting business); it applies to our own lives as sexualized workers, synthesizing our principles with those we work/set boundaries with in relation to our labor, bodies, emotional bonds, etc. Setting individual and collective boundaries is important towards protecting yourself and others during activist behaviors, which automatically pose some degree of risk under capital; don't be afraid to impose your own limits to minimize risk of abuse, even if that means "losing" someone in the process. If they're holding *that* over your head, they weren't really your friend to begin with.

- **Re-open/-educate.** To expose the privatization of emotions and denial of sex-positive sex/gender education to individual workers, helping them reopen their minds and their eyes, thus see, understand and feel how private property makes people emotionally and Gothically stupid; Marx's adage, "Private property has made us so stupid and one-sided that an object is only ours when we have it—when it exists for us as capital, or when it is directly possessed, eaten, drunk, worn, inhabited, etc—in short, when it is used by us." This applies to *de facto* education as a means of facing systemic trauma and dismantling it through Gothic paradox and play teaching workers to be better on a grand intuitive scale.
- **Re-play.** Establish a new kind of game attitude and playfulness during development towards Communism, one that dismantles the bourgeoisie's **intended play** of manufactured *scarcity*, *consent*, and *conflict* in favor of a post-scarcity world filled with "game" workers who can learn and respond creatively to the natural and person-made problems of language and the material world with unique solutions: **emergent play**, or player-developed approaches in games (e.g., [including Communist videogames like Dwarf Fortress](#), 2006) but also game-like environments (our focus is Gothic poetics and BDSM theatrics); i.e., to be willing to try negotiating for themselves through playful forms during social-sexual scenarios of all kinds; to reclaim, rediscover, and relearn, but also teach lost things using iconoclastic monsters that critique the status quo in controlled/chaotic settings; *to enjoy but not blindly enjoy, thus endorse* cheap canonical "junk food" by re-inspecting them with a readiness to critique and reinvent. As Anita Sarkeesian explains, "It's both possible, and even necessary, to simultaneously enjoy media while also being critical of its more problematic or pernicious aspects" (source: [Facebook](#)²⁴). The idea in doing so is to understand, mid-enjoyment and critique, that development is *not* a zero-sum game, but as Jesper Juul puts it

²⁴ Original source: The Guardian, 2015—which has since been removed (undoubtedly to appease "Gamergate" misogynists because The Guardian are moderates at heart; i.e., they don't take hard stances against capital, thus can't push back against fascists).

in his eponymous book, is "a *half-real* zone between the fiction and the rules" that allows for emergent, at times *transgressive* forms of good play (me) as a transformative device ([source](#)). To borrow and mutate three more ludic terms, then, the "*ludic contract*" is whatever the player negotiates for themselves inside the natural-material world, acting like a "*spoilsport*" by redefining the terms of the contact within and outside of itself²⁵; i.e., as a half-real, "*magic-circle*" space where, as Eric Zimmerman explains, the game takes place in ways that aren't wholly separate from real life²⁶—except for us, games occur along Gothic, liminal routes, wherein workers playfully articulate their natural rights in *linguo-material* ways between reality and fabrication that go beyond games as commodities but are nevertheless informed by them as something to rewrite; i.e., through play as a general exercise that involves a great many things: a *reached* agreement of power and play in Gothic terms, whose luck/odds are defined not through canon, but iconoclastic *poiesis* that can be expanded far beyond the restrictive, colonial binary and heteronormative ruleset of the elite's intended exploitation of workers to challenge the profit motive and all of its harmful effects in the bargain; e.g., genocide, heteronormativity and Max Box culture. The sum of these concepts in praxis could be called "*ludo-Gothic BDSM*"²⁷."

²⁵ (from the glossary): The ludic contract is an agreement between the player and the game to be played; or as Chris Pratt writes in "[In Praise of Spoil Sports](#)" (2010): "the more traditional definition of the ludic contract [is] an agreement on the part of players that they will forgo some of their agency in order to experience an activity that they enjoy." Yet, inventive players like speedrunners (which Pratt calls "spoilsports") converge upon intended gameplay with unintended, emergent forms. In other words, the ludic contract is less a formal, rigid contract and more a negotiated compromise occurring between the two; i.e., where players have some sense of agency in deciding how *they* want to play the game even while adhering to its rules and, in effect, being mastered by it (see: Seth Giddings and Helen Kennedy's "[Little Jesuses and *@#?-off Robots](#)," 2008, exhibit 0a2c).

²⁶ (abridged, from the glossary): The magic circle is the space where a game takes place, be that a social game, a sport, a dialog or gender performance onstage, and videogames, etc. The founder of the idea, Eric Zimmerman, writes in "Jerked Around by the Magic Circle" (2012):

The "magic circle" is not a particularly prominent phrase in *Homo Ludens*, and although Huizinga certainly advocates the idea that games can be understood as separate from everyday life, he never takes the full-blown magic circle point of view that games are ultimately separate from everything else in life or that rules are the sole fundamental unit of games. In fact, Huizinga's thesis is much more ambivalent on these issues and he actually closes his seminal book with a passionate argument against a strict separation between life and games... ([source](#)).

²⁷ (from the glossary, abridged): My combining of an older academic term, "ludic-Gothic" (Gothic videogames), with sex-positive BDSM theatrics as a potent means of camp. The emphasis is less about "how can videogames be Gothic" and more how the playfulness in videogames is commonly used to allow players to camp canon in and out of videogames as a form of fairly negotiated power exchange established in playful, game-like forms (which we'll unpack during the "camp map" in our thesis volume).

- **Re-produce/-lease.** To disseminate these tenets through worker-made sex-positive lessons that we leave behind; i.e., egregores, "archaeologies" and other Gothic-Communist "derelicts." As the oppressed, our pedagogy should be centered around the continued production of communal emotional intelligence as a Gothically instructional means of transforming the material world and, by extension, the socio-natural world for the better—by healing from generational trauma by interrogating its structural causes *together*.

I call these tenets the Six Rs because they constitute six things to reclaim from Capitalism through the Gothic imagination; i.e., *vis-à-vis* our own bodies and labor as things to weaponize against capital during praxial synthesis: through our creative successes, whatever they may be.



(artist: [Crow](#))

Underpinning our six tenets are four central Gothic theories, the Four Gs:

- **abjection** (from Julia Kristeva's process of abjection, *vis-à-vis* Jerrold Hogle's "ghost of the counterfeit")

Coined by Julia Kristeva in her 1981 book, [The Powers of Horror](#), abjection means "to throw off." Abjection is "us versus them," dividing the self into a linguistically and emotionally normal state with an "othered" half. This "other" is generally reserved for abjected material—criminal, taboo or alien

concepts: good and evil, heaven and hell, civilization and nature, men and women, etc. Through Cartesian dualism—the rising of a dividing system of thought by René Descartes that led to settler colonialism—nation-states and corporations create states of normality (the status quo) by forcefully throwing off everything that *isn't* normal, isn't rational, masculine or even human, etc. Through the status quo, normal examples are defined by their alien, inhuman opposites, the latter held at a distance but frequently announced and attacked (a form of punching down); the iconoclast, often in Gothic fiction, will force a confrontation, exposing the viewer (often vicariously) to experience the same process in reverse (a form of punching up). Facing the abjected material reliably leads to a state of horror, its reversal exposing the normal as false, rotten and demonic, and the so-called "demons" or dangerous undead as victimized and human: "Who's the savage?" [asks Rob Halford](#). "Modern man!" Descartes was certainly a massive dick, but the spawning of endless Pygmalion-generated undead and demons scarcely started and ended with him. Instead, it expanded through the ghost of the counterfeit as wedded to the process of abjection in Gothic canon; or as Dave West summarizes in "[Implementation of Gothic Themes in The Gothic Ghost of the Counterfeit](#)" (2023):

In [the 2012 essay] "The Gothic Ghost of the Counterfeit and the Process of Abjection," Jerrold E. Hogle argues that the eighteenth-century Gothic emergence from fake imitation of fake work is the foundation of what is defined as modern Gothic today. He maintains that Horace Walpole's 1765²⁸ *The Castle of Otranto*, which is considered as the groundwork of the modern Gothic story, is built on a false proclamation that the novel was an Italian manuscript written by a priest. [...] Hogle argues that modern Gothic is grounded in fakery. [In turn,] Hogle's observation of the history of *The Castle of Otranto* forms the basis for understanding the concept of counterfeit as a result of the abjection process.

²⁸ Walpole actually published the original manuscript in 1764 under a pseudonym without the qualifier "a Gothic tale" (which he added a year later after people pitched a fit that he—the son of the first British prime minister—had effectively forged a historical document and passed it off as genuine). The story was based off his architectural reconstruction (thus reimagining) of medieval history, Strawberry Hill House (a cross-medium tradition carried on by Gothic contemporaries/spiritual successors—e.g., William Beckford's *Vathek*, 1786, and subsequent "folly," Fonthill Abbey, in 1796—but also videogame spaces inspired by the cinematic and novelized forms previously build on real-life "haunted" houses: the Metroidvania).

Gothic Communism, then, reverses *xenophobic* abjection through *xenophilic* subversion as a liminal form of countercultural expression (camp). Sex work and pornography (and indeed *any* controlled substance—sex, drugs, rock n' roll, but also subversive oral traditional and slave narratives) operate through



liminal transgression; e.g., subversive monster-fucking Amazons (exhibit 104a), werewolves (exhibit 87a) and Little Red Riding Hood (exhibit 52b) or Yeti (exhibit 48d2), etc. Reversing the process of abjection, these monstrous-feminine beings allow their performers to not only address personal traumas "onstage," but engender systemic change in socio-material conditions; i.e., by performing their repressed inequalities during arguably surreal, but highly imaginary interpersonal exchanges that are actually fun to participate in: as a process of *de facto* education in opposition to state fakeries (thus refusing to engender genocide within the common ground of a shared—indeed, heavily fought-over—aesthetic).

(artist: [John Fox](#))

- **chronotope/parallel Gothic space** (from Mikhail Bakhtin's "Gothic chronotope")

Mikhail Bakhtin's "time-space," [outlined posthumously in *The Dialogic Imagination*](#) (1981), is an architectural evocation of space and time as something whose liminal motion through describes a particular quality of history described by Bakhtin as "castle-narrative":

Toward the end of the seventeenth century in England, a new territory for novelistic events is constituted and reinforced in the so-called "Gothic" or "black" novel—the castle (first used in this meaning by Horace Walpole in *The Castle of Otranto*, and later in Radcliffe, Monk Lewis and others). The castle is saturated through and through with a

time that is historical in the narrow sense of the word, that is, the time of the historical past [...] the traces of centuries and generations are arranged in it in visible form as various parts of its architecture [...] and in particular human relationships involving dynastic primacy and the transfer of hereditary rights. [...] legends and traditions animate every corner of the castle and its environs through their constant reminders of past events. It is this quality that gives rise to the specific kind of narrative inherent in castles and that is then worked out in Gothic novels.

For our purposes, Gothic variants and their castle-narratives have a medieval/pre-Enlightenment character that describes the historical past in a museum-like way that is fearfully reimagined: as something to recursively move through, thus try to record in some shape or form; e.g., the Neo-Gothic castle (*Otranto*, 1764) to the retro-future haunted house (the Nostromo from *Alien*, 1979) to the Metroidvania (1986, onwards; my area of expertise). Canonical examples include various "forbidden zones," full of rapacious, operatic monsters; i.e., *canonical/capitalistic* parallel space. Expanding on Frederic Jameson, the *iconoclastic* Gothic chronotope is an "archaeology of the future" that can expose how we think about the past in the present to reshape the future towards a Utopian (Communist) outcome. Although we'll expound on this idea repeatedly throughout the book, a common method beyond monsters are hauntological *locations* housing things the state would normally abject: the crimes of empire buried in the rubble, but also contained inside its castle-narrative as an equally hyperreal, "narrative-of-the-crypt" (from Hogle: "The Restless Labyrinth: Cryptonomy in the Gothic Novel," 1980) *mise-en-abyme*. Iconoclastic parallel spaces and their parallel society of counterterror agents, then, align against state-corporate interests and their "geometries of terror" (exhibit 64c) which, in turn, artists can illustrate in their own iconoclastic hauntologies (exhibit 64b) and castle-narratives; i.e., ironic appreciative movement through the Gothic space and its palliative-Numinous sensations.

- **hauntology** (from Jacques Derrida's "spectres of Marx" and Mark Fisher's "canceled futures," *vis-à-vis* Jodey Castricano's *cryptomimesis*):

A basic linguistic state between the past and the present—[described by Jacques Derrida in *Spectres of Marx*](#) (1993) as being Marxism itself. Smothered by Capitalism, Marxism is an older idea from Capitalism's past that haunts Capitalism—doing so through "ghosts" in Capitalism's language that haunt future generations under the present order of material existence. In *Cryptomimesis: The Gothic and Jacques Derrida's Ghost Writing*, Jodey

Castricano writes how Marx, though not a Gothicism, was obsessed with the language of spectres and ghosts—less as concrete symbols sold for profit in the modern sense and more as a consequence of coerced human language expressing a return of the past and of the dead as a repressed force; she also calls this process *cryptomimesis*, or "writing with ghosts," as a tradition carried on by Derrida and his own desire to express haunting as a feeling experienced inside Capitalism and its language. [The concept would be articulated further by Mark Fisher as *Capitalist Realism*](#) (2009); i.e., a *myopia*, or total inability to imagine the future beyond past versions of the future that have become decayed, dead, and forsaken: "canceled futures" (which Stuart Mills discusses how to escape in his 2019 writeup [on Fisher's hauntology of culture, Capitalism, and acid Communism](#), "What is Acid Communism?"). While all workers are haunted by the dead, as Marx states, this especially applies to its proponents—cops and other class traitors, scapegoats, etc—as overwhelmed by a return of the dead (and their past) through Gothic language/affect in the socio-material sphere. For those less disturbed by the notion, however, this can be something to welcome and learn from—to write with; i.e., in the presence of the dead coming home as a welcome force in whatever forms they take: not just ghosts, but also vampires, zombies, or composites, the latter extending to demons and anthromorphs as summoned or made; but also all of these categories being modular insofar as they allow for a hybridized expression of trauma through undead-demonic-animalistic compounds. As Castricano writes of *cryptomimesis*

Although some critics continue to disavow the Gothic as being subliterary and appealing only to the puerile imagination—Fredric Jameson refers to the Gothic as "that boring and exhausted paradigm" [what a dork]—others, such as Anne Williams, claim that the genre not only remains very much alive but is especially vital in its evocation of the "undead," an ontologically ambiguous figure which has been the focus of so much critical attention that another critic, Slavoj Žižek, felt compelled to call the return of the living dead "the fundamental fantasy of contemporary mass culture" ([source](#)).

in regards to ghosts, I would argue the same notion applies to *all* undead, demons and animalistic egregores; i.e., writing with both as complicated theatrical expressions of the human condition under Capitalism.



(artist: Zdzisław Beksiński)

- **cryptonymy** (from Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok, *vis-à-vis* Jerrold Hogle's "narrative of the crypt" and Jodey Castricano's *cryptomimesis*)

In Cynthia Sugars' entry on "Cryptonymy" for David Punter's *The Encyclopedia of the Gothic* (2012), Sugars writes, "Cryptonymy, as it is used in psychoanalytic theory and adapted to Gothic studies, refers to a term coined by Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok [which] receives extended consideration in their book *The Wolf Man's Magic Word: A Cryptonymy* (1986)."

Sugars goes on to summarize Abraham and Torok's usage, which highlights a tendency for language to hide a traumatic or unspeakable word with seemingly unrelated words, which compound under coercive, unnatural conditions (the inherent deceit of the nation-state and its monopolies). For Sugars and for us, Gothic studies highlight these conditions as survived by a narrative of the crypt, its outward entropy—the symptoms and wreckage—intimating a deeper etiological trauma sublimated into socially more acceptable forms (usually monsters, lairs/parallel space, phobias, etc; you can invade, kill and "cure" those. In my 2021 writeup, "[The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in *Metroid*](#)," I call this false optimism the "puncher's chance" afforded to pro-Capitalist soldiers and *de facto* killers for the state; the odds suck and are either disguised or romanticized through heroic stories/monomyths). Described by Jerrold Hogle in "The Restless Labyrinth" as the *only* thing that survives, the narrative of the crypt is a narrative of a narrative of a narrative to a hidden curse/doom announced by things displaced from the former cause: Gothic cryptonyms; illusions, deceptions, mirages, etc. Sugars determines, the closer one gets to the problem, the more the space itself abruptly announces a vanishing point,

a procession of fragmented illusions tied to a *transgenerational* curse: "a place of concealment that stands on mere ashes of something not fully present," Hogle writes of Otranto (the first "gothic" castle, reassembled for Horace Walpole's 1764 "archaeology"). In regards to the *mimetic* quality of the crypt, this general process of *cryptomimesis* draws attention to a writing predicated upon encryption: the play of revelation and concealment lodged within parts of individual words tied to Gothic theatrical conventions and linguistic functions, but also patently ludic narratives that can change one's luck within a pre-conceived and enforced set of rules; i.e., rewriting our odds of survival, thus fate, inside *exploitative* ludic schemes by pointedly redictating the material conditions (through ludo-Gothic BDSM) that represent "luck" as a variable the elite strive to manipulate for profit under Capitalism.

Unlike the Gothic *mode*—which tells of legendary things (undead, demonic and/or animalized monsters or places) *with, as or within* Gothic media as things to *perform, create, or imagine/reimagine, wear, inhabit, occupy or pass through* (we'll explore all of these variants throughout the book)—Gothic *theory* explains the process behind all of this while it's going on, has gone on, will go on. Guided by these theories, the re-education of sex worker emotions achieves the Six Rs through instructed critical analysis of sexualized art, but also *praxial synthesis* of good social-sexual habits; be it their own, someone else's, or something to cultivate together, these collective sex-positive lessons are designed to teach emotional intelligence through a Gothic mode whose cultural imagination, when used in an iconoclastic sense, becomes a vulgar display of power in defiance of the state: it raises emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, cultural and racial awareness, thus Gothic maturity mid-struggle.



(artist: [Crow](#))

The State: Its Key Tools; re: the Monopolies, Trifectas and Qualities of Capital



(artist: Angel Witch)

In service to the profit motive, the state requires the ability to defend itself through absolute means; i.e., us-versus-them dogma, cops-and-victims propaganda (re: copaganda), and terrorist/counterterrorist arrangements of privilege, authority and status/class flowing power towards the state. This basically

happens by antagonizing nature as monstrous-feminine and putting it to work as cheaply as possible; i.e., to move money through nature, thus reify and maintain capital until the end of time. Often, this movement is guided by revenge in dualistic opposition; i.e., the whore has their revenge by thwarting profit through their bodies, artwork and labor anisotropically moving power, money and information *away* from the state and towards workers (by reversing terror/counterterror, thus abjection). The state, by comparison, accomplishes the movement known as "capital" using three basic things: the state *trifectas*, *monopolies* and *qualities of capital* policing nature as monstrous-feminine.

These ideas first introduce in Volumes Zero and One (and expand in Volume Two; e.g., "the whore's revenge" coming from the Demon Module), but are so ubiquitous that I feel you should have access to their basic definitions regardless of which book volume you're reading. I'll list, then define them:

- the *monopolies*: of violence, terror and morphological expression.
- the *trifectas*: manufacture, subterfuge/deception, coercion—with a neoliberal "handle": the profit motive; i.e., *infinite growth*, *efficient profit* (meaning value through exploitation, regardless if it is ethical or materially stable) and *worker/owner division* as disseminated through the three tines.
- the *qualities of capital*: heteronormative, Cartesian, and settler-colonial (refer to the glossary definitions for these terms)

If, at any point, I say "the monopolies, trifectas [and/or] qualities of capital" moving forwards, these are what I'm referring to; i.e., the control of worker bodies and the violence, terror and morphological poetics orbiting them.

Defining them, let's start with the monopolies:

- of *violence*; re: Weber's maxim, "a state holds a monopoly over the legitimate use of violence within its territory, meaning that violence perpetrated by other actors is illegitimate" ([source](#)).
- of *terror*; re: Asprey's paradox, from *War in the Shadows: the Guerrilla in History* (1994): "Not only can terror be employed as a weapon, but any weapon can become a weapon of terror: terror is a weapon, a weapon is terror, and no one agency monopolizes it" ([source](#)). Even so, the state will try to monopolize it. Anyone who uses violence against them is a "terrorist" and anyone who uses violence in service to state aims is either a "counterterrorist" or at least not a terrorist.
- of *morphological expression*; re: of my arguments regarding the state control of Gothic dialogs during the other two monopolies, animalizing workers in harmful predator/prey relationships (from Volume One):

the medieval character of state violence and terror cannot be destroyed during morphological expression, only subverted or contained through linguo-material "traps" we put into motion during revolutionary cryptonomy as an essential means of counterterrorist liberation; i.e., by throwing the setter-colonial character of heteronormativity into dispute through a rebellious medieval, *postcolonial* imaginary. Taking Hell back while doubling its colonial [forms; i.e., through] morphological²⁹ expression when using *animalized* Gothic aesthetics (with undead and demonic elements too, of course). To that, I want to quote a snippet from our thesis volume that will prove germane as we proceed:

As a kind of deathly theatre mask, something else that's equally important to consider about demons and the undead (and which we'll bring up throughout the entire book) is that *animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp through demonic and undead forms*; i.e., stigma animals relayed through demonic BDSM and rituals of

²⁹ I'm specifically focusing on morphological expression, here, because state forces will try to control it in relation to other variables; i.e., in monopolized opposition to workers' manifestations of monstrous bodies during countercultural dialogs that stand up for their basic human rights (and that of animals and the environment). While we obviously want to separate human biology from sexual and gender expression (and allow sex to divide from gender during said expression), it nevertheless remains tied to them during morphological expression as part of overall worker struggles; i.e., to liberate themselves from capital in morphological language that challenges the heteronormative standards normally proliferated in canonical Gothic stories.

power expression and exchange that embody hunters and hunted, predators and prey that play out through the ongoing battles and wars of culture, of the mind, of sexuality and praxis as traumatized: marked for trauma or by trauma that parallel our green and purple doubles onscreen ([source](#): Volume Zero's "Pieces of the Camp Map").

So when I say "animalized" *vis-à-vis* Gothic aesthetics, this is predominantly what I mean [...]

As something that predictably rises during material instability and societal unrest, emotional turmoil is very much at home in the Gothic. This includes anxieties about physical bodies and their hauntological uniforms as often having a sexualized, animalistic, psychological element that overlaps with half-exposed, unburied trauma acquired generationally under state domination. This domination occurs within regressive, medievalized positions of crisis and decay that defend and uphold the status quo, but *can* be reclaimed by proletarian agents within weird-nerd culture; e.g., workers embodying knights to reclaim their killing/raping implements inside the state of exception, while simultaneously dealing with state infiltrators fighting to recapture the same devices *back* for themselves and their masters; i.e., Amazons and furies, etc, as forms of *contested* morphological expression that can assist or hamper gyno/androdiversity within Gothic poetics under state monopolies. To that, heroes are monsters, and monsters go hand-in-hand with animals being for or against their own abuse to varying degrees.

The resultant middle ground of this duality grants words like "demon," "zombie," or "animal" a double purpose for which the rest of the subchapter is divided: predator and prey. [...] Domestication invokes a sense of the wild that is reclaimed by state forces to serve the profit motive, which rebellious agents must challenge and reclaim *while being animalized*. The larger struggle involving animalization constitutes an uphill battle that obscures one's vision in the same crowded sphere. Inside it, space and time become a violent circle, one where endless war over state nostalgia constitutes ongoing dialectical-material struggles to keep with, or break from, *current* historical materialisms under Capitalist Realism: state violence dressed up as dated "protection/shelter" during our aforementioned emotional turmoil (stemming from *criminogenic* conditions; i.e., manufactured shortages, crisis and competition tied to images of the decaying fortress and its unholy armies) [[source](#): "Operational Difficulties and Revolutionary Cryptonymy"].

Second, the trifectas (also from Volume One):

The first bourgeois trifecta is the *manufacture trifecta*:

- **Manufactured scarcity.** Not enough resources, space, sex, etc; cultivates a fake sense of supply/demand, but also fear of missing out (FOMO) through exploitative business maneuvers that, in turn, engender fragile, deregulated markets; e.g., games—micro transactions, live-service models, phone games; [manufactured obsolescence](#) (Hakim's "Planning Failure," 2023), hidden fees, privatization—i.e., pay more for less quality and/or quantity and so on.
- **Manufactured consent.** [From Chomsky's book *Manufacturing Consent*](#) (1988); cultivates a compliant consumer base, but also workforce confusion, obedience and ignorance. Chomsky's theory is that advertisers are beholden to their shareholders, aiming consumers towards a position of mass tolerance—tacitly accepting "negative freedom" as exclusively enjoyed by the elite exploiting them: "Boundaries for me, not for thee." In Marxist terms, this amounts to the privatization of the media (and its associate labor) as part of the means of production. They shape and maintain each other.
- **Manufactured conflict/competition.** Endless war and violence—e.g., the War on Drugs, the War on Terror, the Jewish Question, assorted moral panics, etc; cultivates apathy and cruelty through canonical wish fulfillment: "the satisfying of unconscious desires in dreams or fantasies" *with a bourgeois flavor*. To this, nation pastiche and other blind forms encourage us-versus-them worker division, class sabotage and false consciousness/mobile class dormancy ("somnambulism"), *not* collective labor action against the state by using counterterrorist media to rehumanize the state of exception.

Through the manufacture trifecta, neoliberals appropriate peril using *economically* "correct" forms, socializing blame and privatizing profit, accolades, and education as things to normalize the way that neoliberals decide; it's about control—specifically *thought* control—through the Base as something to leverage against workers through bourgeois propaganda: "War and rape are common, essential parts of our world; post-scarcity (and sex-positive monsters, BDSM, kink, etc) is a myth!" Fascists de-sublimate peril in incorrect forms, going "mask-off" yet still running interference for the state; i.e., in defense of the status quo until their true radical nature becomes normalized: the black knight.

Eternal crisis and cyclical decay are built into Capitalism and the nation-state model; the state is inherently unstable and leads to war and rape on a wide scale, but also politically correct/incorrect language selecting state victims for the usual sacrifices that profit demands: the grim harvest. These are dressed up through a particular kind of cryptonym: the euphemism. For the state, political language becomes synonymous with whitewashing or otherwise downplaying the usual operations of the state with inoffensive, sleep-inducing phrases; e.g., "extreme prejudice" and "military incidents" (false flag operations) as directed at the state's usual victims. The state, but also pro-state defenders and class traitors, reliably use these and other linguistic manipulation tactics (e.g., obscurantism) to routinely make war and profit from it; i.e., by raping or otherwise exploiting workers like chattel.



(artist: [Seb McKinnon](#))

As a site of tremendous cryptonymy (trauma and linguistic concealment), the Gothic castle symbolizes the function of the state doing what the state always does: lie, conceal and destroy. A swirling accretion disk of husk-like chaff orbits ominously around an awesome, concentric illusion: an illusion of an illusion, a fakery of a fakery whereupon

the closer to the center one gets, the more entropic the perspective. Like a spaghetti noodle, one is stretched out (and ripped apart) by how perfidious and unstable every step is; the floor becomes eggshells, a flotilla of chronotopic trash surrounded by danger and oblivion, gravity and shadows, but also gargoyles whose exact function remains to be seen.

This presence of tremendous obscurity inside the infernal concentric pattern/narrative of the crypt's *mise-en-abyme* brings us to our second bourgeois trifecta: the *subterfuge/deception trifecta*

- **Displacement.** Conceal or dislocate the problem.
- **Disassociation.** Hide/detach from the problem.
- **Dissemination.** Spread these bourgeois practices through heteronormative canon.

through which neoliberals maintain the status quo by concealing war as a covert enterprise that has expanded exponentially since Vietnam into the

21st century's own wars and lateral media (copaganda). Whereas *that* war failed by virtue of showing American citizens too much, war has increasingly become a fog through which those in power control the narrative by outright killing journalists, [but also "failing" to report where their mercenaries operate](#) (GDF's "How the US Military Censors Your News," 2023). In other words, neoliberal illusions involve outright skullduggery and lies to keep their hegemony intact. Much like the lords of old, they rule from the shadows, but have more material power and control than those former monarchs could dream of; i.e., a mythologized existence hinted at by the displace-and-dissociate stratagem of neoliberal copaganda; e.g., *Lethal Weapon*'s 1987 "Shadow Company" reflecting on [the very-real Phoenix Program](#) and so-called "advisory" role of the CIA: "We killed everybody."

[...]

the third bourgeois trifecta—the *coercion trifecta* that results from these kinds of manufacture and subterfuge:

- **Gaslight.** A means of making abuse victims doubt the veracity of their own abuse (and their claims of abuse).
- **Gatekeep.** A tactic more generally employed by those with formal power, denying various groups gainful employment (thus actual material advantage) or working platforms that allow them to effectively communicate systemic injustices perpetrated against them.
- **Girl-boss.** Tokenism, generally through triangulation: of white, cis-het or at least cis women towards other minorities.

This trifecta is used more liberally by neoliberals (or centrists, *vis-à-vis* Autumn), as fascists tend to default to brute force. However, deception and lies—namely fear and dogma—are commonplace under fascism, as are token minorities (though these will swiftly disappear as rot sets in).

As Gothic Communists, our aim is deprivatization and degrowth—not to abolish everything outright, but move consumption habits gradually away from the neoliberal "Holy Trinity" within Capitalism's fiscal end goals

- **Infinite growth.** Pushing for more and more profit.
- **Efficient profit.** Profit at any cost.
- **Worker/owner division.** A widening of the class divide.

as disseminated through the three bourgeois trifectas. Rejecting all of these, Capitalism becomes something to transmute, proceeding into Socialism and finally anarcho-Communism through Gothic poetics. This isn't possible unless

sex work becomes an open discussion, not a private means of enrichment and control. As Autumn demonstrates, said enrichment and control are things to embody and live by according to a brand image; i.e., an aesthetic with a bourgeois function tied to individual workers punching down with zero empathy inside a dog-eat-dog structure. It's precisely that kind of thing that monstrous aesthetics need to challenge, not support as Autumn does (while encouraging them to charge through "constructive criticism" guided by sound theory).



(artist: [Nat the Lich](#))

To stand against the bourgeoisie and capital is to resist their trifectas and financial end goals, thus stand against "Rome's" self-imposed, endlessly remediated glory as inherently doomed to burn by design (the strongman's toxic stoicism a mask behind which madness historically reigns; and elsewhere, the elite under American hegemony sit far away from the flames). However, like Rome itself, even *that* activity of resistance by us is far more complicated than it initially appears. The basic concept involves our "creative successes" that occur during oppositional praxis, synthesized into proletarian forms within our daily lives as workers; i.e., according to how we treat each other as weird nerds who can come to blows over the confrontation of trauma, but also its interpretation through Gothic poetics, mid-exchange. Rebellion isn't simply refusing to obey the state; it's being kind to each other as a means of monstrous instruction that camps canonical renditions of sex work as monstrous. Doing so liberates workers from systems of socio-material control by first allowing people to imagine the changing of these structures, then implementing said changes in highly inventive ways that are respected and upheld during intersectional solidarity [[ibid.](#)].

Again, all of these come into play during capital; i.e., as the state alienates, sexualizes and gentrifies/decays everything in service to profit, doing so through us-versus-them police violence, terror and morphological expression legitimized by state forces in state territories against state enemies/targets (anything the state needs them to be).

Abridged Manifesto Tree (of Oppositional Praxis)

Despite their poetic nature, performance and play are an absolutely potent means of expressing thus negotiating power through the Gothic mode (its castles, monsters and rape scenarios); a polity of proletarian poets can negotiate future interrogations of unequal power within the Gothic imagination as connected to our material conditions: one shapes and maintains the other and vice versa ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "Interrogating Power through Your Own Camp" (2023)

Proletarian praxis revolves around camping canon, which goes something like this (abridged, from Volume Zero's [manifesto tree](#)):

Camp's assembly and production of cultural empathy under Capitalism happens according to **the "creative successes" of proletarian praxis** (manifesto terms intersect and overlap; e.g., "good sex education is sexually descriptive")

- **mutual consent**
- **informed consumption** and **informed consent**
- sex-positive **de facto education** (social-sexual education; i.e., iconoclastic/**good sex education** and taught gender roles), **good play/emergent gameplay** and cathartic wish fulfillment/guilty pleasure (**abuse prevention/risk reduction patterns**) meant to teach good discipline and impulse control (valuing consent, permission, mutual attraction, etc); e.g., **appreciative peril** (the ironic **damsel-in-distress/rape fantasy**)
- **descriptive sexuality**

during **ludo-Gothic BDSM** as things to materially imagine and induce (often through ironic parody and "perceptive" pastiche) through Gothic poetics; i.e., inside the "grey area" of **cultural appreciation** in countercultural forms (making monsters)

- the culturally appreciative, sexually descriptive irony of Gothic counterculture's reverse abjection with sex-positive, demon BDSM, kink and fetishization; as well as asexuality and the ironic ontological ambiguities of trans, non-binary, intersex, and drag existence

[...] to foster empathy and emotional/Gothic intelligence by **weird iconoclastic nerds** reversing the canonical, unironic function of the Four Gs

- reverse abjection

- the emancipatory hauntology and Communist-chronotope operating as a **parallel society**—i.e., a parallel space (or language) that works off the *anti-totalitarian* notion of "parallel societies": "A [society] not dependent on official channels of communications, or on the hierarchy of values of the establishment."
- the Gothic Communist's good-faith, revolutionary cryptonymy

[...] On the flip-side, our would-be killers collectively lack emotional and Gothic intelligence; they do not respect, represent or otherwise practice our "creative successes." As we're going to establish by looking at the definition of weird canonical nerds (in the thesis statement), their conduct is quite the opposite of weird iconoclastic nerds; **weird canonical nerds** don't practice mutual consent; they canonize, thus endorse

- uninformed/blind consumption through manufactured consent
- *de facto* bad education as **bad fathers**, cops (theatrical function: knights) and other harmful role models/authority figures; i.e., canonical sex education and gender education, **bad play/intended gameplay** resulting in *harmful* wish fulfillment/guilty pleasure (**abuse encouragement/risk production patterns**); e.g., appropriative peril (the unironic damsel-in-distress), uninvited voyeurism, etc
- prescriptive sexuality

through their own synthetic toolkits during oppositional praxis. They endorse

- the process of abjection
- the carceral hauntology/parallel space as a capitalist chronotope (e.g., the "blind" cyberpunk)
- the complicit (thus bad-faith, bourgeois) cryptonymy

to further Capitalism's crises-by-design, hence its expected decay, according to a variety of bourgeois trifectas that lead to the banality of evil [through state arrangements of power relayed through the usual neoliberal stores: books and movies, but also videogames.]

There is also **the basics of oppositional synthesis** from our synthesis symposium in Volume One: girl talk (anger/gossip), monsters, camp. Refer to said symposium if needed; and "On Twin Trees" from Volume Zero, which talks about the manifesto tree more at length.

In a nutshell, Gothic Communism is "camping and recultivating the twin trees of Capitalism—the Base and Superstructure—during oppositional praxis, including its synthesis and catharsis [regarding the confrontation of generational trauma]" ([source](#): "Prey as Liberators"). These are ideas that will appear more in Volume Three, aka the Praxis Volume; but it doesn't hurt to have an in-text copy within Volume Two's modules!

About the Logo (for Gothic [gay-anarcho] Communism)

If I say that my somewhat extravagant imagination yielded simultaneous pictures of an octopus, a dragon, and a human caricature, I shall not be unfaithful to the spirit of the thing. A pulpy, tentacted head surmounted a grotesque and scaly body with rudimentary wings; but it was the general outline of the whole which made it most shockingly frightful.

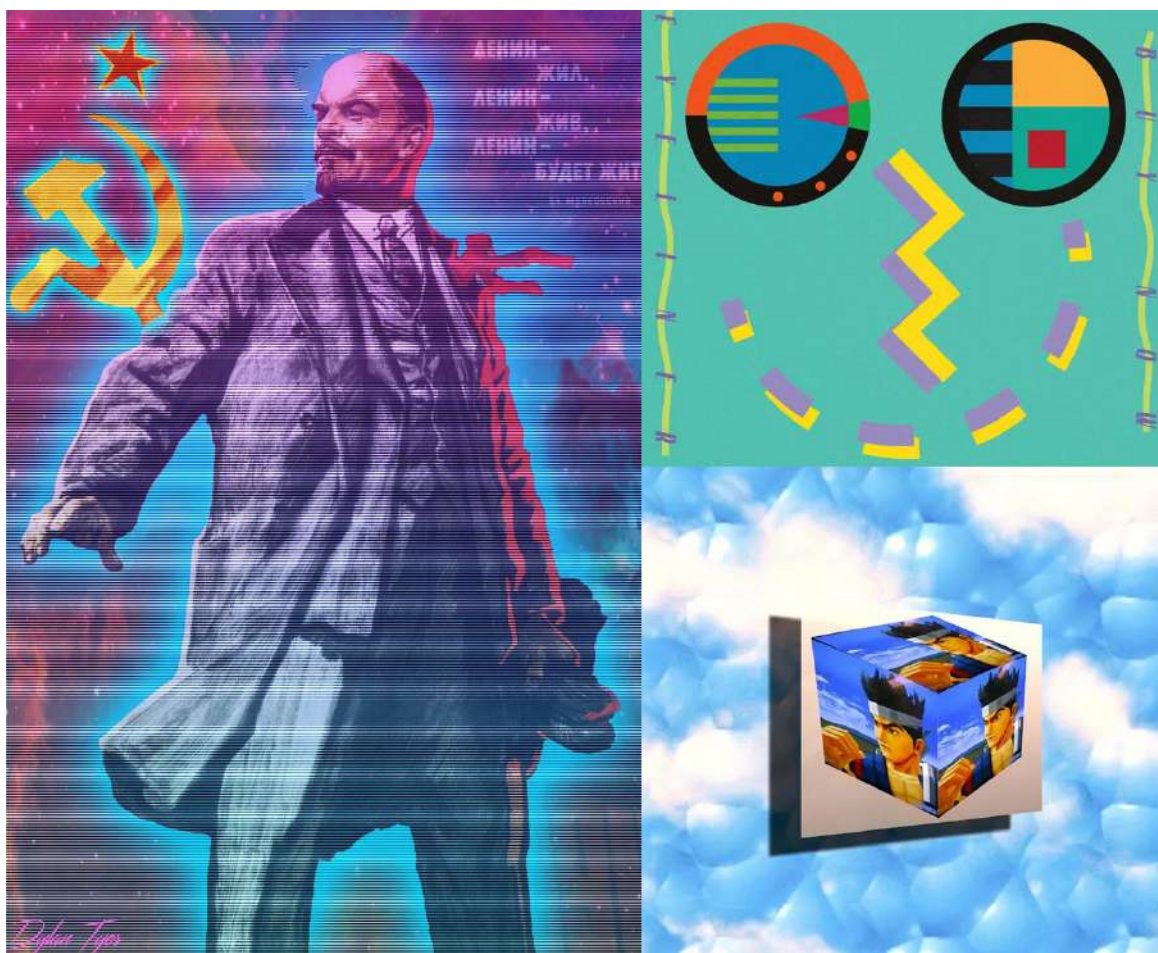
—H.P. Lovecraft, "The Call of Cthulhu" (1928)



(model and artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

For much of this book's construction, I was using the Laborwave hammer and sickle insignia over a red-and-yellow cover to represent the book's concept of

Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism. However, I decided on 8/26/2023 to design, thus give, the ideology its own symbol (the full PNGs for the Gothic [gay-anarcho] Communism logo by itself—with three different versions [full version w/flame and w/o flame, and the "skeleton key" simplified version] are available [either on my website](#) or [on my DA Stash](#)).



(artist, left: [Leonardo Galletti](#); top-right: [Eyeliner](#); bottom-right: [Esprit 空想 \[Esprit Fantasy\]](#))

When crafting my own symbol, I wanted to progress further beyond the Vaporware aesthetic ([which emerged in roughly in 2011](#)) than Laborwave had, which, [in 2016](#), combined Vaporwave's signature corporate mood/neoliberalism-in-decay with Marxist-Leninist icons divorced from their historical-material past. I wanted to not simply reflect on corporate/neoliberal fallibility and decay within dead/dystopian postpunk-tinged nostalgia, nor wax nostalgia on the undead pastiche of Marxist-Leninism, but inject a Gothic-queer presence to evoke an anarcho-Communist potential towards ending Capitalist Realism in the eternal drive towards developing Communism.



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

So I took the iconic hammer and sickle, found an anarcho-Communist variant with the same nostalgic/trans color scheme, and embossed a skull with it over a Wiccan pentacle; the skull I treated as the circle of the transgender symbol, fashioning it from black bones and horns (to symbolize the undead and demonic of Gothic poetics fused with the aesthetics of power and death; i.e., the green flames and purple slime as reclaimed colors of canonical stigma and persecution). If I was going to simply it, I thought I'd lose the flames and pentacle, turn everything black,

and make the an-Com symbol negative space in the forehead. The thought process was, I wanted the embellished version for the book cover (like a monk's monasterial tome) to give it a thoroughly medievalized flavor (the embossed codex). But as part of a logo guide, I included the simplified version of the symbol simply called "the skeleton key." I thought about using just the "A" in the forehead or the hammer and sickle, but that verges on too simple (the "A" being for Anarchism and the hammer and sickle being for Communism); so I went with the more complex an-Com symbol to preserve its meaning. That + the skull and crossbones + the horns + the trans icon = Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism. It can be drawn all in black with a simple marker in a simplified "bathroom stall" form, but also has a fancier black logo that can be further embellished with ornaments and color if needed. Also, completely by accident, it kind of reminds me of Mercyful Fate's Melissa skull + the Grateful Dead logo, the latter being one of the most famous counterculture rock 'n roll bands of all time: sex, drugs and rock 'n roll all in one package!

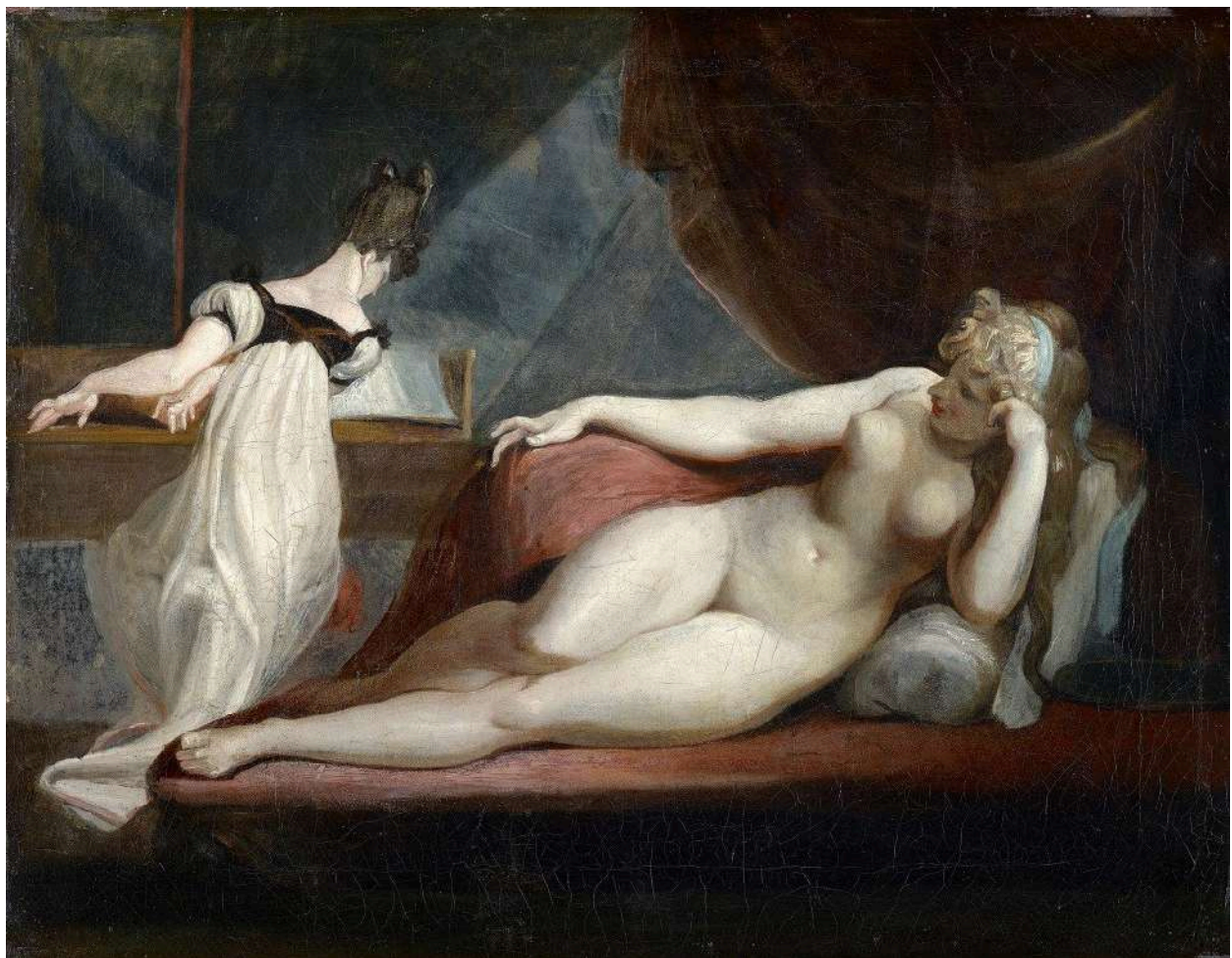


(artist: [Bubi](#))

Concerning My Audience, My Art, the Reading Order and Glossary

What should I do with your strong, manly, spirited Sketches, full of variety and Glow? – How could I possibly join them on to the little bit (two inches wide) of Ivory on which I work with so fine a Brush, as produces little effect after much Labour?

—Jane Austen, in a letter³⁰ to her "favorite" nephew, James Edward Austen.



(artist: [Henry Fuseli](#))

For most of recorded human history, women (or beings perceived either as women, or simply "incorrect"; i.e., "not white, cis-het Christian men"; e.g., eastern cultures, people of color or Indigenous Persons, genderqueer entities, etc) have

³⁰ [source](#): Zoe Louca-Richards' "Two Inches of Ivory: A New(ish) Jane Austen Acquisition" (2020)

been reduced to sex objects, sources of fear and/or (especially in the case of white women) accomplished pieces of property that could do little tricks, like sew or play the piano (what Mr. Darcy, in *Pride and Prejudice* [1813], smugly calls "female accomplishments"). Generally women were prized possessions, not people, and this reflected in how they were shaped in media as it became more and more widely available (in short, when Europe transitioned from an oral society to a written one): through the gaze of men, or according to women who—in some shape or form—served men by acting like/for them under Capitalism as a developing enterprise. The colonial standard, then, has certainly complicated itself in recent times, but the apples don't fall far from the tree; i.e., allowing the feminisms of older times—the first and second waves—to fight for their (white, cis-supremacist rights) while throwing everyone else under the proverbial bus (or stagecoach, in those days). The equality of convenience during older historical periods became a defense of the status quo enacted upon by women-of-letters, which continues into the present: Britain's "TERF island" is a mirror into the imaginary past, one whose fear and dogma continually uphold its tyrannical historical materialism, thus mass exploitation and genocide; i.e., "Yes, Austen belonged to a slave-owning society³¹."

If the above paragraph is any indication, books are generally written (and illustrated) with an *intended* audience in mind; apart from that, there's the *ideal* audience (who simply "gets" or understands the material) and the *actual* audience (whoever actually reads the book, regardless of what they know beforehand). *Sex Positivity* was intentionally written for a *holistic* audience, with an emphasis on non-academia/non-accommodated intellectuals (as per Edward Said's notion of the "accommodated intellectual" from *Representations of an Intellectual*, 1993); it doesn't expect you to know everything and provides as much secondary material as it can to help you along. However, because of its size, I've had to cut the book into four volumes, the thesis volume being the volume that actually unpacks the companion glossary's terms (though all four volumes contain the glossary in their rear pages). Even when it was shorter, though, I had written and organized *Sex Positivity* to be read in order—as in, from top to bottom for first-time readers. This fact remains constant. The entire book (all four volumes) is meant to be read as: Volume Zero, Volume One, Volume Two, and Volume Three, head to toe. From there, if you want to jump around, the volumes have been structured and organized to make doing so as easy as possible. Go wild, my little angels.

If you choose to jump around, I'll assume that you've read my thesis volume (or at least browsed its unpacking of the keyword glossary terms). Apart from Volume One, whose full manifesto outlines my book's central thesis on sex-positive, social-sexual activism, Volume Two acts a kind of "prelude" to Volume Three, providing a "Humanities primer" that adjusts you to a more open-minded way of thinking that is useful to our thesis argument: "Capitalism dimorphically sexualizes

³¹ From Edward Said's "Jane Austen and Empire"; *Culture and Imperialism* (1993).

everything under a heteronormative, settler-colonial scheme, one whose myopic Capitalist Realism must be escaped from; i.e., via a deliberate iconoclasm that liberates sex workers (or sexualized workers) under Capitalism through sex-positive art." The primer does so through numerous "monster art" exhibits that show how to think (and how past people thought) openly during oppositional praxis, using specific terms, theories, and formatting devices which apply to various topics broached later in the book when proletarian praxis (and its synthesis) is articulated chapter-by-chapter (and art exhibits are *slightly* less frequent, at least in the first edition).

However, as any artistic exhibit (not just mine) is idiosyncratic, this book is indulgently "me" to make *that* point abundantly clear. This includes iconoclastic porn as something that I've often explored and cultivated in my own body of work—with me actually preferring to cultivate erotic, sex-positive art displays during my own creations. As I write in "My Art Website Is Now Live" (2020):

In my work, I don't like to treat sex separate from everyday life. Instead, I emphasize sexuality and intimacy as being part of the same experience. Not only do you have the intense, raw close-ups during sex one might encounter in a VHS porno; there's also the tender, little details: the smiles, excitement, and other factors that make up everyday sex for people in relationships. I try to communicate all of this in a fantasy or sci-fi setting populated by my favorite videogame characters. It might be a regression of the quotidian into the Romantic, but being a Gothicism I'm not against liminal forms of expression. My work is erotic, forming a balance of the raunchy and tender inside a videogame milieu. These characters aren't fighting dragons; they're having sex, but there's so many different ways this can go about, and I have my own special blend I like to try and capture in my art ([source](#)).

In other words, my campy artistic creations invite you to imagine ordinary behaviors from extraordinary-*looking* people—e.g., Link and Nabooru less as representations of the status quo, and more as a highly flexible performance that can interrogate and subvert, thus negotiate, power using the same-old aesthetics on and off the usual stages where these performances take place. Imagine as I would, then, that Link and Nabooru "save" Hyrule, then talk about laundry and what's for dinner while having sex in a half-real, incredibly playful scenario. Except in our case, there never actually *was* a war to be fought (thus no genocide)—just a roleplay had and costumes worn by two workers who, for all intents and purposes, really look the part but whose function has subtly (or not so subtly) shifted away from the heteronormative scheme to undermine, thus weaken, the state's grip on the Superstructure:



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Bear in mind, these portfolio samples come from 2020, when I was still in the closet and trying to uncover/understand my own identity and struggle as a trans woman. But they still contain a certain iconoclastic playfulness that I've since built upon after coming out as trans (as the rest of my exhibits will hopefully demonstrate); i.e., in the dialectical-material context, subverting what's expected in favor of delineating away from traditional heroic activities (such as genocide): make love, not war (except class/culture/race war). While my focus is often on videogames (the dominant canonical medium under neoliberal Capitalism), the same idea goes for *any* heroic-monstrous character borrowed from a particular franchised narrative: Midna and the Great Fairy from different *Zelda* games (a crossover); Link and Minda from *Twilight Princess* (2006); Squall and Quistis from *Final Fantasy 8* (1999), and so on:



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

If this basic thought experiment feels too difficult to visualize or understand, it will get no easier from here on out (we'll focus primarily on non-heteronormative/non-tokenized and gender-non-conforming media). Likewise, if you're unfamiliar with the Gothic, ludic/queer theory and/or Marxist thought (and

the glossary keywords), chances are the rest of this book (after Volume Zero; i.e., from Volumes One, Two and Three onwards) will seem incredibly alien and confusing to you; all are either lost and forgotten concepts in relation to Capitalism, reduced by capital to pulpy canon this book does nothing but dissect, or swim around in the grey areas of (which Capitalism and its heteronormative colonial binary discourage). For first-time readers, then, this book *really* is meant to be read in order.

That being said, the thesis volume (as per the heads-up refresher) *is* more academic, thus inaccessible. If you haven't read it yet or found it too difficult, Volume One's more conversational/instructional approach unpacks the same basic ideas in a less dense, but also less *developed* dialog concerning the manifesto tree ideas (the scaffold of oppositional praxis). If you feel lost when reading my thesis, the manifesto (and its additional chapters on instruction and praxial synthesis) may be a better place to start. Try reading it first, familiarizing yourself with the manifesto's iconoclastic ideas, visual aids and various guides, signposts and roadmaps. Then, consider *returning* to the thesis volume, which unpacks these ideas far more intensely and completely. Once you comprehensively understand what Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism is, try moving onto Volume Two, which explores the *historical* development of the Gothic imagination and its complicated past—of flawed, conflicting poetic expression as something to learn from moving forward. From there, Volume Three outlines the goals and objectives of Gothic Communism as a means of attacking Capitalism and its ideologies directly through solidarized worker *poiesis*.

The goal of Volume One is to outline a *general teaching method* that explains complex things in commonplace ways, which Volume Two expands on through the poetic history of monsters as a dehumanizing tool that must be reclaimed. Everything tied to proletarian praxis is re-summarized after the introduction in Volume Three: in the summation section before Chapter One of that volume. You will need what the manifesto contains when you read the synthesis roadmap in Volume One; you will need what both (and the thesis volume) contain when you read the primer from Volume Two; and you will need the introduction, summation and Chapter One from Volume Three when you Chapters Two through Five of that volume, etc. Last but not least, familiarize yourself with my "artistic exhibit style." First shown during the second disclaimer during exhibit 3a1, 2, and 3 (and exhibits -1a and -1b); and during exhibit 0a1a during the foreword, my exhibit style is utilized throughout entire the book in over 200 similar exhibits covering a broad range of artistic subjects (and monsters).

Last but not least, you do not need to read the entire glossary up front, simply because I wrote the thesis volume to introduce keywords to you, step by step. There's a lot of them, but it explains the most vital one at a time and in (I feel) the most logical order demanded by my arguments. Even so, my book has still had to alter or simplify academic language, terms and theories by combining them

with everyday language. It also deals with groups (fascists and centrists) who frequently employ obscurantism—often through general/Gothic cryptonyms (words that hide), used in bad-faith to control others through sexualized and gendered language that isolate the mind (with isolation being a predator's tactic). So while most of these terms *are* defined in some shape or form inside my thesis statement, word count (and flow) remains an issue. I could only recite the most important in full, and summarize the rest in the thesis volume itself. Therefore, I want to provide all of their full definitions (modified and expanded on/narrowed by me) in the companion glossary, which you can access in the back of whichever volume you're currently reading.



(artist: [Mikki Storm](#))

The keywords are divided into separate sections and you can access individual terms via the bookmarks located on side of your PDF. While the most central are quoted in part or in full within the thesis proper, I recommend familiarizing yourself with all of them before moving onto Volumes One, Two and Three (which again, shall henceforth continue being referred to as such; the thesis volume was written last and I don't feel like changing the names. Instead, think of it as four volumes: One, Two and Three, with the thesis volume as Volume *Zero*). *Do not assume you know what they mean*. A good few are less central but still useful when grappling with these larger topics.

In conclusion, while the keywords are all important to know and understand, there aren't too many that need to be understood *a priori*—as in *before* reading my thesis statement (and the rest of the book). This being said, there *are* a few I

won't be able to unpack in the thesis proper—the simple reason being the unpacking of my Gothic, ludology and genderqueer terms was written with a presumption that you have a modicum of understanding regarding basic queer and Marxist theory. So before we proceed, please peruse the below list to make sure you're familiar with the more essential terms from the "Marxism and Politics" and "Sex, Gender and Race" sections of the glossary.

Essential Keywords, *a priori*

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

—Hamlet, *Hamlet* (c. 1599)



([source](#): Clyde Mandelin's "How *Symphony of the Night*'s 'Miserable Pile of Secrets' Scene Works in Japanese," 2013)

Through its motley crew of assorted keywords, Gothic Communism aims to describe sexuality and gender within Marxist, Gothic and game theories. Sexuality and gender are not complicated, then; it's just *not* a binary like heteronormativity expresses, insofar as a gradient is simply a different (and more accurate) arrangement to what sexuality and gender actually are. In the presence of state power and its defenders, thoroughly stupid questions get asked, kettling the oppressed into an asinine, deadly game; e.g., "What is a woman?" in Matt Walsh's

"documentary" of the same name (it's fascist propaganda, my dudes). Well, I certainly *can* humor fascists with my own definition

a woman

That depends ("Beware the elves for they will say both yea and nay"). Keeping the [below] terms in mind, a woman is multiple things at once. On the *bourgeois* side, she's anything a man isn't—i.e., a cis-het sex slave/employee/girl boss, etc (note the gradient of euphemisms to disguise the deliberate marital role of unpaid women's work under Capitalism); on the proletariat side, she's however someone identifies in relation to the state³² as a worker—for or against it to various, liminal degrees (this includes personas, alter-egos, egregores and various other disguises). To reduce it to "an adult, human female" is super gross, Nazi-level shit (and while I *want* to seriously feel sorry for Matt Walsh's probably-battered housewife, assuming she's entirely ignorant of her husband's abuse would assume that she actually puts in the work; however, if she does, it would take total isolation of anything not supplied to her in advance by her "big, strong, powerful, caretaker" husband. That's quite sad and pathetic). I hate Nazis, Matt Walsh; my grandfather fought them during WW2 after they raped and destroyed his homeland and killed most of his friends and family. They prey on fear yet instantly run away like Brave Ser Robin when they're outed as perfidiously and ignominiously stupid. You're cut from the same cloth, you giant, callow man-child.

but that's not really the point of them asking, is it? Their doing so is an invitation for moderates to belittle gender-non-conforming persons, then look the other way while fascists normalize vigilante violence against minorities (which translates to state/police violence when Imperialism comes home to roost). In short, Hamlet—when viewed as the male action hero—is a real "piece of work," alright. He's an absolute, unironic monster³³; i.e., mad with grief over the death of his father until

³² (from the symposium): Whenever I say "the state" in this book, I am referring to the state as both a current mechanism for capital, but also the status quo more broadly—a state of affairs that has evolved into its current form (including the Gothic castle as a hauntological advertisement for state hegemonic displacement and dissociation): nation-states, whose sense of national identity in relation to capital had to evolve into itself from the Cartesian Revolution onwards (bringing with them modern war and globalization as they currently exist).

³³ "Hamlet begins the play as a possible tragic hero, but as he interacts with corrupt characters, his traits become increasingly tainted until his potential for heroism disintegrates completely. Although Hamlet is depicted at first as a seemingly normal, depressed man, he is influenced by his relationships with Claudius, the ghost, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern until his old virtues are no longer recognizable. His evil actions, whether with Polonius, Gertrude, or Ophelia, further ingrain his corruption. Horatio's steady, honorable personality emphasizes the demoralization of Hamlet's character. By the end of the play, Hamlet no longer has any traits of a hero but seems more of a

he becomes the anti-hero³⁴ who must be unironically sacrificed (along with everyone else) at the end of the play. In modern language, it's a murder-suicide committed by the usual suspect: the entitled "man of the house" acting like a total incel who kills his mother, sister and best friend (Shakespeare is hardly perfect, but absolutely satirizes heteronormativity—i.e., similar to *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597, or *Titus Andronicus*).

The keywords in this list, then, are skeleton keywords I've tailor-made based on preexisting definitions I've either narrowed and/or expanded on to suit my own holistic arguments; i.e., utterly essential to following my arguments on Gothic Communism, except I won't have time during the thesis volume to unpack them to the degree that I do the Gothic material (which is hard enough to unpack on its own). In other words, the book assumes you've already read the glossary definitions (at least these terms) ahead of time, or otherwise know them *a priori*. While all of the glossary keywords are useful to some extent, absolutely make sure you have these ones down pat (which I've abbreviated in case you can't be arsed to actually look at the glossary. You should because many of these shorthand definitions are inadequate; simply click on the in-text links to be taken to their full definitions):

Marx tended to focus on material conditions and change (the Base); Gothic Communism extends this to social-sexual conditions tied to material ones: stressing the Superstructure as something to recultivate through iconoclastic art. Anything expressed here as "material," then can be easily interpreted as "socio-material" with an emphasis on sexuality and gender identity/performance. —Perse

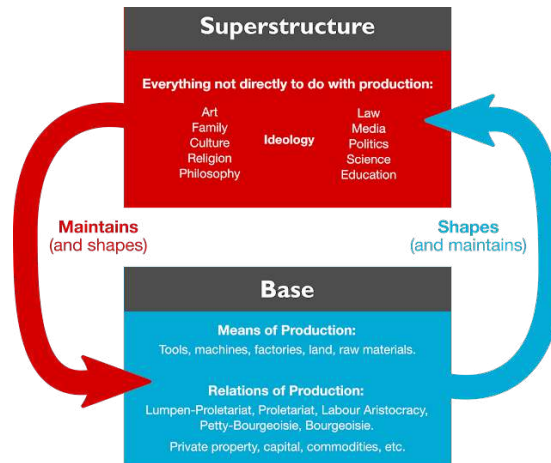
- **Marxism**: Schools of thought stemming from Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, trying historically to achieve Communism through the state first (Marxist-Leninism) instead of direct worker solidarity and action operating in opposition to the state and establishment politics (anarcho-Communism).
- **material conditions**: The factors that determine quality of life from a material standpoint.
- **historical materialism**: The normalized, vicious cycle that history is predicated on the material conditions that routinely bring it about.
- **dialectical materialism**: Classically the study of oppositional *material* forces in relation to each other—i.e., the bourgeoisie vs the proletariat.

villain, full of immoral, evil thoughts and devoid of his former inner goodness" ([source](#): Reverie Marie's "Hamlet Is Not a Tragic Hero," 2016).

³⁴ "Anti-hero" can mean different things; it can mean "tragic hero," in the sense of state apologetics; e.g., Oedipus Rex's "feel sorry for me even though I killed my dad and boned my mom" schtick. It can also mean "tragic rebel"; i.e., Satan from *Paradise Lost* (1667) as the rebel devil-in-disguise fighting against the Christian idea of heroism, thus being revered under British Romanticism for being revolutionarily heroic *against* the villainy of state tyranny.

Gothic Communism extends this to various *social-sexual* elements; i.e., canon vs iconoclasm, sex positivity vs sex coercion.

- **the means of production**: Marx' Base, owned by the elite; the ability to (mass)produce material goods within capital/a living market.



This moves in a spiral pattern.
The base is generally dominant.

([source](#): "Base and Superstructure Theory," 2013)

- **propaganda**: Marx's Superstructure, or anything that cultivates the Superstructure; for Gothic Communists, this means in a sex-positive direction.
- **private property**: Property that is privately owned, generally by the elite through privatization via state-corporate mechanisms; i.e., capital.
- **privatization**: The process that enables private ownership at a systemic, bourgeois level.
- **functional Communism**: The eventual (centuries from now) abolishment of privatization/private property (a classless, stateless, moneyless society). This process is called development, or Socialism.
- **nominal Communism**: Canonical depictions of Communism—i.e., Communism in name alone, sold to workers through canonical propaganda to scare them into upholding the bourgeois status quo.
- **Marxist-Leninism/"tankies"**: An embryonic form of Socialism that, past and present, favors state models and nostalgia; i.e., one that hybridizes Marx and Engels with 20th century thinkers and leaders—most notably Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, but also Mao, Castro and other state leaders/schools going into the 21st: through "tankie" apologia whitewashing the crimes of said leaders and their states as beings to worship and compromise *with* (Bad Mouse's "[On Hakim's Nuance](#)," 2025).
- **anarcho-Communism**: The gradual disillusion and transmutation of Capitalism into Socialism and finally Communism through direct worker

solidarity and collective action versus through state mechanism and argument; i.e., whereupon power is *horizontally* restructured *away* from state models and Marxism Leninism (and state power/state-regulated Capitalism).

- **Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism (abridged, full definition in "The Terms I Coined")**: the titular term of my book series, so I'll quote the whole thing, here—expanded and updated substantially since 2023, in 2025, to account for my writing of four books after Volume Zero): Coined by me, Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism is the deliberate, pointed critique of capital/Capitalism and the state using a unique marriage of Gothic/queer/game theory and semi-Marxist (an-Com) ideas synthesized campily by sex-positive workers during proletarian praxis: developing systemic catharsis, mid-liminal expression during praxial opposition, using ludo-Gothic BDSM and palliative-Numinous dialogs (e.g., Metroidvania).
- **neoliberal Capitalism**: The dominant strain of Capitalism operating in the world today—i.e., Capitalism employed by neoliberal canon, centrism, moderation and personal responsibility rhetoric to achieve the greatest possible division between the owner/worker classes (a re-liberalization of the market through the abuse of state power), as well as infinite growth and efficient profit (more on these during the manifesto proper). Neoliberal Capitalism is founded on a vertical arrangement of power through national-state-corporate leaders operating against worker interests by exploiting them to the fullest using capital.
- **capital/Capitalism** (a super-important term and often incredibly misunderstood, so I'm giving the full definition, here; it's the longest in this entire list): A system of exploiting workers, nature and the world, whose resultant genocide and vampiric devastation is synonymous with *profit* for capitalists/the elite. The elite parasitize everyone/thing else to generate profit through Capitalism; or to quote directly from Raj Patel and Jason Moore's *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things* (2017):

Money isn't capital. Capital is journalism's shorthand for money or, worse, a stock of something that can be transformed into something else. If you've ever heard or used the terms *natural capital* or *social capital*, you've been part of a grand obfuscation. Capital isn't the dead stock of uncut trees or unused skill. For Marx and for us, capital happens only in the live transformation of money into commodities and back again. Money tucked under a mattress is as dead to capitalism as the mattress is itself. It is through the live circulation of this money, and in the relations around it, that capitalism happens.

The process of exchange and circulation turn money into capital. At the heart of Marx's *Capital* is a simple, powerful model: in

production and exchange, capitalists combine labor power, machines and raw material. The resulting commodities are then sold for money. If all goes well, there is a profit, which needs then to be reinvested into yet more labor power, machines and raw materials. Neither commodities nor money is capital. This circuit *becomes* capital when money is sunk into commodity production in an ever-expanding cycle. Capitalism is a process in which money flows through nature. The trouble here is that capital supposes infinite expansion [growth] within a finite web of life ([source](#)).

For our purposes, this "web of life" concerns the privatized, social-sexual exploitation of workers in monstrous language—something to be unironically defended by class traitors preserving Capitalism, thus the state as a means of maximizing capital for the elite (infinite growth); i.e., to serve and protect capital, not people, through the means of production/propaganda's current bourgeois hegemony under neoliberal Capitalism's personal responsibility rhetoric—to regulate the market and empower the state through concealed abuses that accrete out from the center in all directions. As anarcho-Communists, we much critique this canonizing process' profit motive through our own iconoclastic material.

- **[capitalists](#)**: Those who own capital, the bourgeoisie (the owner class).
- **[Rainbow Capitalism](#)**: Capitalism appropriating queerness, generally through surface-level, inauthentic representation and queer-baiting.
- **[recuperation/controlled opposition](#)**: The process by which politically radical ideas and images are twisted, co-opted, absorbed, defused, incorporated, annexed or commodified within media culture and bourgeois society, and thus become interpreted through a neutralized, innocuous or more socially conventional perspective.
- **[sublimation](#)**: The process by which socially unacceptable impulses or idealizations are transformed into socially acceptable actions or behavior. Normalization.

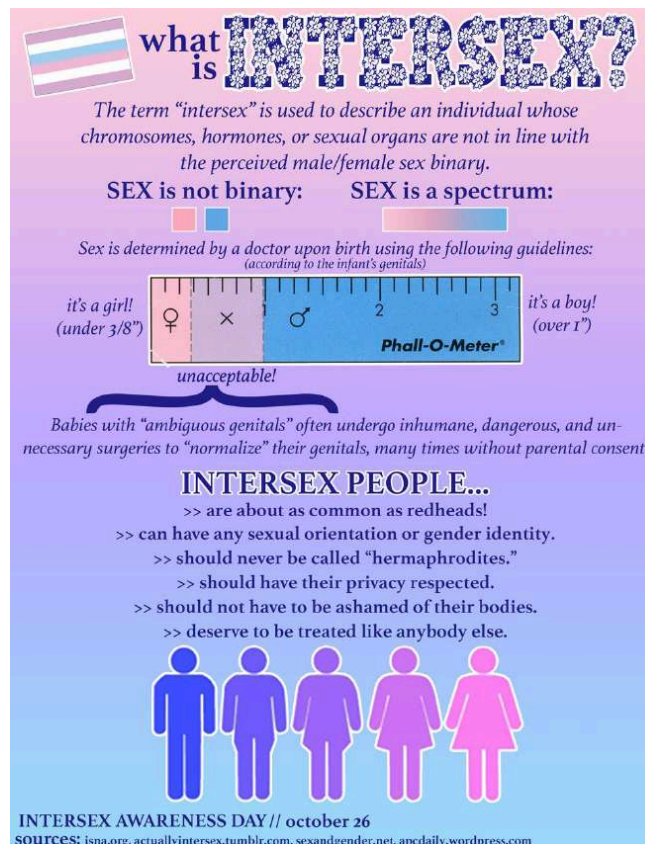


- **prescriptive sexuality (and gender)**: Sexuality and gender as prescribed according to various explicit or tacit mandates; i.e., sex, orientation and gender performance/identity are not separate and exist within a cis-gendered, heteronormative colonial binary.
- **descriptive sexuality (and gender)**: Sexuality and gender as describing actual persons, be they sexual and/or asexual. This includes their bodies, orientations and identities, etc, as things to appreciate, not appropriate (thus exploit).
- **praxis**: The practical execution of theory.
- **appreciative irony**: A descriptive sexuality (or gender) that culturally appreciates the irony of queer existence (and other minorities) in various forms.
- **asexuality**: A gradient of expressions that includes *demisexual/grey ace* and *aromantic* persons, asexuality displays orientations and performances or gender identities that diverge from sexual attraction, generally in favor of romantic, spiritual and emotional connections; i.e., a neurodivergent condition, not a disease that needs to be repressed, shamed or attacked.
- **neurodivergence**: A spectrum of atypical brain conditions that diverge from neurotypical persons and brains. Neurodivergent people canonically tend to be demonized, but also shamed as disabled, insane or mendacious.
- **sex-repulsed**: Not to be confused with *sex-negative*/reactionary politics, *sex-repulsed* is the quality through which persons—whether through nature or nurture; i.e., hereditary or environmental trauma factors (these tend to overlap)—are repulsed by sex. This can be partial—can amount to gradient indifference or outright trauma/triggering status depending on its severity. *Important: Sex-repulsion is not strictly a symptom, but*

a neurodivergent condition with congenital/comorbid factors operating within the brain as neuroplastic.

- **comorbid/congenital**: The simultaneous presence of two or more diseases or medical/psychological conditions in a patient—congenital meaning "present at birth," inherited.
- **LGBTQ+**: Lesbian, Gay, Bi, Trans, Queer, and various other gender-non-conforming groups.
- **queer**: A general, all-purpose label reclaimed from its colonizer origins. For example, I identify as queer/am a queer person. While terms like trans, queer, gay and so on most certainly have specific definitions, in everyday queer parlance they tend to be used *interchangeably* (with idiosyncratic boundaries being drawn up when the need arises); forced conformity/division is to "make things weird" (though marginalized gatekeeping/sectarianism is definitely a thing).
- **genderqueer**: Challenging gender norms; also called "questioning" or "gender non-conforming."
- **monogamy/-ous**: The performance of a singular, happy relationship, canonically structured around marriage, reproductive sex and the nuclear family structure. In Gothic canon, this structure is often threatened by a Gothic villain—e.g., Count Ardolph from Charlotte Dacre's *Zofloya* (1806).
- **poly(amour-ous)**: Non-normative family/open relationship structures that break with the heteronormative structure/cycle of compelled marriage. Historically conflated with swinging or serial monogamy (which are really their own heteronormative practices; i.e., "We're not *poly*, we're *serially monogamous*!"). Note how poly relationships tend to be framed as *polyamorous*, not *polygamous*.
- **beards**: A relationship of convenience to appear straight, heteronormative, monogamous, nuclear, "Roman," etc. The nuptial variant of a beard is the *lavender marriage*.
- **heteronormativity** (a big one; I will provide its full definition with the thesis paragraph): The idea that heterosexuality and its relative gender norms are prescribed/enforced to normalized extremes by those in power—i.e., the Patriarchy.
- **gender trouble**: Coined by Judith Butler, gender trouble is the social tension and reactions that result when the heteronormative, binary view of sexuality and gender is disrupted. This trouble can happen through the parody of social-sexual norms through ironic or appreciative (counterculture) media.
- **girl-cock (exhibit 7c) or boy pussy (exhibit 52c)/gender parody**: Genitals or genitalia-like artifacts (and various other modes of performance) that fulfill an ironic/gender parody cultural role that interrogates heteronormative gender assignment, performance or identity, as well as sexual orientation.

- **natural assignment**: Accident of birth—i.e., the natural assignment of one's biological sex (and conditions to form one's gender identity around, whether through conformity or struggle); one's birth sex/genitals: male, female, and intersex.
- **AFAMs/AMABs**: Assigned-Female/Male-at-Birth—i.e., one's birth sex. Can be used as a noun or adjective; e.g., "AFABs dislike this" or "an AFAB person," etc. Intersex people are their own category.



(from the glossary, exhibit 3c1: [source](#))

- **intersex**: The existence on a biological gradient between the qualifiers male and female, amounting to a variable "third sex" that presents mixed features of either sex to varying degrees; except, the umbrella term doesn't represent one particular manifestation as a strict third, but all of them together on a vast, complicated spectrum of genotypical and phenotypical elements. They are often depicted as angels or demons in the classically androgynous sense, or stigmatized/fetishized in porn as "shemales," "he-shes" and other canonically pejorative labels; a common, non-insulting label is "androgyne" (though this can apply to trans people and mixed gender performance, too). A common intersex example in Gothic media is the phallic woman or Archaic Mother—e.g., the xenomorph.

- **non-binary**: "An adjective describing a person who does not identify exclusively as a man or a woman. Non-binary people may identify as being both a man and a woman, somewhere in between, or as falling completely outside these categories. While many also identify as transgender, *not all non-binary people do*. Non-binary can also be used as an umbrella term encompassing identities such as agender, bigender, genderqueer or gender-fluid" ([source](#): Human Rights Campaign's "Glossary of Terms," 2023).
- **sexual/asexual orientation**: How people orient (a)sexually/"float their boats" in relation to gender identity and performance—sexually but also emotionally and romantically. A double helix of two gradients, each having two theoretical "poles," wherein both ribbons descriptively intertwine/intersect within the socio-material world (more on this in Volume Three, Chapter Three).
- **heterosexuality**³⁵: Orienting towards the *opposite* gender. Classically called "opposite-sex attraction," gender-non-conformity (GNC) treats heterosexuality as orienting towards the gender opposite to *oneself*. This being said, pure opposites do not generally exist outside of heteronormative enforcement (which compels binaries in service of the profit motive/process of abjection) so heterosexual people also tend to be cis; i.e., cis-het, or "straight."
- **homosexuality**: Orienting towards the *same* gender. Classically called "same-sex attraction," gender-non-conformity treats homosexuality as orienting towards the same gender as *oneself*. No binary is required, and the term is generally synonymous with "gay" or "lesbian."
- **bisexuality**: Orienting towards *two or more* genders. Classically called "both-sex attraction" (or something along those lines), gender-non-conformity treats bisexuality as orienting towards the gender opposite to and the same as *oneself*.

³⁵ Traditional orientation terminology is classically binarized, which GNC usage complicates by introducing non-binary potential. Traditional usage ties a specific orientation to sexuality—e.g., *heterosexual*—but descriptive orientation can just as much involve an emotional and/or romantic attraction and generally includes gender and biology as interrelating back and forth while not being essentially connected. So whereas heteronormativity forces sex and gender together and ties both to human biology as the ultimate deciding factor regarding one's gender and orientation, sex-positive usage is far more flexible; orientation isn't strictly sexual or rooted in biology at all. Those variables *are* present, but neither is the end-all, be-all because sexuality and gender are things to *self*-determine versus things the state determines for us (to exploit workers through binarized stratagems; e.g., "women's work"). To compensate for this flexibility inside GNC circles, orientation labels are generally shorted to "hetero," "bi," or "pan" (homosexual is commonly referred to as "gay" or "[a] lesbian"), allowing for asexual implications. Even so, classically binary terms like "hetero" and "homo" tend to be used more sparingly and are often swapped out for more specific identities or umbrella terms; e.g., "I'm queer/gay" or "I'm bi" as something to understand with some degree of intuition, which can later be explored in future conversations if the parties in question are interested in pursuing it. This pursuit is not automatic, though, so neither is the language denoting what can be pursued; instead, sexuality is an option, not a given.

- **pansexuality**: Orienting towards someone else *regardless of* their gender. However, this does not preclude exceptions and the phrase is generally used interchangeably with bisexuality in everyday parlance.
- **heteronormative assignment (gender roles)**: Accident of birth in relation to one's "birth gender" as socially constructed by the state in relation to one's genitals.
- **transgender reassignment (transgender identity)**: Being trans is gender identity wherein one feels, and hopefully one day decides to recognize, that one isn't cis.
- **gender identity**: One's conforming or nonconforming gender identity as a (sub)conscious act; i.e., how one identifies, be that passively or actively.
- **gender performance**: Gender performance is coded in relation to oneself, their identity/orientation, and to society's in-groups and out-groups, aka formal/informal gender roles. Whether one's gender *identity* is assigned to them at birth, or is self-assigned through various gender-non-conforming types—e.g., trans man/woman, non-binary, femboy, agender, etc—their gender *performance* amounts to a coded set of social behaviors (and corresponding materials and language) that adhere to performative rules meant to reinforces one's gender as either self-assigned, or assigned heteronormatively by the state. To that, these concepts do not exist in a vacuum, but intersect and often conflict (which leads to iconoclastic gender parody³⁶ and gender trouble during subversive exercises).



(artist, left: [Mark Bryan](#); right: [Cursed Arachnid](#))

³⁶ Classic, canonical gender parody would include cross-dressing in Shakespearean theatre, whereupon (arguably) cis-het men would have played both men and women, the latter often by teenagers/prepubescent boys wearing various costumes and makeup. All the same, Shakespeare was debatably not straight (see: all the gay shit in his work), and the theatre remains a classic site for gender-non-conforming fulfillment and expression.

- **gender performance-as-identity**: Some identities involve broader gender performances to identify around or as; e.g., drag queens or femboys.
- **the (settler-)colonial³⁷ binary**: Nadi Tofighian writes in *Blurring the Colonial Binary* (2013) that, having evolved beyond Rome's master/slave dynamic, colonialism and Imperialism "separated people into different classes of people, ruler and ruled, white and non-white, thereby creating and widening a colonial binary" ([source](#)). To this, the cis-het, white European/Christian male is superior to all other workers. This binary extends to token marginalizations and infiltrated and assimilated/normalized activist groups, thought/political leaders or public intellectuals, who serve as class traitors, but also functional police for their respective domains.
- **poiesis/poetics**: "To bring into being that which did not exist before." Art. A commonplace example is "poetry," which historically has granted impoverished, exploited people idiosyncratic voices/parallel societies in times of struggle; i.e., making monsters that voice our trauma and concerns.
- **canon (dogma)**: Marx's Superstructure as normally cultivated by the elite through official/unofficial, state-corporate icons and materials designed to control how people think, behave and feel: heteronormative propaganda/dogma.
- **iconoclast/-clasm (camp)**: Marx's Superstructure, counter-cultivated by an agent or image that attacks established variants, generally with the intent of transforming them in a deconstructive, sex-positive manner. Such a manner is treated as heretical by the elite, but also workers sympathetic to bourgeois hegemony.

³⁷ Since Alexander the Great's famous conquests or those of the Roman Empire (a safe starting point, let's call it), so-called "Western colonialism"/Imperialism (the highest stage of Capitalism, *vis-à-vis* Lenin) has existed on the global stage; since the *Enlightenment*, it has—starting with Ireland* and spreading elsewhere around the world—adopted a racialized settler-colonial flavor whose latter-day fantasies' hauntologies help perpetuate (e.g., *Aliens*, 1986). For our purposes, heteronormativity is settler-colonial, insofar as there is always a settler-colonial *bias* within Capitalism as it currently exists through nation-states; but that bias also executes differently depending on where and who you are as the story's intended/tokenized audience: the Global North's military urbanism/Imperial Boomerang versus settler colonialism conducted abroad. I confess the words "colonial," "imperial/Imperialism" and "settler-colonial" will be used synonymously and that the word "(settler-)colonial binary" is more or less functionally synonymous/synergetic with "heteronormativity." I will do my best to give nuanced examples throughout the book, but freely admit that settler colonialism is not its chief-and-only focus.

*"The British Empire began developing its colonialization tactics in Ireland and Canada, before exporting them throughout the world. / From the sixteenth through the nineteenth century, Britain developed an empire on which the 'sun never set,' subjugating local peoples from North America to East Africa to Australia. But as three University of Manitoba scholars, Aziz Rahman, Mary Anne Clarke and Sean Byrne, wrote in 2017, it developed many of the methods it used in its colonization much closer to home: in Ireland. [...] Unlike previous invaders, the authors write, these British Protestants regarded the Catholic Irish as racially inferior. The newcomers rarely intermarried with the locals. In 1649, when Oliver Cromwell's forces arrived in Ireland, the result was a brutal genocidal campaign" ([source](#): Livia Gershon's "Britain's Blueprint for Colonialism: Made in Ireland," 2022).

- **[centrism](#)**: The theatrical creation of good vs evil as existing within politically "neutral" media—a dangerous preservation of orderly justice whose "moderate," white (or token) voice-of-reason/cloaked racism and discrimination pointedly maintain the status quo: Capitalism.
- **[war pastiche](#)**: The canonical remediation of war as something to sell to the audience (for our purposes) as canon, generally in centrist forms (which we then subvert through performative irony of various kinds).
- **[nation pastiche](#)**: Any kind of pastiche that ties war and combat to national identities; e.g., *Street Fighter*.
- **[heels/babyfaces](#)**: The centrist heroes and villains of staged, professional wrestling and American contact/combat sports—i.e., war personified—but commonly employed through combat e-sports like the *Street Fighter* FGC. Heels normally wear black, fight dirty and talk trash; babyfaces (often called "faces" for short) tend to wear white, fight fair and refuse to talk trash.
- **[kayfabe](#)**: The portrayal of staged events within the industry as "real" or "true," specifically the portrayal of competition, rivalries, and relationships between participants as being genuine and not staged.
- **[neocons\(ervatism\)](#)**: Neoconservatives are liberal hawks who, exposed to menticultural propaganda over time, [despise war protestors and promote peace through strength](#), including neocolonialism and proxy war. It's the centrist, oscillating phenomena of so-called Liberalism turned bloody, routinely demanding its blood sacrifice on the so-called "altar of freedom."
- **[menticide/waves of terror](#)**: From Joost Meerloo's *The Rape of the Mind* (1956), menticide is the animal, "Pavlovian" conditioning that happens through various forms of torture, including "waves of terror," to mold an ideal subject within state mechanisms; i.e., someone not just complacent with state abuse, but *complicit*. Of *menticide*, Meerloo writes (abridged),

The core of the strategy of menticide is the taking away of all hope, all anticipation, all belief in a future [which aligns with Mark Fisher's "hauntology," or inability to imagine a future beyond past forms supplied by Capitalism; i.e., a *myopia*]. It destroys the very elements which keep the mind alive. The victim is entirely alone ([source](#)).

Meerloo describes *waves of terror* as

the use of well-planned, repeated successive waves of terror to bring the people into submission. Each wave of terrorizing cold war creates its effect more easily—after a breathing spell—than the one that preceded it because people are still disturbed by their previous experience ([ibid.](#)).

- **[Liberalism](#)**: Not to be confused with neoliberalism (though the two generally go hand-in-hand), Liberalism is the disingenuous language of the Enlightenment becoming Americanized, then used alongside Cartesian dualism to obscure genocide under settler colonialism.
- **[neoliberalism](#)**: The ideology of American exceptionalism (which extends to allies of America like Great Britain) that enforces global US hegemony through deregulated/"re-liberalized" Capitalism as a structural means of dishonest wealth accumulation for the elite. Laterally enforced by state/corporate power abuse through a public conditioned by these groups to worship the free market, neoliberalism seeks to foster a centrist attitude.
- **[fascism](#)**: Capitalism-in-decay aka "zombie Capitalism." When Capitalism starts to "fail" (which it does by design), it creates power vacuums whose medievalist regressions reintroduce scapegoat mentalities on a state level; i.e., the Imperial Boomerang, or "Imperialism come home to empire."
- **[pre-/post-fascism](#)**: *Pre-fascism* is the Gothic imagination that historically was obsessed with the inheritance of a decaying system prior to the rise of fascism in the 18th and 19th centuries, which in turn has become *post-fascism*: the fear of fascism and systemic decay entertained through popular discourse and Gothic poetics in the 20th and 21st centuries, post-WW2.
- **[eco-fascism](#)**: The turn towards fascist rhetoric, stowed away inside nature conservatist rhetoric.

Also, familiarize yourselves with [Umberto Eco's 14 Points of Fascism](#) (from "[Ur-Fascism](#)," 1995). It's a really handy guide for spotting fascism, which tends to conceal itself or idiosyncratically manifest within centrist/neoliberal media. We don't go over all fourteen points in this book to nearly the same degree, but there are a few that I like to focus on; e.g., "The enemy is always weak and strong," the obsession with a foreign/internal plot, and the cult of machismo, etc.

"Rage Over a Lost Penny": Neologisms; or, Jargon that I Coined

"That's funny, what does it mean?"

—Ellen Ripley (to Ash, the science officer), *Alien* (1979)

This section dedicates to neo-jargon that I coined while writing Sex Positivity from start to finish (from 2022 to 2025). To my knowledge, they don't exist anywhere else—i.e., I didn't take these terms and reinvent them; I invented them, period. Due to their size, I've copied directly from "[Paratextual \(Gothic\) Documents](#)" on my website; they are not included in my in-book glossary (or [its online version](#)).

To it, if I had to pick one glossary definition to include, here, it would be "Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism"; i.e., it's literally the title of my book series, so I'll quote the whole thing here—expanded and updated substantially since 2023, in 2025—to account for my writing of four books after Volume Zero. Given I devised "Gothic Communism" in relation to several other key terms I also coined (e.g., "ludo-Gothic BDSM," "the palliative Numinous" and "Metroidvania," among others), I have supplied them here, too. —Perse

Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism

Coined by me, Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism is the deliberate, pointed critique of capital/Capitalism and the state using a unique marriage of Gothic/queer/game theory and semi-Marxist (an-Com) ideas synthesized campily by sex-positive workers during proletarian praxis: developing systemic catharsis, mid-liminal expression during praxial opposition, using ludo-Gothic BDSM and palliative-Numinous dialogs (e.g., Metroidvania). Exploitation and liberation exist and occur in the same half-real shadow zone, on and offstage. Designed to transform neoliberal Capitalism's centrist monomyth refrains (thus fascism and Marxist-Leninism *also* abusing nature as monstrous-feminine), our ironic performances (of staged "exploitation" in quotes) happen by camping the canon, and do so to playfully and flexibly liberate workers and nature; i.e., through emotionally/Gothically intelligent and class, culturally and racially aware sex-positive labor (and monsters).

Reclaiming these dualistic poetic devices happens in pursuit of *universal* liberation (no Omelas); i.e., during holistic, intersectional solidarity as punching up poetically at the state and *its* standard/token proponents. In turn, rebellion synthesizes daily at a dialectical-material, social-sexual and horizontal level—one unfolding anisotropically to empower all workers during calculated risk (reversing abjection, thus the terrorist/counterterrorist binary in the shadow of state force and police action); i.e., not just by sex workers in an overt sense, but *all* work as sexualized

and alienized by capital (re: my PhD). All seek to cultivate a second-nature mentality whose gradual shifting of socio-material conditions help raise Gothic Communism from the ground up over space-time! From cops to capital to canon to states to presidents and police, then—ACAB! ASAB! ATAB! APAB (and so on)!

Furthermore, development is a fundamentally genderqueer exercise; i.e., versus the state as straight, the latter enforcing straightness (not just heteronormativity but Cartesian thought and settler colonialism) per the profit motive using the state's usual tools (re: its monopolies, trifectas and qualities of capital, listed in "[Paratextual \(Gothic\) Documents](#)"): to rape nature as monstrous-feminine (meaning anything not white, straight, male, Western European and/or Christian to varying modular degrees of privilege and oppression) for profit! To it, hybridity is strength through *informed* diversity overcoming state antagonism and betrayal, fighting fire with poetic fire; the latter extends to ghosts of capital and worker concessions haunting the process (which Derrida called "spectres of Marx" in his eponymous book on hauntology as a Communist "ghost" that *cryptomimetically* haunts language [re: Castricano] after the so-called "end of history"). Gothic-Communist development ultimately happens, then, by critiquing Marxist-Leninism as much as mask-off Capitalism; i.e., to cryptonymically go after token police elements and false rebellion, which both extend to ostensibly left-leaning dogmas abusing the many but also the *marginalized* to empower the few at the top (and their middle-class gatekeepers). Marxism gentrifies and decays like anything else, so we must camp and make it (thus Marx) gay to survive (re: "[Making Marx Gay](#)"). In short, we must make Marxism (thus Communism) sexier and less dry/more fun than Marx (and his followers) historically bothered! Though sex and force *are* the



ancient languages of imperium and state, nothing is more policed than worker sex through state force; i.e., during an evolving state's Venn diagram of modular-yet-intersecting persecution networks. For every whore yearning to be free, there is a pimp clutching their pearls (re: the bourgeoisie and their servants privatizing nature).

(artist: [Cupid Kisses](#))

Like the Medusa and her Aegis, then, the Gothic Communist ideology survives by endlessly mutating *with* past media to recultivate [the Superstructure](#) (favoring the *social-sexual* elements of grassroots revolution versus purely material or class reductionist ones); e.g., Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (and other useful ideas and works orbiting Marx's female forebear) per the Wisdom of the Ancients as a continuous cultural understanding of the imaginary past writ in opposition *to* the

state as straight. Time is a circle; effectively haunting capital after different rebellious components are shattered by state forces (cops), these traitors—whether official or stochastic—help divide nature and labor *with* nature and labor (assimilation) to conquer (thus rape) everything for profit: the pimp versus the prostitute (and all Medusa's spectres) through various facets of abjection (us-versus-them), its broader process achieved by state-corporate models of domination (which is all that profit ultimately is). Reversing abjection effectively makes us (and our anisotropic pedagogies of the oppressed healing from rape) "Communism in small"; i.e., regardless of the traditional ways that capital and the state (a form of capital, thus police violence) try to divide and conquer us: the state cares about property and profit, not people or nature, and will privatize, exploit and destroy the latter through Man-Box thinking and "prison sex" mentalities that, however banal, uphold the status quo. In doing so, they chase the Numinous to pimp it; i.e., spectres of Caesar and the Shadow of Pygmalion pimping Galatea.

However modular and gradient, then, tokenism pursues assimilation at its core, and tokenism—precisely because it adheres to capital as a fundamentally rapacious system—is poor stewardship (which Gothic Communism challenges; i.e., having been devised to originally challenge TERFs, but consequently any form of tokenism you can shake a stick at). This conquering historically self-inflicts, including through any normativity you could think of or point towards raping labor and nature; e.g., Afronormativity but also Marxist-Leninism as a kind of "Marxist normativity" that survives beyond its heyday into its graveyard shell: as an aborted "what if?" that cannot evolve or change.

So do tankies grow brittle, disingenuous and cruel—in short, acting *like* Capitalism yet dressed up in different clothes pimping nature (thus workers) as nonetheless monstrous-feminine; i.e., there must always be a whore for the state to pimp and blame—one its own shallow, bad-faith practitioners can vengefully feed on to better help the *state* survive: as slaves to party nostalgia, exclusionism, outmoded theory and ultimately betrayal. They'll eat themselves (and blame other facets of capital during the hot potato tossing match), but not before they eat us; i.e., the better we can camp canon with ludo-Gothic BDSM and the palliative Numinous, the more we can humanize the harvest as human in the eyes of our would-be abusers (who dutifully antagonize nature and those of nature as monstrous-feminine, putting them cheaply to work). The more we do this, the better our odds of survival become *while* exposing their (and the state's) inhumane treatment *of* us while comporting ourselves as sluts; re: "to critique power, you must go where it is" and subvert *what* the state is trying to control using what we got, on and offstage—our bodies, identities, performances, *et al.* Everyone likes the whore, but for different reasons; we have the whore's revenge against the state during Gothic Communism, thwarting profit as stewards of nature (see: the Demon Module's "[A Rape Reprise; or, the Whore's Paradox Having Its Revenge During Ludo-Gothic BDSM](#)," 2024).

The following terms are ludo-Gothic but synthesize holistically with Gothic Communism's Marxist elements. Given their interrelative nature, I'm including them, too. They're also neo-jargon I personally coined in my work (save for "ludic-Gothic" and Aguirre's original definition to "infernal concentric pattern"), so I want to supply their full definitions for maximum clarity. They are shared elsewhere in abridged form, but here is the only place where I give them in full. —Perse

the Shadow/effect of Pygmalion/Galatea

Another of my neologisms (from the thesis volume), the Shadow of Pygmalion or "Pygmalion effect" is the patriarchal vision and subsequent shadow of any knowing-better "kings" of empire, thus capital; i.e., of male- and token-dominated industries inside the Man Box, wherein "Pygmalion" means "from a male king's mind," but frankly extends to all traitors (male or not): upholding profit/the status quo raping nature *for* profit (and those treated by the state as "of nature" for those reasons); e.g., the evil monarchs of older tombs (abstractions of the bourgeoisie in crisis and decay) occupying the same colonial territories at home and abroad across space-time (a classic example being Hamlet's father's ghost, Shakespeare's famously confusing story affording *some* ambiguity to the experiencing of such entities). More to the point, the gatekeepers of the elite routinely fabricate imaginary visions of the past, present and future, doing so to *uphold* Capitalist Realism through these ghosts; i.e., a broader pacification that includes the monomyth/Cycle of Kings, but also infernal concentric pattern and heteronormative legion(s) of monsters, invasion scenarios and escape fantasies; re: their reasoned, Cartesian treatment of nature as monstrous-feminine *is* heteronormative, wherein state proponents (cops) pimp and police nature out of pre-emptive revenge (and spite).

Said revenge is *generational*, thus taught through popular monomythic stories; i.e., whose collective abjection of nature in service to profit ostensibly spares the cop from state cannibalization: antagonize nature and put it cheaply to work through *concentric* tokenism; re: gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss, but also the various modular and interchangeable statuses for blood libel, sodomy and witch hunt accusations—as an intersectional and constantly evolving Venn Diagram of persecution networks recycling dead us-versus-them language. The inverse of the Shadow of Pygmalion (and its effect) is the Shadow of Galatea; i.e., of Medusa/the Communist Numinous (as something to chase) and spectres of Marx (as something to camp) versus spectres of Caesar (the original Pygmalion, also something to camp) existing inside the same performative zones; re: exploitation and liberation share the same spaces of performance (and their fractal recursion happening through the disintegration and rediscovery of monomythic and Promethean language).

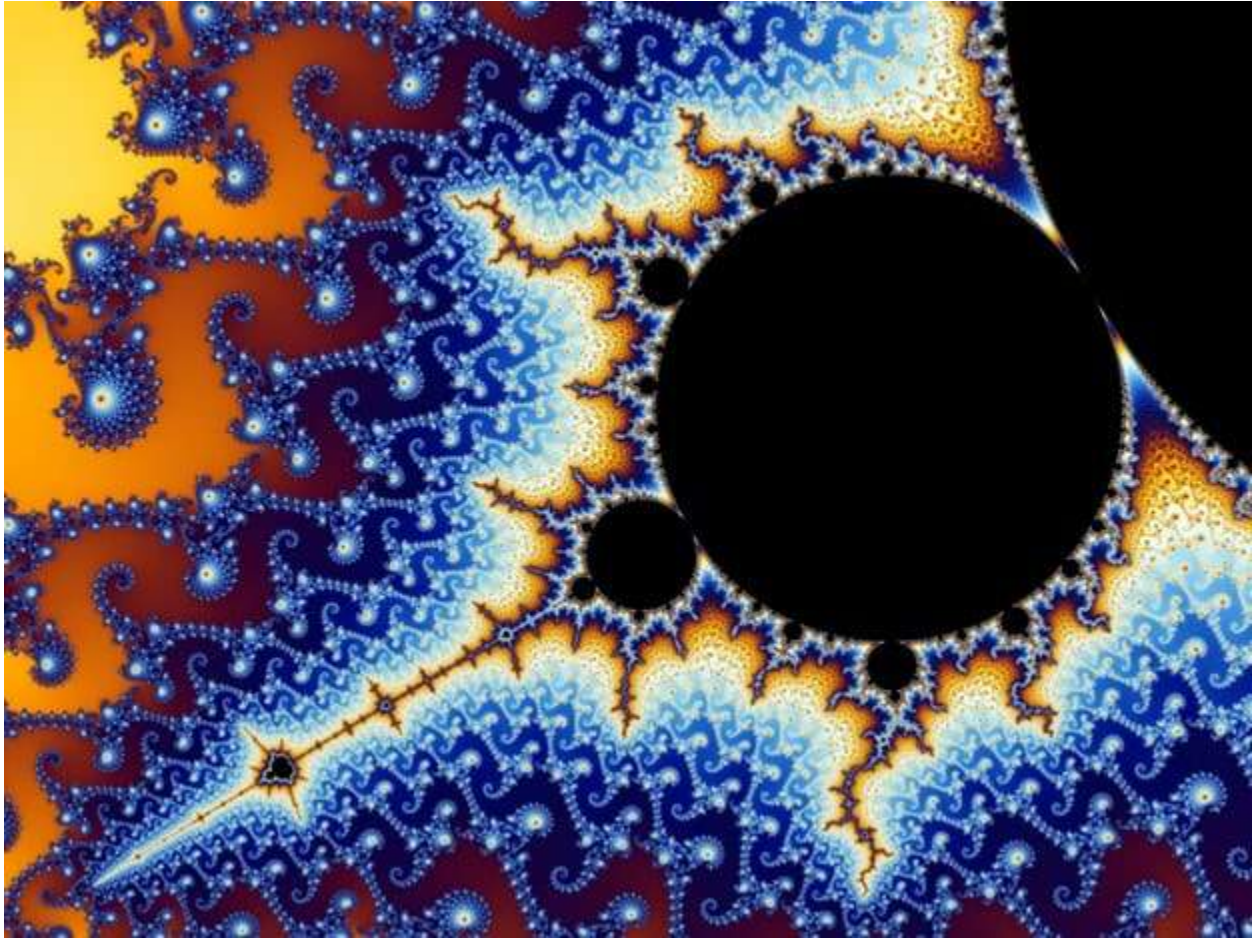
the Cycle of Kings

Another term of mine, the Cycle of Kings is the centrist monomyth, or cycling out of good and bad kings (and the occasional queen), which extends to all the kings' white cis-het Christian men or those *acting like these men*, thus warrior-minded good cops and bad cops (weird canonical nerds) apologizing for state genocide through Man Box and "prison sex" mentality arguments; i.e., within hauntological copaganda dressed up in medieval language; e.g., TERFs but also other token groups in-fighting for profit, hence dressing up in bad faith. Trapped between the past and present according to "spectres of fascism" and "spectres of Marx" (which grapple, mid-kayfabe, in anachronistic language, thereby having an emphasis on the imaginary past/retro-future, aka Fisher's "canceled future," *vis-à-vis* Jodey Castricano's *cryptomimesis*), these dark reflections often trouble persons of the heteronormative persuasion versus those of a genderqueer persuasion. Either struggles to identify with themselves in relation to canonical propaganda dictating how non-standard deviations from canon must die; i.e., someone is always a cop or a victim, but generally with some sense of overlap, imposter syndrome and internalized stigma, bigotry, guilt and shame, etc.

To it, Capitalism is *always* in a state of emergency/exception, and this relies on the creation of monstrous enemies (and related qualities; re: internalized stigma) to turn workers against each other (the in-group and its tokenized proponents). Doing so during state decay and regeneration (feeding vampirically on workers and nature) serves to keep labor too busy to effectively challenge the elite; i.e., by warring with one another and inside-outside themselves. In turn, these inherited confusions, guilt and mistrust are used by the elite to justify their hold onto vertical power as a structure, whereupon the calamity of war-as-an-*apologetic*-business—of canonically whitewashing class, culture and race war (e.g., the battle-of-the-sexes or civil rights activism)—personify in theatrical wars that extend offstage, as well as total war and shadow/proxy war on the global, non-diegetic stage (or its return home via the Imperial Boomerang/military urbanism). All collectively reek from Capitalism's zombie-like bulk, its hellish orifices release Promethean "exhaust" during offshoots of the infernal concentric pattern.

the infernal concentric pattern

Described by Manuel Aguirre in "Geometries of Terror" (2008) as the final room, or rather a room that, per my arguments, conveys finality through the exhaustion of military optimism in the face of an endless, yawning dead;



where the hero crosses a series of doors and spaces until he reaches a central chamber, there to witness the collapse of his hopes; [this infernal concentric pattern has] in Gothic one and the same function: to destabilize assumptions as to the physical, ontological or moral order of the cosmos [... It is like a Mandelbrot set (left):] finite, and yet from within we cannot reach its end; it is a labyrinth that delves "down" instead of pushing outwards. From the outside it looks simple enough: bounded, finite, closed; from the inside, however, it is inextricable. It is a very precise graphic replica of the Gothic space in *The Italian* [...] Needless to say, the technique whereby physical or figurative space is endlessly fragmented and so seems both to repeat itself and to stall resolution is not restricted to *The Italian*: almost every major Gothic author (Walpole, Beckford, Lee, Lewis, Godwin, Mary Shelley, Maturin, Hogg) uses it in his or her own way. Nor does it die out with the metamorphosis of historical Gothic into other forms of fiction ([source](#)).

i.e., the infernal concentric pattern is the smoke of the ignominious dead used as a myopic screen of arrogant, Americanized Capitalist Realism—one that hides the

obvious function of the free market and exploitation as an irrefutably man-made, but nonetheless brutal Cartesian, heteronormative, and settler-colonial model: profit, by any means necessary (often through a Protestant work ethic whose post-Enlightenment era of "benign" Reason demonizes medieval markers in ways *useful* to the state and its Radcliffean thieves; e.g., the Roman Catholics, but also the paganized Romans before them and the selectively-religious fascist "Romans" after them, etc: the First Reich, Second Reich, and Third Reich, aka Holy Roman Empire, Weimar Republic and Nazi Germany).

Furthermore, such patterns are generally archaeological and architectural in nature, speaking to the medieval idea of *mise-en-abyme* ("to place in abyss") and Numinous occupations with palliative therapeutic and harmful potential, alike; re: canon vs camp, during the demonic, ergodic, concentric, anisotropic, entropic and gigantic recursions at work; e.g., Metroidvania and similar Gothic castles (or otherwise haunted *mighty* homes' signature castle-narratives, mid-chronotope) relayed through endless inheritance and doomed heroic motion: death from the house birthing *and* eating you while exploring it through fatal homecomings. As things to generate and play inside for different reasons, such spaces suggest profit as normally concealing itself during the cryptonymy process; i.e., showing things *normally* hidden/opaque through unresolved systemic/ontological tensions, exquisitely torturous emotional distress, total imprisonment, taboo subjects, raw aggregate power, paradoxical healing and tremendous obscurity (re: darkness visible, the Black Veil, etc). The pattern, then, is Capitalism (and its deliriums) in small, hence conducive to ludo-Gothic BDSM (and calculated risk) at large when played within miniatures expressing those hypermassive/quantum things felt beyond *and* inside themselves.

"prison sex" mentality

Coined in my own work, "prison sex" mentality speaks broadly to rape culture as a practice; i.e., as a systemically taught and enacted approach leading towards the routine harming of others while maintaining the status quo. It is similar to the Man Box argument by Mark Greene, who—in his 2023 podcast, [Remaking Manhood: The Healthy Masculinity Podcast](#)—refers to "Man Box culture" as:

the brutal enforcement of a narrowly defined set of traditional rules for being a man. These rules are enforced through shaming and bullying, as well as promises of rewards, the purpose of which is to force conformity to our dominant culture of masculinity ([source](#): Mark Greene's "How the Man Box Poisons Our Sons," 2019).

"Prison sex" mentality exists in quotes because it occurs inside-outside actual state-described "prisons"—said facilities (and their legends) bleeding chronotopically into

the nuclear home (and onto those things in the home's shadow as a fractally recursive extension of the state and its victims/perpetrators). To it, "prison sex" mentality is the same idea as Man Box culture, except it chooses to focus less on men and more on the unequal power dynamics that occur between dimorphized workers of *any* sort; i.e., as trained by the state Superstructure not just to rape and kill one another in literal terms, but also theatrical language.

weird canonical nerds (versus weird iconoclastic nerds)

A term I coined while borrowing from and expanding on Cheyenne Lin's "weird nerds" phrase from "[Why Nerds Joined the Alt-Right](#)" (2023), and one I present through my usual dialectical-material approach despite the obvious social components I'm weaving into things: weird canonical nerds vs weird iconoclastic nerds, or otherwise proponents of canon vs camp in popular culture; i.e., anything that weird canonical nerds posit, their iconoclastic brethren challenge in duality.

To it, weird canonical nerds work within a toxic *subset* of nerd culture. Whereas nerd culture more broadly is for those who present an increased intellectual interest in a given topic—often in literature, but also popular media more broadly as something to consume, critique, or create (with iconoclastic varieties extending such matters into a spectrum of modular activism and counterculture)—weird *canonical* nerds are those who undermine genuine, active intellectualism; i.e., by exchanging it for dumb, hostile and even bad-faith consumerism and negative freedom for the elite. As something to blindly enjoy/endorse through zealously faithful, uncritical consumption, they celebrate the monomyth and Cycle of Kings as "good war"; e.g., Gamergate, 2014, but also TERFs and *their* territorial emergence in the late 2010s. Not only are TERFs, and by extension weird canonical nerds, very wide—as a practicing group of stochastic terrorists that encompasses white cis-het male consumers and women, as well as token traitors (of class, culture *and* race)—but they unironically lead to fascism per the infernal concentric pattern as a holistic enterprise (with Gamergate endorsed by weird canonical nerds into the 2016 election of Donald Trump, and whose neoliberal sentiments' fascist outcomes were felt throughout the consumption of media and mentality alike as things to practice).

Weird canonical nerds are systemically bigoted, pertaining to Man Box culture as something to openly endorse, or "resist" in ways that do nothing to change the status quo/avoid the infernal concentric pattern/Cycle of Kings; e.g., TERF Amazons, but also proudly "apolitical" non-feminist nerds who embody a particular status within the nerd pantheon of canonical heroes: Mega Man as a go-to centrist male hero, for instance, but also Eren Yeager as the "incel fascist" with mommy issues, or Samus Aran as the Galactic Federation's singular girl boss/white Indian, etc. All become something to endorse within critically blind portions of nerd culture that ape their prescriptive, colonial heroes within culture war dressed up as

"apolitical" (the *fascist* ideology being secondary to the pursuit and claiming of personal power by changing one's shape and language to fit those aims; e.g., Reinhardt Heydrich as a fascist war pig [to combine Umberto Eco with Black Sabbath] who would say whatever he could to justify his own iron grip on the minds of the populace: the foreign plot inside the house, once and forever).

To this, the Gothic and its various intersections, contradictions and conflicts are embroiled within oppositional praxis for or against weird canonical nerds, hence depictions/endorsements of different monster types; i.e., that, in the white, cis-het male tradition of privilege, such persons routinely "fail up," and as success—like a whore/wife or nice house—is something they are taught to believe is owed to them (the promise of shelter and sex). Such betrayals and entitlement extend to token minorities allowed a slice of the pie, post-betrayal, but also must surrender *their* pie when the time comes (for which the real "Indian givers" are the settler colonist bearing false gifts: the Trojan Horse, aka the Faustian bargain, in Gothic circles).

ludo-gothic BDSM

My 2023 combining of an older academic term, "ludic-Gothic" (Gothic videogames), with sex-positive BDSM theatrics as a potent means of camp. The emphasis is less about "how can videogames be Gothic" and more how the playfulness in videogames is commonly used to allow players to camp canon in and out of videogames as a form of negotiated power exchange established in playful, game-like forms (theatre and rules). Commonly gleaned through Metroidvania as I envision it, but frankly performed with any kind of Gothic poetics, ludo-Gothic BDSM playfully attains what I call "the palliative Numinous," or the Gothic quest for self-destructive power as something *to* camp (the Numinous, per Rudolph Otto, being a divine force or *numen* tied less to the natural world [the Sublime] and more to civilization as derelict, dead and alien; re: the *mysterium tremendum*): a *Communist* Numinous/the Medusa per Barbara Creed, but *not* tokenized (re: the Amazon) while dancing with Hogle's ghost of the counterfeit to *reverse* abjection (thus profit) and shrink the state!

For further information specifically on ludo-Gothic BDSM, refer [to my new webpage](#) cataloging the subject and its history as coined and synthesized by me. —Perse

ludic-Gothic

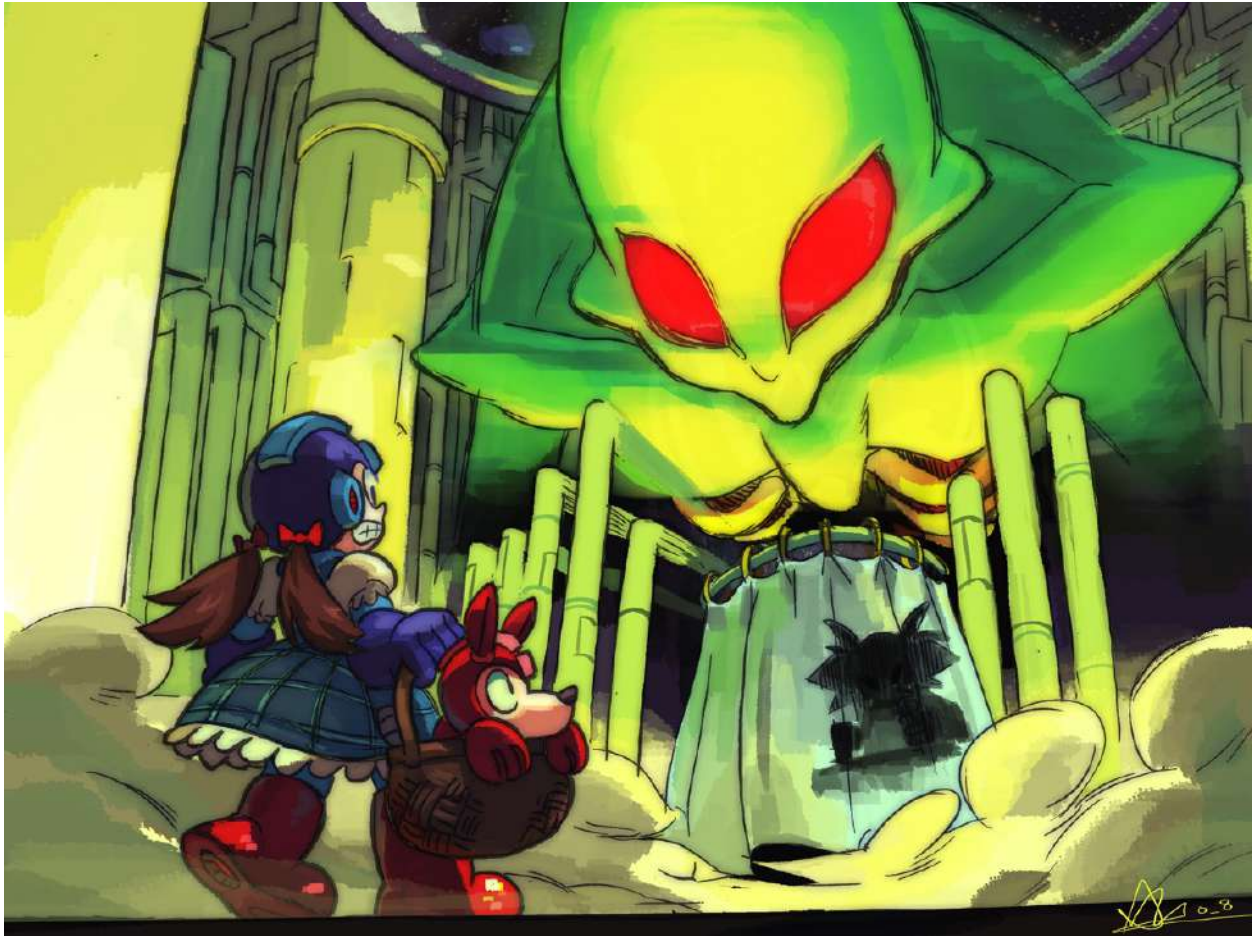
Gothic videogames. "The ludic-gothic is created when the Gothic is transformed by the video game medium, and is a kindred genre to survival horror" ([source](#): Laurie Taylor's "Gothic Bloodlines in Survival Horror Gaming," 2009).

the liminal hauntology of war (danger disco)

Another term of mine, one describing a half-real poetic space to heroically move through, onstage and off, and one that concerns the hauntological presence and function of a Gothic chronotope (the castle or some other war-like alien double of the nuclear home); i.e., of the Imperial Boomerang bringing monsters (and their masters) home to roost, during fascism; e.g., *Tolkien and Cameron's refrain* (further academic coinage on my part, specifically that of the High Fantasy treasure map and Metroidvania/shooter), per the monomyth and Promethean Quest (for power) chasing the Numinous: for different reasons during the dialectic of the alien. In turn, these translate in and out of neoliberal stories (especially videogames) into real life; i.e., during the abjection process as something to reify and further for profit raping nature as monstrous-feminine (re: "[A Note About Canonical Essentialism](#)"). Also something I call the "danger disco," or source of Numinous thrills; i.e., where the hero chases the Numinous during calculated risk: to articulate and interpret generational trauma under state confusion and duress.

military optimism

A term I wrote for a discontinued book series, *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes*, military optimism speaks to the half-real "gun-happy optimism of *Pax Americana*—i.e., that one can always shoot away the state's enemies and problems" ([source](#): "The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in *Metroid*," 2021). This includes any scapegoats that exist in and out of media/the Superstructure and society's public imagination; i.e., between fiction and non-fiction, onstage and off; re: during Capitalist Realism antagonizing nature as monstrous-feminine, pimping it through abject (us-vs-them) revenge before repeatedly summoning and banishing it, Radcliffe-style.



(artist: [Alex Ahad](#))

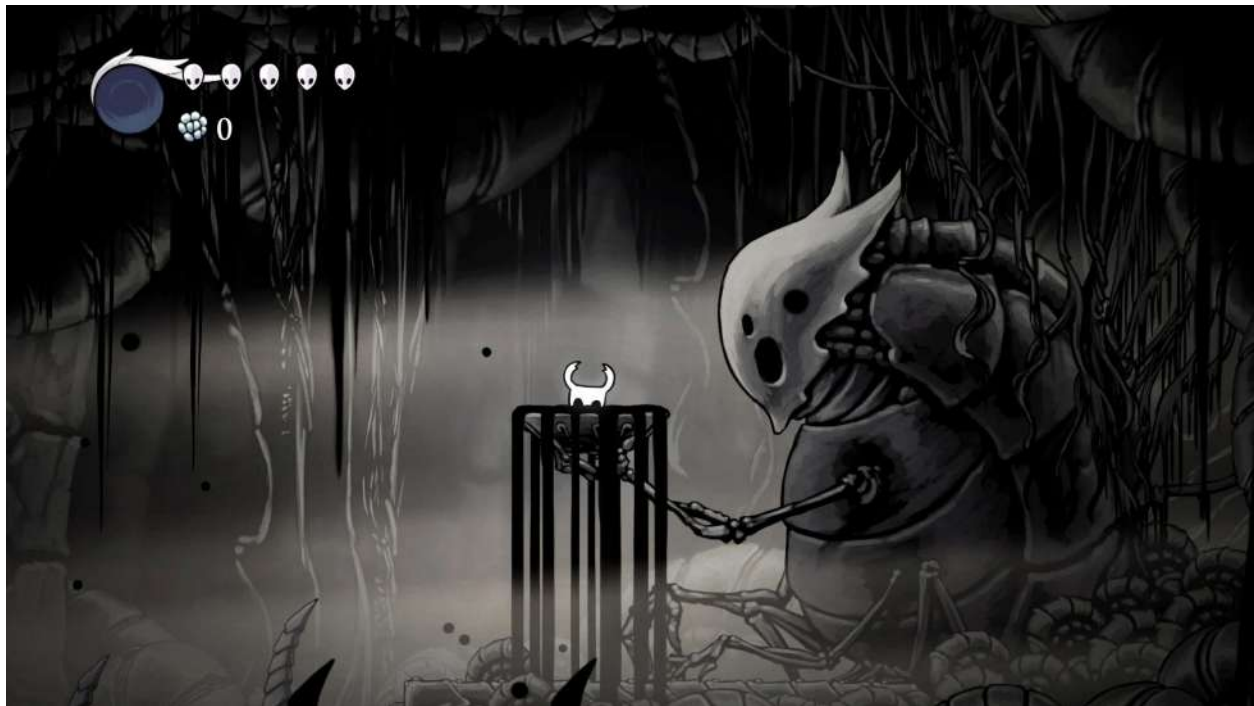
the dialectic of the alien

A term I coined to articulate the *dialectic* of the abjection process and venerate the Gothic—*vis-à-vis* Julia Kristeva, but also Frederic Jameson's "dialectic of shelter" and subsequent class nightmare (re: *Postmodernism*), as well as Summoning Salt's "The History of *Mega Man 2* World Records" (2024; [timestamp](#): 8:25); i.e., as a dialectic useful towards universal liberation, one concerning the alien as something to parse and arbitrate for or against abjection (as something to reverse): to hug or hate, police or liberate, the assignment of "alien" status using the same language/aesthetic of the alien, mid-play. As I write in "Brace for Impact: Some Prep When Hugging the Alien" (2024):

All in all, I live the Humanities as a ludo-Gothic means of thinking inclusively about and experiencing the Gothic first-hand (an ongoing relationship the Gothic deliberately combines—an affect); i.e., BDSM or otherwise, people work through preference and experimentation to issue public statements that are, to some degree, coded. Monsters are code for the dialectic of the alien

(us versus them) as taught to us through canon, power being made to flow in one direction when faced with trauma as a historical-material effect: the ghost of the counterfeit waiting patiently for revenge (state shift). The horror of the Gothic, then, is when it truly comes alive, ceasing to be a pure fiction but a nightmare that applies to us as victims of the state cannibalizing *us*" ([source](#)).

Ludo-Gothic BDSM, then, is a potent means of negotiating generational trauma *during* the dialectic of the alien; i.e., by rarefying or otherwise going where abuse (or spectres of abuse) are—mid-dialectic—to perform and interrogate shelter and alienation for development purposes: setting nature-as-alien (re: the monstrous-feminine) free from state control/pimps (re: the whore's revenge).



the palliative Numinous

A term I designed to describe the pain-/stress-relieving effect achieved from, and relayed through, intense Gothic poetics and theatrics of various kinds (my preference being Metroidvania castle-narrative *vis-à-vis* Bakhtin's chronotope applied to videogames out from novels and cinema and into Metroidvania).

Metroidvania (my definition, abridged)

Metroidvania are a location-based videogame genre that combines 2D, 2.5D, or 3D platforming [e.g., *Dark Souls*, 2009] and ranged/melee combat—usually in the 3rd

person—inside a giant, closed space. This space communicates Gothic themes of various kinds; encourages exploration* depending on how non-linear the space is; includes progressive skill and item collection, mandatory boss keys, backtracking and variable gating mechanics (bosses, items, doors); and requires movement powerups in some shape or form, though these can be supplied through RPG elements as an optional alternative.

**Exploration pertains to the deliberate navigation of space beyond that of obvious, linear routes—to search for objects, objectives or secrets off the beaten path ([source](#): "Mazes and Labyrinths," 2019; refer to [the Metroidvania page](#) on my website for everything that I've written on Metroidvania).*

praxial inertia

A term I coined when dealing with weird canonical nerds, praxial the resistance to/mistreatment of state-sponsored scapegoats in monomythic stories.

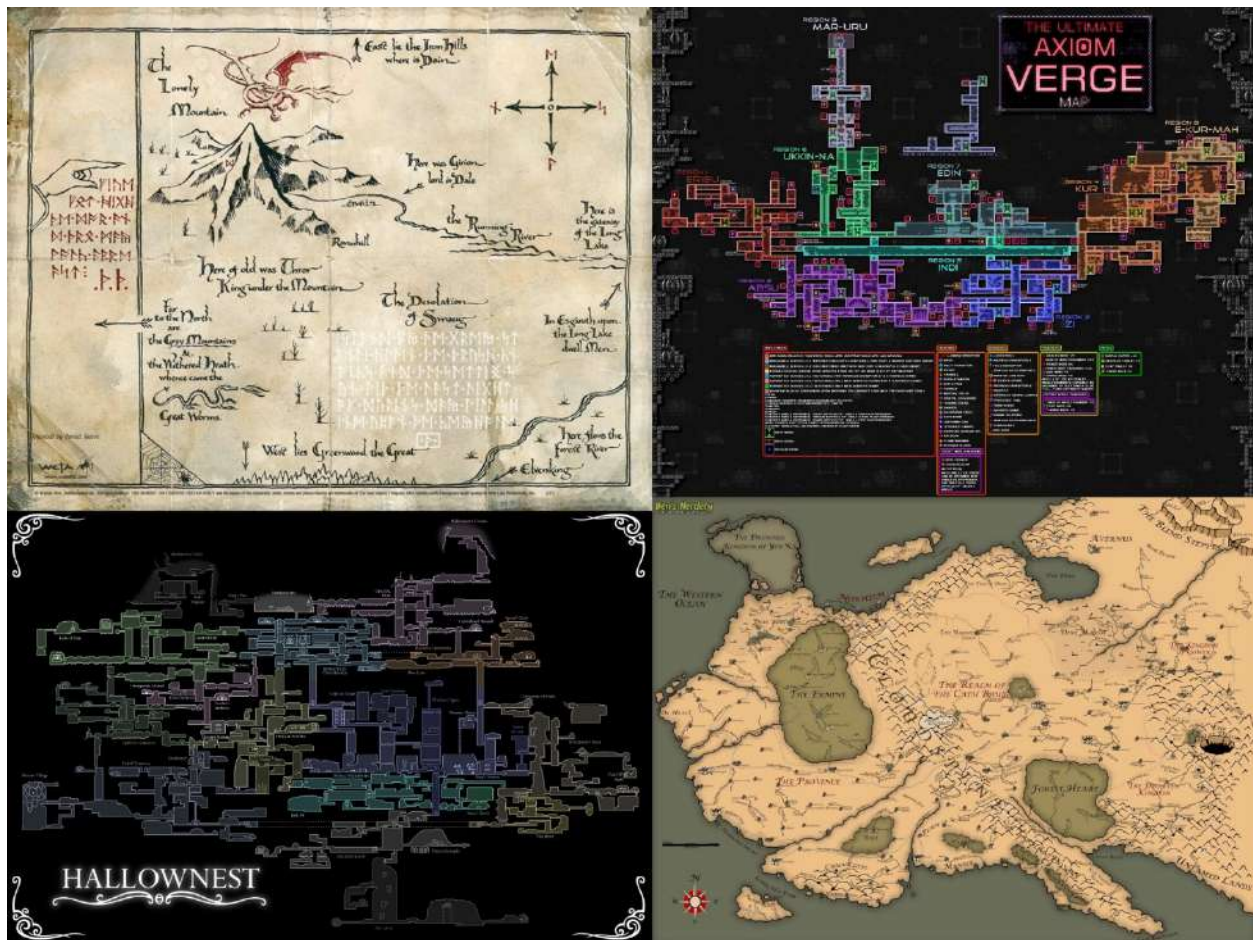
Tolkien and Cameron's refrains

Originally conceived of during my PhD, a refrain is a repeatable exercise that upholds Capitalist Realism, in some shape or form (though generally in videogames, per neoliberal media onwards). As I write in "A Note on Canonical Essentialism" (2024):

execution of conquest involves a map of a location, the latter filled with enemies (e.g., orcs) who must be cleared by human agents or token enforcers, doing so step-by-step, person-by-person, room-by-room to effectively "sweep" the entire area of perceived hostilities. Doing so is meant to achieve one cycle of capital in miniature; i.e., moving money through nature to achieve profit as expressed concentrically on *all* registers. Likewise, the basic categories of land, sexual biology and ecology manifest in a variety of refrains canonizing Cartesian dualism (and its harmful divisions) through Capitalist Realism. My book pointedly highlights two: Tolkien's and Cameron's [from Volume Zero:

Under Capitalist Realism, Hell is a place that always appears on Earth [or an Earth-like double]—a black fortress threatening state hegemony during the inevitable decay of a colonial body. Its widening state of exception must then be entered by the hero during the liminal hauntology of war as a repeatable, monomythic excursion—a *franchise* to subdue during military optimism sold as a childhood exercise towards "playing war" in fantastical forms; e.g., *Castlevania* or

Metroid. Conjure a Radcliffean menace inside the Imperial Core, then meet it with American force ([source](#)). ...]



(exhibit 1a1a1h2a1 *[ibid.]*: [...]) Videogames are war simulators; in them, maps are built not merely to be charted and explored, but conquered through war simulations. The land is an endless site of conquest, war, rape and profit carefully dressed up as "treasure," "liberation" and "adventure," but in truth, brutalizing nature during endless wars of extermination borrowed from the historical and imaginary past as presently intertwined:

- top-left: Tolkien's refrain, "Thrór's Map" from *The Hobbit*, 1937—source: [Weta Workshop](#)
- top-right: Thomas Happ's map of Sudra from *Axiom Verge*, 2015—source: [magicofgames](#)
- bottom-left: Team Cherry's map of Hallownest, from *Hollow Knight* 2017—source: [tuppkam1](#)
- bottom-right: Bungie's map of the West from *Myth: the Fallen Lords*, 1997—source: [Ben's Nerdery](#) [...]

Tolkien's refrain gentrifies war in a fantasy-themed cartography (the map of conquest in novels, movies and games, video or otherwise), which neatly and consistently divide land and occupant between good and bad, human and orc (or spider, demon, ghost, etc). Cameron's refrain, the shooter and the Metroidvania, was first inspired by Robert Heinlein before likewise being injected into popular media as conducting *military optimism* abroad: insectoid places to go and bomb/shoot into oblivion. Doing so happens while simultaneously popularizing it back home through military urbanism and urban warfare inside the Gothic castle (versus the land *around* the castle, as Tolkien tends to do; i.e., the *open* battlefield). There is always an enemy of nature to kill and destroy in ways that fetishize the larger alienating process, turning "empowerment" into a Promethean Quest through a Faustian bargain. It becomes Romanticized, nostalgic, endlessly remediated (a Cycle of Kings, ruins, graveyards). By extension, war is dimorphically sexualized as us-versus-them, the hunt (and its associate tensions, reliefs and anxieties) celebrated with a lucrative fakery to maintain the lie of Western sovereignty through the ghost of the counterfeit's usual process of abjection. The West, including its fantasies, remain haunted during the liminal hauntology of war as a routine appearance within a structure; e.g., Dracula's castle.

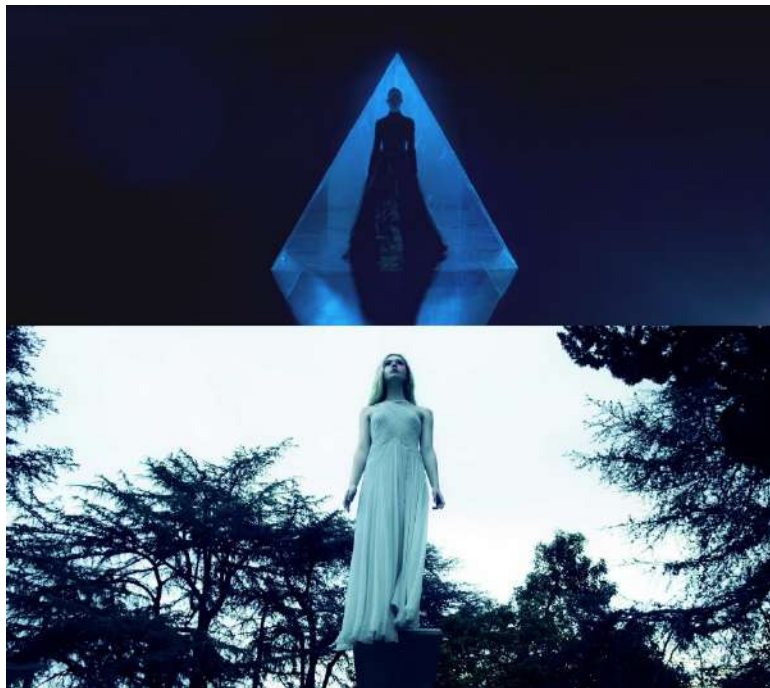
On this generic spectrum and its assorted cartographic architecture, one thing remains constant between the two refrains (and their imitators and offshoots): nature is monstrous-feminine, queer, non-white and non-Christian, etc. This includes its land and various human and non-human occupants being deliberately prepared for endless invasions and harvests by Capitalism's architects and usual benefactors: white cis-het men (and token agents) of various monomythic positions. There is a good land and a bad, a good people and a bad, a good nature and a bad, and the centrist nature of the larger structure sanctions and essentializes canonical violence by the good against the bad; i.e., reliably justifying the former invading and brutalizing the latter to move money through nature by *cheapening* nature. Nature becomes Hell by design, amounting to a documentation process required by Capitalism to function in essential perpetuity.

In short, nature becomes canon, a mandate for how to think, thus behave regarding the usual benefactors and victims within a settler colony and the state of exception found in or between its surrounding areas of influence. There must always be a good and bad land, but also good and bad occupants according to biology as essential (and connected to gender) in terms of a heteronormative ordering of workers within nature as something to control, thus dominate; i.e., there are white cis-het men and anything else is alien to varying degrees; e.g., white women are alien, but *not* as alien as trans people *provided* they behave within the structure. "Rocking the boat" through intersectional solidarity against capital invites collective (and selective) punishment through reactive abuse to keep these dichotomies not only installed, but constantly enforced through physical, mental and/or socio-ideological forms of menticultural violence; i.e., dogma insofar as

canonical *essentialism* aids and abets in Capitalist Realism concealing capital functioning as it always does. As something to criminalize and dominate, nature is always alien, fetishized, incorrect, criminal, outside, black, etc... ([source](#)).

the euthanasia effect (rabid token Amazons)

A term, coined by me, to describe the canonical, assimilative qualities of the Amazonian myth (and one whose *Amazonomachia* has canonized, post-Wonder-Woman, in Metroidvania through Cameron's refrain and—to a lesser extent—Tolkien's). It is one where magical, mythical warrior women—as simultaneously virgin/whore animal people (the female* berserk)—are canonically employed to keep *men* (and the victims of men/token enforcers during "prison sex" police violence) paradoxically in line, mid-**panopticon**; i.e., a female-coded (usually white, or token non-white) centurion or stentor girlboss who, in between yawping at the men to aurally castrate them (the banshee or siren), "tops" them in hauntological, dominatrix-style fashion, elsewhere *outside* the bedroom (re: Foucault): "make it through this and I'll ride you until you beg!" **Death by Snu-Snu** becomes the traditional hero's monomythic reward and doom; re: Irigaray's **creation of sexual difference**, but tokenized into a kind of virginal **warrior Madonna** jailor pulled from the Neo-Gothic's former dungeons; e.g., Charlotte



Dacre's fearsome and "phallic" (stabby-stabby) Victoria (see: Sam Hirst's 2020 "[Zofloya and the Female Gothic](#)" for a good summarizing of *that* dilemma):

**Canon is heteronormative, thus dimorphic (and settler-colonial/Cartesian). There can be intersex elements, but these will be treated as "phallic," thus male/female and masc/femme during the Amazon's struggles; i.e., as a monstrous-feminine entity the state monopolizes by gaslight-gatekeep-girlbossing*

it. Such things, then, canonically embody the Amazon and Gorgon's doubled morphological conflict inside-outside itself; i.e., to simultaneously exude the psychomachy's calm/furious or virgin/whore qualities, such "mirror syndrome" (another term of mine) punching a black reflection where state victims are housed

(thus useful to profit *pimping* nature as alien); re: the postscript from the Poetry Module's ["Following in Medusa's Footsteps."](#) Throughout BDSM and Gothic media, on and offstage, you see the euthanasia effect in *Metroidvania* a ton. To enhance your *own* ludo-Gothic BDSM (to camp subjugated Amazons with), refer to my [2025 *Metroidvania Corpus*](#) for some good examples of the Promethean Quest (though my ["Concerning Rape Play"](#) compendium *also* raises some salient reading regarding ludo-Gothic BDSM as a whole). Apart from either of those, we'll tackle Amazons, Medusa and the monstrous-feminine revenge argument more directly in the "Predator/Prey" subchapters, [in Volume One](#) (which explore Amazons and knights). Also consider the Demon Module's ["Amazons and Demon Mommies,"](#) ["Vampires and Claymation,"](#) ["Summoning the Whore,"](#) ["Exploring the Derelict Past,"](#) and ["Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit"](#); i.e., for good examples (outside Volume Zero) of the cop/victim approach in canonical *Amazonomachia* and how to subvert it to have the whore's revenge *against* profit! I also recommend Volume Zero's "Symposium: Aftercare" for plenty of extra lists and fun examples.

The canonical Amazon, then, is a time traveler TERF meant to serve profit by betraying her fellow oppressed (women or not). Ripped spectacularly from the ancient pre-fascist past and expressed in "ancient" fascist forms during state crisis, **Red Scare** employs Amazonian fascism *and* Communism—during the usual **kayfabé** centrism and anisotropic terrorist/counterterrorist refrains pimping nature on the same stage—through a black-and-red aesthetic of power and death corrupting nature *for* state aims: to feed on nature by **triangulating** against state victims "of nature," per Cartesian thought; i.e., to antagonize nature as monstrous-feminine *with* nature as monstrous-feminine, during **the Capitalocene** (from Walpole's *Otranto* onwards—per Hans Staats' ["Mastering Nature: War Gothic and the Monstrous Anthropocene"](#) [2016] but married, per *my* arguments, to Raj Patel and Jason Moore's idea of Capitalocene).

Through these dualistic poetic devices' *assimilative* function, the subjugated Amazon is a functionally "white" Indian/whore/savior cowgirl (token) cop who harvests the functionally "black" whore (criminal, alien, etc) during the abjection process (and its bad-faith revenge arguments; e.g., **Orientalism**). All happen while suffering the usual double standards and embarrassments such betrayals bring on (which camping through ludo-Gothic BDSM anisotropically *reverses* through the same aesthetic—shrinking profit while sending abjection back *towards* the colonizer agent/apparatus); e.g., Samus Aran (re: the Poetry Module's ["Playing with Dead Things"](#)) but really a wide variety of such **wheyfu herbo monster girls** upholding Capitalist Realism: by kettling therefore blaming the whore **Archaic Mother***/ghost of the counterfeit.

Such blaming occurs *ipso facto* "for its own genocide" during the Promethean Quest's infernal concentric pattern (e.g., Ayla or Savage Land Rogue; re: ["Death by Snu-Snu!: From Herbos to Himbos, part two"](#)); i.e., an eternal warrior "of

nature as hellish" sent *back* into Hell come to Earth—all to do battle with the verminized, insectoid-chattel, stigma-animal, diseased-and-deathly Medusa on the same Aegis (the liminal hauntology of war): as her dark, Venus-twin half (the long-lost relative, often an evil/false sister or wicked step mother)! The Amazon is a "scab" operatically punching labor as alien hysterical (the wandering womb), but pulled *from* their ranks to do so inside **the state of exception**. From Radcliffe onwards, then, the Amazon is a warrior detective who canonically remains a classic *pro*-state actor fabricating scapegoats; i.e., from older pre-existing legends repurposed for profit *now* (the settler colony a *chronotope* danger disco).



(artist, top: [ChuckARTT](#); bottom-left: [Arvalis](#); bottom-middle: [Flyland](#); bottom-right: [Pagong1](#))

The male version of the Archaic Mother is something I call **the Dragon Lord or **Skeleton King** (re: **the Cycle of Kings** with vampiric, draconian or otherwise patriarchal versus matriarchal elements the state can scapegoat; e.g., Sauron or Count Dracula). Offshoots of said half-real monarchs are often lesser necromancers, rogues or death knights (re: offshoots of the Numinous tied to the same danger-disco structure's unheimlich nightmare home).*

Being of the Medusa as Archaic Mother (re: the whore's paradox, from "[Rape Reprise](#)"), Amazons endure endless punishment from on high *and* down below (capital's "middle management"; e.g., Ellen Ripley); i.e., a classically female Prometheus, they are always treated as a substantial risk/desperation measure, one that must be collared just as quickly lest she "corrupt," thus take her fellow soldiers along for the ride (and back *whence* she came, to hellish territories, forever). In short, the Amazon is a token scapegoat *witch* (vampire, goblin, etc) policing *other* witches, therefore whores (re: me, *vis-à-vis* Silvia Federici, in "[Policing the Whore](#)"), and does so through modular-but-intersecting us-versus-them, white-on-black (of any sort, not just skin color) and monstrous (undead/demonic/animalistic) abjection: someone virgin/whore who, per these imbricating persecution networks, eventually exposes through Radcliffean state arbitration (demasking the villain); i.e., shown *as* whore and released shamefully *from* service (the endless oscillation used to keep such class, culture and race traitors off-balance *while* conditioning them to ruthlessly punch down, inside-



outside the concentric frontier ghettos they patrol, mid-relegation; i.e., "good job *today*, bitch—kill you, tomorrow!"); re: Ellen Ripley but also future versions of the female Rambo that came after and expressed in different kinds of neoliberal Gothic's trademark fantasy-to-sci-fi language: a prison colony police agent serving the state as its token barbarian, all heroes are monsters but assimilation is poor stewardship!

([source](#))

As "A Note on Canonical Essentialism" describes it; re (from Volume Zero):

Under Capitalist Realism, Hell is a place that always appears on Earth [or an Earth-

like double]—a black fortress threatening state hegemony during the inevitable decay of a colonial body. Its widening state of exception must then be entered by the hero during the liminal hauntology of war as a repeatable, monomythic excursion—a *franchise* to subdue during military optimism sold as a childhood exercise towards "playing war" in fantastical forms; e.g., *Castlevania* or *Metroid*. Conjure a Radcliffean menace inside the Imperial Core, then meet it with American force [military optimism] ([source](#)).

This is how the subjugated *Hippolyta* do (the queenly protagonist version of the regular Amazon; e.g., Wonder Woman)—a kind of token, monomyth, queen-for-a-day "fallen Pandora" (or Chaucer's "Thus swyved was this carpenteris wyf" line, from "[The Miller's Tale](#)"), and one whose previously established map and recursive occupants/warmongering we'll be camping more; i.e., during [Volume Zero's](#) "Scouting the Field" (rabies is bad for you) but also through *revolutionary* cryptonymy with *subversive* Amazons (a concept [Volume One's](#) "Introducing Revolutionary Cryptonymy and the State's Medieval Monopolies on Violence and Terror through Animalized Morphological Expression" unpacks at length; re: the predator/prey dichotomy and canonical abuse of animalized language in furtherance to profit, thus genocide, rape and war).

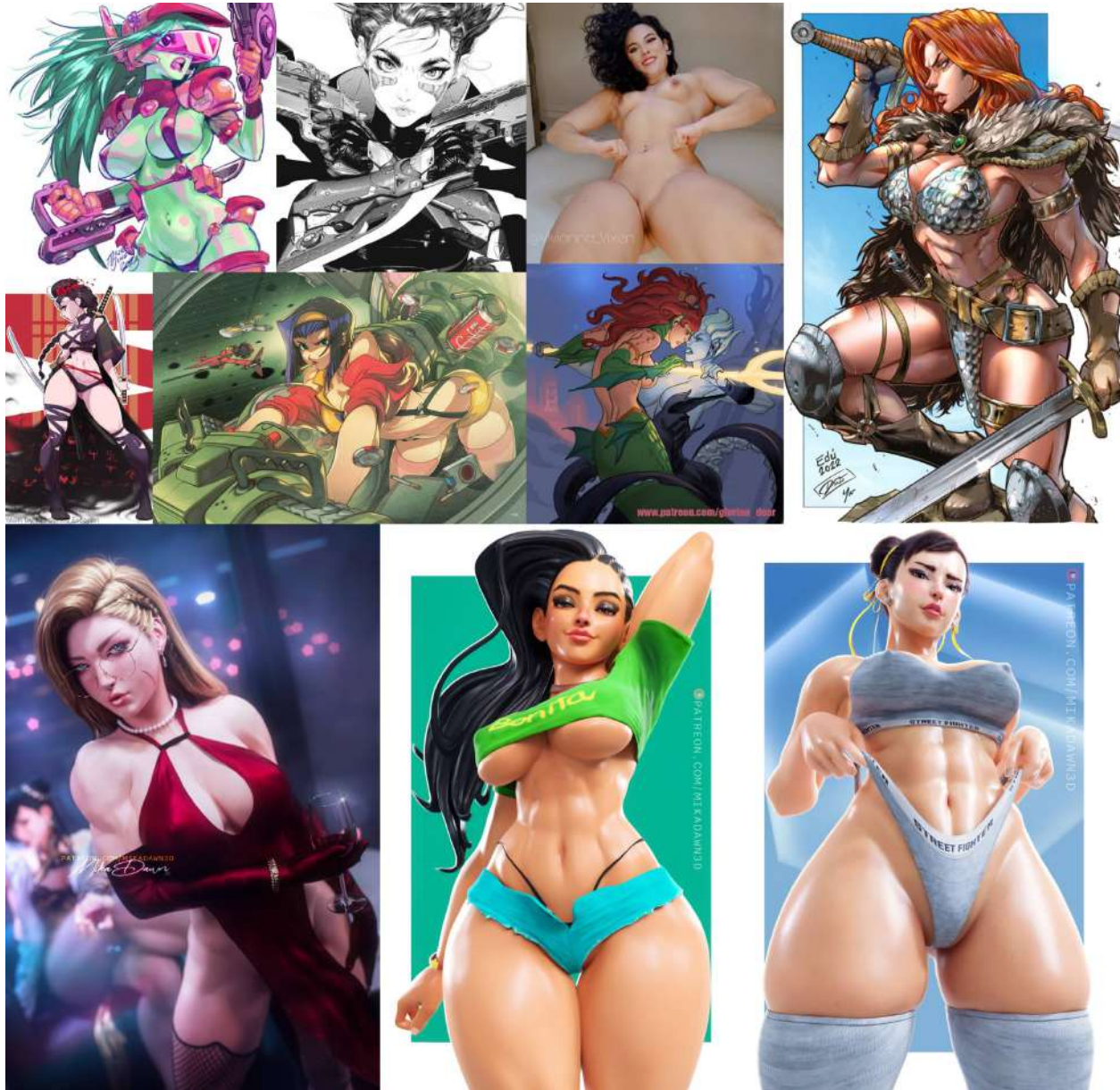


mirror syndrome

Another term of mine, one that occurs through the euthanasia effect; i.e., the euthanizing of token agents, ignominiously attacking their own black reflections' troubling comparison (which doubles are for). Such complicit cryptonymy happens during the abjection process/state of exception and, in effect, betraying their own interests (and those of their fellow workers and nature) for profit: Roman fools

killed mid-apocalypse, during blind parody's remediated praxis (re: boom and bust).

Amazonomachia (Amazon pastiche, subjugated/subversive)



(exhibit 1a1b [from [Volume Zero's](#) "Symposium: Aftercare"]): Top half's artists, top-far-left: [Michel Diné](#); top-mid-left: [Jiyu-Kaze](#); top-middle: [Viviana Vixen](#); right: [Edu Souza](#); bottom-middle: [Nunchaku](#); bottom-mid-left: [Edwin Huang](#); bottom-far-left: [Frederico Escorsin](#). Bottom half's artist: [Mika Dawn 3D](#).

A kind of Galatea traditionally sculpted by Pygmalion and his imitators, Amazons and their complicated pastiche embody social-sexual conflict during oppositional praxis, hence come in a variety of shapes and sizes. They are canonically war dogs

of a binarized character. Most notably is the noble Athena versus the dark Medusa from the female legends of Antiquity [also, Queen Hippolyta]: the doubling of the hunter persona, a white and black wolf. Such war-boss, queen bitches canonically offer good behavior and bad behavior as our proverbial "teeth in the night" meant to serve as man's best friend in centrist theatre [and whose true rebellion goes against the elite's profit motive]...)

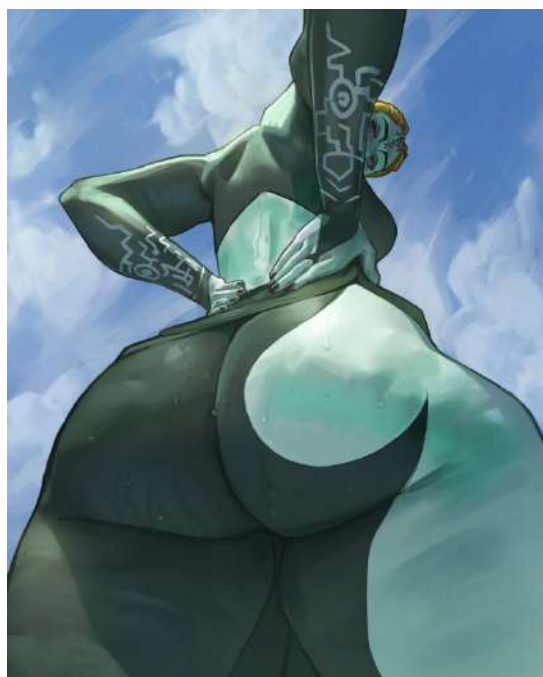
Not a term I coined, but one I certainly expanded on (to speak on subjugated, reactionary, TERF-style forms and subversive variants, mid-duality). "Amazon battle" is an ancient form of classical, monstrous-feminine art whose pastiche was historically used to *enforce* the status quo; i.e., Theseus subjugating Hippolyta the Amazon Queen to police other women (making regressive/canonical *Amazonomachia* a form of monstrous-feminine copaganda). With the rise of queer discourse and identity starting in arguably the late 18th century, later canonical variations in the 20th century (e.g., Marsden's Wonder Woman) would seek to move the goalpost *incrementally*—less of a concession, in neoliberal variants (every Blizzard heroine ever—exhibits 45a, 76, 72, from "[Making Demons](#)" and Volume Three), and more an attempt to recruit from dissident marginalized groups. The offer is always the same: to become badass, strong and "empowered."

In truth, these *regressive/subjugated* Amazons become assimilated token cops; i.e., the fetishized witch cop/war boss as a "blind Medusa" who hates her own kind by seeing herself as different than them, thus acting like a white, cis-het man towards them (the "Rambo problem"): triangulating nature against nature, pimping itself for the state. In the business of violent cartoons (disguised variants of the state's enemies), characters like Ripley or Samus become lucrative token gladiators for the elite by fighting similar to men (active, lethal violence) *for* male state-corporate hegemony. To that, their symbolism colonizes revolutionary variations of the Amazon, Medusa, etc, during *subversive Amazonomachia* within genderqueer discourse.

Written Backwards: A Ship of Theseus, a Gothic Castle

[...the infernal concentric pattern has] in Gothic one and the same function: to destabilize assumptions as to the physical, ontological or moral order of the cosmos [... It is like a Mandelbrot set:] finite, and yet from within we cannot reach its end; it is a labyrinth that delves 'down' instead of pushing outwards ([source](#)).

—Manuel Aguirre, "Geometries of Terror" (2008)



(artist: [TMFD](#))

In light of releasing Volume One, changes to the original manuscript have led me to address a fundamental aspect of my book's (re)construction: *Sex Positivity* was written backwards. For a fuller detailing of exactly how, refer to the foreword from Volume Zero, but otherwise just know that I wrote Volume Three first, followed by Volume One, Two, and then Zero. Except the writing of Volume Zero led me to reconsider Volume One as something to *rewrite*, simplifying my thesis in ways that I couldn't do until there was something *to* simplify (that was, itself, based on a previous argument: the original manifesto). This required me expanding on

Volume One to account for these changes, but also rewording older portions of it to account for synonymous terminology that, in my mind, better conveyed the manifesto's original points; i.e., swapping out old "boards" for new ones; the new timber represents the same fundamental arguments, except it has been fine-tuned—honed for further precision and specificity than when I had initially started out. In short, my humble vessel towards the end of its journey will have had most, if not all, of its original parts replaced, while more or less resembling what it once was; i.e., a Ship of Theseus, or better yet, a "flying" Gothic castle with fresh bricks. Unlike a *traditional* Gothic castle, *my* chateau's renovations aren't meant to primarily confuse and overwhelm, but reconsider my own work from new perspectives in a holistic manner through the same chambers, vistas and corridors, but also bodies.

A huge part of this reorientation owes itself to my partner, [Bay](#). His contributions led me to reconsider my own arguments—not to completely *change*

them, but view them from different angles and vantage points. I became inspired to expand on my manifesto and crystalize it into a pure thesis, from top to bottom over and over until I felt satisfied ...except this led me to revisit my manifesto, Humanities primer and praxis volume, leading to our aforementioned Ship of Theseus/Gothic castle! That's holism for you; or, as my thesis puts it, "Returning and reflecting upon old points after assembling them is a powerful way to understand larger structures and patterns (especially if they're designed to conceal themselves through subterfuge, valor and force). It's what holistic study (the foundation of this book) is all about." Alongside my other contributors, then, Bay's presence is felt throughout the entire book, haunting it from within. Having grown and developed inside my original construction, I reflected on Bay's ghost having joined me inside. Piece by piece, said structure changed until all the bricks were new (and stamped with Bay's friendly influence alongside my original mark).

The same idea, then, pertains to bodies as expressed between people, with you viewing a shot of a given individual under circumstances that, while similar to before, are by no means identical. Two bodies can assume the same pose and look vastly different; the *same* body can adopt a previous pose and yield up exciting new discoveries. Combined with my subtle retooling (and adventuresome expansions) of Volumes One, Two and Three through a sharpened thesis *and* manifesto, I think the benefits of applied hindsight should speak for themselves (for a point of comparison, though, compare the manifesto [to the original, unmodified blogpost](#)). Of course, you needn't recognize this hindsight to appreciate my work, but it *does* illustrate the subtleties of change amid consistent arguments that survive over time. For Communism to develop into itself, it will *have* to survive older changes that shift into future forms hitherto unimagined. To that, I am merely

at the starting point of something grand, of which has already changed and evolved into something that, at its inception, I could scarce hope to imagine: a mighty cathedral, represented by our bodies, labor and relationships, abstracted into architectural forms and back into bodies again, but also theatrical exchanges held somewhere in between. Instead of spelling our doom, its "trauma" offers up the knowledge needed to set us free.

(artist: [Doxxasix](#))



Heads-Up (a brief refresher)

"Maybe you haven't been keeping up on current events but we just got our asses kicked, pal!"

—Hudson, *Aliens* (1986)

This seven-page heads-up grants several important reminders as we segue into the current volume: to give a small, two-paragraph history of the remaining three volumes after the thesis volume; a refresher on poetics and mimesis (essentially a tiny excerpt from the thesis volume's symposium); and a small selection of things to keep in mind from the thesis volume overall—namely how this book synonymizes and synergizes its terms and arguments; i.e., reading comprehension pointers.

Reminder one, our volume histories: This volume was initially written *before* my thesis volume, which now serves as the formalized argumentation on which these more conversational volumes presently stand: Volume Zero (which I wrote in roughly a month [from August 31st to October 8th, 2023] based on years of independent research; older blogposts, essays, and my master's thesis; and the three previous volumes' rough drafts). If you haven't read my thesis argument already or found its more academic approach too dense (it's essentially the independent-research equivalent to my PhD), you should find these volumes more conversational and poetically engaging; i.e., they literally apply my PhD's theories to Gothic poetics' application and history of application unto ludo-Gothic BDSM and different topical areas of research; e.g., Amazons, Metroidvania, zombie apocalypses, etc, but also the tokenization of those things (especially in Volume Two, part two, and Volume Three).

The manifesto/Volume One was written as a looser document that introduces our Gothic-Marxist tenets, manifesto tree coordinates (the scaffold for oppositional praxis) and main Gothic theories that, for the most part, [have been on my old blog since mid-2023](#); but its instruction portion has been expanded on to better account for and help articulate praxial synthesis and catharsis through the cultivation of good social-sexual habits (during oppositional synthesis) that we can develop to better confront and process systemic trauma with.

The second volume, the Humanities primer/Volume Two, is largely about undead/demonic and animalistic monsters and is currently being released in pieces (sub-volumes, per module, and in on-site, per-post promo series; re: "[Brace for Impact](#)," "[Searching for Secrets](#)," and "[Deal with the Devil](#)"). Considering how the application and history of Gothic poetics is nigh-endless, I've spent a lot of time expanding on Volume Two, dividing it into three modules with separate releases,

each containing a plethora of close-reads, symposiums and mini-thesis arguments; e.g., [expanding extensively on my Metroidvania research](#)³⁸.

Our final volume—Volume Three, which covers the executing of proletarian praxis in opposition to state forms—was the first volume I actually wrote, and has expanded since initially writing my manifesto and Humanities primer; i.e., it was on my blog until around April 2023, when I separated it from the manifesto along with the primer (then wrote my thesis argument). Until I started expanding Volume Two, Volume Three was the book's longest volume, and is still intended to be the most conversational and applicable in our day-to-day lives.

Newer volumes cite older volumes; e.g., Volumes One, Two and Three all borrow quotations from the thesis volume, and Volume Two, part one will cite Volumes One and Zero, and Volume Two, part two will cite part one, as well as Volumes One and Zero, etc. They also introduce new material *in relation* to the cited works, but generally will not introduce new foundational ideas that were not previously introduced in the thesis volume; they merely unpack said ideas and explore them further (especially during close-reads, in Volume Two, part two).



(artist: [Jean-Baptiste Regnault](#))

Reminder two, poetics and mimesis (quoted from [my thesis symposium](#)): To be clear, as I am a ludologist, Gothicism, anarcho-Communist, and genderqueer trans woman, *poiesis* wasn't simply a structure for my pedagogic narrative, like Mikhail Nabokov thought of Jane Austen's novel, *Mansfield*

Park (1814), in *Lectures on Literature* (1980):

all talk of marriage is artistically interlinked with the game of cards they are playing, *Speculation*, and Miss Crawford, as she bids, speculates whether or not she should marry [...] This re-echoing of the game by her thoughts recalls the same interplay between fiction and reality [...] Card games form a very pretty pattern in the novel.

³⁸ Persephone van der Waard's "'She Fucks Back'; or, Revisiting *The Modern Prometheus* through Astronoetics: the Man of Reason and Cartesian Hubris versus the Womb of Nature in Metroidvania" (2024).

Nor was it **echopraxis** ("the involuntary mirroring of an observed action") according to the kind of "blind" pastiche³⁹ that plagues canonical thought and proponents of capital; i.e., an empty kind of "just playing" sans parody that stems from what Joyce Gloggin in "Play and Games in Fiction and Theory" (2020) calls "a 'traditional' understanding of **mimesis**" (which we repeatedly alluded to earlier when we mentioned Plato's cave/shadow play during the thesis argument):

Mimesis or imitation therefore, as one form of play, is an essential element of *poiesis*, or the "making" of art, which in turn is instrumental in creating what some now refer to as possible or imaginary worlds, that is, fiction.

This traditional understanding of mimesis as an essential element of *poiesis* places mimetic play at a more distant remove from reality than even the shadows in Plato's famous allegory of the cave from book VII of *The Republic*. Related in the form of a dialogue between Socrates and Glaucon, book VII allegorizes the human perception of reality, likening our reality to shadows projected on a cave wall. These shadows are perceived by human subjects, shackled around the ankles and neck and unable to turn their heads to see the puppeteers who cast shadows on the cave wall before them, which they mistake for reality. In other words, what mortals see and know is merely shadow, and this is what mimesis mimics — not reality.

Importantly, this version of mimesis and reality has long informed the marginalization or trivialization of mimetic arts as "mere play," "just games," or insignificant ludic imitations of reality. Likewise, the marginalization of play and its rejection as a serious object of study are motivated by the suspicion that play and ludic cultural forms are treacherous and capable of rendering us the dupe ([source](#)).

My own mimesis challenged these traditions. As I consumed and learned from older artists/thinkers (and their odes and homages), my own Galatean creations started to change, as did my way of thinking about the process of making them; my countless allusions and allegory became a far less traditional and far more subversively and transgressively playful mode of engagement with others—not just my family in the world of the living but also those long gone, echoing their arguments from beyond the grave: *cryptomimesis*, or the playing with the dead through *perceptive* pastiche and reclaimed monstrous language that is then used in place of the original context; e.g., queer people calling everything "gay" (space

³⁹ Pastiche is simply **remediated praxis** (the application of theory) during oppositional forms. This book covers many different kinds of pastiche types under the Gothic umbrella as canonical or iconoclastic: Gothic pastiche, of course, but also blind and perceptive forms of war pastiche, rape pastiche, poster pastiche, monster pastiche, disguise pastiche, Amazon pastiche, and nation pastiche, etc.

Communism) or black people using the n-word for everything versus white people wanting to do the same thing in an ignorant or hateful context.

The same basic idea applies to monstrous language and materials as things to reclaim from their original carceral/persecutory monomythic functions (which we will thoroughly examine in Volume Two) or from covert/dishonest regression towards this old medieval sense of compelled BDSM and lack of consent/trust; e.g., witches as traditional scapegoats (exhibit 83a) versus regressive "cop-like" variants (exhibit 98a3) that iconoclasts subvert through various sex-positive BDSM rituals, ironic peril and Gothic counterculture (exhibit 98a1a); i.e., as a general practice that turns the death fetish or state officer/thug into something *other* than a fascist-in-disguise through transformative context (e.g., subversions of Shelly Bombshell or Zarya, exhibits 100c2b and 111b).

This Gothic-Communist paradigm shift reclaims the unironic imagery at all levels of itself—of actual, non-consenting and uninformed enslavement, torture and rape through their associate handcuffs, leather uniforms, whips or collars; but also insignias and color codes: green and purple as the colors of envy and stigma (exhibits 41b, 94a3) but also black-and-red as pre-fascist (the Roman master/slave dynamic), anti-Catholic dogma (exhibit 11b5) eventually applied to 20th century fascists and Communists during and after WW2 in videogames (exhibit 41i/j) and other neoliberal propaganda (Vecna's *D&D* Red Scare schtick: exhibit 39a2). All exist together in the Internet Age along with their assigned roles—as subverted in liminal, transgressive, formerly exploitative ways (exhibits 9b2, 101c2) that often yield a campy (exhibits 10a) or schlocky flavor married to whatever unironic forms they're lampooning (exhibit 47b2). This exists in duality *and* opposition as a rhetorical device—a conversation, but also an argument.

For example, you've probably noticed said duality in how I alternate between labels or play around or within them when it suits me (which is often). The reason is to accommodate their natural-material functions. Language is fluid in its natural, uncoerced state; there is no "natural order" of the state's design, no "transcendental signified" that "just happens" to favor the profit motive. *That* is installed and enforced through a particular belief system and portioning of codified space and behaviors useful to the elite. Instead things flow in and out of each other quite organically.



Reminder three, how this book synonymizes and synergizes its terms and arguments: Regarding the above organic relationship, I've made a little heads-up guide. It includes a few useful reading-comprehension pointers when exploring my work, which has been included in Volumes One, Two and Three from Volume Zero (indented for clarity):

We'll be code-switching a lot throughout this volume when talking about some very chaotic things. So try to remember that function determines function, not aesthetics. Also remember your *parent dichotomies*—bourgeois/canon/sex-coercive vs proletariat/iconoclasm/sex-positive—as well as your various *synonyms/antonyms, orbiting factors* and *related terminologies* that follow in and out of each other during oppositional praxis; i.e., the productive idea of power as paradox and performance, wherein said performance's games, rules and play remain incredibly potent ways of interrogating and negotiating power yourselves; i.e., through liminal expression's doubles thereof, existing inside the Gothic mode's shadow zone: (sequenced here in no particular order):

the essentialized connecting of biology (sex organs and skin color) to gender and both of these things to the mythic structure as heteronormative/dimorphic, thus alienizing (to weird canonical nerds and everyone else) in service of the state/profit motive > a lack of dialectical-material analysis > willful ignorance/"rose-tinted glasses" to achieve class dormancy through blind "darkness visible" > Capitalism's monomyth/good war > Beowulf, Rambo > the infernal concentric

pattern/Cycle of Kings and Shadow of Pygmalion > carceral
 hauntology/dystopia (myopic chronotopes/Capitalist Realism) > good
 cop, bad cop or cops and victims > assimilation > class traitor/weird
 canonical nerd > Man Box/rape culture > state espionage and
 surveillance/complicit cryptonomy > babyface/heel kayfabe > war
 hauntology > subjugated Amazon/mythical copaganda (female
 Beowulf, Rambo) > TERF > unironic ghosts of the counterfeit and the
 process of abjection's symbols of harm > profit, rinse and repeat

versus

the separation of gender and sexuality from each other and both of
 these things from the heteronormative mythic structure; i.e., Gothic
 Communism's monomorphic subversion of all of the things listed
 above through class war as enacted by our own weird iconoclastic
 nerds > spectres of Marx > deliberately active, class-conscious/campy
 "darkness visible" and dialectical-material scrutiny > shadow of
 Galatea > pro-labor espionage, revolutionary cryptonomy,
 emancipatory hauntology/parallel societies and chronotopes > reverse
 abjection > the pedagogy of the oppressed > reclaimed symbols of
 harm > post-scarcity

As a point of principle, I've left out some stuff and these lists in the heads-up
 are asymmetrical; also, I'm not going to try and include or string everything
 into a grand necklace/dichotomy that I then trot out each and every time a
 given topic comes up; i.e., the oppositional praxis of canon vs iconoclasm (as
 explored during the body of the thesis volume). Instead, I'm using them
 from a position of internalized intuition that I expect readers to learn,
 including relating them to *parallel* parent dichotomies like sex-positive vs
 sex-coercive, canon vs iconoclasm, bourgeois vs proletarian, as well as their
 orbiting factors—e.g., iconoclasm emphasizing mutual consent, informed
 consumption, *de facto* education, descriptive sexuality and cultural
 appreciation as things to materially imagine (often through ironic parody and
 "perceptive" pastiche) in subversive/transgressive Gothic poetics that
 challenge their canonical doubles during oppositional praxis.

If you can't parse all of this intuitively then I suggest you familiarize
 yourself with the thesis proper and "camp map" from the thesis volume
 (which is available on my website; [click here to access my website's 1-page
 promo, which contains all relevant download links/information regarding my
 book](#)).

The above heads-up guide should be useful, I think, as the organic nature of existence and human society and language is aptly symbolized and demonstrated by chaos. It also, in Gothic circles, elides the organic and inorganic in ways that confound the Cartesian Revolution's chief aim: divide and conquer, map and plunder the land and its inhabits, all while quaking at the witch as an object of revenge (in both directions) or the pumpkin rotting after the harvest as intimations of Capitalism's own superstitious mortality. The occupying army is both weak and strong.



(artist: [Karl Kopinski](#))

Opening to Volume Three: Regarding Tokenism and Fighting It (feat. Nyx and Cuwu)

One lesson we can draw from the return of witch-hunting is that this form of persecution is no longer bound to a specific historic time. It has taken a life of its own, so that the same mechanisms can be applied to different societies whenever there are people in them that have to be ostracized and dehumanized. Witchcraft accusations, in fact, are the ultimate mechanism of alienation and estrangement as they turn the accused—still primarily women—into monstrous beings, dedicated to the destruction of their communities, therefore making them undeserving of any compassion and solidarity.

—Silvia Federici, cited in "[Hot Allostatic Load](#)" (2015)

This volume concerns tokenism mid-praxis as a *proletarian* concern, which the rest of the series has alluded to, until now. We'll trace the idea, here; i.e., as an echo of Medusa to egregorically reunite with; e.g., with Nyx, who I will reference here (alongside Cuwu), as well as articulating why we're going back into Gothic Communism's black peach pit, which Volume Three essentially is. Furthermore, this 2025 addendum shall explain what separates Volume Three from the rest of the



series that came after it, but also what connects the lot of them while giving you various quotes/exhibits to keep in mind (as I won't be modifying this manuscript much more than I already have)!

(artist: [Nyx](#) and Cuwu [photographer, bottom: [Persephone van der Waard](#)])

Note: Small changes will occur throughout the entirety of this manuscript in its final, 2025 form; e.g., spelling corrections, footnotes, editor's notes, and formatting changes⁴⁰, as well as dozens of additional commissioned images featuring [Harmony Corrupted](#) throughout (see: "[With Harmony's Help](#)" for an explanation of this new feature); i.e., there won't being

very many cases past this point that are strictly "new" insofar as they were actually

⁴⁰ Beyond footnotes and editor's notes, many of these revisions are signposts; i.e., quality-of-life stuff that help viewers transition from one (sub)chapter to another without adding any new content (or pointing to such content elsewhere beyond this book volume). Even so, the length from 4/17/2025 to 5/7/2025 has increased from 822 pages, 243,010 words and 394 images, to 836 pages, 278,121 words and 579 images (subject to change)! That's over 30,000 additional words alone!

written in 2025. "Regarding Tokenism" is one such example, as is "Harmony's Help." However, "[Toxic Schlock Syndrome](#)" from Chapter One is another—kind of. I wrote most of "Schlock" back in 2023, updating it in 2024 before expanding it again in 2025. Sort of a final experiment, "Schlock" combines [my entire Amazon research](#) (from 2017 to the present) with a few prominent models from my past; i.e., discussing (once again) how [Autumn Ivy](#) was a big shithead towards me, while considering several muses who were far kinder in the bargain: [Mercedes the Muse](#) and [Mugiwara](#). Said symposium is essentially the last of its kind for the Sex Positivity book series, so I wanted to expand on it for "one last hurrah," as it were.



(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

There may be other addendums in Chapters Two through Five, but they will be far smaller in scope if they occur (the manuscript releases June 1st); should they, I will make note of it here and in the sections themselves. —Perse, 4/29/2025

To it, Volume Three explores the idea of achieving intersectional solidarity according to modern notions of sexuality and gender identity/performance-as-identity mid-struggle; i.e., as built on older poetic histories my other books have previously laid out—across different thesis arguments, but also repeated synthesis of said theory mid-praxis: versus TERFs (and other tokens) using what we got, on

the Aegis. Many TERFs do sex work, for example; i.e., whores policing whores (re: "[Policing the Whore](#)"), cops raping nature in ways that go beyond the narrow idea of penetrative violence to any kind of disempowerment meant to cause harm of any sort. The whore's revenge goes beyond simply "rape = penetration" (from "[The Nuts and Bolts of Rape Play](#)," 2024) because *that* argument not only demonizes male GNC people or frankly anyone with a penis (re: Janice Raymond), but also gives pussy-havers a strange victim complex that ignores *their* tokenized role in things. Tokens are cops and cops rape; cops look like us and we look like them; e.g., Nyx, below, being incredibly sex-positive and for universal liberation, but having the Aegis to back it all up (so to speak). The fact remains, the Medusa and



Amazons both have fat demon asses—a plump-rump "danger disco" to dance inside at cross purposes, in and out of themselves: humanizing the harvest versus harvesting the human during the dialectic of the alien, on and offstage! We must humanize the harvest to expose the state reaping us! Reap back!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

The difference between cop and victim, then, is function relative to profit as something to uphold or defeat, which I want to unpack briefly here *as* we return to the past again (and again, and again...); i.e., as the whore's *recursive* revenge against profit (re: "[Rape Reprise](#)" also featuring Nyx), but specifically profit as a form of tokenism we're defeating

while ensconced within "past" as something to embody and perform (also again and again and again...); re: "When the Man comes around, show him your Aegis!" Except while we will examine tokenism extensively in Volume Three, we won't have time to go into more fleshed-out ideas; e.g., like the whore's revenge combatting the state's built-in, wax-and-wane, us-versus-them cops/victims extermination rhetoric; i.e., because said volume is quite conversational, but also older than the books I published after it which took what it proposed in shadowy forms we're redoubling back towards *now*.

In fact, Volume Three remains the most conversational of all my volumes, because I wrote it back in July 2022; re: due to it being written before my

manifesto or PhD, but also my Monster Modules—all of which crystalize, synthesize and disseminate these concepts far further than Volume Three was ever able to (e.g., "Demon BDSM," here, versus "[ludo-Gothic BDSM](#)" from my PhD, onwards; re: "[The Finale; or 'Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n Roll!'](#)").



(artist: [Nyx](#))

As of writing this opener in 2025, then, most of my Praxis Volume has already been written. As such, Volume Three is the oldest volume this series contains—originally written while slowly expanding to yield the Gothic-Communist manifesto and Humanities primer (the latter where I developed my signature collage exhibit style; i.e., during the *Bride of Frankenstein* "poster pastiche"; re: "[Making Demons](#)" exhibit 44b2, December 2022). I have since revisited the Praxis Volume before 2025, making some revisions⁴¹ in April 2024 to expand on various elements to a *lesser* degree, but haven't touched the writing itself in at least twelve months; i.e., as of originally writing this opener six months *after* April 2024. Now we're here to finish the job.

To it, I've tried not to expand the writing in Volume Three any more than I have in the past; i.e., I want you to come to it and experience my thinking in its

⁴¹ Far less than Volume Two, which similar to the manifesto actually experienced multiple expansions (e.g., the Poetry Module) and essays prior to *its* final release.

most conversational forms before I hammered out what the whore's revenge even was (for the most recent exploration of that idea, refer to "[A 2025 Foreword: On Volume One's New Edition Focusing on Ludo-Gothic BDSM \(and Cuwu\)](#)").



(artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Cuwu)

In other words, Volume Three represents a liminal (and fragile) point in my life—one in which I was newly single, having just separated from Cuwu following my exit from Jadis and Florida; i.e., I still radical (re: "[Military Optimism](#)," 2021), but [had just left the closet](#) and was starting to aggressively explore gender studies for the first time: as something to combine *with* Gothic theory and ludology in ways I *hadn't* tried in grad school (re: "[Lost in Necropolis](#)"). In doing so, I would often talk about gender extensively and in ways exclusive to this volume; i.e., as a logical follow-through to my now-discontinued book series, *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes* (2021); e.g., with femboys, twinkies and asexuality as conversational extensions of what that series *didn't* explore, and which *this* series would explore predominantly *in* Volume Three.

Content and combinations aside, the writing style here is *also* noticeably different—with 2022 me pointedly favoring em dashes and commas/run-on sentences/asterisks instead of the footnotes and semi-colons, but also i.e., e.g., and re that I adopted from October 2023, onwards ([when I published my PhD](#)). Not to mention, my focus on the Medusa (re: nature as alien/monstrous-feminine, from "[Nature Is Food](#)") and universal liberation—once the praxial bedrock had been lain and simplified with my PhD/manifesto, then run through various post-postgrad thesis arguments with my Monster Volume (e.g., "[A Cruel Angel's Thesis](#)")—really started to inform a style that *had* changed beyond mere canon vs camp/oppositional praxis. Instead, I worked with an active goal in mind; e.g., as a steward of nature in ways [Bay](#) informed; i.e., by developing Gothic Communism as an artistic movement that—until late 2023—had yet to conceptualize, *mid*-praxis (re: "[My Logo for Gothic \(gay-anarcho\) Communism!](#)").

To it, the flavor of the Praxis Volume remains largely unchanged precisely *because* we're returning to a state of conversation *before* its synthesis had fully dialed in. This lends the proceedings more a historical flavor—one I have decided to

preserve for archivist reasons, but also as something to return to *with* the benefit of hindsight at the *current* time; i.e., the ideas here are presented in their rawest, nascent form—Galatea lacking much of the detail and track to run along towards development *again*. I do so to give you something to work with, yourselves. In keeping with the circular nature of development, then, said track has already been laid in ways you've already explored through the earlier book volumes that came after Volume Three was written, then shelved; i.e., as ergodic and recursive, but also concentrically designed *during* holistic study taking Volume Three *off* the shelf.

As such I've saved this book volume for last, having educated you leading up to a return towards a prior state of ignorance expressed as the Gothic do: metamorphically *and* morphologically. Such (re)education happens through the preservative, fluid language of monsters and castles being things to return to in a given passage of the life cycle's *continuous* radical change.

Keeping *that* in mind, please note the concentric approach preserved and found in the block quotes, below—the Gothic sense of mastery these suggest as returning to suitably older left-behinds again-again; i.e., a once-and-future reflection of the *circuitous* quest for Numinous forces; re (from the Poetry Module's "[Back to Necropolis](#)"):

In short, "mastery" as I developed it became something to imbricate/enmesh with my living scholarship; i.e., holistic study as one of constant reassembly and rememory time and time again: "Returning and reflecting upon old points after assembling them is a powerful way to understand larger structures and patterns" (from Volume Zero) segued into "The shape doesn't matter provided the *function* (and flow of power) is consistent" (from this volume); i.e., as synthesized amongst my friends, lovers, muses, fellow sex workers and I challenging the profit motive *together as one*, across many life times: our Song of Infinity having—like the zombie, the vampire, the demon—many shapes to assume and power to play with! The state will

always try to monopolize our pedagogy to serve their aims; i.e., to recuperate what we use to release stress and confront trauma in palliative-Numinous forms: where power is, insofar as reifying and performing it goes.

(model and artist: [Mikki Storm](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

"And in strange aeons, even death may die." My friends and I continuously place "death" in quotes, our collective ludo-Gothic BDSM a parallel, slutty "could-be" history



challenging bigotry as a Cartesian, heteronormative, settler-colonial effect; i.e., one we challenge through Athena's Aegis as reclaimed by Medusa as us, our sexy Amazonian witchcraft (and all its undead, demons and animal forms) camping the canon in ways the state thoroughly abhors: making the straightforward harvesting of us by the state and its proponent agents/sell-



outs something to tie into knots. It's a part of the experience and not one to simply slice through as Alexander the Great did, but find paradoxical liberation in knots (Amazonian or otherwise):

(artist: [Evul](#))

Through a thoroughly chaotic, non-linear *mise-en-abyme*, Gothic Communism camps canon, making empathy where apathy has existed for so long. This happens by using our dark forces, our Satanic wizardry to self-define away from capital as something to camp inside of itself. To that, we camp the twin trees, fashioning a Hell on Earth to suit our designs (from "Concerning Monsters"):

This historical-material arrangement is profoundly ubiquitous, requiring workers to reclaim monsters (undead, demons and totems) away from the usual state monopolies of violence, terror and hellish morphological expression; i.e., during our own pedagogy of the oppressed—our anger and gossip, monsters and camp—having evolved into itself: a dialectical-material process whose oscillating interrogations (and myriad interpretations) of trauma took centuries while monsters were already evolving into state implements and canonical, singular interpretations thereof. Iconoclastic monsters, then, become flexible and productive critical lenses that raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness as something to "turn into"; or, as Volume One argues:

Contrary to Pygmalions and canonical weird-nerd culture, monsters aren't just commodities; they're symbolic embodiments of speculative thinking tied to larger issues. You don't simply buy and consume them (commodifying struggle) but use them as a means, if not to put yourself directly in the shoes of those being oppressed, then to think about things differently than you might normally. It's an opportunity to empathize with the oppressed and contribute to their pedagogy in ways that, to be frank, make you less stupid, nasty and cruel ([source](#): "Challenging the State").

Monsters are often seen as "not real" or "impossible," relegated to the lands of make-believe and pure fantasy. Except this isn't true. In Gothic Communism, they constitute a powerful, diverse, and modular means of interrogating the world around us as full of dangerous Cartesian illusions meant to control workers by locking Capitalism (and its genocidal ordering of nature and human language) firmly in place. Good monsters become impossible, as do the possible futures they arguably represent. Instead of saying "in a perfect world," then, we should say "a possible world"; i.e., in a better possible world, nudity (and other modes of GNC sexual and gender expression) can be exposed and enjoyed post-scarcity and not be seen and treated as inhumanely monstrous (a threat; e.g., bare bodies being a threat to the pimp's profit margins). Rather, the monstrous language remains as a voice for the oppressed to flourish with ([source](#)).

All this being said, this *is* an older part of the book, and one for the sake of time (and my sanity) I won't be updating quite as extensively. Some changes are already in place *vis-à-vis* Volume Two, part one—and I will be expanding on things and signposting to make sure what I have already feels more attached to my published material, including talking about ludo-Gothic BDSM in relation to these older histories—but there will no brand-new monster essays from scratch if I can help it (no promises)!

As such, I won't be going over this area of the book with *quite* as fine-tooth a comb, but *will* add exhibits, epigrams, definitions, visual aids and the like. The same, if not more so, goes for Volume Three (which has seen *some* changes since I wrote the majority of it back in early 2023) because I want to preserve *its* grain-of-sand quality that the rest of this book series has built around like a pearl. To that, you already have complex theory and simple theory to work with (re: Volume Zero and One), as well as my aforementioned synthesis of those combined aspects with Gothic poetics (re: Volume Two, part one) to achieve new useful conclusions building on my foundation. And yet, just as I argued with the ghosts of others to raise *my* cathedral, you will have to learn to debate with spirits yourself to raise your own, mid-segue.

As such, for Volumes Two, part two and all of Volume Three, you will be debating with *my* spectres; i.e., the oldest sections of my castle, but some of the most raw and earnest regarding sex-positivity as a liberatory Gothic poetic device whose essence remains intact, regardless if the language had yet to fully form. Per my usual backwards approach, I've actually done this before (from Volume One):

If you've read the symposium from Volume Zero (and the end of the manifesto), you'll have an idea of what to expect, moving forward; I didn't want to change things too much despite having written this second symposium well before my thesis. Like the thesis volume's symposium, it represents a point when I was still figuring things out, and I think it serves as a good thought experiment insofar as it will represent a middle stage in your own thinking that will match up with [the Monster Modules. Their older partially-formed historical qualities] might speak to you better as you interpret and grapple with these ideas yourselves. And if you want increasingly more complete forms of theory that spell things out as much as possible, there is always the manifesto and thesis ([source](#): "Challenging the State").

Keep all of this in mind as we proceed into the Undead Module. We will meet again, our darkness visible a choking force that drives you, mid-penetration, towards post-scarcity's unknown pleasures! Medusa's fat undead pussy "feeding" as a war-like, indiscreetly poetic-yet-still-rebellious psychosexuality (re: our specialized Gothic poetic devices-made-flesh)!



(model and artist: [UrEvilMommy](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Embedded in such endless graveyards, we're all butterflies fertilized by corpses of our former selves—the caterpillar and the wasp chasing mastery in duality (a lie told by/to us *and* the state; re: "[The Caterpillar and the Wasp](#)"). The way out, as I've said before, is paradoxically inside the labyrinth; i.e., as something to transform through ourselves and our exchanges' darkness visible.

In keeping with the sorts of fatal, transformative returns outlined above, we stand before Medusa's Aegis *before* I consciously conceptualized it as such; i.e., Galatea's mirror-like pearl having paradoxically returned *to* a state of dark plasticity

by virtue of us returning to this moment *in* space-time: here in the present moment's exploration of an older past one. Mid-hauntology and -chronotope—and reflective not just of my own prior state thereof, but yours as well—ignorance is a state of grace to return to; i.e., through holistic study of older documents reaching



towards the future using "past" as bridge. The ghost of the counterfeit to further or reverse abjection (thus profit), you may look upon it and see not just either of us, but ourselves upon others who have yet to be exposed to such things—those still inside Plato's cave, as it were.

(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#); source: "[Meeting Medusa](#)")

Contrary to what you might think, though, you actually have the ability to take what is less developed—both in terms of argument and

audience, alike—and achieve the whore's revenge, regardless; re: flow determines function, not aesthetics. Here, that notion shall truly be put to the test; i.e., during "revolution," as we think of it, a thing to revive using *whatever's* on hand: a cake to make from basic ingredients. And this volume—my Praxis Volume representing *Sex Positivity* in its darkest, most rudimentary forms; re: focused on opposition, versus thesis and destination through ludo-Gothic BDSM—is very much the eggs and flour of a grander half-real recipe: "It tastes better than it looks!" Something of a paradox, the "cake" of old friends are both delicious and described as such (above), but also not actually cannibalized save in poetic ways whose more abject consumption (e.g., Creed's murderous womb, *vis-à-vis* "[War Vaginas](#)") we can still *flirt* with; i.e., the world is a vampire, but so are we, and in ways we can repeatedly learn from regardless *where* in the cycle we find ourselves; re: learning from



Cuwu's vampirism as a continuous *epitaphic* pedagogy of the oppressed, and one hell-bent on pushing towards universal liberation as it instructed me, past *and* present (no Omelas children)!

(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#); source: "[Challenging the State](#)")

Paradoxes aside, Medusa is an idea, a lineage, a point of practice that

mutates; she (and her worship) take many forms—i.e., insofar as the Base and Superstructure function *as* things *to* reclaim on the same shared stages (where past, present and future occupy the same shadows, or constitute what the same shadows represent through play as a half-real proposition). We're *all* shadows and dust, but also pieces of meat arbitrating our basic rights (and those of nature and the environment as their stewards) through mutual consent; i.e., as something to illustrate paradoxically as the Gothic do: through the language of "rape" in quotes, camping canon not once, but in perpetuity during informed labor exchanges expressed through psychosexual art (with Medusa being the ancient enemy of the state, pimped by it until the sun burns out).

So take what's available *here* and use it to bring Medusa (and the palliative Numinous) back to life *again*; i.e., in ways she never quite enjoyed, in yesteryear's imaginary historical past. Concerning the Wisdom of the Ancients, there's no clear divide between fiction and non-fiction. So give power shape in ways that readily yield new constructions, thereby showing capital *your* Aegis, when the harvest is once more at hand! When the reaper comes around, so does the thing to reap—but there's no monopoly on who holds the sickle during a *given* reunion!

To *that*, we're going back to Necropolis *again*, losing ourselves once more in Medusa's [castle-in-the-flesh](#) (with Cuwu being someone that haunts Volume Three—a person I wouldn't write about extensively *until* my manifesto and PhD, then show visually in the Poetry Module, onwards; re: "[Returning to Volume One, Two Years Later](#)"): a shadowy likeness (the egregore/simulacrum) to fertilize thought *as* it manifests between people and media; i.e., as *not* discrete in the present moment, but also the past of a potential future nonetheless expressed as "past" (the Neo-Gothic *modus operandi*, ever and always). Cakes—including shadows of cakes—still need frosting to *cryptomimetically* lubricate future potentiation: fucking the dead in ways that hyphenate sex, food, war and so on.

In keeping with Walpole, so does the shadow of the past represent something that never quite was, but also potentializes a given future moment to circle back around towards; i.e., again, the rememory process injecting something into something else at various phenomenological and liminal states of space and time informing the lesson (and cryptonymy process), *ipso facto*. We move through space and time, but also embody them as hauntological occupants thereof to *reexplore* (echoes of Ozymandias, swapping him out *for* Medusa): new dark temples to raise and "pillage."



(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

As such, the Praxis Volume constitutes a precious opportunity to anisotropically reverse the flow of power

during the usual Gothic aesthetics/fakeries guiding workers in either direction during future forms of "pastness"; re: through oppositional praxis, our focus being the proletarian reclamation of such things. Raw and waiting to patiently sculpt *back* into fresh forms touching on older mysteries and reunions (the Communist Numinous versus Caesar's ghost), Volume Three is closer to my blog-style approach from the 2010s than my thesis-heavy argumentation, post-PhD.

Furthermore, my collage invigilation style and collab approach with sex workers/emphasis on footnotes were both things I hadn't hammered out, yet; i.e., doing so in the Humanities primer (re: exhibit 44b2, "[Fire of Unknown Origin](#)") and [my PhD's camp map finale](#), respectively. But in terms of sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, I was still playing with those things and the Gothic mode—indeed, had been doing so for years *up to* this point (re: "[Sex, Metal and Videogames](#)" but also Nyx, below).

The poetic combination, here, is more conversational while still hurtling towards thesis and theory being things I would eventually synthesize *multiple* times; i.e., when moving echopraxially *back* towards conversation, two years after my PhD released. In essence, 2025 me is confronting my own past as the future of older moments I holistically built on while pushing towards where I currently am looking backwards and forwards at the same time—now that this book series is nearly done, standing at the hellish center of the black hole's entropic core! There and back again, the Gothic is writ in tremendous obscurity, power and fragmentation. So does Medusa haunt the mirror that Pygmalion punches, his Shadow's Cycle of Kings *trying* to pimp Galatea inside the infernal concentric pattern: as something whose dominion and domination are never fully secure; i.e.,



from Metroidvania to mommy domme, the Gothic castle is the perfect domme, but one that has infinite power and form!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

Medusa cannot die. So here we are, playing with the same shadows and shapes *of* the Medusa for *you* to summon; i.e., in the singularity of my larger Gothic project. If you need theory (simple or complex), refer to Volumes One or Zero; if you need poetry pointers or examples of Gothic poetics in the Humanities with ludo-Gothic BDSM, refer to Volume Two. Here, "ludo-Gothic BDSM" and even "Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism" are barely mentioned; "demon BDSM" and "iconoclastic media" are where this volume was at, when I wrote it, as well as focusing fully on the creative successes of proletarian praxis (re: our "cake's" "eggs" and "flour"). To it, they're what I chose *to* stress, back then, and what we'll be inspecting *now* as such. The other stuff—especially the whore's

revenge had in duality during liminal expression, thereby healing from rape to achieve universal liberation through an intersectionally solidarized pedagogy of the oppressed (re: "[Healing from Rape](#)")—came later. These ideas highlight sex positivity versus sex coercion, the latter of which we'll be discussing in the language I was using early in the project; i.e., as holistically part of the same Gothic return!

Furthermore, the fundamentals of sex positivity and proletarian praxis—re: **mutual consent**, **informed consumption** and **informed consent**, sex-positive **de facto education**, **descriptive sexuality** and **cultural appreciation** through the **appreciative irony** of Gothic counterculture—are arranged as I *originally* envisioned them; i.e., before writing my PhD and other volumes *around* them, encasing the pearl. In short, they are *Sex Positivity's* aforementioned grain of sand, around which you should recognize and build your own sex-positive worlds regardless of my corpus and however much of it you've explored! "Hold infinity in the palm of *your* hand"!

To that, I *could* have released this volume first (and actually did, only to take it down shortly after became it too large for Blogger), but still think it works best if you have *some* degree of theory and history to apply to your own synthetic arguments—in short, that you have something *to* synthesize, mid-praxis. Theory informs habits, and habits shape play as a circular means of control and expression over what we got extending into the future through "past" doubles on the Aegis *as* the Aegis; e.g., Nyx's public nudism and art-through-porn, but also their clothes, tattoos, piercings, and so on! They're one of my original muses—a dark mommy similar to Cuwu, [Blxxd Bunny](#) and many others cohabitating revolution as the Gothic do: through castles illustrating Capitalism and Communism in small *and* in the flesh, making battle! So have both of us continued to fight fire with fire, punching up against tokenism from the very Hell that TERFs (and other traitors) try to *reinvade*. Genocide is overshadowed by dead whores, but whores don't always stay dead, insofar as the Gothic is concerned! Make it your power to fight back



against state proponents policing *you* with, flagging their courage and wits! The cake is a lie, so make it a splendid lie!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

As such, this volume combines the elementary aspects of gender theory with the problem of tokenism at large; i.e., as something to playfully solve with, if not ludo-Gothic BDSM, then demon BDSM through our own intersectional solidarity and universal liberation as eventually turning into what I later *called* ludo-Gothic BDSM (re: "[Concerning Rape Play](#)"). Forged out of old struggles merged with modernized conceptualizations of these basic ideas, I

outlined them in Volume Two's aforementioned [modular thesis](#). Moving forwards into the past that Volume Three represents, then, I want to include a series of useful block quotes, here; i.e., that pertain to Capitalism and what causes people to tokenize, thus interrogate why they gentrify and decay when incentivized to do so! Apart from the manifesto tree (which I [have also included](#) for your convenience), keep 'em handy as we proceed into my Gothic castle's oldest portions!

To cite in Volume Three (six quotes):

1. No one is immune from power as a structure in service to the elite, but it *can* be resisted in service to labor. However things reduce, division serves profit, and anything that serves profit, while predatory and unequal, can be critiqued per the elite's usual trifectas, attempted monopolies (violence, terror and monsters), and qualities of capital (Cartesian, settler-colonial, heteronormative); i.e., as it sexualizes everything only to gentrify/tokenize and decay over and over and over while *defending* the state. Per Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism, intersectional solidarity does *not* serve profit regardless of the variables at play (an inverse of the listed qualities, above). There's several dialectical-material binaries, but loads of grey area. The only way to distinguish this from that between the constants and variables *is* to play with them in ways that distribute as a matter of privilege and oppression; i.e., what we're born into: prisons, settler colonies, empire ([source](#): "Back to the Necropolis," 2024).



[artist: Zdzisław Beksiński]

2. White or not, the middle class are the gatekeepers of capital and its nuclear-familial design, and allow for various marginalized concessions of "representation" that eventually disappear when fascist power is formally attained; i.e., the state finally entering a "rabid" state only to be put down by another state not yet in decay to the same extent; e.g., America vs Nazi Germany [...] At home and abroad, American Liberalism [and the middle class] always decay fascistically into darker versions of itself that self-defend until total collapse trying to decay into fresh forms of the same-old inequality

under Imperialism—i.e., America's true purpose (Cartesian exploitation) projected onto Nazi Germany as the "only" Nazis in town, despite America being the breeding ground for fascism having inspired others since the late 1800s: as *the* global economic superpower!

China's recent developments are changing this hegemony and the chickens are already coming home to roost; i.e., token, corporatized arbitration of Imperialism-in-crisis in ways America cannot stop, no matter how many female and non-white girl bosses they turn into unironic Amazons, vampires, Medusa, etc! "Home" as a fatal portrait will decay until it eats itself, specifically the next-in-line. Our rights are stripped down and eaten by the state until our right to exist becomes anathema, zombie-like. Then the state dies. Until then, the state is always "in danger" as something to abject onto labor threatening the nuclear families of the middle class; rinse and repeat ([source](#): "Back to the Necropolis," 2024).

3. Per Volume Zero, fascists will predictably respond with deception and violence; i.e., acting "oppressed" when we "break" (critique/revolutionize) their canonical masks and monstrous toys (all heroes are monsters). As such, weird canonical nerds *will* respond with Man Box/"prison sex" behaviors tied to the profit motive: **open aggression**, **condescension**, **reactionary indignation** and **DARVO**. This applies to film critics, speedrunners, cosplayers, and basically any form of content/media you could think of/up regarding consumption, creation or privatization. [...] Nazis defend Nazis, and Nazis (token or not) defend *capital*. Listen to the stink they pitch and expose them as you do—with your Aegis! They won't be able to resist tone-policing or otherwise attacking Medusa out in the open, but won't be able to harm you if you flash behind buffers (which the Internet provides, sex work being so taboo *and* commercialized that it becomes hard for fascists [or sex workers] to talk about at all because bare-and-exposed forms aren't "ad friendly" but, for us, become a place to congregate and confer); e.g., Fired Up Stilettos, below, fighting for the decriminalization of sex work (sloganizing "stripping doesn't equal consent" and "tip me" through them using their bodies to advertise inclusive graffiti/billboard activism); i.e., actual guerrillas out-maneuvering the clumsy imperial pig playing "guerilla" themselves ([source](#): "'Death by Snu-Snu!': From Herbos to Himbos, part 2," 2024).

4. Hell, as I've said, is always a place on Earth⁴²; i.e., from "Transylvania" in quotes to Palestine and neighboring territories of conquest defended by state

⁴² Re (from Volume Zero): Under Capitalist Realism, Hell is a place that always appears on Earth [or an Earth- like double]—a black fortress threatening state hegemony during the inevitable decay of a colonial body. Its widening state of exception must then be entered by the hero during the liminal

forces even when the apocalypse denudes; e.g., the Rational National's "[Israel Strikes Sheltering Palestinians In Open Defiance Of Recent ICJ Order](#)" (2024). To this, Rafah is being bombed to the same degree as Gaze by the IDF disobeying the ICJ (no surprise, there) because that's what the state does. American liberals and centrists elsewhere will ignore these realities until they can't, then condemn them with meaningless lip service that both sides everything and shed tears at the funerals of those presented as undead. We cannot avoid or hide from it, but must go where power is to calculate and learn from it, mid-calculated risk: fucking with the undead as our friends, but also speaking to state disguises posturing as such ([source](#): "A Crash-Course Introduction to Vampires (and Witches)," 2024).



(source film: *Cemetery Man*, 1994)

5. Capitalism achieves profit by moving money through nature; profit is built on trauma and division, wherein anything that serves profit gentrifies and decays, over and over while preying on nature. Trauma, then, cultivates strange appetites, which vary from group to group per the usual privileges and oppression as intersecting differently per case; i.e., psychosexual trauma (the regulation of state sex, terror and force) and feeding in decay but also shapeshifting and knowledge exchange *vis-à-vis* nature as monstrous-feminine: something to destroy by the state or defend from it using the same aesthetics. [...] To avoid war and rape as system harm/generational trauma and stolen generations, etc, we must learn from the dead as something we embody through our Wisdom of the Ancients. Like a Gothic heroine in a castle, the liberatory ideal is exploration leading deeper inside—to heal from police atrocities, tokenistic exploitation, and compelled perversions occurring through feminism and genderqueer politics (and other minorities) in decay

hauntology of war as a repeatable, monomythic excursion—a franchise to subdue during military optimism sold as a childhood exercise towards "playing war" in fantastical forms; e.g., *Castlevania* or *Metroid*. Conjure a Radcliffian menace inside the Imperial Core, then meet it with American force ([source](#): "Scouting the Field").

(e.g., TERFs, queer and Afromnormativity, Zionism, etc), and genocide, *et al* ([source](#): "A Cruel Angel's (Modular) Thesis," 2024).

6. Specifically keep the previous module thesis argument in mind, as I won't have time to set it up and stress it neatly per monster type as *either undead or demonic animals* [...] As such, *bearing pain* and *feeding* or *transformation* and knowledge/power *exchange* is anisotropic is anisotropic in animalized language; trauma makes us decay/corrupt as monstrous-feminine or fascist (token or not), albeit in ways that cause us to develop undead/demonic feeding habits that are some degree sex-positive or sex-coercive. It's seldom clean, too, lurking in the odd grey area of the theatre stage and monster costume. Nor are these forces unique to neoliberal Capitalism, with past poets closer to death, rape and raw sexuality in ways we're alienated from now (save in fetishized forms that serve profit). Hauntology lets us brush up with the past as nostalgic in ways that never existed *and* push towards Communism as aborted by capital/the project of abjection (and other Gothic theories).

You've probably noticed the expanding of said thesis to including undead and demonic elements over the course of the volume; this trend will only continue when we look at the creative successes of proletarian praxis (and sex, gender and identity-as-performance in Volume Three when combating tokenism) [[source](#): Call of the Wild; or Sex Education: Transforming the World through the Trans, Intersex and Non-binary Mode of Being," 2025].

These are various quotes/thesis elements that I selected arbitrarily when originally writing this new opening to Volume Three; re: six months ago; i.e., elements that stress variables tied to tokenism as a force to beware *and* combat while embodying Medusa: as someone to double based on *prior* Venus twins. I won't stress any of these quotes, here, because they were written after this book volume was; I simply want you to have access to several on top of the explanations I just gave, with Nyx's help. Of course, feel free to access *all* the book volumes and use whatever quotes or exhibits that you like; I just found these ones to be especially germane to the Praxis Volume, in hindsight—i.e., as thesis arguments wrote afterwards based on this older groundwork I'd previously laid for such things and returned to, with a basket thereof: of quotes, exhibits, and a historic backlog of thesis material while returning to where it all started (and will start again, again, again...).

The beauty of any thesis statement, then, is being able to go into an older corpus and modify it, yet spear a follow-through that endures across time insofar as liberation and revenge play out. For instance, the core, paragraph-sized goal of my project—[the series abstract](#) and breaking Capitalist Realism on the Aegis—has

remained relatively constant over a million-plus words, but the thesis (skeleton) of Volume One and Volume Two's bodies are things I've been able to revisit after a relative amount of time *away* from the drawing board.

In short, we workers can sexualize things, too, but also reinforce them in our daily lives. As such, I was able to "Wolverine" my arguments, steelmanning them (therefore Medusa) by replacing the regular bones with sturdier forms. This is standard practice in thesis writing and something I had I learned gradually over time; i.e., by constantly returning *to* my older work, mid-reflection, effectively studying the Medusa *while* dancing with her *as* holistic study! With Volume Two, part two, for example, I didn't *have* to embark upon additional thesis work; re: "[Our Sweet Revenge; or, Being Ourselves While Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)" (which Nyx [who loves anal sex and Amazonian theatrics] also appeared in, below); i.e., any more than I *have* to reflect on it again, here, during holistic study as I have done, have done, have done, mid-*Amazonomachia*. I just like doing it; Amazons rock and teaching with them is fun *and* effective.

Past and present, then, I have *routinely* figured I "might as well"; i.e., given my already having written three books before returning to this one! Each and every time, it seemed like a waste *not* to; i.e., especially when I *had* the time, resources and expertise under my belt, but also a wide group of friends to camp canon with; re: like Nyx, who I feature in "Rape Reprise" when talking about the whore's revenge against tokenism policing nature; i.e., their "Aegis" personifies Medusa *as* I worship her to subvert the usual subjugation Amazons are forced to suffer and reenact! Anal back = land back as a matter of reclaimed labor through ludo-Gothic BDSM putting "rape" (ergo violence, terror and monsters) in quotes! None of this aims to confuse anyone for the Cause, instead being provided for your benefit—as a



visual aid/stimulant, but also teaching device with cryptonymic potential (re: "[pussy on the chainwax](#)")! Canon *needs* to be camped *through* what it controls; i.e., through sex with force out the Imperium of Antiquity into "antique" derelicts. What photos we leave behind are puzzles to teach with, as such. So stare and tremble!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

To this, I wanted to cement the usual dualistic parallels, mid-Mandelbrot, but also expand on them heaven-in-a-wild-flower to account for diversity as a vital component to Gothic Communism: intersectional solidarity as a holistic response to challenging profit

alienizing its usual whores to seek revenge *against* (re: those "of nature" to *modular* persecutorial degrees; e.g., [witches, vampires and goblins](#), among others). Camping capital can't really be done by going "bare bones," so I used Volume Three's "children" to build more monsters in different chapters, symposiums and essays; i.e., those that make up Volumes Zero through Two—not just a pearl, but a *black* pearl dense with dark data and murky origins (systemic redundancy being the key to survival, mid-passage)!

By comparison, Volume Three—as I have repeatedly explained, here and elsewhere—is largely the grain of sand *before* the pearl was created. Hindsight remains, of course, but referring to the ghostly essence of what eventually crystalized *into* the rest of my book series *is* important: it's largely how you'll be



working within the mode, yourselves; i.e., how I did *before* I wrote my PhD, manifesto, and Monster Volume, as well as anything that comes after *Sex Positivity* when leaving it behind for *you* to find! "Look on *our* Works, ye Mighty!" Savor us!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

To it, everything above amounts to reference material that came afterwards, and which *you* can use, moving forwards while coming yourselves; i.e., when performing and reflecting on your own proletarian praxis synthesizing mine into something closer to Gothic Communism: than I (or my friends) could manage before you. Use what remains to code

your future corpses, loading their photographic likenesses with fresh data!

Rome wasn't burned in day. Nor was capital, In keeping with my core areas of research, its transformation could occur through speedrunning and [Metroidvania](#)—meaning expressed in monomyth poetics/the Promethean Quest's usual exchanges, and in ways where my opinions gradually changed over time (re: "[Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning](#)," 2025)—or it could be straight-up sex

work mid-[ludo-Gothic BDSM](#) versus forms of sex work that tie into sex minus overt sexual activity. Regardless, form is secondary to function; re: flow determines function, not aesthetics. That's how challenging tokenism works and why repeatedly returning to past ideas (and states of reflection) remains vital when reviving the Medusa as a sex-*positive* force; i.e., not a subjugated Amazon, but a subversive one! And yet, doing becomes a constant state of transition—something to roll in the hay (or around on the floor) with while passing whatever data on that you're able to impart: the Medusas of today wear boy shorts, nerdy glasses and little pink fuck-me boots!

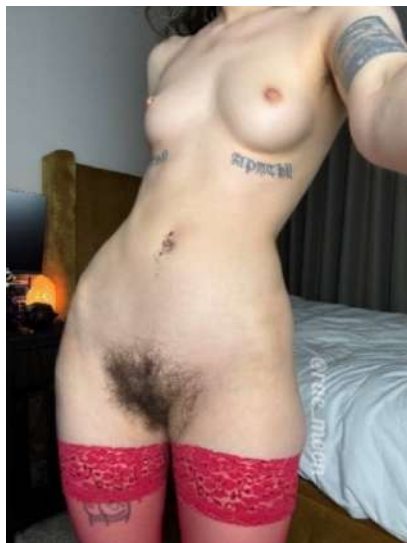


(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Ergo, Volume Three picks up the slack, but also *is* the slack; re: the spectres of the proverbial "past" as both younger and older than us, melting inside Medusa's cauldron to make said past gayer than Marx did (with me learning from Cuwu despite them being younger than me and Marxist-Leninist, and them learning from me despite me being older than them and an-Com, above). Humanity isn't

parthenogenic, and never really "gets old" under such bio-mechanical modes of exchange; i.e., from the sense-and-sensibility psychomachia of master and apprentice to model and muse, it takes two (or more) to tango—and for which Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism is social-sexual, and rebellion more broadly a famously horrendous mess because of it: while passing past knowledge down, meaning "as divided by capital" and reflective of that division in black/white language (e.g., virgin/whore) entering the usual grey areas! Time, as Bakhtin explained per the Gothic chronotope, *is* organic. To look on the past as the Gothic do means to revive it per the legends and language of power and death in duality (re: dynastic primacy and hereditary rites on/off the fatal portrait)! Such is how Cuwu and I did it, or Nyx and I, or anyone else breaking state tools (thus monopolies) with their own bodies together or separate from myself. It all goes into the same cosmic cum dumpster.

I think you get the gist. Before we proceed, though, let me grant a couple last-minute points to consider when penetrating the egg (four pages). Whatever the media, rape *is* profit under Capitalism, which relies not just on predation, but *community silence* to continue itself in bad copies practicing falsehoods *for* the state; e.g., speedrunning as white, male and cis-het extending to [streaming platform Kick's Nazi pedophile problem](#) but [also streamers like Dr. Disrespect](#)⁴³ protected by the system; i.e., like the black penitents from Ann Radcliffe's novels (more on streamers when we look at weird canonical nerds like Caleb Hart, Ian Kochinski and Man Box culture, in Chapter Four). So when you're playing with rape, you must remember you're playing with power as something to revisit and alter *for* workers' benefit, aggregating on *their* behalf (the tradition of all dead *whore's from* past generations, Marx; re: "[The Eighteenth Brumaire](#)"): while facing the system aggregating self-righteously against you; i.e., the state employing DARVO and obscurantism in defense of profit, but also literally [killing the whistleblower](#) (Second



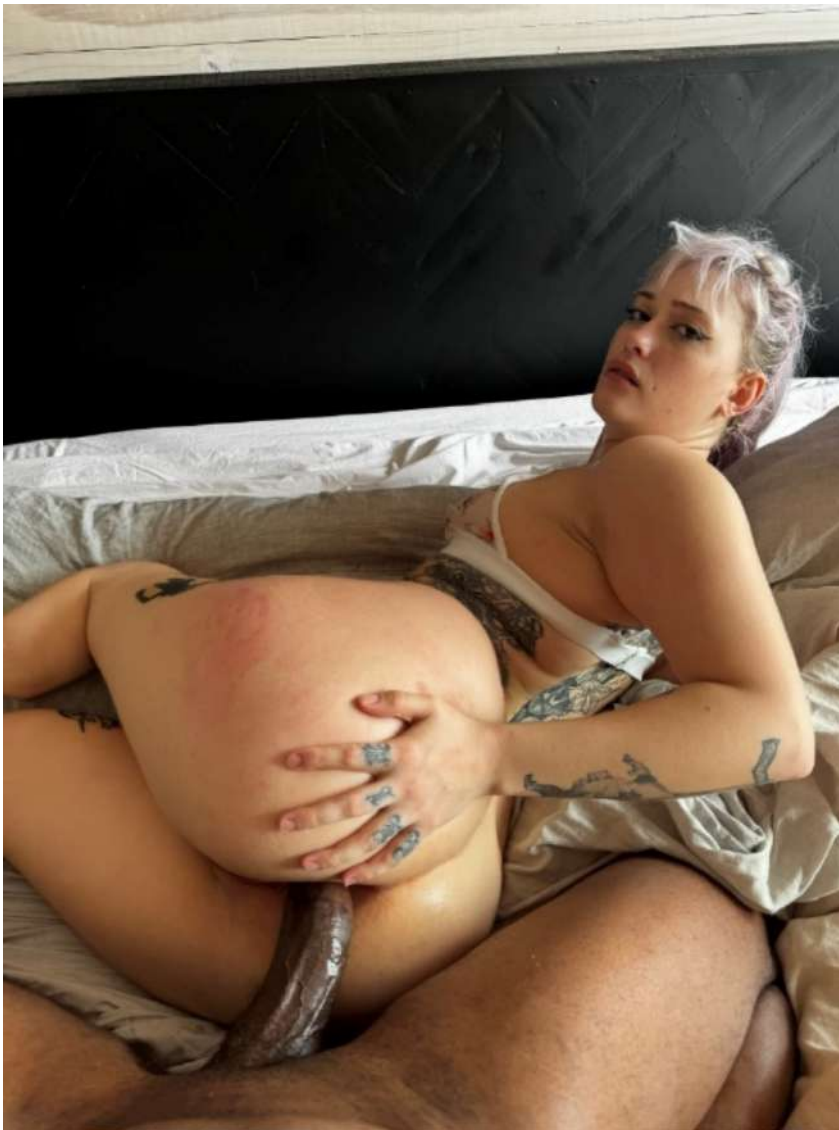
Thought's "We All Know It's Happening," 2024) and always while saying "think of the women and children!" The state and its territories become, to it, an unweeded garden grown to seed, thus something for the state to "weed" while keeping its pimp-like hold on things in ways that tokenize and resist tokenization in equal measure:

(artist: [Rae Moon](#))

Simply put, profit defends itself, thus rape through violence and lies, but also costumes, bodies and masks; i.e., per my PhD thesis statement,

⁴³ Hasan Abi's "Kick Is Falling Apart" (2024) and "Why Dr. Disrespect Was Banned" (2023).

[Capitalism sexualizes everything](#)—doing so by tokenizing outwards to police and harvest labor through nature-as-monstrous-feminine; e.g., hairy pussies (above). In turn, those touched by trauma tend to advertise it (that "goth" look) as something to play with, weird attracting weird. This includes playing with our abusers' terror weapons; i.e., as things to reclaim through our own cryptonymy's masks and costumes, boundaries and barriers; re: during the whore's paradox/the paradox of rape unfolding while playing with "rape" in quotes; re: the anal Amazon thesis being "land back" and "body back" by taking our labor and rights back from the state per the whore's revenge against profit (from the Demon Module):



(artist: [Aria Rain](#))

First, capital sexualizes everything to rape nature in *modular* terror language, including Amazons and anal; i.e., the world under Capitalism arranges

heteronormatively in *service* to capital, whose Cartesian/settler-colonial structure rapes nature through said language; e.g., Amazons being used classically to *control* women by Ancient Athenians, not free them; re (from a few pages back): "The state controls sex and gender in monstrous-feminine language because these are where power (and trauma) are found [...] their ideas of power revolve around ideas of state revenge *also* dressed up: the pimp dominating nature-as-monstrous-feminine, doubling and dominating it through tokenized double standards; e.g., anal sex [and Amazons]." The state only tolerates the problematic love of Amazons and anal when their challenge (to the ancient canonical laws) is nominal; i.e., provided their counterfeits serve profit in *canonical* terror language that *further*s abjection. As something to combine, but also canonize in different performances, anal is a place and parlance of trauma to give and receive through tokenized enforcers dressed up as warriors—Amazons being a half-real theatrical device forever trapped between genuine rebellion and false, targeting vulnerable body parts in vulnerable areas (e.g., the bathroom). Things like Amazons and anal, then, become canonically binarized to best give or receive state force (mainly police violence) pursuant to profit. To challenge profit and Capitalist Realism on and offstage, workers must camp state terror inside of itself—anisotropically with Amazons and anal to *reverse* terror/counterterror with subversive irony during liminal expression ([source](#): "Our Sweet Revenge; or, Being Ourselves While Reclaiming Anal Rape, mid-*Amazonomachia*," 2024).

Literal assholes aside, such forbidden zones extend readily enough to overlapping persecution networks pursuant to blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts; re: profit achieved via Cartesian thought, heteronormativity *and* settler colonialism (and [other state tools](#)) enforcing the ancient canonical laws *into* the nuclear model—i.e., as it *currently* exists, post-Rome but haunted by "Rome" as hauntologically something to quell or revive—among other modular-yet-intersecting forms of persecution language: monsters that, so often, tie to the body and its labor as sexualized by the state for profit (thus alienation, rape and ultimately genocide as unfolding per the usual cyclical patterns and "black" left-behinds; re: the infernal concentric pattern, Cycle of Kings, Shadow of Pygmalion, etc).

As a matter of synthesizing catharsis, mid-praxis, the only way to fight that process (of abjection) is to go to the half-real space where exploitation and liberation *both* call home and anisotropically flow power towards workers; re: as monstrous-feminine during the dialectic of the alien. Anything that can be pimped by the state is a whore to police through monomythic forms, which we camp to survive using what we have *as* whores (offshoots of the Big Whore, Medusa). That is the whore's power to salvage *from* profit, on the Aegis: an undead, demonic and/or animalistic egrege to conjure up during the liminal hauntology of war and



to speak to what was denied in the past; i.e., which we can revive in various forms of "past" through ourselves: to pass on, thus honor the Medusa and nature, as monstrous-feminine having its revenge (female/white or not) against profit and the state! Such revenge has a home to rise from, a burial ground that—in keeping with Gothic—is also an "almost holy" graveyard that stretches wide to swallow you!

(artist: [Kitty Has One](#))

The Gothic is a quest, one that famously searches for the Numinous, which the Medusa—as the *ghost* of the counterfeit—is; re: the black queen to turn the world, as capital has arranged it, upside-down! Beyond Faustian bargains (re: "[Summoning Demons](#)"), this reckoning happens during *Promethean* Quests from Mary Shelley onwards (re: "[Making](#)

[Demons](#)"). To it, there are no kings or queens under Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism, hence no gods or masters of the traditional, *vertical* sort; it's a group effort—one bravely made to gradually restore *horizontal* stability to a devastated world ravished by capital on all registers. By challenging tokenism in neo-medieval variations of as(s)ymmetrical warfare, we're not just whores to pimp/slaves to be productive "to the grind," getting' busy for the owner class; we're allowed to hang loose/self-define through a multi-purpose (and multi-media) approach to our lives: something to look upon and savor as one does a goddess! Love feels good, as does having the Satanic power to say and show it (as avatars of the Medusa) however we all agree upon! This pandemonic covenant is collective, gooey.

To it, monopolies are a myth only once we break them on the Aegis! So be bold when doing so, your own Gothic homecomings living ever onwards! Tremble with a power the state sees in us, which we paradoxically take back, mid-exposure! Through the cryptonymy process, nudity is our armor! And while our past becomes a Gorgon-esque poetry to revisit and endlessly play with, each return remains unique and fun; re from [Percy Shelley](#) to me (from "The Quest for Power"):

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—"Two vast and shapely buns of stone
Thrust up in the desert. ... Near them, on the sand,

Half sunk a peerless visage sighs, whose smile,
 And pillow lip, and smirk of warm delight,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that enjoyed them, and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal, these words appear:
 'My name is Ozymandias, Queen of queens;
 Look on my Ass, ye Mighty, and despair!'
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away ([source](#)).

In keeping with Medusa, life and death are two sides of the same coin, the Gothic is a bad echo on *purpose*. However surreal (re: [Giger](#)), use it to make a better world while rising from the ashes of past attempts!

Your Commy Mommy (and all her friends speaking through her),

—Persephone van der Waard



(artist: [Nyx](#))

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I am the table! —James Hetfield; "The View," on Metallica's Lulu (2011)



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

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Conclusion: "Put da pussy on the chainwax!"—The Beginning of the End?

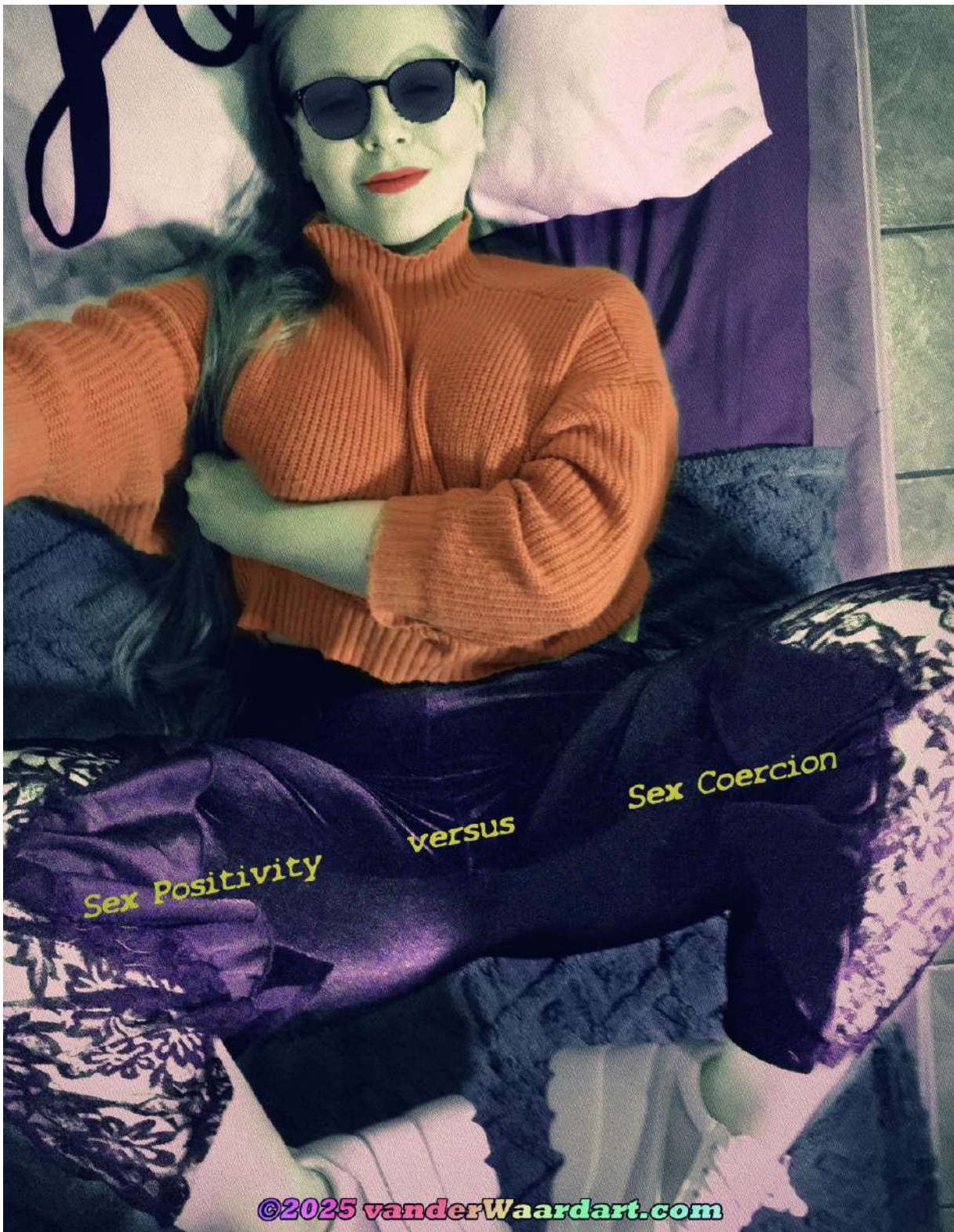
Kicks After Six: Always Another Castle

Acknowledgements

About the Author



(artist: [Drooling Red](#))



(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Volume Three: Proletarian Praxis, part one: Sex Positivity and Sex Coercion

Haha, well now

We call this the act of mating

But there are several other very important differences

Between human beings and animals that you should know about ([source](#))

—James M. Franks, "The Bad Touch," on Bloodhound Gang's Hooray for Boobies (1999)



(model and artist: [Nyx](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Volume Three covers praxis, specifically the informed, continuous application of successful proletarian praxis as we interpret the Gothic past moving forward. Part one lays out sex positivity, sex coercion and the liminality between them in three chapters; part two will articulate the creative successes of proletarian praxis *versus* state praxis, mid-combat. Consider this prep before the fighting starts.

Foreplay: Praxis Volume Outline, part one

There's nothing critically "redundant" about the Gothic in its more dated-looking forms [...] ignoring the paradox of the retro-future's own hopelessly outdated anachronisms, the wizard, knight, demon or damsel, etc, well as their various stages of performance: their castles, spaceships, graveyards, cathedrals, laboratories of mad science, and other cultural sites of phobias, stigmas and urban legends [...] can all yield creative successes (of proletarian praxis) through dialectical-material roles as determined by function (the aesthetics is just the allure and appeal of power/playing with dead things); in short, they can all be gay as fuck if done in good faith, thus sex-positive/iconoclastic by camping canon with seemingly wizardly power ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "Author's Foreword: 'On Giving Birth,' the Wisdom of the Ancients, and Afterbirth" from Sex Positivity, Volume Zero (2023)



(artist: [Anato Finnstark](#))

Oppositional praxis concerns our creative success versus the states. Before we can consider *that* push-pull, we need to outline the dialectical-material nature of creative success, and creative success itself for or against the state inside liminal territories:

- **"With Harmony's Help: Addressing Volume Three's Grand Emptiness and Ambitions through a Good Friend" (feat. Harmony Corrupted):** A 2025 addendum that acknowledges the state of Volume Three—i.e., after returning to it, three years after starting it, and making various small changes to it, but mostly keeping it the same—and, at the same time, paying homage to Harmony Corrupted, my greatest muse and one of *Sex Positivity's* biggest inspirations after it began.
- **"Introduction: Dialectical Materialism (with Monsters)"** Takes Volume Zero's theory, Volume One's synthesis and Volume Two's past lessons on Gothic poetics (history and application) to outline the *objectives* by which to apply our project's central Gothic theories; i.e., in a dialectical-material way using updated, posthumanist models (expanded beyond Cartesian thought) to better achieve Gothic Communism one step at a time.
- **"Before the Plunge: A Dialectical-Material Summation of Gothic Communism's Execution (in Opposition)"**: Outlines the dialectical-material *execution* through which proletarian praxis becomes possible, mid-opposition.
- **Chapter One** focuses on sex positivity and the "creative successes" of proletarian praxis—how Gothic Communism, when correctly performed, cultivates empathy under Capitalism through mutual consent, informed consumption/consent, *de facto* education and descriptive sexuality as things to materially imagine (often through ironic parody and "perceptive" pastiche) through Gothic poetics.
- **Chapter Two** explores the proletariat's dialectical foil—sex coercion, whereupon Capitalism "zombifies" consumers into "lobotomizing" themselves and others, resulting in abject, fetishizing witch hunts, toxic love and criminal sexuality as historical-material outcomes that seek to control sex and thoughts/cultural attitudes about sex, as well as the sexist, obfuscating ambivalence of Gothic canon's coercive BDSM, fetishes and kink.
- **Chapter Three** enters the "grey area" of cultural appreciation, examining: the culturally appreciative, sexually descriptive irony of Gothic counterculture's reverse abjection with sex-positive BDSM, kink and fetishization; as well as asexuality, queer-/homonormative gatekeeping and the ambiguities of trans, non-binary, intersex, and drag existence, but also their assorted discriminations begot from weird canonical nerds and the canonical media that turns them into harmful bigots.

With Harmony's Help: Addressing Volume Three's Grand Emptiness and Ambitions through a Good Friend (feat. Harmony Corrupted)

Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* of 1764 is still accepted as the "father of the Gothic novel," yet most observers of this novelette see it, with some justice, as a curiously empty and insubstantial originator of the mode it appears to have spawned ([source](#)).

—Jerrold Hogle, *"The Ghost of the Counterfeit in the Genesis of the Gothic"* (1994)

This is a 2025 addendum briefly (five pages) considers Volume Three has having big ideas it could never explore fully but which I was able to later with the help of friends; i.e., the title of my book series being *Sex Positivity* with a focus on *Liberation* (of sex workers under Capitalism) also being in the title, but one whose *universal* application I focused on *after* writing Volume Three's initial draft: while *meeting* said friends. These friends include Harmony Corrupted, whose shoot material I commissioned them for throughout 2024 and 2025 will be used to fill the gaps in; i.e., on top of them being featured on this volume's outer/inner and



chapter cover sleeves: to give Volume Three—which written mostly on Blogger originally—a bit more hardcore nudity! Said material will be censored to hide Harmony's eyes, as per a regular boundary between them and myself:

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

First, I'll be featuring images of Harmony here or there: a fixture of great power and endless pride that I love to exhibit, and who fills in whenever I need them to. They're a castle in the flesh, whose special bricks I have laid scattered through this older cathedral's deepest dungeons. I've worked with many awesome sex workers in my time, but Harmony is above and beyond the best (re: having inspired the entirety of my Poetry Module⁴⁴, as well as dozens of

⁴⁴ Re: "[Haunting the Chapel: A Cum Tribute to Harmony Corrupted](#)" and "[That Ass Is a Higher Truth': Leaving the Castle; or, Bookending Harmony Corrupted](#)" (2024).

exhibits in the Monster Modules, and being my cover model three times); i.e., they work hard, are stupidly gorgeous, and produce impeccable results: few asses come close, Harmony's an offshoot of the Gorgon's own!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Second, the piece directly after is called "Before the Plunge," but even when diving in, we'll basically be doing "just the tip." If that sounds confusing then I invite you consider the chapter summaries per chapter section (each with feature Harmony multiple times). You'll notice there's far fewer subdivisions (thus close-reads) than the rest of my series, and few if any of them dedicated to specific texts or individuals.

In short, I was thinking of things in dialectical-material language, albeit at its most basic; re: sex positivity versus sex coercion—with more of an emphasis on praxial opposition than liberation. The thesis arguments that would lead towards liberation—i.e., as something to push towards while developing Gothic Communism—would emerge when writing my manifesto and PhD after this manuscript was largely completed. I say "completed," insofar as it had introduced a wide variety of talking points (to be holistic), many of which would be introduced here and only here; e.g., twinks and femboys. Meanwhile, other terms—especially ones I specifically coined, including "the liminal hauntology of war," "revolutionary

cryptonymy" and "the Shadow of Pygmalion"—would go on to make a variety of returns throughout the rest of my book series⁴⁵.

Here, though I was merely setting up shop, and consequently found myself going all over said shop. And while ignorance is no defense, here it's merely a statement of fact; i.e., I installed the first stars of a very dark sky and then used that constellation to go where I wanted, picking up steam along the way. I could taste the palpable presence of mighty things, but only by grasping at them in ways that didn't always bear fruit. But I never stopped playing with them through sex, drugs and rock 'n roll (and various taboo subjects; re: rape play and murder fantasies), learning more and mastering ideas (re: "Back to Necropolis") to eventually summon the Medusa to have the whore's revenge. Furthermore, doing so happened as much through friends like Harmony as by myself—with Harmony and I in particular frequently doing rape play (re: "[Healing through 'Rape'](#)" and the convulsionnaires, but also "[Psychosexual Martyrdom](#)") to hammer out what eventually became ludo-Gothic BDSM at its most thesis-driven. Said revenge isn't mine alone, then, but ours together as part of something bigger: the liberation of all whores, past and present, *while* empowering them in the graveyards of "Rome."

The key to power is playing with past forms of it that are left behind; i.e., that survive us, and help workers remember individually what they can contribute collectively towards: what society has forgotten, but which through the Gothic mode is scattered cryptonymically all around us in ways we can recollect, reassemble and reeducate with. The more I played, the more I learned from the past while investigating it; i.e., as something to master *while* it mastered me. The state historically-materially generates tremendous confusion; we dialectically-materially reverse said confusion (thus abjection) inside the labyrinth and its infernal concentric pattern.

To it, the more the state rapes us without irony as monstrous-feminine dolls, the more we can rediscover and play with such things during ludo-Gothic BDSM: putting "rape" in quotes to break the myopia's awful spell (fighting fire with fire, shadows with shadows, gorgons with gorgons, etc). Capital saddles us with strange appetites and toys to play with; learn from those who harm you if harm you they do, and then find others who don't—i.e., to play with and leave better lessons behind, using the same whorish monster hero toys that everyone plays with for different reasons. Double them and what they use to control you, taking said control away from them through play on and off the same stages that liberation and

⁴⁵ This volume will repeatedly and retrospectively elude to said returns; i.e., with block quotes and parenthetical exhibit numbers, which I have updated accordingly for its 2025 debut (I've also replaced the asterisks with footnotes). Any exhibit from exhibit 61a1 onwards is in Volume Three; any exhibit before that number is in another book volume and will include the source title with the exhibit being referenced. This volume was originally written before I devised the exhibit system, but I have since added some exhibits and allude to many more, besides. Hopefully if there's a topic here that you feel isn't explored enough, there will be routes provided to where I've done it to death! Also refer to my compendiums on [ludo-Gothic BDSM](#) and [Metroidvania](#) for some handy reference guides!

exploitation occupy! The refrain is concentric, anisotropic, and ergodic in its fractal recursion, so there's bound to be contradiction when doubling the past by returning



to through calculated risk. But that is where power lies! Seek it out and play with it, leading to more emotionally/Gothically intelligent and class, culture and racially conscious workers! Normativity dies by straying into abject zones we *reify*. Development is a war of mirrors, so fight fire with Promethean fire! Kill your darlings, teetering between privilege and oppression!

(model and artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))



To it, Volume Three and its subsequent plunging into darkness faithfully serves as my *Castle of Otranto*—a modern-day Lady of Shallot's murky suggestion of great things, yet strangely full and empty while seemingly covering much and little at the same time (re: Hogle, epigram). In the same way that Walpole's castle did, Gothic

Communism began as an incomplete shadow, and one I steadily built upon by constantly returning to it; re: including its rudimentary and insubstantial core. My PhD and manifesto would build on Volume Three's grand survey—notably haunted by older authors—to steadily evolve *into* what, at least in my mind, I consider to be my finest work: my Monster Volume, summoning the Big Whore to have Medusa's revenge; i.e., similar to Radcliffe and Lewis dabbling in Numinous energies that charged upon the same hellish fabric, I was blazing a trail with inadequate light while chasing ghosts, heading from *Otranto* to *Udolpho* and *The Monk* to *The Italian* through my own mastery of the Gothic mode, and subsequent meeting of great friends like Harmony Corrupted. Our bond filled the gaps between this volume and the others, but also patched up its own empty places with wonderful things to look at. "Stare and tremble!" indeed.

However truncated an afterthought that Volume Three ultimately is/feels like, then, Harmony is anything but; i.e., they're not just my best model and muse

among a pantheon of excellent cuties thanks to their numerous contributions, but an excellent and important thinker in actively shaping what Gothic Communism critically evolved into (versus Cuwu's more passive and lateral inclusions, for instance). Not just hugging the alien, but fucking it mid-dialectic, they normalized the more radical, taboo aspects of play that ludo-Gothic BDSM evolved into; i.e., *out* of Volume Three's inconstant flirting with demon BDSM, they supplied the distinction by already doing it themselves!

Love you, comrade!

—Persephone, 4/20/2025



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Introduction: Dialectical Materialism (with Monsters)

While much has been made of its gory and oppressive history, one fact is often overlooked: capitalism has thrived not because it is violent and destructive (it is) but because it is productive in a particular way. Capitalism thrives not by destroying natures but by putting natures to work—as cheaply as possible ([source](#)).

—Raj Patel and Jason W. Moore, *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things*



(model and artist: [Soon2Bsalty](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Capitalism is the banality of evil dressed up in centrist, neoliberal aesthetics, which regress and decay towards seminal tragedies through the state doing what the state always does: lie to and utterly exploit people for profit. Volume Three is focused on proletarian praxis as a dialectical-material process working in opposition with the state. Before we dive into its chapters, I briefly want to summarize dialectical materialism (in this introduction) and oppositional praxis (in the summary, next) based on what we've covered in Volumes Zero, One and Two.

As outlined by my PhD arguments in Volume Zero and the manifesto portion from Volume One, Gothic imagination is a constant socio-material process—the byproduct of, and response to, structures already in place under Capitalism. Volume Two took these theories and did two basic things: one, explored the Gothic's complex, extensive history as having evolved side-by-side with Capitalism into its current, late-stage (more destructive and exploitative) form; and two, treated that poetic, *cryptomimetic* history as something to learn from when humanizing monsters in the present—i.e., of taking what has already been made in ghostlike forms and making it again, but more "awake" and ready to fight during the war of culture vs counterculture conducted through aesthetics for or against the state: its rights versus workers.

Now in Volume Three, we reach my book series primary aim returned to: applying what we've learned *to* our own struggles, thereby emphasizing the central importance that Gothic imagination plays during proletarian praxis; i.e., in liberating sex workers from Plato's cave as proliferated under Capitalism, doing so seizing the means of production through one's sexual labor as synthesized through iconoclastic art, thus becoming a ghostly, Numinous expression of our daily habits and emotional/Gothic intelligence, ability to gossip safely (to prevent rape and other forms of abuse) and express constructive anger/ subversively "quote" false likenesses that actually transmute Capitalism through its own stolen symbols and language: the Amazon and Medusa, orc and vampire, zombie and cyborg as regressive copycats that need to be recopied for *our* purposes—our "darkness visible" and its rebellious sound and fur(r)y exposing the propaganda of the state as harmful.

As we proceed, then, it's vital to remember how these creative successes are made in a continuum; i.e., within cultural development as part of an ongoing uphill struggle during oppositional praxis under neoliberal Capitalism. Ergo, its rules need to be considered as part of a structure that has become considerably more developed as a means of exploiting workers in the Internet Age. As an artist and sex worker myself, my proposed starting point is the Superstructure; i.e., what we consume. Reshaping it and, by extension the socio-material things it affects, amounts to proletarian praxis that alters workers' abilities to imagine a world beyond Capitalism in a sex-positive way.

For example, counterculture hauntology doesn't disappear once created; it becomes a part of the material world, allowing for various lessons to be taught by revolutionaries, but also by those in power resisting change. The oppositional presence of counterculture utterly demands status-quo reprisals, which this volume explores in detail: appropriation, recuperation, neglect, genocide, etc. The state lies and kills, all while shoving its canonical, menticial junk food down our throats: *their* ghost of the tyrant and nominal, false spectres of "Communism," frozen in time (unable to improve beyond Marxist-Leninism's actual and fabricated failures/missteps).

The rewards of disobedience far outweigh the risks, but especially the knowledge to enrich the world. Paul-Henri Thiry once wrote, "If the ignorance of nature gave birth to gods, the knowledge of nature is calculated to destroy them." Centuries later, the same idea applies to late-stage Capitalism and its deities—knowledge of Capitalism as a structure, namely American gods personified by neoliberal and fascist virtues that treat the human body as something owned by the elite, including its sexual labor and coerced divisions of worker bodies, emotions and minds—the menticide of workers. Although a bourgeois chokehold on this labor and its symbolic representation is currently present, the Blakean maxim "all deities reside within the human breast" allows for a variety of oppositional forces to materialize. Once present, they may start the long task of reforming Capitalism as a historio-material cycle into Socialism, then Communism.

Marx called Communism "the end of history" *as normally produced under Capitalism*—scarcity, class struggle, war, racism, worker exploitation, genocide, etc; but also the various neoliberal commodities that conceal or romanticize these symptoms (re: Fisher's "hauntologies" mentioned during the preface: critically-bankrupt, canonical renditions of an idealized time and place, re: Bakhtin's "chronotopes"). For us, this means Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism; i.e., as a something to develop during dialectical materialism that camps Marx through ludo-Gothic BDSM; re: to achieve intersectional solidarity during holistic study and liminal expression to camp the canon, hence achieve universal liberation in praxial-synthetic duality.

Those are concepts we won't unpack here (as the previous volumes already do that). The struggle against Capitalism to develop Gothic Communism, then, starts with "archaeologies" that can disinter, thus recognize and retool these issues' covert, mythologized influence on the public imagination. Such feats are achieved through critical analysis, not passive consumption, which this volume will now attempt to instruct in regards to sex work through proletarian praxis under Capitalism: a collective workers' challenge to the end of history as defined by billionaires (or those optimistically defending them, [like Francis Fukuyama's obtuse veneration of "liberal democracy" following the end of the Cold War](#)—"The End of History and the Last Man," 1992) coldly selling bogus, uncritical monsters that make people stupid, then violent, then dead. Iconoclastic media absolutely loves to comment on historical-material's vicious cycle in acceptable, packaged forms—*Star Wars*, for example, but also metal (and other forms of iconoclastic media we have yet to explore in this book):



Gothic-Communist development and its tenets (the Six Rs) starts with recognizing the working parts—literally the pieces that perform sexual labor or instruct people to imagine it under Capitalism. Human beings are complicated, possessing bodies and identities with ambiguously gendered and sexual components. Under neoliberal Capitalism, these variables are privatized in ways that keep people ignorant of ownership models beyond the one that currently exists. "Private property has made us so stupid and one-sided that an object is only ours when we have it [...] in short, when it is used by us," writes Marx. This operates *in relation to the current material arrangement of things*, wherein the elite own the means of production, forcing everyone else to purchase the products of

their own exploited labor—not as simple commodities, but artistic icons that compel widespread ignorance and emotional unintelligence in a xenophobic way, but especially a carceral fear of the imaginary past that pushes the world towards atypical ways of thinking that critique the cryptonymic treachery of the state. This emotional vacuum/Gothic ignorance and its various socio-political outcomes, along with the material structures that produce them, are so historically predictable that they merit their own phrase—re: *historical materialism*, or that *history* is predicated on the *material conditions* that routinely bring them about; re: Marx's nightmare.

Our historical-material focus, then, is xenophilic reunion: an end to the *abject sexualization* of labor from the 20th century to the modern day under neoliberal Capitalism. Capitalism sexualizes all workers to some degree; neoliberal canon, as a fairly recent phenomenon, compels sex work through a self-perpetuating illusion based on old legends, a historical-material effect authored by a linguo-material chain that disguises its obfuscating role in Capitalism's historio-material function: the harmonized, coerced bondage of producers, products and consumers by the owner class manipulating the working class, pitting them against themselves (canonical praxis). While its material byproduct *can* be sex-positive, sexual expression under Capitalism has long been colonized. Sold back to an increasingly exploited working class in oft-hauntological ways, this process must be challenged through material counterparts that liberate sex workers by first affecting how people think about sex in a countercultural sense. This includes taking the Gothic mode and imagination back from the bourgeois and using it for revolutionary ends: to free the cuties and other sex workers of the world, who in turn can assist in freeing all workers from Capitalism's zombie-vampire like grip, the canonical praxis of its army of zombie-vampires constituting that grip.

Not only can a Superstructure cultivated by the elite be resisted through reclaimed sexual labor, but the labor of artistic sexual expression can reopen worker minds, teaching them to think critically about sexualized media as something the elite try to monopolize/exploit. In the words of Frank Herbert, "He who controls the spice controls the universe!" which extends to sex, gender and conversations or media about sex and gender disseminated through the abjection, chronotopes, hauntology, and cryptonymy of a bourgeois-cultivated Superstructure, *a crypt to be led out of with similar devices used in opposition: reverse abjection, Communist chronotopes, emancipatory hauntology and revolutionary cryptonyms*.

For the elite, total control is impossible, can only be incrementally pursued with *semi*-potent praxis. For us sexy Communists, the sexual bondage of workers can be abjured in pursuit of a better world that still has Gothic media post-scarcity (the *real* barbaric past). This starts with decolonizing canonical illusions, which in our hands serve as proletarian "archaeologies" to be freshly remade or whose current functions can be retooled to our needs. For example, *complicit* cryptonyms can be repurposed to "mask" revolutionaries, hiding them from power—a bit like the flying monkey outfits stolen by the heroes the fortress of the Wicked Witch of

the West, but for our purposes level against the "Wonderful" Wizard of Oz and his own weaponized, bourgeois doubles and generational illusions (which survive after he is dead and gone)—beards and various other "creative successes" outlined during my PhD's manifesto tree (rephrased "[Twin Trees](#)"):

depicting mutual consent, descriptive* sexuality and cultural appreciation through informed consumption and ironic performance, including sex-positive fetishes, kinks, BDSM and Gothic sensations as revolutionarily cryptonymic (fragmented disguises endemic to a larger hidden barbarity that can be used to help investigators expose the issue, but also preserve in the message in a human, or at least humane, ghostly form—a friendly ghost).

**While descriptive sexuality includes asexual persons, the focus for Chapters One and Two will be on sexual orientation; Chapter Three will explore asexual orientation in detail.*

These are the root of iconoclastic praxis as something to synthesize by transmuting canonical forms of sexualized labor. Canon sexualizes all workers, but does so dimorphically ("boys will be boys, girls will be mothers").



The elite have their own masks, beards and grooming methods meant to condition workers into a generational state of xenophobic myopia, including fascists and centrists as undercover enforcers. Gustav Le Bon once wrote, "Whoever can

supply [the masses] with illusions is easily their master; whoever attempts to destroy their illusions is always their victim." Le Bon wrote this in 1895, at the beginning of America's geopolitical rise under Capitalism; but in the shadow of the most recent symptoms of Capitalism-in-decline, his words still carry weight in mirrored sentiments. The neoliberal is a master of illusion, hiding their worst atrocities behind a veil of all-encompassing media. These myopic illusions consolidate their own power in ways that break imagination. In 1956, Meerloo called it menticide, a rape of the mind; Hogle, a *crypt* of the mind.

In 2023, today's neoliberals commit atrocities like Reagan and Thatcher once did, using similar media control to present themselves in the best possible light—again, imposters. Not just themselves, but the neoliberal values they remediate through bourgeois canon—its "junk food" abjection, hauntology and disguises, etc, as "neutral." As I wrote in the 2021 introduction for my discontinued book, *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes*:

This includes overt propaganda, but also popular media that functions subversively as propaganda disguised as "neutral" entertainment. For example, [the president of Tripwire writes](#), "As an entertainer, I don't get political often." But neutrality and nostalgia are hardly apolitical, and more overt political statements are backed by neutral media as default. Naturalizing/neutralizing war is a conservative or orderly stance that discourages the critique of war as a futile, doomed position (nations are inherently self-destructive). In that sense, this book ponders war and its heroes in a summarily insane manner. That is, I readily accept from the outset that pro-state/-capitalism defenders

- view words like Communism, Marxism, and Socialism as having single, prescribed definitions
- describe their intellectual variants (and their practitioners) as utopian, delusional, or seditious
- revise intellectuals in ways beneficial to the state

For example, in 1949's "Why Socialism?" [Albert Einstein wrote](#), "under existing conditions, private capitalists inevitably control, directly or indirectly, the main sources of information." Almost two decades later, Martin Luther King Jr. was framed as a Communist radical by the FBI, only to be revised by liberals and conservative postmortem—reduced to a single, infamous speech that seemingly encapsulated the entire civil rights movement while simultaneously robbing it of its inherently "criminal" elements.

The same logic applies to *Sex Positivity*'s goals regarding sexuality and monsters as things to humanize/reclaim from the elite in xenophilic iconoclasm.

As a process of countercultural critical thought, dialectical-materialism recognizes how these opposing forces meet inside a material world that is anything but neutral: canon versus iconoclasm. Gothic Communism frames this within oppositional praxis, recognizing how bourgeois propaganda transforms the world into a Promethean crypt using canon, which turns sexual language (specifically the language of sex, bodies and gender) into compelled sex work that exclusively produces sex-coercive icons—i.e., bourgeois gods and castles to defend by the working class, who become monsters in defense of it. Within this larger process, sexism works on a complicated gradient. For every open sexist, there exist groups who fight them tooth and nail; for every worker protest, there is a counterprotest—*for or against the status quo*. Fascists and moderates historically offer false "revolutions" that uphold the status quo. This prompts the formation of groups that confusingly and complicitly uphold the status quo and its cryptonymic structures *while* posing as feminist liberators: TERFs, SWERFs and NERFs and their canonical-praxis-in-disguise.

"If you scratch a transphobe, a fascist bleeds." This volume concerns TERFs within oppositional praxis—how they are neoliberal and fascist branches of feminism that ultimately assist in the continued exploitation of workers. As the companion glossary further outlines,

TERFs are Trans Exclusionary Radical Feminists; SWERFs and NERFs exclude sex workers and non-binary people, policing them but also members of their own "in"-groups (fandoms). It's true that older feminist movements were/are racist, exclusionary and cis-supremacist, etc; so I don't like to call TERFs "non-feminists" (though I can understand the temptation). To make the distinction between these older groups and feminism in solidarity with other oppressed groups, I call TERFs fascist "feminists." To be fair, they can be neoliberal, operating through national/corporate exceptionalism obscured by a moderate veneer (centrist media). However, neoliberals still lead to Capitalism-in-crisis, aka fascism, which adopts racist/sexist dogma and rape culture/"prison sex" mentalities in more overtly hierarchical ways. Not all TERFs are SWERFs/NERFs (or vice versa) but there's generally overlap. All compromise in ways harmful to worker solidarity and emancipation.

Either group upholds the status quo, defending canon and its sex-coercive nature by rejecting sex-positivity not simply as a universal negative, but as a prime destroying force the elite can scapegoat by proxy. Using canon, the elite portray the crypt as a home, its inhabitants institutionalized to prevent its reconstruction into anything that might free them from its enchanting grip. The elite compel attacks by the defenders against deliberately marginalized groups, which they proceed to exploit: women, trans people, intersex persons, drag queens; non-Christians or non-Americans; people of color and other ethnic minorities,

neurodivergent/ace persons, people with disabilities, and their various intersections.



(artist: [Aurora Prieto](#))

This volume abjures the entire practice, fighting for sex worker rights by using Gothic-Communist dialectical materialism to expose Gothic canon's sex-coercive nature as neoliberal/fascist propaganda:

- a copious visual rhetoric that ideologically reinforces the status quo on a systemic-material level
- something to defend from iconoclasts, precisely because those individuals are seeking equal treatment

from the powers that be—i.e., their basic human rights as executed through actual material change, not high-minded ideas that never come to fruition

That is, Volume Three argues for a sex-positive solution using oppositional praxis to achieve the Six Rs: worker/Gothic *reeducation* through iconoclasm as a form of collective worker action. Achieved through social-sexual activism, iconoclasm humanizes workers by freeing their minds, *re-empowering* them with renewed ability to renegotiate as sex workers. It does so by treating sexual liberation as a basic human right, not a crime. This deconstruction—of canon's automatic criminalization of descriptive, sex-positive sexuality—*reunites* workers with alienized concepts, but especially a *reclaimed* agency through bodily autonomy and self-identification as a creative means of resisting compelled labor through compelled gender roles, sex work, and icons; re: canonical praxis. Iconoclastic art becomes a critical-thinking tool—a sense of *re-play* with the past, whose *reimagined* "archaeological" means of common workers (and their allies) can be *reproduced* and *released*, dismantling elite hegemony at the nation-state level before *replacing* it (and the nation-state) with parallel societies structured around horizontal power and *reclaimed* language.

Development is the process by which Gothic Communism comes about. This demands oppositional praxis: retooled language and iconoclastic symbols operating in strict opposition to the nation-state and bourgeoisie interests, where "working people [confront] the capitalist state [by building] their own organs of political and social power" ([source](#): John Merrick's "The Separation of the 'Economic' and the 'Political' under Capitalism," 2016). These organs include the iconoclastic artistic expression of the human body as an extension of our sexualities, genders, emotions and oft-exploited labor tied to a continuously reimagined past, one whose methodologies have been cleverly reworked to allow people to imagine a reassembled world beyond Capitalism's "perfect" past. "Decaying" in the present, the deceitful hauntologically of Capitalism has no future beyond endless persecution, war and genocide. While these are cryptonymically pushed to the frontiers, the domestic space is canonically sold as already-decaying and under attack. Eventually the state's decay becomes hyperreal, a critical buildup of toxins eating through the counterfeit to corrupt the organism at a domestic level—from brain to eyeballs, head to toe. All will be devoured and devour in turn anything the state wishes it to—until the damage is too severe and the state, like a diseased corpse, falls apart.

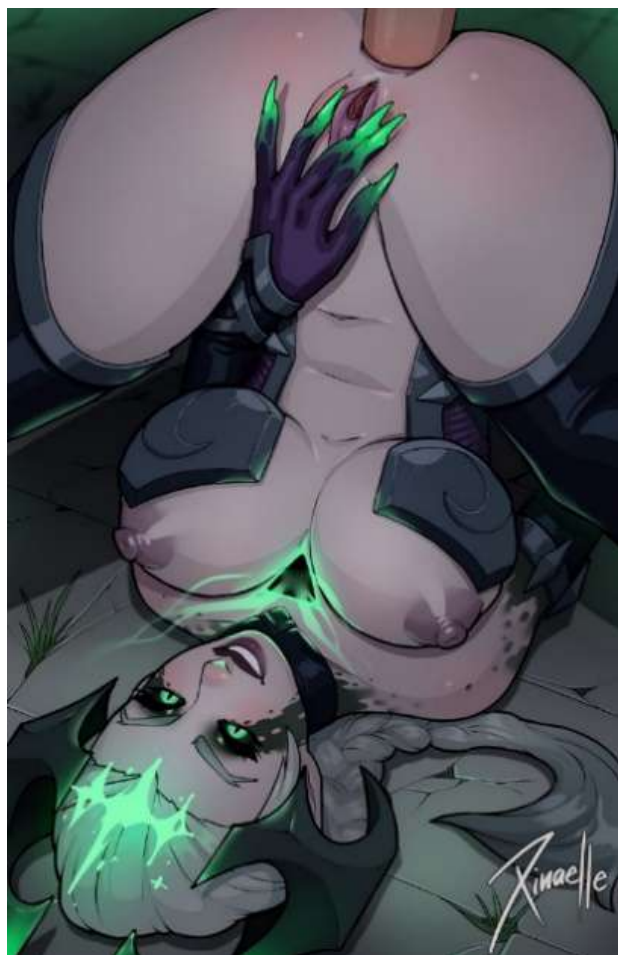
To avoid this Promethean catastrophe, restoration of the proletariat away from Capitalism demands *intersectional* activism. Intersectionality requires two key steps:

- deliberately acknowledging the relative privileges and abuses of various groups. Atomized by the elite, these groups must learn to reassemble against a common master— to "form Voltron," if you will (minus the canonical trappings, whose Zombie-Vampire forms we'll examine in Chapter Four)
- combining various schools of thought to work harmoniously towards this union: Gothic Communism's [4th wave, intersectional feminism](#); Marxism, ethnic studies, queer studies, Gothic studies, etc.

Keeping this mind, I want to dialectically summarize many of the main points from the companion glossary and Volumes One and Two—to summarize their larger argument about proletarian praxis as something to synthesize/transmute canon with during oppositional praxis by learning from the monsters of the past, effectively standing on their shoulders when making our own. Then we'll move onto Chapter One.

Before the Plunge: A Dialectical-Material Summation of Gothic Communism's Execution (in Opposition)

Now, I'd pause here in the story for a moment to underscore the importance of making proper choices. I was hungry. When you're hungry, you should eat food. Food is defined as "a nutritious substance that people consume to maintain life." This is what food is. These days, the definition of the word "food" has been bastardized and the meaning has been broadened to include veritably any material that can be digested, or rather, chewed and swallowed without causing death or severe illness. "Haribo Sugar-Free Gummy Bears" are not food. They aren't even



from this planet. I imagine their origins being conceived in a boardroom in hell by a top team of Creative Pain Administers, with senior-level Demons rubbing their hands together in ghoulish delight as Hell's Chief Chemist slowly lifts the veil on their new creation.

—excerpt from an Amazon review, cited in illuminaughtii⁴⁶'s ["The Sugar Free Gummy Bear Review That Will Change Your Life"](#) (2020)

(artist: [Xinaelle](#))

Whereas my past work has focused on neoliberal/fascist propaganda within heroic media, this book focuses on a specific kind of propaganda—i.e., *heteronormative canon*, and how the bourgeoisie produce it as a kind of revered, sex-coercive media that ideologically weakens worker control over their own bodies, genders and

⁴⁶ A recommendation of Zeuhl's. In keeping with Zeuhl's reputation aging like milk, so too did this recommendation. As of 2023, illuminaughtii—or Blair Zoñ, outside of YouTube—was exposed for being an abuser, including financially dominating business/relationship partners working for her (not unlike Jadis abusing me by literally holding a roof over my head to gaslight me with; re: "[Escaping Jadis](#)"). There's a gazillion videos on YouTube covering it; e.g., Internet Anarchist's "[The Deserved End of iilluminaughtii...](#)" (2025). She's also an extensive plagiarist and hypocrite.

sexualities when consumed. This occurs through oppositional praxis, which has two sides that we'll summarize from the manifesto before diving into Volume Three proper.

These sides are bourgeois praxis and proletarian praxis and we'll re-examine them each in turn.

The first half of oppositional praxis, *bourgeois praxis*, is xenophobic; it employs the Three Cs (or Doubles) of Canon: sex coercion, carceral hauntology and complicit cryptonymy—prescriptive, commodified appeals that deprioritize, devalue and discourage worker agency in relation to canonical nostalgia as a kind of mental "crypt" that atrophies "active art" as a socio-material continuum of critical thought.

Indicative of the Superstructure, the elite can't *own* the public imagination any more than they can regulate *all* activity performed under Capitalism. They *can* privatize the Base, financially incentivizing carceral media, complicit remediation, and bourgeois conduits of material exchange concomitant on exploiting workers for their labor through a myopic Gothic imagination. While this includes forcing asexual people to perform sex work, *Capitalism sexualizes all workers to some extent*, enforcing the colonial binary of a toxic status quo whose iconic simulacra not only divide AMABs and AFABs into men and women, but hideous monsters and doll-like novelties. Canon alienates us from ourselves, our labor, our bodies by controlling how we think and behave through what we consume. It's (cheap, coercive) junk food that turns workers into heteronormative proponents: centrists, Nazis, TERFs *et al*, but also unironic/ironic victims (fascists are victimized and exploited by Capitalism).

Something to bear in mind as we proceed into Volume Three: In heteronormative propaganda, home is nostalgic, meaning nostalgia becomes something to defend from outsider forces pegged as disguised alien insiders by declared insiders. Gothic liminality is where iconoclasm thrives, working with a fear of inheritance to help de facto educators foster perceptive pastiche in trojan forms; i.e., sow a dissident line of questioning with revolutionary cryptonymy directed at the status quo through their own conflicted sense of self/identity as something for perceived strongmen to attack in assigned scapegoats by. Meanwhile, the elite and their proponents will try to normalize the conflict as something not to question, thus ensure Capitalist Realism amid decay as nostalgic. Queer survivability hinges on shapeshifting within the very chaos they engender (so to speak), whereas fascist "survival" defends the kingdom from imposters enemies-of-the-state; i.e., the Promethean quest of a closed, liminal space to colonize parallel societies with using the Imperial Boomerang and its liminal hauntology of war. —Perse, back in 2023

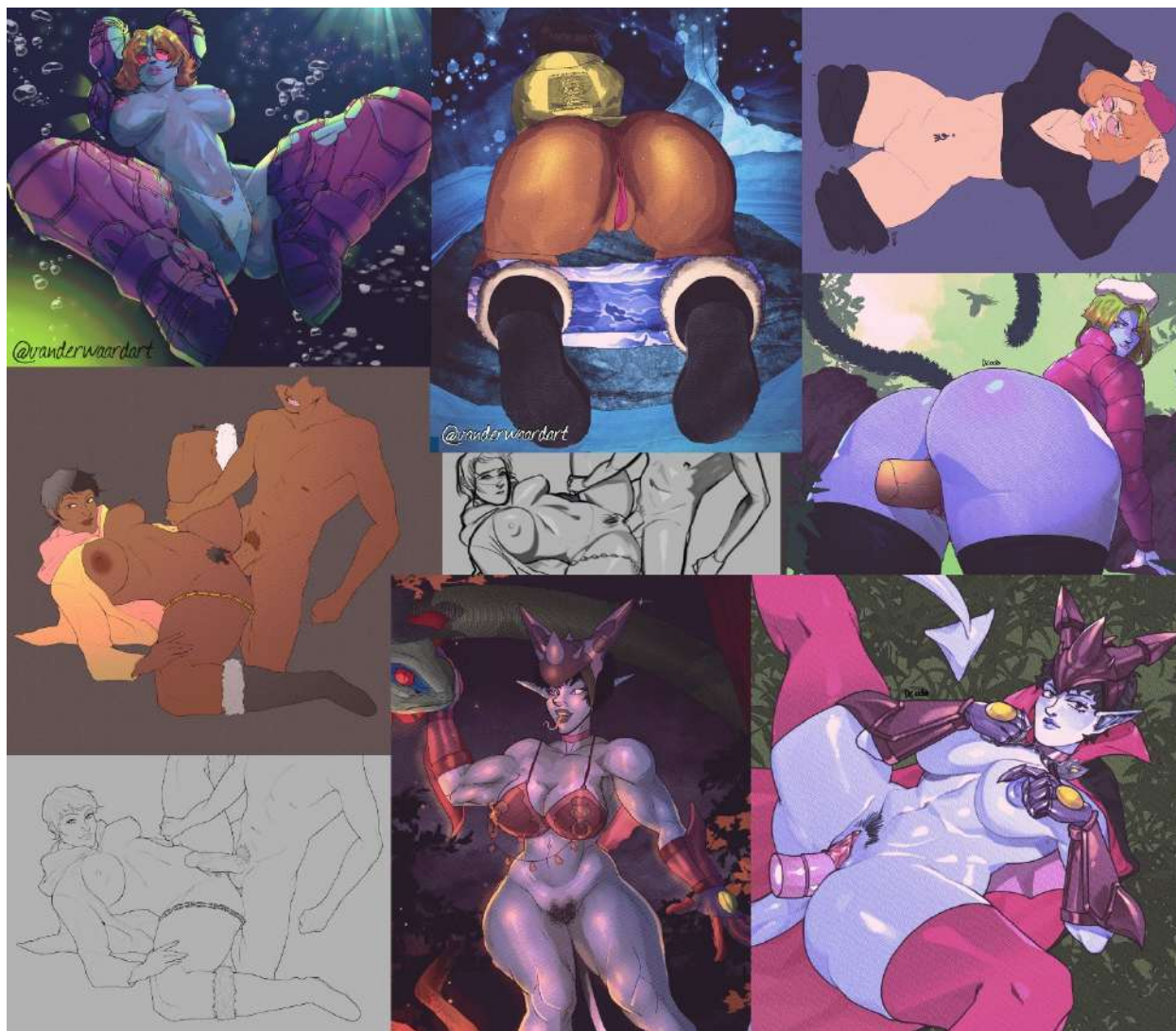


(exhibit 61a1: Artist: [Ariel Zucker-Brull](#). The heteronormative exhibit and its criminal hauntologies deliberately portrayed the decayed future as sexually dimorphic, generally with a complete absence of trans people or their total demonization in dark, inhuman forms. More common is the fantasy of the curvy white damsel threatened by technophobic variants of the dark Frankenstein's monster—their mighty bodies and tools of rape designed by mad science and out of control centuries after the originators have "died." It's criminogenic apologia, generally with a Satanic panic flavor [which serves to demonize queer people as thoroughly abstracted/associated with occult symbols co-opted by the elite and their proponents].)

As canonical junk food, these monsters announce the established order in sexually dimorphic bodies surrounded by carceral hauntologies, including standardized, "slum-like" spaces with complicitly cryptonymic, linguo-material effects; i.e., supplied by willing supporters of Capitalism who are financially interested or motivated to *not* imagine something beyond it, thus conceal it on purpose (exhibit 61a2).

Though frequently haunted by Gothic sensations/spectres of Marx, canonical variants of these feelings are coercive, produced inside "fear factories" *patently designed to disempower consumers and keep them callow—too afraid to expose the decay's source or look beyond into forbidden sites of potentially better things beyond Capitalism; too weak-willed to challenge authority's lies in the interim*. Pacified and obedient in increasingly horrifying ways, they uncritically buy everything up like zombies, cushioned by personal property whose infantilizing nostalgia promote the idealized home as something to constantly rebuild in a perfectly decayed form: the once-upon-a-time of a decaying fortress that can be

restored to greatness (with the caveat that this "greatest" cannot proceed beyond Capitalism). In times of crisis, they will rise to defend it, necromantically summoned by the authors of their altered states-of-mind (who only increase the dosage or alter the body and the mind by linguo-materially means, transforming the already-loyal to bigger and better killers—the stuff of nightmares).



(exhibit 61a2: Various pieces by [Dcoda](#) or myself, updated for the book. These include my commissions of their work as originally modified by me. Generally I would supply my own drawings of my own characters for them to draw [bottom-middle: [Penny Montague](#), dragon priestess; top-middle: [Siobhan](#), also featured in exhibit 101a1 with Revana; middle-right: Virago, also featured in exhibit 37f; re "[Meeting Jadis](#)"] as well pose instructions/models for reference [the top-left drawing of Revana was inspired by Kristen Stewart's diving suit from [Underwater](#), 2021]. Once completed, Dcoda would supply the sketches and/or line art, basic shading and flat colors; I would complete the backgrounds and render the final shading. The

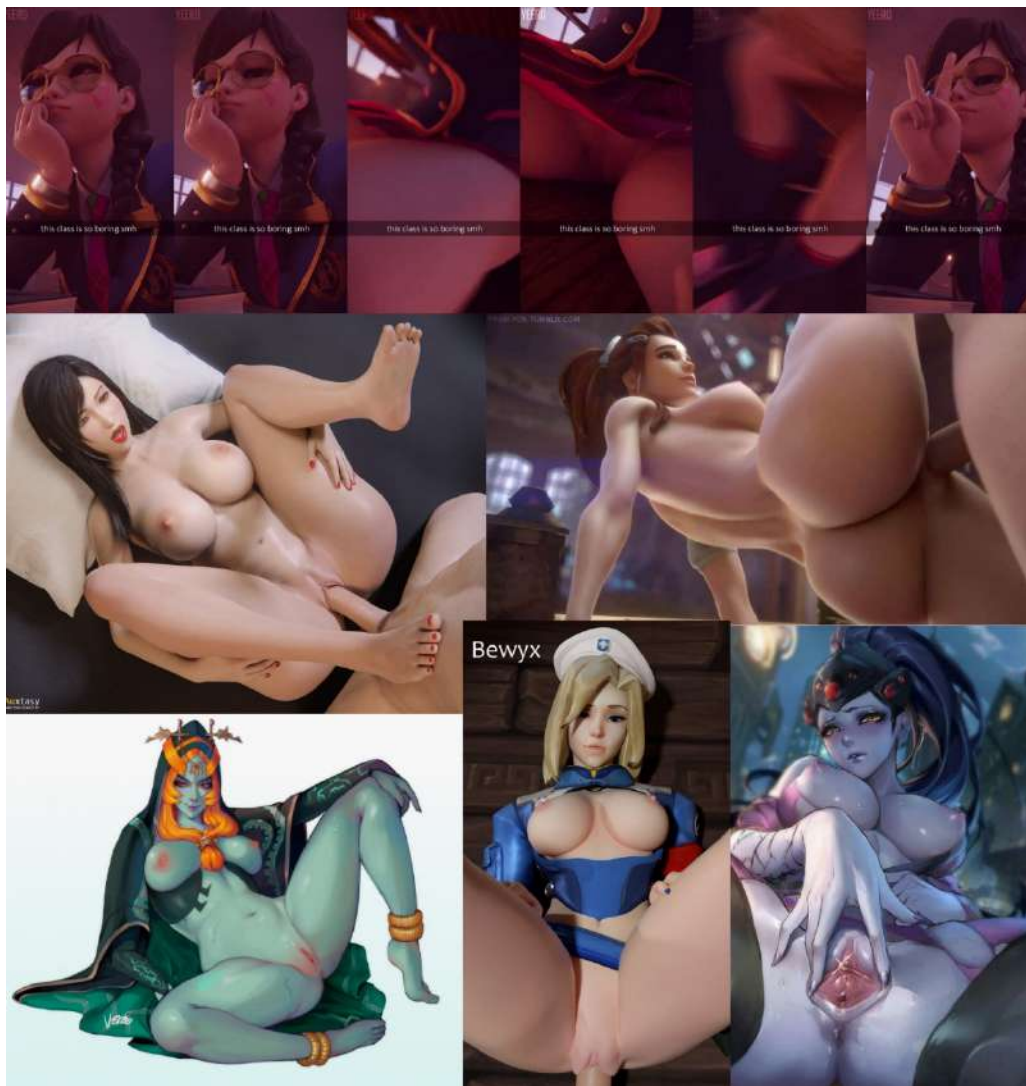
commissions represent a shared vision/collaboration of my characters as sex-positive embodiments of proletarian praxis, including the negotiation behind funding and reifying them. Similar to tipping on OnlyFans, commissioning artists isn't just vital to proletarian praxis as an idea; it helps support the workers who synthesize this theory in their day-to-day lives; for examples of me being commissioned, consider [Odie](#)'s many and generous commissions over the years, exhibit 101a1.)

By comparison, our second half of oppositional praxis, *proletarian praxis*, is synthesized by sex-positive artists working in concerted, xenophilic solidarity (exhibit 61a2, above): the Three Iconoclastic Doubles of Gothic Communism (the other pair of the Six Doubles, which opposes the Capitalist pair in relation to workers, the material world, and nature). This creative foil generates sexualized artwork in iconoclastic ways—to achieve social-sexual activism that unites all laborers, including sex workers, through radical empathy and imagination. In the hands of revolutionaries, this intensively creative mode deconstructs the status quo piece-by-piece by de-privatizing creativity (what Mr. Darcy might have smugly once called "female accomplishments") in ways crucial to solving problems that Capitalism not only doesn't want to solve; it *creates* them to maintain a Symbolic Order over workers it ruthlessly exploits for profit. Gothic Communism is an active process; activism is detection, stopping this exploitation by detecting its existence through linguo-material reminders of trauma.

As "[The Six Gothic-Marxist Tenets and Four Main Gothic Theories](#)" established, iconoclastic artists are emotionally/Gothic intelligent activists who use their honed senses—and close ties with their bodies, sexualities, genders, labor and nature in connection with the material world—to not just act like domestic-proletarian detectives and savvy gossips/code-switchers, but emancipatory "archaeologists" that help society reimagine the future through perceptive pastiche; i.e., the reclaimed monsters whose reclaimed *poiesis* we explored in Volume Two. Through this kind of proletarian transmutation, iconoclasts lead workers away from corporate monopolies on the hauntological past. To do this, they build elaborate strategies of misdirection through art over generations, which helps workers become more emotionally intelligent, actively absorbent and sex-positive, often through Gothic language as a liminal teaching device: how *not* to be duplicitous and violent for the state while keeping the BDSM ritual and its kinky monsters—its ceremonial victims as something to warn of state abuse while subverting it in frank, open ways. We have to acknowledge historical-material dangers as we teach people to not only value trust, but see it as incredibly sexy and hot.

As introduced in Volume One, this can have a "flashing" feel to it (re: "[Healing from Rape](#)" alluding to exhibit 53a from "[Furry Panic](#)," exhibit 34a1b2b2a1a2 from "[What Are Rebellion, Rebels, and Why](#)" and exhibit 34b3b2 from "[My Experiences](#)," exhibits 89 and 101a, here, etc)—exposing ourselves to

reactionary outrage/moderate condescension (see, below: exhibit 61b) and genocide as we try to teach better ways that convey the unspeakable in healthy forms; i.e., good monster sex, healthy rape fantasies and other extreme forms of traumatic healing that accrete sublimated forms (exhibit 84a) that can still critique the status quo's heteronormative defenders/nuclear family structure and shame/guilt control language that comes with it. This transmutation into proletarian monster porn or other revolutionary forms can be incredibly stressful and perilous. Likewise, red light/green light exist for a reason, so only do what you can handle!



(exhibit 61b: Top, artist: Yeero; left-middle: Auxtasy; right-middle: unknown; bottom-left: unknown, [uncredited in source](#); bottom-middle: Bewyx; bottom-right: [Cian Yo](#). Videogame art is not only prone to replication; it's rife with sexism and general theft that dehumanizes all sex workers, including artists [more examples of this "Barbie Doll effect" in Blizzard's canon, consider exhibit 73b]. Horny dudes share the art, but refuse or "forget" to credit the artist. Videogames generally

feature women as composite monster-entities, where multiple artists follow an older tradition marketing to a heteronormative male audience [Jessica Rabbit/Gozer, exhibit 95]. While the team often slaves to a single "perfect" woman out of recycled parts, the artists are conspicuously credited as a larger corporate brand nine times out of ten [short of industry "names" like Drew Struzan, of course]. If many professional artists don't stand a chance at being recognized and respected, what do you think happens to the little fish, especially the iconoclastic ones?)

As also explored in Volume Two, monsters and porn are liminal propositions—denoting a presence of conflict and transition, but especially rape fantasies, which denote the presence of actual rape/worker exploitation happening somewhere in the industry and larger world. Pastiche, likewise, is the "exhaust" of oppositional praxis. Our goal, as iconoclastic sex workers, is to decolonize lot of them by celebrating mutual consent through liminal rituals that grant historical victims paradoxical agency in the natural-material world. Said performative agency grant victims of past trauma catharsis, but also check traumatizing gargoyles by playfully fashioning their own within negotiated boundaries: to warn of what *isn't* mutually consensual through the same basic ritual of peril. The deciding factor is *appropriative* vs *appreciative peril*—how sex workers are made into monsters as targets of state violence.

Sex work denotes a degree of risk that appreciative peril can minimize. Regardless of what people might think at first glance, sex workers are still demonized even if they behave within heteronormative boundaries. Cis-het white women, for example, are simultaneously objectified to alienizing extremes under Capitalism, then demanded to perform these coerced roles in canonical media: the damsel-in-distress, the princess pussy at the end of the hero's journey (which is always further and further delayed until *after* the mission—i.e., the warrior's death). But iconoclastic, slutty tomboys, cowgirls and space Amazons et al can absolutely express mutual consent in the same basic ritual. We queer folk love Zelda 'n shit. However, we also materialize slutty Zelda or Brigitte as iconoclastic educators do: to create, exhibit and interpret art through our own synthesized praxis under duress. As a result, we will either be criticized, craved or condemned by class traitors (men as the universal client, women as the universal chattel, and various forms of tokenism)—all forms of coercive consumption under Capitalism. Maybe we don't want to be chewed up and spit out?

Consider D.va from exhibit 61b, above (who definitely has a *moe* look to her). Provided she's showing her pussy to a mutually consenting audience, there's no abuse taking place when she flashes us. However, here is a "slut bias," with men generally seen as "wanting it" by aggressive girls not taking the hint ([as this clip with Elvis demonstrates](#), the girl *definitely* not asking for permission before trying to suck Elvis' face off; source: Vali Greceanu, "Elvis Impact at Girls," 2021). But

this gender-swap is far less common than cis-het men abusing any AFAB or perceived-female person regardless of what "she's" wearing. They could be in a G-string bikini, a nun's habit or a burka and segregation or integration is no defense from rape culture and heteronormative men as "victimized" by those "heart-breaking bitches."

Can a woman "dig" for gold? Can queer people? Sure! Is it something they want to do because that's "how 'women' naturally are?" No, it's criminogenic/compelled, then reactively punished against—shamed, chattel-raped, killed (despite men historically being prospectors for gold under settler colonialism, the hypocrites). As victims to reclaim, this includes the ritual sacrifices as fetishes that still represent a likeness of exploited workers: School girls can be sluts and want to play naughty games—want to be "ravished," even. They just don't want to be actually attacked or raped for it.

The same goes for any sex worker/sexualized worker carrying/cultivating an industry brand. Cosplayers, for instance, are really just worker uniforms projected onto consumers—who synthesize various worker roles in service of or against the state treatment of the image being worn: the working woman vs the scapegoated whore. Power stems from showing off descriptively *without being blamed for it*, which feels good but also *empowering* through boundaries and trust being respected on multiple registers. This can be taught in opposition to canon; i.e., state-corporate monopolies on violence that compel forced boundaries (segregation) and boundary violations (rape and dominance).

Indeed, the whole point of iconoclastic praxis is to establish boundaries that must be respected, not compelled through brute force (anyone who argues otherwise is a figurative or literal cop/class traitor). Drawing these lines in the sand is something that can happen in person, but also in sex worker/social-sexual situations with workers going from point A to point B. We'll touch upon this more in the "Recognizing Empathy" section in Chapter One; all the same, I want to do a quick compare-and-contrast.

Sex work nowadays is generally done in ways that could protect workers regardless if its intended by those in power (who do not care). However, neoliberal corporations like OnlyFans still exploit workers doing work for them on a regular basis. Regardless, it is far, far safer to do sex work online, with a buffer between you and the dangerous client as you "flash" them than it is turning tricks in a dingy flophouse paid for in cash face-to-face (stingy Johns can quickly turn sex workers into Jane Does, if you follow me; [or they can fleece you of your labor *Tangerine-style*, 2015, as my 2019 review for the film explores](#)). Exploitation is uneven, but also imperfect, allowing for unique opportunities to arrive that grant sex workers "lucky shields" by which to conduct iconoclastic praxis.



([source](#): Daily Mail's "Christie Brinkley, 65, shows off her age-defying looks as she reprises role [...] 36 years after iconic National Lampoon Vacation role," 2019)

My friend Mavis, for example, once flashed a truck driver driving next to her all the way to Chicago in the 1980s. They were on the same trucking interstate feeding into the city atrium; the trucker could see her but couldn't he touch her. An ace person, Mavis delights at the attention of sexually interested men without having to have sex with them, especially the blue collar male worker as someone to fantasize about; i.e., the liminal privilege of elevated (often) white, cis-het women afforded rape fantasies in popular fiction that allow them to actually broach catharsis and playfully establish boundaries against persons who feel like they're owed sex (the biggest nightmare/hurdle for sexist men being the encounter of women who tease or play with them, but don't actually want to have sex).

Likewise, if older industry women abused by sex work can give a voice to their normally "voiceless," critically-blind heroines—i.e., Nina Hartley (exhibit 47b1a, "[Non-Magical Damsels and Detectives](#)")—then iconoclastic artists can improvise, using whatever "windscreens" come along to keep themselves safe as they draw their own creative lines in the sand. Protecting oneself during oppositional praxis is the essence of proletarian synthesis.

For genuine activists, development towards Communism more broadly requires its "creative successes" to happen during iconoclastic praxis (which I'll list *one more time* for emphasis): depicting mutual consent, descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation through informed consumption and ironic performance,

including sex-positive fetishes, kinks, BDSM and Gothic sensations as revolutionarily cryptonymic iconoclastic ways that subject them to danger. Unlike sex-positive activists, however, moderates and reactionaries perform these "successes" in bad faith, upholding the status quo on an ideological and material level by pointedly attacking marginalized groups, but also social-sexual activists (the focus of this book being trans people, sex workers and iconoclasts). Such impostors include TERFs and SWERFs, who, despite calling themselves feminists, are sex-coercive, not sex-positive; this includes their cryptonymic regalia, adorned as moderate activism but indicating the same overarching crisis that revolutionized cryptonyms would (the difference between them is dialectal-material context, a recurring theme in this book).

Though unethical and inhumane, TERFs function as a smaller symptom inside a bigger disease: Capitalism. While Marxism encourages group and self-potential through emancipated labor, Capitalism exploits the labor of others to empower the elite; *neoliberal* Capitalism uses "counterfeit" nostalgia to keep workers ignorant of the obfuscating role and historio-material outcome emanating from pro-bourgeois illusions. The elite privately own the means of production—from the banks that process transactions, to the platforms on which sex workers work, to the bodies and images associated with them (or vice versa). In doing so, they seek to own that which they have neither right or ability to actually possess (at least not forever): people and their imaginations, as framed through a Symbolic Order whose canonical, carceral, cryptonymic-hauntological propaganda advertises the whole practice as "correct," until one day manufactured consent is achieved. Drugged and zombified, hell is a prison without shackles or walls; it is the language of creative freedom turned in on itself and disarmed, the image of witch something to wear while unlucky parties are lined up and shot.

As my PhD determines

Correctness is tricky. As stated during the "Regarding Hard Kinks" disclaimer, correctness can mean "what is right, or *universally* ethical—i.e., pertaining to **basic human rights** (and the health of the planet's ecosystems and the humane treatment of animals)"; or it can mean "socially acceptable— i.e., correct according to the ethical beliefs of a specific group," which under Capitalism systemically favors the in-group historically-materially exploiting the out-group for the profit motive. This means that as long as profit occurs, fucking the monster (xenophilia) or killing it (xenophobia) is acceptable under Capitalism in harmful, sex-coercive forms (aka efficient profit) ([source](#): "Thesis Body ").

As we shall see, correctness dialogically amounts to interpretations of media made by consumers towards producers, be those individual authors or giant corporations. These interpretations are not fixed and can easily change given the proper

push. For these reasons, those in power continuously manipulate the eyes of the public in ways that favor them (their image, or optics, but also their material conditions). By using canon to valorize billionaires (owners) and dehumanize/stupefy workers, neoliberals stress negative freedom for the elite; they advertise sex-positive ideas—including Gothic "false alarms" or "fake solutions"—in bad faith, using girl bosses and other deceptively appropriative tactics to sell war, thus maintain the status quo.



At the elite level, the status quo can be summarized as the roomful of suits. Their "neutral" appearance belies an inherently destructive nature far more extreme (through its longevity) than any dark lord: Neoliberals reliably outlast and outproduce fascists (whose tenure is generally short-lived). As the companion glossary notes, this concept is generally referred to as the banality⁴⁷ of evil—re: "destructive greed minus all the gaudy bells and whistles: the men (suits) behind the curtain (canon)" operating as neoliberal desk murderers.

Capitalism is always in crisis, policing itself through periods of routine decay that weaponize manufactured insecurities, enemies and divisions against the out-group by the in-group. Relative to those in power are those who seek power. Whereas neoliberals worship Capitalism as benign by hiding its material function

⁴⁷ As previously mentioned, [Disney explores this concept surprisingly well in Andor](#) (The Canvas, 2023). *Star Wars* is generally known for binarizing morality—albeit from a rebel perspective, with an American Imperial allegory hidden behind Nazi visual tropes. However, *Andor* drops much of the good-versus-evil space operatics to treat the fascist regime of the empire in Marxist terms: through dialectical material language. Suddenly the storm troopers *can't* miss, becoming capable of the brutal genocide *Episode 4* hinted at by executing Luke's aunt and uncle on Tatooine (conversely James Cameron's canon is far more neoliberal, despite being inspired by *Star Wars*—a concept we'll return to in Chapters Four and Five).

over a long period of time, fascists seek short-lived, hierarchical power through equally unethical, media-driven means. Alternatively, sex-positive individuals are social activists who seek to replace the current world order by punching up. By discouraging the worship of vertical power through reverse abjection, social-sexual activists denormalize mass exploitation and genocide, shifting society away from nation-states and towards egalitarian, horizontal power (aka development, in Marxist terms). Called Anarchism, this new arrangement of power promotes basic human rights through improved material conditions for all people (not just the elite)—a permanent paradigm shift away from Capitalism.

This strategy is dialectical-material, creative praxis recoding the Superstructure through material iconoclasm as an oppositional force. The rights of sex workers become something to invoke, those exploited by Capitalism presenting themselves as exploited humans through reverse abjection as an emancipatory-hauntological force that breaks the generational curse. Laid down by those in power and carried about by those subservient to them, the curse must be addressed through relative means: by illustrating their basic human rights as something to empathize with in sex-positive, emancipatory-hauntological, revolutionarily-cryptonymic ways. In doing so, sex-positive artists are iconoclasts who seek to

- undermine neoliberal and fascist stigmas against sex workers, including sexism and transphobia as things to subvert using xenophilia
- help sex workers gain relative ownership over their own labor, emotions and education, thus improve their own material conditions through horizontal arrangements of materials and power

Artists often represent themselves as sex workers, doing this work voluntarily or compelled to by the elite. Not only does sex worker labor stem from their literal bodies, which also act as conspicuous extensions of their personal identities tied to images of a romanticized, reimagined past; capitalists exploit these identities through canon by claiming private ownership over the artistic output of sex workers. This is only something to cultivate, not literally own the same way one owns a factory. However, canonical praxis monopolizes the Gothic mode as oppressive, in turn making popular media sex-coercive, which alienates workers from nature and alienizes them inside the material world: as monstrous-feminine whores to pimp during the dialectic of the alien.



(artist: H.R. Giger)

Resisting the dehumanizing illusions of state-corporate privatization is a group effort, combating the alienation of sex workers as both a casual factor (workers are alienated from their labor during compelled sex work) and deliberate marketing tactic: Capitalists intentionally alienate workers who seek to reclaim their labor by using abjection to present them in progressively alienating ways (often quite literally as monsters, including surreal ones, above):

- One, sex workers are viewed as advertisements for corporations to sell and consumers to purchase; i.e., human billboards that advertise profitable commodities, not human rights.
- Two, this exploitation is downplayed, while its profitability is celebrated.
- Three, the exploited are generally dehumanized, abjected as demonic sex objects or criminals—to consume without regard for their human rights, deserving only of ridicule, derision and shame.
- Four, it demonizes critics by framing them as standing in the way of American (thus global) consumerism—specifically social activists that seek to upset the current arrangement of power by arguing for basic human rights, including body ownership as an important step towards material equality and post-scarcity.

The result is many middle-class people who consume canon voraciously and think (or at least posture) themselves as not being sexist; but in truth, remain hostile towards seeing sex workers as human. Their hostility extends to genuine and ethical, social-sexual activism as something to express in iconoclastic visual language by those who actively punch up—activism as merely a means thought sex work of gaining control over one's own life through sex work as a validating and often asexually cathartic, pro-labor [thus genderqueer] sentiment: "By helping us reach parts of our sexuality, our trauma, our kinks, and our joy that so many of us cannot touch in any other way, sex workers' work goes far beyond mere physical intimacy" ([source](#): Raksha Muthukumar's "How Queer Sex Workers Can Help Us Learn to Love Ourselves, 2022).

Passive or active, anyone who resists the system will be attacked, but *especially* those who rally in defense of their human rights, however important (re: "[Paid Labor](#)"):



The modular nature of the free market spawns a complicated legion of moderates and reactionaries. However, as stated in the "camp map," from Volume Zero, hostility towards sex workers generally manifests in four basic ways under canonical praxis; re (from "[On Twin Trees](#)" and "[Scouting the Field](#)"):

- open aggression
- condescension
- reactionary indignation
- DARVO ("Deny Accuser Reverse Victim/Offender")

We'll get to these throughout the rest of the volume (and return to them in Volume Zero). For now, though, we'll start with sex positivity challenging that paradigm.

Chapter One: Sex Positivity. "The Seeds of Rebellion"—Sex Positivity and the Tools of the Trade

"It is greater than treasure. We have thousands of such water caches. Only a few of us know them all."

—Stilgar, *Dune* (1965)

This chapter explores most of the tools of proletarian praxis, including the linguistic difficulties in materializing sex-positivity under Capitalism when using them—i.e., illustrating empathy through mutual consent as something to imagine when looking at sexualized media as often-imperfect and needing to be reimagined through Gothic Communism and its main Gothic theories. Performed in opposition with canonical variants, they can critique Capitalism in revolutionary ways. Let them be your hammer and sickle.



(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

- **"Illustrating Mutual Consent: Empathy":** Introduces the first of the creative successes of proletarian praxis, and considers how empathy factors into illustrating mutual consent on all registers; i.e., through popular media of different kinds discussing empathy as something *to* illustrate ourselves; e.g., the "draw me like your French girls" scene from *Titanic* (1996) and the art lecture scene from *Sense8* (2011).
- **"Half-Real: Recognizing And Performing Empathy" (feat. Meowing from Hell and Sean Young):** A follow-up to "Illustrating Mutual Consent" that focuses on empathy as something to recognize, mid-illustration; i.e., as "half-real," *vis-à-vis* Jesper Juul's idea of "the realm between fiction and the rules" as further taken, by me, between fiction and *non*-fiction, on and offstage; e.g., between sex workers like myself and [Meowing from Hell](#), but also actress Sean Young and her own abuse on and off the *Blade Runner* (1982) set.
- **"Informed (Ironical) Consumption and De Facto Educators Using Parody and Parallel Space":** Explores informed consumption according to informed/mutual consent as enacted by sex workers; i.e., as *de facto* (extracurricular) sex educators educating through iconoclastic art, but especially parody and parallel space; e.g., Monty Python, H.R. Giger and New Order.
- **"Reversing Abjection: Describing Sexuality vs Prescribing Sexual Modesty" (feat. Alien):** Discusses reversing abjection vs prescribing sexual modesty in Gothic stories; i.e., on the same half-real stages; e.g., *Alien* and its own 1970s rape fantasies borrowed from older times and transported into newer retro-future ones.
- **"Toxic Schlock Syndrome; or, an Early Stab at Cryptonymy: the Fur(r)tive Rebellion of Amazons, Body Hair and Whistleblowers in Duality (feat. Mercedes the Muse, Mugiwara, Mercy from Overwatch, and Autumn Ivy)":** Our holistic examination of the above ideas; i.e.,



combining them cryptonymically through body hair and whistleblower counterculture/schlock media (re: [Mercedes](#))—but also [Amazons](#) per the theme of toxic sugar/sex workers (re: [Autumn Ivy](#)/[Wolfhead at Night](#)) and GNC bodies (re: [Mugiwara](#))—to conceptualize development: as an active, ironic, playful means of critical engagement/thought and poetic expression conducive to developing Gothic Communism in praxial opposition.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Illustrating Mutual Consent: Empathy

Je est un autre ([source](#)).

—Arthur Rimbaud, excerpt from an 1871 letter regarding his "derangement of all the senses"



(artist: [Annienudesart](#))

Sex work is often hauntological, generally of past things that could become the future as already written—ghosts of a sort, operating in opposition through what is constructed and abjected, *mise-en-abyme*. However, whenever the past *is* shown, it is reimagined to some extent—not just for the viewer of a previous creation, but in the mind's eye of artists making new artwork as well. This includes sex, which is often hauntologized (often through Gothic romances, space wars, Grindhouse-style revivals/Rob Zombie's trashy Camp remakes, underwater dystopias—seriously, take your pick) in ways that make consent difficult to illustrate, thus imagine. Despite all the fractals, much of canon is sex-coercive, making their hauntology carceral, their cryptonymy complicit, their chronotopes capitalist, their laborers abject, their mode of expression sex-coercive. Empathy—as something to illustrate through the Gothic imagination—can challenge sex coercion by opposing its abject xenophobia and general bigotries with consent through context; e.g., Gothic xenophilia and reverse-abjection.

While this book's focus are the more *overtly* hauntological/monstrous variants, even so-called "historical fiction" creates a gendered hierarchy inside of

itself, one reinvents the past and sells its updated sexist "dress code" to audiences based on older versions of the past already tied to Capitalism: For a more literal example, consider *Pam Am* (2011) and its reimagined, conspicuously chic commentary on women's sexist treatment and dress code under the then-fledgling company (the centrist "victory" of reliably snarky Christina Ricci's backtalk being presented as acceptable rebellion under Patriarchal Capitalism, frozen within a controlled, corporate narrative). Under such stories, consent becomes mythical, the stuff of fairytales conveyed by billionaire, "Hollywood" Marxism like James Cameron's *Titanic* (1997). Tremendous wealth becomes essentialized as the sole arbiter of fairly basic truths: women (for starters) have basic human rights.



If only audiences knew, you don't need a billionaire to draw a woman consensually! In fact, artists from all walks depict sex in hauntological ways. Whether through drawings, photography or performance art, showing sex is easy. Mutual consent is far harder to illustrate in general. For one, those in power police its use, discouraging mutual consent (which we'll explore later in the book). In terms of raw execution, mutual consent requires empathy towards context, which is easily divorced from art (especially digital copies) regardless of intent. The rest of this subsection will explore illustrating mutual consent through active empathy as something to *imagine*—literally to reify by material means that encourage future emancipatory endeavors when examined and interrogated.

For various reasons, artists and invigilators can't always be interrogated. Maybe they're dead; maybe they're bad-faith or allergic to interviews. Whatever the case, the context of their disseminated media must be pursued without their help more often than not. This book pursues context through dialectical materialism, viewing context as tied to historio-material conditions; in particular, context as something to actively investigate through art as a prescriptive or descriptive tool, which operates regarding sexuality and gender through two ongoing relationships:

- the relationship between sex workers and the bourgeoisie who own them (and their art) through the means of production; but also the bourgeoisie advertisement of canon while concealing its illusory role-as-Superstructure: the illusion of freedom and ethical treatment for workers
- the relationship between art and the viewer

First, let's examine how canon *prescribes* sexuality within Capitalism, as explored through the anomalous sex-positivity of *Sense8* (2015):

In season two of *Sense8*, homophobia in the workplace—specifically for Mexico's producers of heteronormative action cinema—leads to Lito (the gay man playing a closeted, Mexican version of Antonio Banderas' Spanish heteronormative export: the straight action hero) being evicted. Clearly the result of sexism-as-a-business, its toxic mentalities are exposed most nakedly in the classroom: Lito's lover is a queer art professor named Hernando. When a jealous gangster outs them as gay by publicizing revenge porn between Lito and Hernando, Hernando chooses to reclaim this hateful act by seeing the compromising image as liberating. "[Art is love made public](#)," he explains, referring specifically to mutually consensual love as something to empathize with *through material creations—not abstract ideas nor strictly oral arguments, but technological/written, xenophilic arguments that enable art to be invigilated and observed long after the artist is dead*. More than this, he deliberately views it as iconoclastic, calling his approach "political."



The politics lie in how iconoclastic art returns descriptive sexuality to the fore; Hernando's sexuality is descriptive and empathetic, but also reviled by canonical defenders: a homophobic student who calls the photograph "shit-packer porn." Clearly aimed at Hernando, the student's childish, xenophobic barb demonstrates canonical art and its sexist attitudes as apathetic. They're also hostile, generally depicting sexuality—but especially descriptive sexuality and its appreciation—as wholly segregated from daily existence. Hernando calmly points this out, highlighting the student's consciously hateful interpretation, then waiting for him to respond (a sex-positive variation of the police interrogation method: "stop and stare"); the more open-minded students laugh at the bigot, who bows his head in shame. He has self-reported, outted/demasked, thus unable to keep fitting in with his peers.

The lesson, here, is communal: The gay teacher—but also the homophobic dunce, classmates, and revenge porn—collectively demonstrate tolerance or discrimination as active, informed choices within an ongoing socio-material exchange. Despite heteronormative bias weighing dialectically on the choices that are made, sex-positive choices can still occur if xenophilic empathy is present. Most of all, *Sense8* demonstrates how empathy requires teamwork and cooperation, which override or discourage individual competition and self-promotion at the expense of others. Hernando's message isn't merely that canonical sexuality is prescriptive, a means of enforcing heteronormative control; he's demonstrating artistic subjectivity's role of upholding or rejecting canonical norms. Artists who depict sexuality and gender—and those who (re)view their artwork—are thereby

given a choice: to describe or prescribe sex, with or without empathy as something to cultivate. Many stigmas surround the practice in either case, including the idea that sexualized artwork is inherently non-consensual. It's not, but the abjection of descriptive sex still needs to be challenged for mutual consent—and empathy—to exist.

Mutual consent determines if artwork is sex-coercive or sex-positive. While that might sound obvious, less obvious is what actually amounts to mutual consent in visual terms—especially in sex-positive artwork whose mutual consent won't be visually obvious short of spelling things out. In other words, mutual consent isn't self-explanatory. As *Sense8* shows that, whether in a gallery or in the workplace where art is often produced, mutual consent still needs to be inferred. Any inference occurs through empathy towards or from the sexual content on display as inherently ambiguous. This ambiguity stems from several factors—bodies being natally complex (which we'll explore more in Chapter Three); but also sex being simultaneously taboo and encouraged by the elite in hauntological forms (which we'll examine at the end of the chapter, and in Chapter Two). While discussions of sex are tightly controlled, they're financially incentivized to unfold in highly conventional ways. The goal of these conventions is to sell sex without spelling those conventions out ([at least not too much](#); *Brassed Off*, 1996). When they *are* spelled out, it's generally treated as a joke, especially when the conventions themselves become absurd:



([source](#): *Do Chokkyuu Kareshi x Kanojo*, 2017)

The joke, in the above manga, isn't simply to break the Fourth Wall. Nor is it two people, simultaneously aware of the conventions of the larger mode, pursuing sex purely for themselves. Rather, it's how they're doing it: *in a healthy way without manufactured drama*. This stems from mutual consent, which describes sexuality through all people: as deserving of empathy *regardless of how they identify, perform or orient*. By comparison, canon treats descriptive sexuality as taboo, prohibiting empathy at a social-sexual level by

manufacturing consent through heteronormative arrangements that compel coercive sex. These bylaws operate through audiences steadily conditioned to view canonical norms—however unhealthy and unethical—as ordinary.

[By presenting the sacred as secular](#), neoliberal canon conceals the extent to which it codes its representees. More than showing people as they actually exist, though, canon advertises hauntological gender roles that people tend to perform under Capitalism at any imagined point, be that the past, present or future; or someone in between—work. Corporations use hauntological canon to visually assign human property to specific tasks tied to a sacred past, instilling workers with sexist attitudes that keep them productive, divided and unimaginative. While not limited

to sex work, its particular division of labor—the siphoning of men and women into specific, unequal roles (clients and workers)—translates into any working relationship. The system tends to reward men with higher-paying authority positions, [while women are chosen for lower-paying secretarial roles](#) (Unlearning Economics' "Jordan Peterson Doesn't Understand Gender Discrimination," 2022; timestamp: 17:17). Meanwhile, workplace sexism devalues mutual consent over profit within employment relations more broadly.

However, just as canon cryptically conceals the parasitic nature of its own code, it lionizes top performers wherever they find themselves. This includes carceral-hauntological forms, but also in recreational/social venues, wherein workplace values—specifically neoliberal market attitudes previously codified through canonical art—easily affect the social-sexual exchanges that occur (treated as literal and figurative "rewards" for men, a concept known in horror and war pastiche [especially movies and videogames] as "getting the girl"—whose workplace sexism we'll explore in videogames and war pastiche in Chapter Four). This dehumanizes workers [by over-quantifying their social and sexual lives, treating each social-sexual encounter as raw social currency through the neoliberal tenant of infinite growth](#) (Sisyphus 55's "Journey Into The MANOSPHERE," 2022; timestamp: 17:11). Whether they're on or off the clock, productive workers serve bourgeois interests by cultivating a dutiful worker mindset, a constant mode of appeasement.

Unfortunately worker productivity doesn't translate to worker happiness; it merely displays a willingness to maximize productivity through a trickle-down mentality inside an unequal system. This leads to disgruntled workers who are never, ever satisfied, who grow increasingly apathetic during the endless climb to the top: to become the ultimate man, *the Man* (we'll explore this phenomenon in Chapter Three, when we examine the strange phenomena of weird canonical nerds and "Man Box" culture with Caleb Hart).

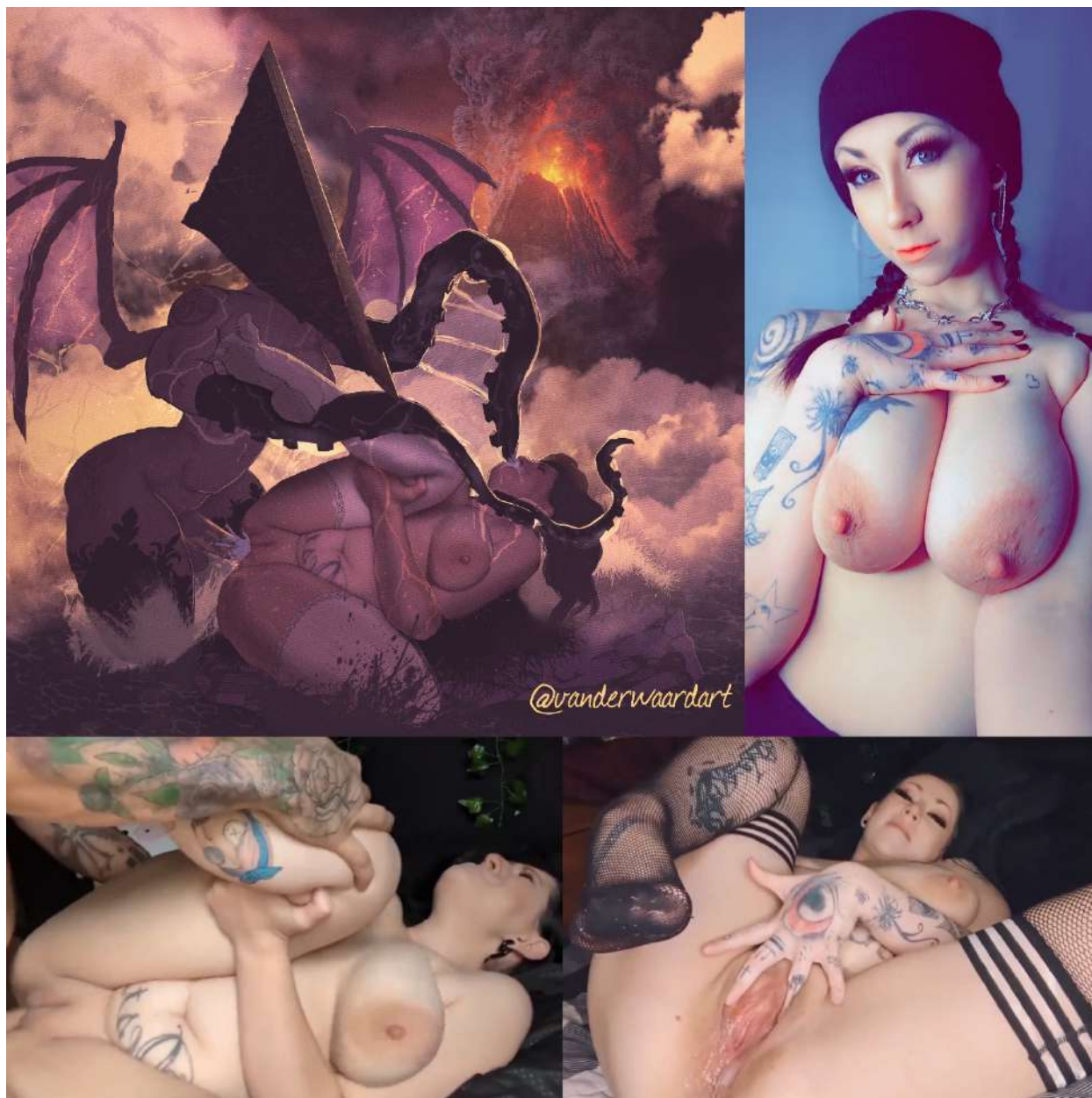
Note: According to my research (gender studies, sex work, an-Com Marxism and speedrunning videogames), such things often overlap. For a good real-life example of this—i.e., of someone who is both a gamer and bigot who "game-ifies" social exchanges to mask his own predatory actions/enrich himself and lie to others during a complicit cryptonymy approach—consider Karl Jobst; re: as mentioned during my ["Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning"](#) 2025 retrospective and [subsequent Metroidvania corpus](#): a sex pest, but specifically [a pickup artist](#) with [Neo-Nazi ties](#) that he's tried to disguise behind [his rising YouTube channel](#), which he founded in bad-faith (re: DARVO and obscurantism). See ["On Karl Jobst: My Final Say; or, Full Timeline Breakdown + His Bigoted Past"](#) for the entirety of my coverage on Karl; i.e., from his less-than-humble beginnings to his first appearance in my book series (re: ["Modularity and Class"](#)) to his Scooby-Doo-style unmasking after Billy Mitchell [sued him for defamation and won](#). —Perse, 4/24/2025



Pickup artists, for example, emulate an unrealistic overachiever mentality within the heterosexual dating scene. Presenting competition as the key to happiness, what they're actually doing is treating any social setting like a capitalist game: the pursuit of infinite growth through efficient profit. Pickup artists assimilate these neoliberal creeds by relating to production in lateral terms; i.e., gaming the system through manufactured competition and scarcity. Both devalue cooperation, pro-worker structures [and welfare mentalities](#) (Kay and Skittles' "Thatcherism: What We Get Wrong About Neoliberalism," 2022; timestamp: 11:08) by seemingly help pickup artists "stack the odds" against women. In truth, they're con artists selling bad education to other men, robbing those persons of their own labor and money and decreasing their own odds for success (which resorts to poisonous double standards; e.g., spiking a drink with date-rape drugs to quote their quotas).

Whether in real life or [in famous, neoliberal canon that ties the future to a dated notion of the past](#) (e.g., Sheep In The Box's "The Concerning Politics Of Harry Potter," 2020), love-as-labor manifests through a smaller game (*chercher la femme*) inside a bigger one (Capitalism); i.e., heteronormativity encouraging men to actively pursue women by treating them as passive sex objects. It becomes a question of cheating luck inside an unfair system. The system is unfair but men do not critique it; they take out their frustrations against their prey (cis-het women, but also queer people; e.g., femboys or intersex persons). To hunt, acquire and discard, there's nothing being made when players score—no positive, lasting relationships or signifiers thereof—and yet they run their sex lives like a business: to advertise and sell themselves as the coveted "top performer" (usually an emulation of someone higher on the pecking order, maybe a CEO or wealthy shareholder).

Advertisements like these dehumanize everyone, making the pursuit, sighting and achievement of *fabled* success entirely hollow, but also something to sell in carceral-hauntological ways: to the next generation of workers, affecting what they imagine in socio-material terms—i.e., turning the fruits of their labor into nostalgic art as something to buy or create, but also *teach* through the metaphor of playing games. To be "the best," then, is an illusion that forces a privileged existence—e.g., *the* top dog, *the* MVP, *the* best, bar none—as being at the top of "their" game. Doing so is framed as being traditionally masculine, dominant, unstoppable; i.e., the world is their oyster but only theirs. Its power cannot be shared with anyone else. Such arrangements are deceptive by entertaining an idea of fair play and power exchange that is ultimately false, versus one that allows for the appearances of "abuse" or "rape" inside a ludo-Gothic BDSM ritual where no harm is actually present; i.e., the *aesthetic* of peril, unequal power and death, but not the unironic function of these things that is normally present inside heteronormative systems. Despite the appearance of inequality and trauma, then, power is actually shared through paradox during sex-positive play to achieve praxial catharsis by interrogating trauma through what we enjoy as a means of good *de facto* (extracurricular) education:



(exhibit 62a1: Model and artist, top left: [Mikki Storm](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). Despite the appearance of rape and gagging "bondage with tentacles," the asphyxia on display is an ironic rape fantasy that doesn't advocate for genuine harm. For one, it's how Mikki wanted to be depicted as during our negotiation, saying that "beasty" demons and tentacles are their kink. Furthermore, the shoving of tentacles down one's throat is no different in practice than a cock down the same pipe, or hands clasped "tightly" around one's throat (the appearance of tightness is for the viewer while a gentle-enough grip in reality is important for the recipient). Even portrayals of "actual" bodily harm could be allowed, so long as their portrayal puts "harm" in quotes; i.e., is symbolic and cathartic as a kind of nightmare expression of trauma that helps the subject process their own abuse. As always,

the context behind the drawing's negotiation and expression of power exchange remains an import part of the entire exhibit. The water, smoke, and volcano exemplify the same chaotic, seemingly Numinous power being embodied by the monster "ravishing" Mikki, and Mikki consents to a ritual that cannot harm her by virtue of these things serving her complex needs; they can excite her and help her heal from trauma through a BDSM arrangement that addresses trauma as something to live with, thus interrogate through the performance of power in paradoxical ways: calculated risk. The Numinous, in this sense, becomes palliative despite its psychosexual nature.)

For example, trust is a tenuous proposition in BDSM scenarios where the dom has total power. "Total," in this situation, means a complete inability to share power or negotiate behind the ritualized theatrics before, during or after. Doing so is unwise, as makes mutual consent a total illusion for the submissive should they completely surrender their power to the other person in totality. In realms of *actual* mutual consent, the dom is beholden to the sub as someone who trusts them, granting the sub a considerable degree of power within a negotiated game. This makes the domination ritual one of service unto the sub, who has all the power provided trust is upheld and their boundaries respected. Their word goes, meaning the dom cannot harm them if the game is played according to their agreement. But Capitalism doesn't engender agreements; it gives people a false choice through a disguised ultimatum: play or die. It's a Morton's Fork.

For example, the owners of Squid Game call their game "fair" in bad faith. In doing so, they force people to play through manufactured material conditions that provide reliable "sport" for an elite class bored stiff with their own advantage: the poor as killing themselves, mid-match, but also the rule keepers whose enforce the rules with bullets. Despite having a gun, slightly better food and a mask, their function is no less-oppressed than the "actual" players because the game is a prison that gives both a jumpsuit and rules to play with faithfully less failure spell an early death. Both are fucked over for the elite's benefit, pitted against each other by them.



The above examples should hopefully demonstrate that trust is always a casualty under total power as part of a coercive game design practice; i.e., games that hide the arrangement throughout. Popularized games under Capitalism do just that, leaving no room to negotiate should players change their mind and abuse the power given to them. Indeed, Capitalism's manufacture trifecta incentivizes players to use everything in their power to "win"; i.e., to abuse other players inside abusive games that rig power exchange to favor bad play tactics, which teach unhealthy relationship practices and power dynamics by virtue of "winners" applying them to their social-sex lives (whose abuse we will unpack more in Chapter Three, when we examine weird canonical nerds, Man Box culture, and Caleb Hart).

Such a grand façade ultimately works to compel the *appearance* of being in control through a singular champion whose rigged metaplay is downplayed; i.e., they did this "all on their own." They didn't; the system and its abusive rules make it seem as though they had. Through a "mastery" that is really them playing by the rules to get what they want, their "domination" over the game is really a ludic relation that forces them to compete with others and dominate them: to be in control of other players while still being a slave to the system and those who run/own it. Their success leads to a grander deception—that this is how things are supposed to be; i.e., there can only be one winner and that said person must force their way to success by defeating everyone else in highly punitive, unequal ways

disguised by the gameplay as "fair." The champions relationship with the game becomes something to lionize, which negates the ability of mutual consent within realms of play that would otherwise supply the other parties a say in what happens. Instead, it's simply winner-take-all, but the "win" is forced.

By comparison, iconoclastic art appreciatively represents marginalized people excluded from canonical norms by implying mutual consent as a positive, *egalitarian* freedom. This is empathetic, insofar as it articulates performative and representative options to people who are typically oppressed in the workplace, therefore the world, by the so-called "best" as a posse of heteronormative enforcers. This oppression actually includes *all* workers (even those with relative privilege, like cis-het white men). The end goal isn't to be the biggest philanthropist, employee-of-the-month, or player with the most "game"; it's to enact positive change: to let workers choose how to (re)present themselves, bucking systemic labor as sacrosanct (re: [Weber's notion of the Protestant work ethic](#)). This happens by rejecting harmful mentalities in ludic metaphors, but also broader poetic expressions with actual ludic components; i.e., redesigning the game and power exchange as something to literally play with. Doing so increases the odds for better relationships by raising class consciousness as something that intersects with racial, gendered, and religious struggles. Combined, these can change material conditions on a societal level, increasing the odds for better treatment for various marginalized groups.

Worker solidarity is vital, the process starting by teaching privileged allies how to empathize with those without privilege; i.e., how to play nice with handicapped players. Regarding sex work in particular, mutual consent grants the subjects on display a choice they can make if they want to, thus empathize with as fully-autonomous beings with actual human rights: "I choose to be drawn or photographed as I decide, to perform as I want, to exist for others to see as proof of my agency. As I play and make my own rules and boundaries, I am not merely something to exploit." By using of previous iterations of the world-as-fantasy or -science-fiction, emancipatory hauntology helps bring public empathy about, improving sex worker conditions based on how they're treated: as members of respected, long-standing franchises that can change in sex-positive directions through humanizing artwork. Again, though, these creative successes are "doubles" (a Gothic and general trope, as explored in Chapter Two) of pre-existing forms. They won't always be viewed in a friendly way—*especially* if they embody sexuality in a provocative, indecent manner; i.e., the "woman in black," the witch, the shapeshifter, etc. Canon's reactionary proponents will actively attack anything that threatens the status quo (a form of white fragility/playing dirty we'll examine more in Chapter Three, when we examine weird canonical nerds).



(artist: [Disharmonica](#))

Sex-positive artwork improves sex worker conditions by denoting mutual consent through empathy as something to cultivate—not just through shifting material conditions, but copies that conflict with one another in ambiguous ways (we'll examine this idea when we discuss appreciative irony for Gothic ambivalence in Chapter Three). Even when the workers themselves aren't the authors (are under someone else's employment), mutual consent should be conveyed through a shared sense of collaboration and mutual respect by all parties involved. A sex-positive artist drawing a sex worker, for example, is respectful⁴⁸ on both sides. Everyone approves, fostering empathy for the sex worker as someone whose basic human rights are advertised *through the entire exchange and its visible result*. Sexism, by contrast, is coercive; it deprives sex workers of their rights, manufacturing consent and enforcing apathetic heteronormativity through prescriptive, exclusive canon that dehumanizes/objectifies sex work.

⁴⁸ My own portfolio commonly features sex workers, the arrangement founded on a professional, informed exchange between both parties. Sometimes I do fanart (aka labor as tribute), but the general consensus is labor in exchange for payment, be that money or work. The context behind the artwork I produce is agency on behalf of sex workers negotiating for themselves, which I wholeheartedly promote (so much so that I [write reviews](#) for sex workers that I've drawn on my website; the current number of sex workers I've worked with [is over seventy](#)).

My book focuses on sex work because certain groups are systemically coerced into positions of material disadvantage that force them into unsafe, unfulfilling sex work—in particular, women or people forced to perform as women. Whether cis, gender-non-conforming or asexual, Capitalism exploits AFABs for their sexual labor, including their constant objectification in canonical media of any temporal inclination. This occurs doubly so for women of color, whose apathy is compounded by racial stereotypes and fetishization; and triply so for trans/enby people of color who often become stigmatized for doing sex work just to survive; and since systemic abuse is intergenerational, many sex workers [start young and work into old age](#) (LADBible TV's "Old Sex Worker Meets Young Sex Worker," 2021). While sex work is a valuable way for some people who normally can't work to make money (the immunocompromised or physically disabled, but also people publicly denied work opportunities), it's also a kind of work that, while always in demand, is stigmatized as worthless by SWERFs (outside of the canonical fetish personas used to objectify out-groups; e.g., the xenomorph or Slan the succubus [re: exhibit 51b1, "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)"] during xenophobic narratives). Such Nerve tweets an applicable sentiment in that respect: "If you want a living wage, get a better job" is a fascinating way to spin, "I acknowledge that your current job needs to be done, but I think whomever [sic] does that job deserves to be in poverty" ([source tweet](#), 2019). The labor of these force-feminized workers within the colonial binary is both precious and cheap, the Whore to raise up the state's next generation of men, then sacrifice in the interests of patrilineal descent.



(exhibit 62a2: Source, top: [Fired Up Stilettos](#); bottom: Kate D'Adamo's "[Decriminalization by Any Other Name: Sex Worker Rights in Federal Advocacy](#)" [2020].

"Seize the means of seduction." As property that advertises itself and as something that is profane in the eyes of the public, the sex worker who fights for their rights is both a slave, a demon, a mother and a billboard come to life and clamoring for change. Like radical graffiti, the body-as-profession becomes a picket sign of a street punk aesthetic, one out of necessity that is reclaimed from sell-out variants [exhibit 100c6] to humanize rebellion and rights through signature, often campy ways [e.g., camp, *Rocky Horror* pastiche; re: exhibit 10a, "[Prey as Liberators](#)"]. Their collective aim is to catch the eye and stand out in a very theatrical sense; but also be a thorn in the side/eyesore to the polite whitewashed streets of the moderate activist's world to expose their own bigoted treatment of protestors as "rabble."

This sentiment, during anti-labor synthesis, is expected to make SWERFs, general prudes and so-called "real activists" coldly shrug their shoulders at abusive practices outside of the perceived, imaginary ones typically touted within the public

imagination as "real sexism" [rape]. Unlike rape and physical/emotional abuse, the denying of funds isn't just the 1970s pimp brutalizing his workers, but the corporation incentivizing the same process by discouraging cash tips through a process dubiously called "funny money," which for years, numerous [strip clubs](#) have offered a special form of payment exclusive to the industry thereof:

Despite its colloquial name, funny money is more than just fake money like the kind you play with in Monopoly. Instead, it refers to a specific type of currency exchange. For example, a customer can have a club charge \$500 to their credit card. In exchange, they get \$500 worth of in-house dollars, often named something corny relating to the club itself — think "Cheetah Bucks" or "Sapphire Dollars." That customer then has the freedom to more easily distribute that money as they wish, all without having to continuously charge their credit card. Funny money can come in a variety of denominations, too: ones for throwing, 20s for tipping, 100s for buying dances. At the end of the evening, the workers who've received funny money can exchange it back to real cash.

[...] as some dancers have previously reported, funny money can easily allow for some [unfair labor practices to flourish](#). "If a customer pays for a service like a VIP room via credit card, us dancers get our cut through 'Dance Dollars,'" says Poppy, a dancer in Illinois. "For example, a 30-minute room is \$350 cash, and our cut [as dancers] is \$250 cash. If you pay with a credit card it's \$414, because the club taxes extra for cards, but we still get \$250 in Dance Dollars," she says. The club then takes an additional 15 percent off of that \$250 when it comes time for Poppy to get paid out, leaving her with \$212. In other words, when someone pays for Poppy's time in her club's dance dollars, she makes less than she would if they were to pay cash, despite actually costing the customer more out-of-pocket [[source](#): Magalene Taylor's "Strip Club Funny Money Is No Laughing Matter," 2022].



In short, the relationship between the two defends capital, "accommodating" the customer by allowing corporations to tack-on hidden fees and extort sex workers in the same breath—all with the empty grace and tacky manipulation of a mobile phone game.)

Forced into dangerous, stigmatized jobs, the upholding of sex worker rights—including defending their bodies and their lives—falls entirely on the workers themselves. They must actively assemble and protest the abuses committed against them. Already targets, those actively asking for their rights will motivate the elite to silence them out of self-interest. No one wants to be martyred, but those asking for equal treatment must do so knowing they'll be viewed as material threats to the current power structure. To preserve their hold within this arrangement, the elite vilify social-sexual activism by automatically condemning it as violent. In doing so, they trap activists into a corner. If they stay silent, the abuse will continue; if they speak up but fall silent again, the abuse will worsen (and they will be gagged); if they grow louder, they will be attacked and undermined by elite-condoned competitors: reactionaries and moderates (we'll explore these groups more throughout the book, but especially in Chapter Four).

Despite its many dangers, activism remains vital to worker safety through class consciousness, solidarity and cooperation. Bourgeois greed knows no bounds, including the human rights abuses that result. While these atrocities are legion, and while individual cases of coercive sex work also happen (see: Caleb Maupin; [the original Medium article](#) has been removed, but Bad Empanada 2 covers it [on his 2022 video](#), "Caleb Maupin OUTED As Spankaholic Cult Leader, CPI EXPLODES"), the systemic coercion of sex work specifically occurs through privatization; the elite own the means of production as a tool to marginalize and exploit target groups for efficient profit and infinite growth. By keeping poor people poor, these persons have no choice but to (re)turn to sex work ([a historically](#)

[stigmatized and criminalized profession](#)—re: Kate D'Adamo) to supplement their income. This amounts to wage slavery (assuming they're even paid, which some forms of sex work, like marriage, are not) but also the death of imagination by abolishing alternate labor models that encourage non-canonical, non-carceral depictions of sex work (whose underlying context can be explored later).

All is not lost. Iconoclastic praxis allows for a variety of safety measures, manifesting as dated clues to interpret inside and upon whatever the past leaves behind. Our aim as Gothic Communists is to take these antiquated lessons and apply them to our lives, such as we always have. The difference is doing so now lies in active reimagination, dropping apathy in favor of empathy. However, to consciously challenge what's normal in favor of a more empathetic workplace and world, we must first recognize empathy when inspecting the past. Turns out, the past can be a pretty weird place. Let's take a look!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Half-Real: Recognizing And Performing Empathy (feat. Meowing from Hell and Sean Young)

"That the rules of a game are real and formally defined does not mean that the player's experience is also formally defined. However, the rules help create the player's informal experience. Though the fictional worlds of games are optional, subjective, and not real, they play a key role in video games. The player navigates these two levels, playing video games in the half-real zone between the fiction and the rules" ([source](#)).

—Jesper Juul, Half-Real: Video Games between Real Rules and Fictional Worlds (2005)

*Traveling in a light beam
Laser rays and purple skies.
In a computer fairyland
It is a dream you bring to life ([source](#)).*

—Pascal Languirand; "Living on Video," on Trans-X's Living on Video/Message on the Radio (1983)



We've laid out the relationship between workers and the elite as it pertains to art in the workplace (and peoples' respective roles in this unfair arrangement). Now let's further examine mutual consent as it exists in sexualized artwork: as a complex, ongoing relationship between art and the viewer under Capitalism. This

includes our own lives and the emotional intelligence required when performing successful praxis through our own social-sexual customs. Art and life aren't separate; they flow in and out of each other, one informing the other. We'll examine examples of either, then apply them to sex-positive lessons we can express in our own iconoclastic lives and art; re: with models like Harmony working with artists like myself, but also Sean Young (next page):



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Note: This is the first portion of Sex Positivity I ever conceptualized and wrote down; i.e., standing in my kitchen and rubbing my chin thoughtfully about illustrate mutual consent and how to go about it. Everything else—from Gothic Communism to [ludo-Gothic BDSM](#) to [Metroidvania](#) "danger discos" to Amazons—comes after this basic premise as I raised it back then. —Perse, 4/20/2025

First, art itself. As part of a collective effort to defend worker rights, artists foster empathy. However, even when empathy *is* functionally present, mutual consent—and by extension, bodily autonomy—are difficult to isolate in pin-up art or photography. When genuine empathy is absent, it's not like an activist can talk directly to the sexist image; they can't ask the prop-like girl on display if she agreed to be photographed. Even if she did, further context is generally not communicated by the artist, the model or the patron. She could be wearing her makeup for herself versus for the audience, but don't expect the picture (or its assemblage of co-contributors) to communicate that each and every time.

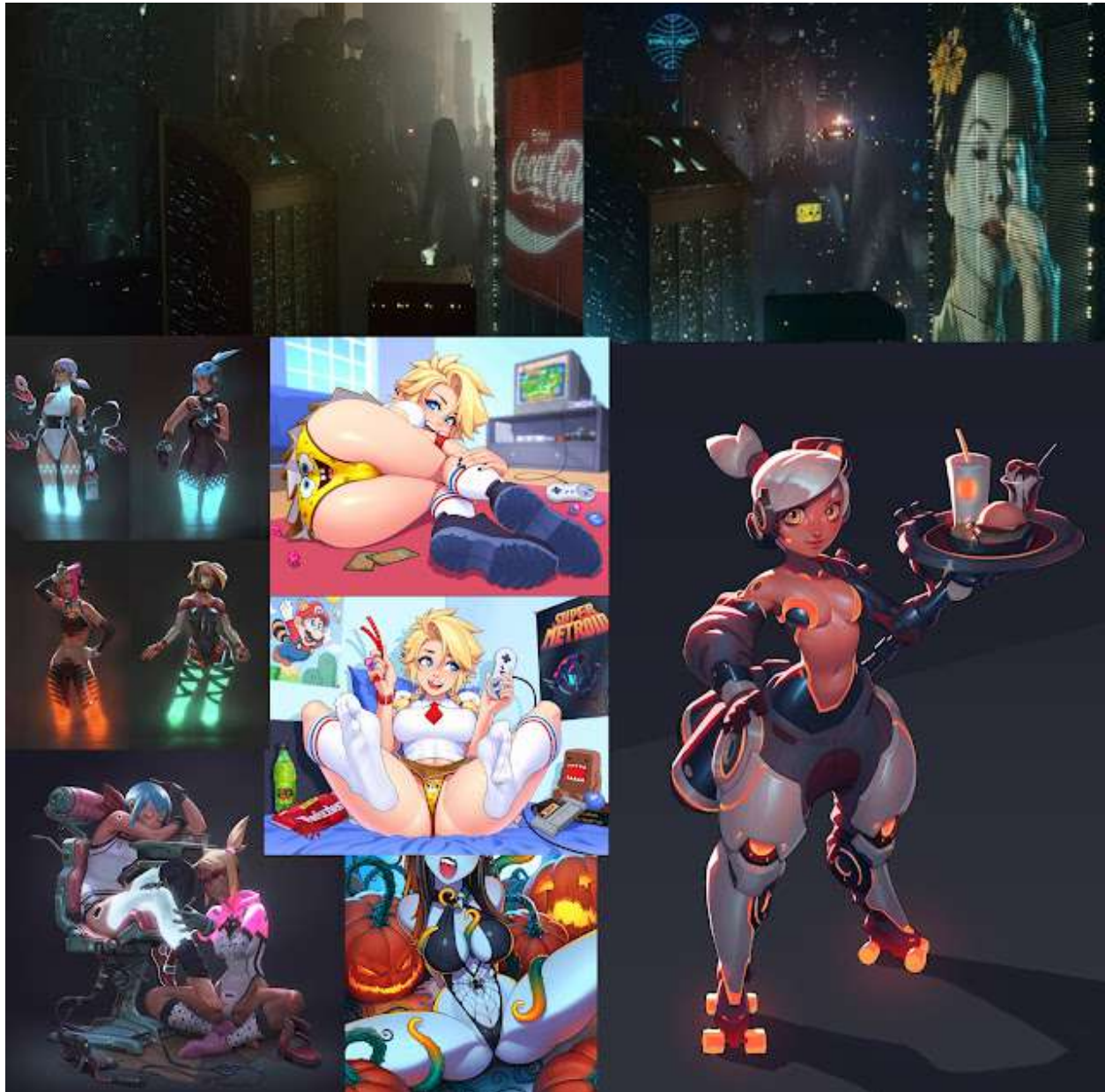


Take this picture of a pretty girl (Sean Young) smoking a cigarette. It can be

- an advertisement overtly selling the product (the cigarette, but also the girl, who is a sexual promise to consumers: "smoking makes you sexy" or "smoking gets you laid")
- product placement in a film, appropriated to boost sales
- part of the story in ways that appreciate the mere existence of cigarettes (or their advertisement) as part of the world, not as something to directly sell to the audience

Three different uses of the same basic image: a girl and a prop, and different ways to assist in either through play. However, none of these functions communicate mutual consent (or its absence) regarding the girl herself. To do so requires empathy as a means of investigating the image *beyond* its surface-level visuals: the

girl as more than mere object, but someone with basic human rights, specifically her ability to consent as a worker (and promote this idea through her own likeness, which neoliberal corporations will privatize for their own ghoulish purposes—below, exhibit 62b).



(exhibit 62b: Top: *Blade Runner* screenshots; bottom-left: [Gui Guimaraes](#); middle: [Ronin Dude](#); bottom-right: [Jeremy Anninos](#). Neoliberal Capitalism is an experiment of the owner class that turns the likeness of the girl [or the man] into a product that enforces heteronormative roles sold through cheap canonical "junk food": *Blade Runner*'s poster girl selling Coke to the audience, which, like cigarettes, historically contained whatever chemicals corporations could put in them

to coerce purchases. This tasty treat can certainly be enjoyed [usually with varying degrees of guilt] but should not be blindly endorsed; its canonical presence denotes exploitation as sublimated by the replica as the product, the worker entirely replaced by their own likeness. The bourgeois copycat becomes something to mass produce in the cheapest way possible, selling canonical hauntology to the masses: useful brain chemicals triggered by formulaic pleasure sites—the cyberpunk ruin and its boys and girls with their various props and superpowers, their cool gadgets, their guns. As stated during "[Origins and Lineage](#)" from Volume Zero, such creations are often liminal, combining the retro-future Western and other genres to introduce imperfect allegories with leftist potential [re: Lucas, Star Wars]. These allegories must be disinterred from the midden and expanded upon, reintroduced in ways that transmute canonical praxis/vice persecution for iconoclastic variations that strip away the cheap canonical junk food/product placement [and its fascist/neoliberal outcomes and pro-state subterfuge, bad-faith "beards," nuptials, etc] for something far more emotionally/Gothically enriching: sex-positive brain food with revolutionary potential that can still disguise and keep us safe from TERFs, cryptofascists and other reactionaries unfettered by neoliberal agents by reclaiming vice, humanizing it again; exhibit 62c.)

While the starting point of empathetic recognition/performance is presentation and function—how the image is being shown and why—the investigator needs empathy to identify the human rights abuses or celebrations, be these implied, declared, or haunted. For example, if an image was manufactured to profit the bourgeoisie, the drawing is probably sexist. However, confirming this suspicion generally requires a fair amount of investigation, which won't occur if empathy for the subject is not present within the examiner. The problem is, canonical hauntology tends to inspire *hollow, abstract, or displaced empathy* that doesn't undermine elite hegemony at all; it relies on people to confuse the ghost of counterfeit as simply "spice" that paying customers deserve, not sprinkles of Soylent Green.

However, if Gothic stories communicate trauma and Gothic Communism is the interrogation of trauma (in its various forms) as a historical-material consequence, then empathy is the *mindfulness* of trauma mid-exploration—be it one's own or someone else's. The image—as something to investigate and comprehend—extends to living people in front of us, who we associate with symbols of women and the social behaviors attached to the symbols that carry over to their representees. When taken literally and without nuance, this generates a divide between reality and canon, effacing the person behind the image. Moreover, it weakens the viewer's emotional intelligence regarding social cues as things to read in relation to people as images.

For example—and here's a bit of dating advice from Mommy Persephone to cis-het men: PWMs (re: people who menstruate) are canonized as women.

Regardless of this unwanted standardization, even if a PWM is actually cis-het, most girls *really* don't like getting hit on everywhere they go from random strangers (the same idea applies to any marginalized group, but this particular advice is pointedly aimed at white cis-het men being the most privileged, tone deaf and abusive group at a systemic level, so I'll be sticking to cis-gendered models to keep things simple)! Dating is an incredibly complex and game-like endeavor whose rules are not fixed or communicated in simple language; indeed, their education to the public exists in opposition using shared language operating at cross purposes.

Despite *chercher la femme* being canonical praxis, for instance, girls actually prefer to have some say and control in these exchanges by representing for themselves what the symbol of woman means; i.e., not just an object of pursuit by men, but a fully autonomous being that can self-express in various (a)sexual ways should they choose. Even if that control is them being able to put on the sexy dress and be able to predictably get cat-called—if they predicted it and welcomed it, that's still their choice, their agency to sex-positively "flash" in some shape or form towards a public audience.



(exhibit 62c: Artist, top-left: [Cheun](#); bottom-left: [Alyssa](#); top-middle: [Sciamano204](#); bottom-middle: [Tiffany Valentine](#); top-right, [source](#): a "gender-critical" TERF counter-protesting a gender-recognition reform bill in Scotland; bottom-right: Angela, [the coercively demonized trans character from Sleepaway Camp](#), 1983 ["The Real Peter Baker," 2012]. Despite that film making Angel a transphobic, "cavewoman" exhibit, she has every reason to be enraged with the status quo.



(exhibit 62e: The Busenaktion ["breast action"] of 1969 [nice]. Radical students protesting Frankfurt fancy-pants, Theodor Adorno: "After a student wrote on the blackboard, 'If Adorno is left in peace, capitalism will never cease,' three women students approached the lectern, bared their breasts and scattered flower petals over his head" [[source tweet](#): whyvert]. Ferocious boobies. Run away, Brave Sir Robin, you're being repressed by killer rabbits!)



(exhibit 62f: Artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#). Cavegirl Ayla from Chrono Trigger, 1995—in the words of Jadis, "Chonk, stronk and ready to bonk" [with "bonk" being

slang for fucking—e.g., boning, boinking—but also her tendency to literally "bonk!" lizardman over the head with her club; re: "[Death by Snu-Snu](#)".)

Liminalities aside, there's a pretty big functional difference between showing some skin and literally flashing one's junk (versus female nipples, which are canonically treated as sex organs when they actually are not sex organs). Frankly, more aggressive forms of exhibitionism are generally relegated to erotic art or transgressive performance art (exhibit 62c). This can be appreciative or appropriative—with trans people and sluts more broadly being made exhibits of tied to horrifying violence meant to incite moral panics and lead to mass public shamings: "Don't show your body or have premarital sex or you might be a slut, sex demon, transsexual, etc" (conflations that we're examine more in Chapter Three).

However, if a girl wants to reclaim sluttiness and other abjected variables by grooming a figurative/literal beard, rocking a tramp stamp, flexing her strength (exhibit 62f) showing her pussy to a consenting audience (exhibit 61), or showing off a "whale tail," do not shame her. Look but do *not* stare, and *definitely* don't touch her without her express permission (such matters become more intuitive after first contact, of course: "red light, green light," etc). Flashing can certainly be a transgressive, "live" political act, but this is relative to the room in question; no one is going to stroll into a Baptist congregation and flash the ministry without a backup plan (unless they want to martyr themselves, even if inadvertently like Oscar Wilde did [during his own trial for gross indecency](#) [Douglas Linder's "The Trials of Oscar Wilde: An Account," 2023] for being a queer man in 1895—the first trial of its kind [though not the first attacking queer people before "homosexual" was an official term; re: [Broadmoor](#)]). More likely flashing is performed in ways that grant the performer agency without infringing on the rights of others, or punching up against powerful authority figures (men of reason) for whom the act will not pose any real threat (exhibit 62e).

Moreover, ordinary girls wearing "sexy clothes" (which honestly may as well just be clothes in general, as women's clothes—even Walmart-brand stuff—are subtly/not-so-subtly sexualized by men by default) is still not an invitation to abuse them, obnoxiously stare at them, or hector them, nor is them rejecting you regardless of how they go about it (and spare me your "what ifs," please; I'm talking about regular people, not outlier cases when a woman is mentally ill, prone to destructive behavior, or under someone else's power to try and fleece you)! Most dudes not only can't take the hint; they'll blame the victim:



Likewise, an incel, nice guy or creep is still creepy regardless if they think they're God's gift to women. To hit on someone without reading the room is foolish; to do so in a room where sex and dating aren't really on the table to begin with doesn't help your case or your odds. Try a dating website or some other place where you and they both know that being there is a precursor to sex if you play your cards right—*not at the laundromat, bus stop, or some other public space where they're just going through their day and don't want to be bothered*; e.g., "When I'm at the gas station, this ain't no Christian mingle!" (Greg Doucette's "Girl Gets Slammed over Viral TikTok Video," 2022; [timestamp](#): 8:11). Trust me: You're not so charming that they'll think otherwise, let alone drop their panties and suck you off, let alone marry you and have your kids. To think otherwise is to infantilize them. Likewise, "friendzone" isn't a thing so don't say they're doing that to you? What I mean is, it's a not a legitimate thing to accuse someone of not wanting to be with you; it's a strawman, one that self-reports when used unironically.

To that, cis-het men (or anyone in the Man Box), women (or any chosen mates) don't owe you sex, and bullying them isn't going to make them *want* to sleep with you. Doing so only lowers your odds of success by your own metrics, leading many white, cis-het men to blame women, not Capitalism, for their failures; but even if you "succeed" in the way you're taught, a "body count" is a poor metric for success if it costs you the ability to relate to other people—i.e., to treat them like people instead of objectives inside a larger game. There's always an element of luck involved when it comes to love, but reducing the odds through force cheats everyone involved by turning you into a bully and the other people into victims (whereas "changing the odds" through class warfare makes it much easier for you to find love without chasing someone down and coercing sex out of them).

This being said, love (and affairs) can happen at work and on the road. My first serious relationship started when I was 29 and happened with a 20-year-old

girl I met at the bus stop. I'll call her Constance Reid (after her favorite book, D. H. Lawrence's last novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, 1929). Before you say "pot, meet kettle," consider that we lived in the same town and took the same bus route everyday—first to the nearest city and then to different colleges. We saw each other every day and she talked to other people on the bus. At first, I was shy. In fact, I was socially awkward at school and had been going to therapy to help learn how to make friends in person, including how to make romantic partners (after having several unsuccessful attempts at this point). After several weeks of watching this person and wanting to talk to them, I shyly broke the ice: "So, is that your boyfriend?" They'd just been talking with someone who looked like their boyfriend. When asked, they didn't run away screaming. Instead, they simply said yes. We talked for the next several weeks on the bus, commuting four hours(!) to and from school every day. Turns out, we were both unable to drive and had similar timetables despite going to different schools in the area. What are the odds, right?

Learning relationships is like learning to paint. You're gonna make mistakes along the way. But you have to be willing to try. I was bearded like Karl Marx (exhibit 63a) and she was pale, zaftig and enchanting. We slowly grew closer, talking about rock 'n roll, literature and artwork until eventually I shaved my beard (for some reason, I decided to keep a porn 'stache). The girls at school certainly noticed, one crying out in class, "You look *different!* I can see your face!" I took this as a good sign. After class, I decided to "make a move" that night on the bus with Constance. This involved me telling her I wanted to kiss her despite her having a boyfriend (and me stating I didn't care; I was bold, to be honest, and had much to learn). For all my gusto, I was frankly terrified. I played it cool, though. I even did the old "yawning trick" from *Hellboy* (2004) and put my arm around her shoulder. Much to my surprise, she happily gave me some sugar. Turns out, she barely knew the person she "was with"; they'd only just met on the bus like me!



(exhibit 63a: Me still in the closet: from Kurt Russel to Jesus to Jonny Cash in under a week!)

A few days later, Constance came over to visit me at my grandparent's house. There I was, sitting on the porch reading *Henry IV* (1598) for class (on a page, no less, where Hotspur's wife is doling out all these none-too-subtle sexual innuendos to her husband, wanting him to eat her out instead of riding his stupid war horse all the time). Along comes Constance, riding up on her bicycle like Albert Einstein. We ended up going upstairs to watch *Rosemary's Baby* (1968). About halfway through, she's giving me bedroom eyes—in my bedroom. So, I stopped for a moment, thought about it, then asked, "Can I kiss you?" She said yes and I did. After we kissed, I figured, might as well go for the gold, laid my hand on her stomach and asked, "Can I touch your pussy?" Constance consented and I went about it. She didn't seem to mind. When I asked her if she wanted to have sex, she said she had to break up with her boyfriend first. Curious.

That was a long week. After Constance broke up with her boyfriend, we made plans to have sex. Leading up to having sex, we talked about our histories. She told me she was a virgin; I told her about my Hep C (which I had contracted mysteriously and didn't even know I had it, requiring me to jump through a lot of hoops to get the medication I needed to lower my viral count to "cured" levels) and sexual history. We planned for about a week, selecting time for her to come over where we could have some privacy and give things a shot.

On the fateful night in question, we held each other in the dark on the way home (it was winter and the bus was dark on the inside to allow the driver to see). She said she was nervous but excited; I asked if she still wanted to do it and she said yes. I had purchased some condoms ahead of time. Using one, we had sex that night. It wasn't the "best" sex in the world (she was a virgin and I had to be gentle and patient) but she was a little poet—mad as a hatter but still my Fairy Queen (which I called her, after Titania from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1605). Regardless of the sex and how good it felt (it was nice, to be fair), the whole experience taught me a lot: that learning someone's body is like learning to appreciate a good song or book; it takes time and repeated viewings, but a willingness to engage with a fun toy that plays back. More to the point, any time we were in bed or out, I never forgot her needs or placed them above my own; despite my initial boldness, I always asked if this was ok and didn't just assume. I also learned that I liked discovering what she liked or disliked in general, but especially music: Constance likes Van Halen, Zeuhl likes The Who and The Cars (and a million other bands; re: "[The Eyeball Zone](#)"), Jadis likes Tool and NIN (re: "[Seeing Dead People](#)"), and Cuwu liked Slush Puppy and FKA Twigs (re: "[Out of This World](#)"), etc. All the flowers are beautiful and unique, not just the ones that Capitalism privatizes and sells back to you with your own labor.

The point of my story isn't to crow about my own accomplishments, but to illustrate the complexities of having a relationship, no matter the length. Ours was intense but brief, with Constance breaking things off after several months and us only having sex four times (and me only cumming twice). Turns out, Constance was

largely looking for someone to lose her virginity to and I'm the person she chose (she was also ghastly afraid of getting pregnant *several days* after having sex; i.e., a childish misunderstanding of how pregnancy works, but also the fear of pregnancy after missing one's period as being a very female fear). Not gonna lie, that broke my heart. However, seven years later, we briefly touched base again, only for her to tell me she never forgot me, that I would always be her fairy queen. More to the point, she thanked me for being gentle with her that first time. Not only that, but she said that she was using what I taught her in her own relationships. It was a compliment I was only too happy to take—that I could be empathetic towards her in ways she remembered years after the fact. We both got something positive out of it.

Let's take the same idea of empathy and respecting someone's agency and apply it to an everyday situation, one where we view it through a Gothic-Communist lens.



(artist: [Nigel Van Wieck](#))

You see a girl at the bus stop. She's an ordinary person—a worker like the majority of people under Capitalism—and she seems usually on edge when a polite man moseys up and starts hitting on her. He's not some Disney villain; he's just an average Joe, a regular worker just like her. For the sake of argument, let's level the playing field slightly and say they're both "fives" and single (to be clear, sliding scales are incredibly shallow and anyone who uses one to seriously gauge a

person's value in the Sexual Marketplace™ is probably bigoted—doubly so if they apply it to their jawline or IQ levels, too).

Let's also say there's no obvious red flags. Our Romeo is nice, but she doesn't care. She rejects him with a curt "fuck off" before icing him out. Even if there's no ill intent and she still "bites his head off," her being rude doesn't change the dialectical-material reality that women are raped and killed by men far more than the other way around; they also go their whole lives being reminded by popular media that any man, if slighted, will kill and rape them, and cops won't believe them (as for the dude, I'm pretty his wounded feelings will survive a tongue-lashing from someone who can't physically hurt him—grow a pair, buttercup). Do we have to like her for doing it? No, but we can try to understand her position relative to the man's; despite both of them being workers, she's far more disadvantaged than he is. What's more and he—polite or not—was cross her boundaries at the cultural level by hitting on her in a laundromat. Crossing boundaries is fine, but if she wants to reject him with extreme prejudice, she's still the disadvantaged party by a mile. Moreover, learning to read the room and develop a social-sexual "radar" for these things will make such "horror stories" far less common than you might think. I fucked up at first, too; but eventually I got better at it *by not hitting on girls at the laundromat, or the teller at by bank who's just trying to do her job and be polite*. In short, I learned "how to play" by learning the ropes beyond the formal/intended rules, but also the informal/emergent rules of play.

The idea of sex-as-dangerous manifests in Gothic hauntology at large, showcasing sexuality as imperiled by Gothic analogues: the castle. Regardless of the exact format, Gothic stories more broadly illustrate the complexities and ambiguous of human, social-sexual interactions under Capitalism; i.e., as informed by the imaginary past and its recycled conventions, reifying a dimorphic, "Love is a Battlefield" scheme presented in phenomenological terms: through the ballroom drama as *ergodic*, thus requiring a "game," skilled and savvy player to navigate the perils thereof—i.e., *is my dance partner a killer or not?* This isn't just a cliché from a story that demands dance partners *a priori*, but a half-real commentary on the Neo-Gothic, Romantic-quotidian struggles of women forced into doing customary social-sexual rituals in everyday activities that men don't even think about; e.g., the Metroidvania as a summoning of the castle for a heroine to move around inside according to gendered roles that promote, promise and threaten, but also subvert and transgress sex as a dangerous-if-titillating position—i.e., the *urgency* of it all tied to conventional expressions of the human condition predicated on material conditions, specifically the taught/flaccid libido as something to comment on in various ways that comment on meeting through such examples:

You've got a pussy
I have a dick, ah

So what's the problem?

Let's do it quick (Rammstein's "[Pussy](#)," 2009).

While the romance is a facsimile for codified interactions, dalliance and rendezvouses, women (or beings forced to identity as women, or at least feminine) are doing everyday activities implicitly coded for them as romanticized courtship rituals, despite many of them being things women simply do to get from point A to point B. In these liminal spaces, they don't want to be outed as "whistleblowers" for just standing up for themselves. It's a pretty low bar, but one that society still punishes the woman for "violating" by default: "Don't go out, don't wear sexy clothes or you're "asking for it!" But in equally Gothic terms, a veil is no defense when the game is in play. As Matthew Lewis pointed out over two centuries ago, the canonized ritual is to hit on any maiden, even if she's veiled. Canonical "modesty" is not protection from predators, but segregation; indeed, those "protecting" you are, more often than not, the very people who abuse you, then lie about it to your face. Deception comes with the package in Man Box culture; giving them what they want/endorsing their ideology is incredibly dangerous and only prolongs abuse (exhibit 87e1/2).



(exhibit 63b: Rape culture is romanticized as normal through nostalgia. For example, Matthew McConaughey as Wooderson in Dazed and Confused [1993] says, "That's what I love about these high school girls, man. I get older, they stay the same age." Not only is this pedophilic behavior utterly textbook; the act of grooming is normalized, through Man Box, in a role model for younger men to follow and emulate in a nostalgic worldview: the 1970s and its hatred of women as sex objects to exploit by resentful, covetous men. Indeed, for them "woman is other" translates to the resenting of women as the assigned givers of pleasure that is owed to men, but taught to men by men that they must win this pleasure through deception and force. Such hatred plays out during fascist expansion

through radicalized male culture under crisis: the "incel," aka "involuntary celibate" as a kind of "straw dog."



Likewise, many would-be rapists/incels are often conventionally prettier than people care to admit, meek-looking-yet-menacing real-life murderers like Eliot Rodger eliding with the rape fantasy as romanticized and mass-produced for white women; e.g., Alexander Skarsgaard as Charlie from Rod Lurie's 2011 Straw Dogs or Adam Driver as Jacques Le Gris from Ridley Scott's The Last Duel [2021]: the blackguard, the rogue, the lothario-as-rapist Quixotic who things he understands what love is and then rapes the professed recipient, then aims to retreat into the Church as a black penitent. Of the Black Penitents, Nick Groom writes in The Italian's explanatory notes,

Penitential orders were Roman Catholic monastic orders in which the members undertook severe penance or mortifications of the flesh. The chief Confraternity of the Black Penitents is the Misericordia (also known as the Beheading of St. John), established in 1488 to give aid to those condemned to death [... "having the power"] to release one criminal per year and shelter him from capital punishment" [...] Radcliffe presents the Black Penitents as clothed in sackcloth adorned with a death's head.

Clearly words like penitentiary still exist and, indeed, are commonplace under Pax Americana as a domesticated slaving ground built around the business of false

imprisonment and cruel punishment : a fear but also romanticization of the jailed as paradoxically privileged.

Moreover, the inverse applies to a corrupt system whose privileged few could retreat within to dodge punishment—i.e., an exclusive sanctuary hinted at by Radcliffe's own outmoded romance [The Italian's second title being The Confessional of the Black Penitents]. Her bigoted, xenophobic terrors were outdated by the time she penned them, done so at least in part to comment on the hauntological nature of the abuse of power and presence of rape within mighty institutions renowned for their legendary harm: the Church, but also the knights templar brought forward out of the past in new fearsome forms; i.e., the black knight as false holy order adorned with skulls, promising torture and death to their own torturous heroes and far worse to everyone else [which both Radcliffe and Scott posit onto an imaginary Eastern European, but also the Catholic Church; their Protestant dogma/anti-French lens is both standard-issue British polemic, as well as a semi-false, but also partially legitimate barb common in such fictions]. The Gothic is utterly rife with such things and has been for centuries.

Such a fetishized persona might, then, read like bad fiction on paper but it emulates the fascist spectre as quite at home under Capitalism as having evolving out of older structures, while still having their medieval qualities that torture workers and benefit the powerful; i.e., the strongman as a brute working for the nearest centurion in a grander structure the operates through force and authorial decree: a medieval system that threatens abuse when the veil of propriety falls apart. The veil becomes black, menacing to those the system normally accommodates.

As with Neo-Gothic fiction, the ghost of the counterfeit presents the fabrication as caught between the history and the reality as half-real. As rapist personas, both Charlie and Le Gris play their parts, then, as the sexy-but-sexually frustrated looker [attractive and covetous] who feels owed sex within the state as in crisis. The fiction punches the designated bag as a partial critique, scapegoating the symptom but ignoring the cause to make the story thrilling [the Catholic Church as a den of criminals, in Radcliffe's case; pre-fascism in the early Renaissance period, for Scott; and fascist as having never left, for Lurie]. While the commentary is there to breathe life into the voice of women, often these women are swept aside for the theatrics of the dueling men fighting over women as property to defend their image of themselves to the men who look up to them.

In turn, the people who critique these men—like Charlie's employer or Le Gris' rival—are themselves, imperfect; i.e., the "white knight" maneuver of someone who, if not overtly devilish, are waiting patiently in the wings for their "friend" to get hurt and then take advantage; or think they have "game" thus can pull off similar advances without being creepy themselves, while still expecting a reward from a false rescue during chercher la femme and staring at the talking woman as if the presumed property suddenly speaking were as miraculous as a statue weeping

blood—e.g., Rebecca Watson's "elevator gate" incident, where a man got in the elevator with her at four in the morning and propositioned sex to her on a whim [re: "Richard Dawkins Promotes Creationism," [timestamp](#): 5:03]. They—and the overblown, fascists-posturing as centrist, scientific "authorities" forcing people into a binary based on basic misunderstandings⁴⁹ about binary sex [again, Dawkins; Rebecca Watson's "[Richard Dawkins Doesn't Know What a Woman Is](#)," 2021]—are harmful in a different way and generally to a lesser degree than the stereotypical highwayman, open fascist or rake.

In other words, they're still knights, cowboys, cops, etc; i.e., traditionally male positions of power than are romanticized and given the benefit of the doubt by the audiences who conflate real-life versions with their fictional-counterparts; or grant the player of a fictional variant the authority and power of a real cop, priest or teacher as hauntologized to harmful, misleading extremes [Sergio Leone's 1969 *Once Upon a Time in the West* starring Charles Bronson, a bigoted man playing a "good" brute/escalator of violence; versus his 1984 *Once Upon a Time in America*, starring Robert De Niro who plays a "good" brute framed as less shitty than James Woods' character but still rapes a woman onscreen—exhibit 100c2c]. See: "[Dark Shadows](#)" for more on this topic, and on Radcliffe's *banditti* at large.)

⁴⁹ Biological sex is not descriptively binary but *is* prescribed as such; i.e., heteronormativity forces a colonial binary into society as a social construct:

Assigned sex is the label given at birth by medical professionals based on an individual's chromosomes, hormone levels, sex organs, and secondary sex characteristics. As a note, the term "biologic sex" is understood by many to be an outdated term, due to its longstanding history of being used to invalidate the authenticity of trans identities. Although sex is typically misconceptualized as a binary of male (XY) or female (XX), many other chromosomal arrangements, inherent variations in gene expression patterns, and hormone levels exist. Intersex categorizations include variations in chromosomes present, external genitalia, gonads (testes or ovaries), hormone production, hormone responsiveness, and internal reproductive organs ([source](#): National Library of Medicine).

The essentializing occurs, then, between the romancing of fantasy and the "fantasy" of science as part of a larger set of cultural biases that harm anyone who isn't cis, but also cis people who will be effected by the enforcement of the status quo until it enters crisis.

Note: For additional terms on gender, refer to the gender studies terminology I list and summarize in "[Audience, Art and Reading Order](#)." From that list, I want you to understand that my own analyzing of said terms is very much as a fourth wave an-Com GNC feminist, having modified my own understanding from 2023 onwards.



Gothic Communism, then, is a communal effort, dialectically addressing the material world's current stigmas and biases in subversively medievalized/Gothic language. The aim in doing so is to think about transgenerational trauma in a sex-positive way that teaches emotional intelligence regarding sex pests as disconcertingly common and celebrated (above), even when their hauntology becomes openly criminal (exhibit 86a2). To this, thinking on one's feet, or toes, occurs when having relationships with people—or artwork by, with or about people, including Gothic examples and oscillating, ambiguous arrangements inside and outside of the text. The point of empathy is to have caution for the person you're empathizing with, who may be hypervigilant from past trauma and automatically not on their toes in response to you doing normal activities with no trauma attached to your side of things: empathetic caution in respect to a victim's caution, allowing you to form bonds, establish trust, and make artwork that can address the horrors and lies of Capitalism in a group effort.

However, Capitalism historically doesn't incentivize these things, deprioritizing relationships where people talk about their feelings, treating sex workers as criminal and women as aliens, while boys don't cry. The outcome of *that* particular social configuration are cis-het boys who have no idea how to talk to women on a pathological level. Instead, they hide their true intent and lack of game by trying to downplay their formulaic, lazy and inherently dishonest, even

treacherous approach; e.g., Wooderson in exhibit 63b, above, emulated in real life by [Ryan Evans' auto-pilot pattern of self-described "awkwardness"](#) (Quelsee, 2023) when serially harassing women online [and in person of increasingly younger ages than himself](#) (*ibid.*); or weird canonical nerds like Caleb Hart saying they "aren't a rapist" (exhibit 93b)—it's feigned innocence/nonchalance, even a deliberate, forceful⁵⁰ weirdness; i.e., of acknowledging one's approach as "coming on too strong" before denying it in the same breath. Thanks to Capitalism, such persons become blind to the correct way to talk to others—as equals. Instead, they grow into bad players who target younger and younger girls, becoming increasingly entitled, ignorant, pampered and cruel towards those they're conditioned to regard as literally inhuman, but also fetishized (the structures that perform these rituals outlined in Chapter Two; their consequences explored for the rest of the book).

Trauma that must be handled with care. Likewise, canonical interrogation and iconoclastic praxis must be handled with respect towards the victims. With that in mind, let's re-examine the above picture again, this time through a *critically empathetic*, sex-positive lens. The picture is of actress Sean Young playing a *replicant* (a robotic slave designed to look human). She's not only smoking a cigarette in the photograph; she's doing it while taking a test to verify that she's human. If she fails the test, that means she isn't human, thus open to on-the-spot execution (called "retirement" in the movie, a cryptonym that disguises corporate abuse, which itself is housed inside her temple-like office with the artificial owl and the reptilian male overload, all displaced, hauntological cryptonyms for Capitalism). Not only is this treatment perfectly legal; her rights and her body belong to the company that made her, the Tyrell Corporation. This idea is what drives carceral hauntologies—the duplicate as an "authentic" replica that completely ignores the woman posing for it. She and her abuses are swept under the rug and forgotten.

⁵⁰ It's entirely possible to default to weirdness by being oneself as a successful, ethical dating stratagem. Indeed, my fawning cuteness and catboy voice caught them off guard, leading them to say, "This guy's weird as hell—I like it!" We'll examine my self-admitted weirdness more in Chapter Three when we examine goblins (exhibit 94c1).



(artist: [Ilya Kuvshinov](#))

The picture of the cigarette doesn't explicitly say any of this by itself. Nor can it comment on how its hypercanonical⁵¹ status leads to pastiche in perpetuity (the tech-noir/cyberpunk as the end-point of commentary about the world, echoing Fisher's take on hauntology). This endless pursuit of profit-through-pastiche demands normalized behaviors that can be repeatedly administered to audiences, the latter conditioned to recognize value in prescribed sexual roles (which tend to conflate biological sex and gender performance/identity): Marx's Superstructure and Base. As we'll see in just a moment, this Capitalist framework specifically discourages mutual consent in the workplace, but also empathy towards workers who represent the workplace through art (or vice versa) that tends to shape how either is portrayed and viewed—in short, how it's empathized with as taught by hauntological forms.

⁵¹ The imagery from *Blade Runner* is so famous that you might recognize it without having seen the film at all. Many do, with many more defending its usage in the blank neoliberal sense: as a cryptic shroud that cloaks Capitalisms' abusive past, present and future behind endless, uncritical copies. While Scott's dystopia allowed for neoliberal critique—engaging with the Tyrell corporation as a larger foe—increasingly corporatized copies of the same base cityscape have leaned into the "dumb playground" aspect. When new generations see the image, that's what they'll think of, not Scott's palimpsest.

As a workplace representative, Sean remains the central product of the company. "More human than human," she's a manmade secretary reduced to feeling artificial because she *knows* she's a product (with a four-year lifespan, no less). The reoccurring problem, then, is context, but also bias: How are women viewed whether context is absent or no. Sean Young's treatment as an actor highlights social-sexual bias relative to her imagery in art; i.e., "woman is other," hence unwelcome in art save as Patriarchal Capitalism demands—xenophobic subjugation. Since her performance is easily divorced from the text but not the image, determining if either conveys mutual consent in a sex-positive sense will require viewing Sean as a subject, not an object in a picture that sells



merchandise. She's someone to listen to, not dismiss, ignore or attack, but still being judged by bigots who view her as a monster, a madwoman in the attic.

Though Sean personally recounts abysmal treatment on and off set [precisely because she was a 22-year old woman working with much older, sexist men](#) ("*Blade Runner's*

Sean Young: 'If I were a man I'd have been treated better,'" 2015), it's disarmingly easy to look at Sean's character being abused onscreen and think, "It's just a movie, right?" It becomes far more dubious when we consider both side-by-side. Not only did Ridley Scott and his team film everything without Sean's consent—indeed, despite her active, on-set complaints about sexual harassment—they released *Blade Runner* without reshooting anything: a classic movie that flagrantly depicts the very abuse Sean described, only to be lauded as canon whose hauntology yields carceral outcomes inside the minds of sexist fans who unironically defend Capitalism.

This treatment by a supposed ally like Scott (who doesn't get a pass just because he made *Alien*) marked an abusive trend that would haunt Sean for the rest of her career. She would go on to be ignored, distrusted precisely for speaking the truth. Empathy towards her victimized position demonstrates mutual consent was *not* present. This goes to show how the context highlighting mutual consent must be explained, but also believed in regards to one's own testimony about abuse experienced in the workplace. Under Capitalism, the workplace is everywhere, and

it creates a generational "cone of silence" regarding workplace abuses of various kinds. This includes abuses committed against female workers by male superiors, [even "fatherly" types like Bill Cosby](#) (Dreading, 2023) who "took advantage" (quiet part: he drugged and raped them) of female workers infantilized by the system. It also includes literal child abuse and a great number of other abuse types/scenarios functioning in a similar cryptonymic fashion: "It just wasn't talked about back then" (re: exhibit 11b5, "[Challenging the State](#)").

In turn, this already-inconvenient truth would hide something larger behind it: "Most abusers are workers that people *perceive* as family members—authority figures like police officers (or people impersonating police officers); sports figures like coaches and star athletes; religions figures and celebrities in general." This exhibit, if exposed, would hide something behind it, the thing that no one talks about that causes all of them: Patriarchal Capitalism. Sometimes, an elaborate strategy of misdirection is called for, evoking the ghost of the counterfeit through



Gothic displacement: the old lord chasing the Gothic maiden around the dark spooky castle.

Iconoclastic "monster misdirection" strategies can be a movie to watch with fresh eyes; or, it can happen

through our own relationships as we play the dark lord or lady through unequal power exchange, introducing mutual consent back into the ritual. This includes consent-non-consent, which can be quite fun and cathartic with a game, playful negotiator (thank you for that, Cuwu): rape fantasies, mask-like roleplays and revisiting past trauma within playful boundaries of control that minimize risk; e.g.,

taking drugs to fall asleep (re: exhibit 11b2 and exhibit 51d3, "[Challenging the State](#)" and "[Dark Xenophilia](#)"), deliberately performing like a doll in figurative or literal ways (exhibit 41g2, "[Understanding Vampires](#)"), or otherwise emulating the



"swooning" function of vampirism (exhibit 87d) during sex.

(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#); source: "[Dark Shadows](#)")

While this sounds sinister, it's actually quite common. While it's performed to address vulnerability as something to cope with and appreciate, it can also be entirely unrelated to trauma; i.e., fucking someone while they are asleep (regardless if the ritual is Gothicized for appreciative peril; e.g., Eddie Money's "[I Think I'm In Love](#)," 1982). Many partners have *that* talk with their partner(s)—"Sure, you can fuck me before you go to work while I'm still asleep! Just no surprise anal and don't cum in my hair!" In

BDSM parlance, that's called *negotiation*—a concept mysterious to many couples on account that BDSM and the understanding of healthy power exchange is canonically abjected, replaced with heteronormative prescription that disempowers women, erases queer/ace people, demonizes people of color and disabled people, and compels men to act like dickheads, etc. At the end of the day, it's mutual consent that's being reinforced/recognized as sexy (which includes the written BDSM, an implement designed to protect both sides in case something goes awry—accidents can happen).

Monsters, whether good or bad, are made through oppositional praxis as a living socio-material thing over time (whose history we explored in Volume Two). This includes complicit/revolutionary "beards," as Juul might call intended/emergent gameplay. In a state of constant flux, oppositional metaplay continuously alters the way the game is played for or against the status quo—bourgeois beards or proletarian beards, etc. Sometimes literal but often figurative, the beard is a "grooming" process—how one styles their appearance and social-sexual customs as things to present, but also interpret and enforce or encourage in society at large.

State agents or actors adopt the state's Symbolic Order—fetishized muscles, body hair and attitudes about heteronormative sex work as dimorphic: Men are strong and women are weak, but men—as "intelligent" and "powerful" as they are—need sex from women because otherwise the world stops turning. So if Price and Quinnvincible (re: exhibit 52g2, "[Furry Panic](#)") are abjected for displaying their literal beards and figurative "beards," reverse abjection is the praxial, xenophilic decolonization of these things in favor of a Communist world: a Utopian, "perfect world" for all workers where AFABs can walk around, fuzzy and clothed as little or as much as they want—can do so without it being perceived as "sass" or "back talk"—without fear of violence, judgement, shaming or rape, like a dog being put to heel, "bitch-slapped," etc. Like Trans-X's purple painted skies and computer fairyland, it's the dream they make real.

This reification happens by gradually introducing emergent social-sexual code into the half-real gaming space, teaching "gym/gamer bros" and other weird canonical nerds to be better "gamers" in the mysterious ways of sex, love and gender. But iconoclast must first talk back/fight back as girls/queer people historically do—through gender trouble, thus fight like girls, talk like girls, historically doing so in increasingly revolutionary ways that slowly become active—from Sappho to Radcliffe to O'Keefe (re: exhibit 24c1, "[The Basics of Oppositional Synthesis](#)") to Butler to Quinnvincible—as "ferocious" as killer rabbits that terrify emotionally fragile. The aim is not to shatter all men, but over time use iconoclastic negotiation as a form of collective worker action that "fuck" men's menticided brains with fresh, helpful spunk—to, as Mavis put it to me, "unbitch the bitch"; i.e., not "discipline and punish," but "good play" of the puppy-play sort (as much as I detest Scrappy Doo, "puppy power!" is apposite here). Our target, then, is white (cis-het) male fragility as something that can extend beyond male nerds, affecting women/feminists, people of color and queer persons through various compromises with power (we'll examine these compromises bad play in Chapters Three and Four, as well as how to counterplay them in Chapter Five).

Despite all these mixed metaphors, the common theme is emotional intelligence and mutual consent as something to convey through one's social-sex life, *but also one's art as a lifestyle extension of these things*. In xenophilic terms, furies and [otherkin](#) are not automatically rapists any more than gay men are intrinsic vectors for venereal disease; trans people, natural-born pedophiles; or women, "gold-digging sluts." That's a scapegoating mindset, generally conveyed by xenophobic defenders of the state blaming the victim (we'll get to that). The xenophile should draft their own fearsome "gargoyles" to oppose their canonical doubles with, but also provide parallel spaces those gargoyles call home and liminal variants (exhibits 64a/64b). The idea of rebellion is guerilla warfare, fighting back in ways that work, that tire or confuse our opponents; i.e., by snapping them out of their canonical mindset at the cultural level. This includes becoming the killer rabbit that powerful men fear. As such, consider my xenophile's refrain: Suck what you

must suck and shake your booty—your thick, revolutionary monster booty! "Fuck them like an animal" by illustrating mutual consent and worker rights that teach "good play" BDSM as a stabilizing gossip, perceptive pastiche, and disarmingly constructive anger that subversively teaches workers to resist the state and it's endless nightmare of manufacture, subterfuge and coercion (the bourgeois three trifectas from Volume One; re: "[The Nation-State](#)").

Note: When originally writing Volume Three back in 2022 and early 2023, Meowing from Hell hadn't outed themselves as transphobic⁵². Also, at this point I was still

⁵² I write about this in Meowing's bad review, which I wrote a week or so ago after not speaking about them since the transphobic event happened:

[Meowing from Hell](#)—aka Cat—loves artwork, including being drawn (above; re: the drawings I did of Meowing in 2022 and 2023, alongside the ref material they supplied, at the time). They initially supported my endeavors, promoting my work in exchange for being drawn. We worked from August 2022 to May 2023, no problems, exchanging artwork and money for premade b/g content, promotional material and time on Meowing's Twitter feed. on May 23rd, I reached out to them regarding a widespread transmisogynistic campaign against me; re: "[Setting the Record Straight, Transmisia Experience: 5/26/2023](#)"; i.e., despite me approaching all other sex workers the same way and doing sex work myself, I was being accused of not respecting the boundaries of others or knowing what consent was (the usual transmisogynistic accusations; re: the man in a dress/women's spaces). Rather than hear me out, Meowing proceeding to gaslight me and try and convince me that what I had done regarding the accusers was wrong... despite it being the same exact behavior I had done with Meowing (nudity in the OnlyFans screencaps censored, to be on the safe side; nudity in the Twitter screencaps has not been censored):



[\[source\]](#)

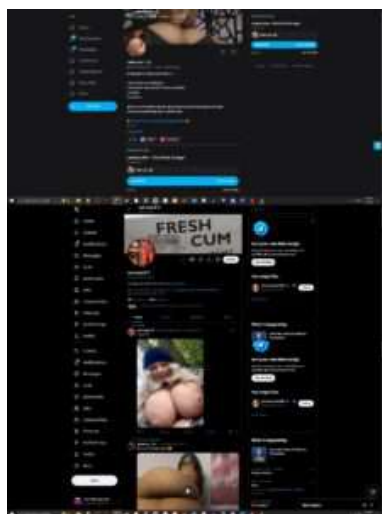
In short, Meowing threw me under the bus and washed their hands of things ([click here for the full image of our pre-conflict August 2022 conversation](#) and [here for our full May 2023 conversation](#)). Furthermore, they still do sex work:

writing *Sex Positivity* on Blogger [which wasn't censoring softcore nudity at this point] and hadn't transitioned over to Word, yet; i.e., exhibits featuring hardcore nudity have been censored with Pikachus, eggplants and ducks:



(exhibit 64a: The iconoclastic monster/gargoyle/egregore, etc. Model and artist, left: [Meowing from Hell](#) and Persephone van der Waard, [top](#) and [bottom](#). Right: promo banner designed by Meowing from Hell [now removed]. The iconoclastic "gargoyle" shares the borrowed language of canonical variants, but uses it in sex-positive depictions. These are often housed in geometrically "terrifying" locales,

often with hauntological elements [exhibit 64b] or dream-like, "phantasmagorical" qualities—i.e., parallel spaces that can terrifying in canonical or iconoclastic ways [exhibit 64c].)



[[source](#)]

Despite this, they distanced themselves from me and refused to promote my work on the word of other transphobic sex workers, which makes them transphobic, too. They frankly suck.

In Gothic language, iconoclastic praxis playfully and emergently reveals is the same old thing everyone knows is already there: the man behind the curtain. *Marxist criticism* of that man reveals him to own the means of production, have tremendous wealth and privilege, have some sense of celebrity status or position of authority and power, and control the media enough to cultivate people's views about him. There's no way anyone with a modicum of remorse could examine him so nakedly before swiftly seeing him as an abusive monster. So, the game becomes one of perpetual concealment (and literal inability to "reflect," har-har): Conceal your means, motive and opportunity by making up stories and twisting the narrative; bribe and coerce the people you work for by having power over them; and when all else fails, hire a good lawyer and deny, deny, deny.

A common consequence is public denial, a fear of speaking out against authority figures or viewing let alone *conveying* dreadful things. For instance, the concealing trope of female swooning is part of Radcliffe's "armor by fainting" procedure (re: exhibit 30c, "[Rape Culture](#)"; which plays out quite literally in *Alien*, for example, when Lambert the white, cis-het damsel freezes and is raped, off-screen; conversely the heroine Ripley defends herself from the same cosmic rapist, putting on a white suit of actual armor to protect her virtue; refer to the "[Reversing Abjection](#)" section from this chapter). Ostensibly this protect her modesty from the rapist villain—itself a literal metaphor for not being raped—but also figuratively from the judgmental audience and public when she acts like a man to defend herself and her place within a larger way of life. This general-to-specific cryptonymic phenomena showcases how canon plays a disproportionate role in what goes unexplained, including what is or isn't believed by victims trying to tell their side of things (who, during the making of sanctioned hauntologies, tend to threaten corporate profits by blowing the whistle). Gothic stories that defend Capitalism (especially older stories written by cis-white men or women) may cursorily address this issue, but very quickly will "bury" them again by killing a "bad apple" scapegoat, often a demonic one displaced from systems of abuse. By comparison, emancipatory hauntologies expose the abuse to frankly denuding, even invasive extremes—even "going undercover" and telling the story from the abuser's point of view if it means highlighting the systemic nature of things. In other words, no swooning allowed!

Doing so will "haunt" the whistleblower, who Capitalism will punish without mercy. This trend affects not just the character, but the actor playing them. For example, this real-life beach photograph lacks the same amount of context as Sean's set photo. It nevertheless shows someone generally recognized for her outbursts and eventual exile from Hollywood, with empathy towards Sean generally being discouraged by official narratives that unfairly portray her as an unprofessional, lippy harridan. This stems from sexist critics who refuse to see Sean



as a victim at all—not a woman abused by a sexist system until she got mad, but a crazy lady's "comeuppance," a criminal whose treatment is justified, legitimate, and without question.

([source](#))

Mutual consent is a natural right that Sean always had, one her abusers violated on multiple levels; it goes unexplained by and to her attackers, who continually refuse to believe her as time goes on but are also framed as her "protectors" (a thoroughly derivative cryptonym that hides Patriarchal sexism behind various forms of "male savior" pastiche, framing the

man as a hauntological protector and the woman as a "damsel-in-distress" trophy—in retro-future replicas like [Heavy Metal versus The Fifth Element](#) [1981, 1997—Major Grin, 2023] and too many fantasy-style stories to even list: books and movies, but especially videogames⁵³ that sexualize women even when

⁵³ As I write in "Borrowed Robes: The Role of 'Chosen' Clothing — Part 1: Female Videogame Characters" (2020), videogame women, even active avatars the player can control, are historically "dressed" in skimpy outfits chosen by men or at least in service of men:

This two-part series examines the historical lack of choice regarding character appearance in videogames—namely clothes. [...] When I write "clothes," I mean in the literal sense, but also the character's total onscreen appearance—their physique, dialogue, move set, etc. For women, such personas seldom represent actual female desires—either of the character, or any

they *aren't* passive sex objects for heroes to "get"; it also defends the status quo that produces these socio-material, heteronormative arrangements—Lacan's Symbolic Order). A far more useful deterrent in future abuse than a "knight"-in-shining-armor is the empathy required to listen when something bad happens. Strong men—be they bodybuilders, private eyes, or billionaires dressed up in bat suits—can't protect women from systemic abuse because they don't do anything to change the system itself, which historio-materially blames women and sets them up to be sacrificed to men by men.

That's where activism comes in. As sex-positive activists, we shouldn't blame Sean for being upset, but try to understand her plight to begin with by examining her photos through an empathic lens that lets her finally speak for herself (what Paulo Freire coined as "the pedagogy of the oppressed," a concept we'll return to in Chapter Four); furthermore, that her complex, life-long struggles demonstrate the importance of context when interpreting something as inherently colonized as sexual imagery.

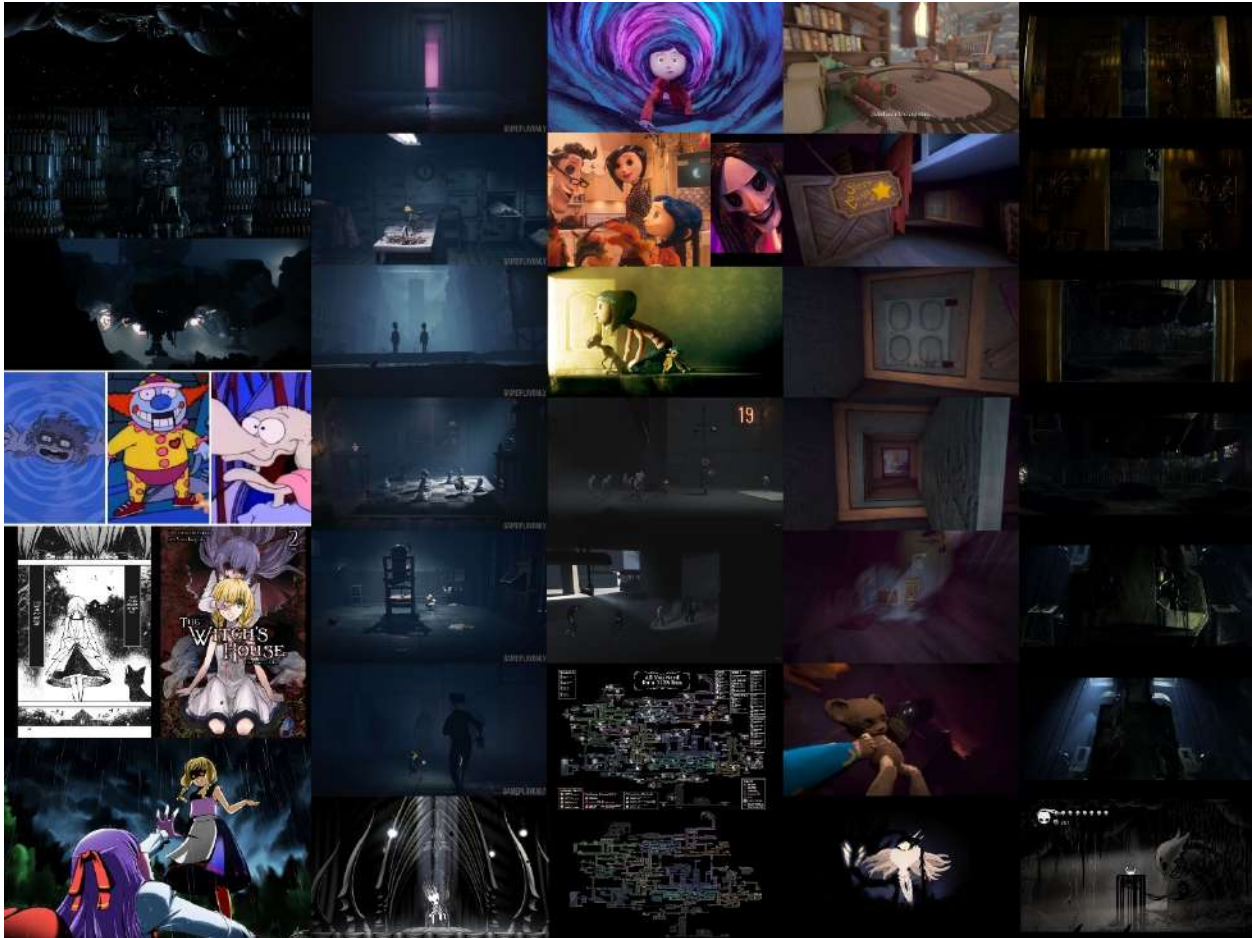
Women, whether cis or trans, are historically sexualized *without* their consent, denied empathy from an audience who worships (defends) male power. Recognition of this perennial tragedy requires an active, informed viewer—someone who doesn't just take things at face value, but thinks about how sexualized images intersect inside a larger, biased system that romanticizes a decaying past as the end-all, be-all. Those who think for themselves can supply others with the same cooperative tools—punching up against a system that only punches down, forcing its subjects to compete against one another. This system must be actively resisted. Active viewer. Active reader. Active artist. Activism in hauntological gargoyles (exhibit 54 [re: "[Furry Panic](#)"], 64a, etc) and hauntological parallel spaces (exhibit 64b) stemming from liminal variants (exhibit 64c)—all are proletarian praxis and transformative, collective teamwork. This is fostered between people learning from art, of art of art, of paintings but also videogames as animating the Gothic through ludo-Gothic poetics as a form of proletarian *de facto* education:

women who controls her. Instead, they represent how women are controlled by their male peers through the forced assignment of clothes that sexualize women in unfavorable ways ([source](#)).

This appropriation of "empowerment" tends to appropriate the celebration of women as an older *topos* (a traditional theme or formula in literature): [the topos of the power of women](#) (e.g., Susan Smith, 1995) specifically sex as a female-exclusive power in the face of masculine authority. This ancient concept dates back to the time of the Greeks [and—e.g., Daphne—generally conceals a rapacious element](#); in doing so, it announces the larger systemic sexism issues through the female body itself as a cryptonym, overshadowed by the fact that this power is really just subservience and pacification in disguise.



(exhibit 64b: Artist, top: [Persephone van der Waard](#); bottom: Edward Hooper. My piece was not only made to be hauntological; it was pointedly based off Hooper's voyeuristic, vacant work, combining the seminal "Nighthawks" [1942] with an eclectic cast of misfits: myself [two days before I came out of the closet], my mother and Jim Morrison, but also two antiheroes from two of my mother's favorite series: Rupert Campbell Black and Cass Neary.)



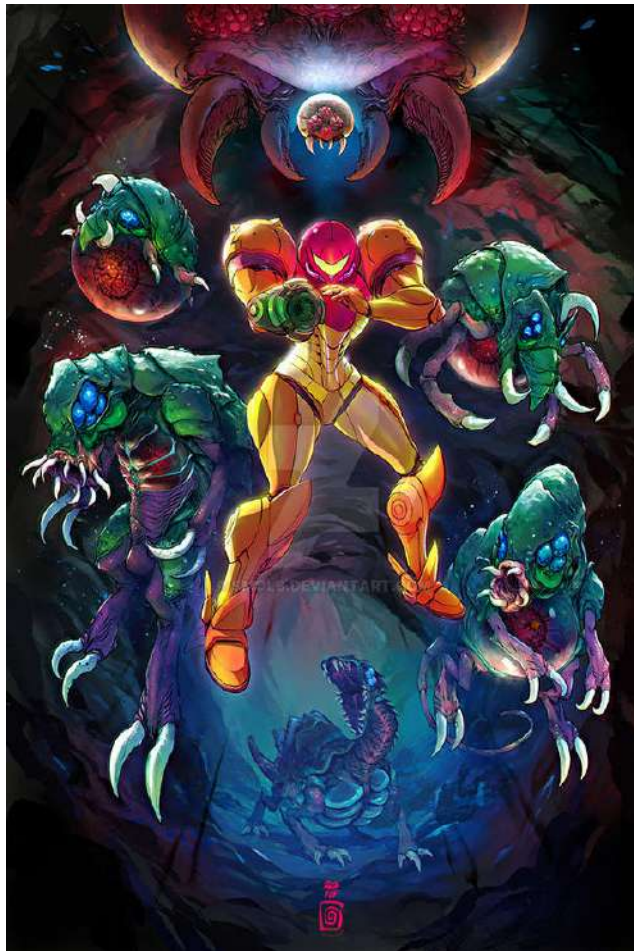
(exhibit 64c [from Volume Two]: Aguirre's aforementioned geometries of terror, presented with a wide corpus of texts and their liminal spaces from different mediums: Top-far-left: The Nostromo's exterior, from *Alien*; middle-far-left: *Rugrats* episode "In the Dreamtime," 1993—[horror being a common theme through the whole Rugrats series](#); bottom-far-left: *The Witch's House*, 2012; middle-left descending strip: *Little Nightmares 2*, 2021; middle descending strip: scenes from *Coraline*, 2009, and *Inside*, 2016; middle-right descending strip: scenes from *Among the Sleep*, 2014; far-right descending strip: the Nostromo interior from *Alien*; bottom horizontal strip: scenes and locations from the 2017 *Metroidvania*, *Hollow Knight*.

All these texts explore liminal parallel spaces as ambiguously Gothic—with monstrous hauntologies, concentric nightmares, and uncanny inhabitants that intimate a re-remembered "return" to a reimagined childhood. Not only is this lost childhood imperfect; it is replete with abusive intimations that generally convey regression through fantasies of paradoxical danger and rape fantasies tied to chronotopic power structures: "a fearful inheritance tied to an ancestral location loaded with decaying, heavy time," to paraphrase from David Punter's definition of a Gothic tale [or Baldrick's]. Seeing as I can't find the exact quote [academia, especially British Gothic academia, paywalls everything in sight] this quote from

James Watts' *Contesting the Gothic: Fiction, Genre and Cultural Conflict* [1999] does the trick:

In a period of industrialization and rapid social change, according to Punter, Gothic works insistently betrayed the fears and anxieties of the middle classes about the nature of their ascendancy, returning to the issues of ancestry, inheritance, and the transmission of property: "Under such circumstances, it is hardly surprising to find the emergence of a literature whose key motifs are paranoia, manipulation and injustice, and whose central project is understanding the inexplicable, the taboo, the irrational," ([source](#): "Gothic Definitions," 2021).

I think Punter is definitely more overtly psychoanalytical than Marxist most of the time [[source](#): "Punter Notes on Gothic" from *The Literature of Terror*] but I still



enjoy his analytical approach sometimes. As for my own thoughts on such spaces [from Volume Two]: the aim is to expose past traumas related to state abuse, but also to fuck with the player as someone seeking agency within these spaces by negotiating with the game; e.g., *Metroidvania*, but also games like *The Witch's House*.

[artist: [Smolb](#)]

Simply put, fucking is fun, but it takes many different forms, including BDSM as asexual. In either game, the gameplay is based on mastery of the player "forced" to submit in different forms without bringing overt sex into the equation [merely echoes of it]; while *Metroidvania* are ludic and learn into ludo-Gothic themes of dominating the player mid-execution, the cinematic nature of *The Witch's House* yields a more orthographic/cinematic

twist that stubbornly resists player dominion. Courtesy of Bakhtin, the castle and its endless dynasty of power exchange have thematic primacy—i.e., the fear of inheriting one's role in a larger destructive cycle that relegates the hero to a lonely

doom in within the interminable stone corridors of a hungry tomb (that literally has their name on it). As I write in, "Our Ludic Masters":

Metroidvania players consent to the game by adopting a submissive position. Most people sexualize BDSM, but power is exchanged in any scenario, sexual or otherwise. This being said, Gothic power exchanges are often sexualized. Samus is vulnerable when denuded, her naked body exposed to the hostile alien menace (re: the end scene from Alien). Metroidvania conjure dominance and submission through a player that winds up "on the hip" (an old expression that means "to be at a disadvantage"). Another way to think of it is, the player is the bottom, and they're being topped by the game.

[...] A person motivated by sex is hardly in control. Not to mention, the sex historically offered by Metroid is fraught with peril. The entire drive is illustrated by gameplay conducive to speedrunning at a basic level. The same strategies employed by the best runners are executed by regular players. You play the game and begin to play it faster. In some sense, this "maze mastery" is involuntary. The player cannot help but play the game faster as they begin to re-remember the maze. The game exploits this, repeatedly leading the player towards self-destruction and domination.

These feelings are orgasmic, but differently than the Doom Slayer's own attempts at conquest. They're a Gothic orgasm, a kind of exquisite torture. I say "exquisite" because they occur within the realm of play [which grants them asexual elements]. For Metroidvania, this jouissance is ludic. But sometimes a game can blur the lines. Though not a Metroidvania, the RPG Maker game The Witch's House remains a salient example.

You play as Viola, a young girl visiting her mysterious friend's spooky house. Inside the titular house, the player can learn its rules, thus explore the gameworld. This inexorable progression is inevitably doomed, the outcome heinous no matter the player or their skill. Like Charlotte Dacre's titanic Zofloya providing Victoria with poison, the game lends the player the instruments for their own demise[: the sword for the Roman fool to fall upon]. Tenacious players are even promised a "best" ending if they "master" the game, beating it without dying. The game only doubles down, punishing the player with virtually the same ending. / This ending is about as brutal as they come. Even so, such players will have beaten the game already and know the ending—if not it, then games with a similar outcome (re: self-destruction). Players are expected to revel in the game's sadism, deriving pleasure from "punishment" while the game, for lack of a better term, bends them over and fucks them ([source](#)).



[artist: [Yune Kagesaki](#)]

Just as the Gothic often takes an asexual approach to sex [which we'll explore more of in Chapter Three], "fucking" isn't literal, but yields many different applications within monstrous power exchange as a fun activity. It's fun to fuck with people, especially when they're in on the performance to some extent [though perhaps only to a degree]. Whatever surprises, deceptions and "fucking" do occur happen relative to fearful spaces occupied with concerns about imposters, but especially a tyrannical past's "return." While Giddings and Kennedy's "Little Jesuses and *@#?-off Robots" touches on a game's mastering of players, "allowing progression through the game only if the players recognize what they are being prompted to do, and comply with

these coded instructions," players can fight back; yet, this is proposition is, as I have stated, more of a compromise or negotiation between the player and the game:

I can watch other people try to master the game, and watch them be dominated by the space. Not even speedrunners can escape this embarrassment, their blushing faces conjoined with the statues already screaming on the walls. [How fleeting a victory like Shiny Zeni's is](#), when it will eventually be bested. Or buried [[ibid.](#)].

To use a BDSM term, some games are clearly more "strict" than others. Yet the ludo-BDSM arrangements outlined above are ultimately cathartic because they occur as part of an informed exchange in regards to one's own trauma and agency going hand-in-hand with Gothic poetics; re: ludo-Gothic BDSM. In sex-positive realms, then submission is more powerful than domination because the game cannot be played without the sub's permission. Barring someone holding a gun to your head, there is always a choice.)

Activating empathy is only part of proletarian praxis' larger operation. Informed consumption/critical awareness remain just as vital, whose ability to

recognize performative nuance within sexualized artwork necessitates iconoclastic, *de facto* educators—comedians, artists, critics and models—to re-educate consumers, teaching them to punch up through their own imaginary intake and output: parody and parallel spaces/Superstructure (exhibit 64b/64c) and the sex-positive monsters inside running countercurrent to canonical historical-material victims, scapegoats or class traitors/minority police (exhibit 71). We'll examine the emancipatory hauntology of these ideas next, before tying them to descriptive sexuality in the following subsections (and cultural appreciation in Chapter Three).



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Informed (Irony) Consumption and *De Facto* Educators Using Parody and Parallel Space

Sci-Fi Author: In my book I invented the Torment Nexus as a cautionary tale

Tech Company: At long last, we have created the Torment Nexus from classic sci-fi novel [Don't Create The Torment Nexus](#) ([source tweet](#)).

—Alex Blechman, in a 2021 tweet

Critical thinking isn't limited to singular positions. While *de facto* educators regularly serve as illustrators, models, critics and comedians, these separate roles often overlap. Their combined goal is to rehabilitate heteronormative consumers through *informed consumption*. We'll explore these tactics through proletariat parody and parallel space before examining the symbiotic relationship shared between sex-positive artists and models—how their combined descriptive/appreciative sexuality upends the status quo through the process of reverse abjection. Lastly, we'll explore some of the hurdles these educators face under Capitalism as a sex-coercive system: neoliberals, but also their appropriation of descriptive sexuality (which we'll delve into more in the following subsection).



For the sex-positive individual, ironic consumption is where an informed consumer actively questions canon instead of dutifully consuming it. While this involves viewing sexuality and gender in a descriptive, appreciative manner, this first requires critical thinking in relation to material consumption as supplied by iconoclastic artists counter-cultivating the Superstructure (the elite own the means of production, but they can only regulate/cultivate the Superstructure—its cryptonymy and hauntologies. Totalitarianism is a progression towards total power, never its realization). These artists serve as *de facto* educators, teaching critical-thinking skills through *extracurricular* arrangements (like this book, or Giger's artwork, see above): They aren't taught in primary school; they are accessed through ironic consumption and counterculture media as sporadically available, but also *optional* (and gatekept by neoliberals privatizing secondary education).

Not all critical-thinking skills rely exclusively on descriptive sexuality to foster empathy (though they can). Two such methods are

- parody (from Sean Young's earlier *Blade Runner* photo: "haha, that cigarette is a penis")
- pastiche through liminal expression, often inside parallel spaces (from the same photo: "The world that Sean Young's character inhabits can be a parallel, [Vaporwave](#) space that mocks the authoritarian nature of 1980s Capitalism, visually appreciating '80s corporate aesthetics while isolating them from destructive corporate ideology.")

Both are material responses to the status quo as a structure. We'll briefly explore how before moving onto descriptive sexuality as a potential ingredient.

Proletarian parody is a form of play that reduces totalitarian influence by making it the direct target of fun. It's a mistake to assume this fun occurs through pure nonsense, though. Rather, parody often relies on solid theory to poke fun at serious topics (exploitation of the masses). By comparison, the things they're making fun of generally argue through dogma and force.

For a good example of academic theory versus dogma and violence, consider Monty Python's 1969 "[Constitutional Peasants](#)" skit. The scene transports us to the hauntological *medieval* past where Dennis, a 37-year-old peasant, tells Arthur how Arthur became king: by exploiting the workers, specifically the "dated imperialist dogma which perpetuates the economic and social differences [of Great Britain]." This is all very true, but also incredibly funny because of how anachronistic it sounds. Completely baffled by Dennis' Marxist jargon, the cognitively estranged Arthur responds with feudal dogma—except his arguments clearly make no sense! That's the joke, which our *de facto* educators are using under hauntological circumstances to make a larger point about Capitalism.



Much of the scene's critical bite comes from its night-and-day comparison between Marxist academic theory and the Divine Right of Kings, the down-trodden peasant exposing the annoying monarch for the daffy fraud⁵⁴ that he is. Dennis hilariously calls Arthur out, saying "Listen: Strange women lying in ponds, distributing swords is no basis for a system of government!" He even repeats this several times, swapping out nouns for emphasis. Enraged, Arthur attacks Dennis, then leaves—frustrated, but thoroughly convinced that he's won the exchange: by rubbing Dennis' lowly station (re: peasant) in his face.

It's worth noting that, while the "Constitutional Peasants" scene continues to be remembered decades later, those recalling it do so inconsistently. Yes, Dennis' polemic was made for laughs (and supported by theory performed onscreen by Oxford and Cambridge graduates); he's also evoked by 21st century conservatives who unironically spout "Help, help! I'm being repressed!" as something to literally merchandise. As part of this bad-faith material scheme, they project their political targets onto Arthur, conflating social-sexual activists with tyrants while their own bourgeois, colonized parody reduces Dennis to a single, self-pitying slogan (aka [the reactionary victim complex](#); The Kavernacle's "The Right's Victim Complex," 2022]. Not only are these shallow readings selective; they're woefully out-of-joint. They allot *standard*, not parallel space, into the parodic framework.

⁵⁴ If hating on the monarchy seems quaint, remember that [monarchy worship is alive and well](#) (Hasan's "Everything Wrong With The Queen EXPLAINED," 2022). The lasting legacy of the monarchy needs to be challenged, but also neoliberalism as an extension of power worship through the bourgeoisie.

As stated during the companion glossary, parallel space (or language) works off the anti-totalitarian notion of "[parallel societies](#)": "A [society] not dependent on official channels of communications, or on the hierarchy of values of the establishment." While state media/Superstructure is inherently manipulative in a cryptic sense, the creative responses to this manipulation invoke parallel spaces where politically-savvy artists can exist: [New Order's Hacienda nightclub](#), their postpunk, disco-in-disguise an invitation to escape Margaret Thatcher's bogus, decaying England by imagining something better out on the dance floor (a none-too-subtle allusion to Fisher's "Acid Communism"): marching to the beat of their own drum as part of a disjointed collective combatting state abuses, power and lies. State chronotopes aren't simply illusions, but mental "thought prisons" that tuck the larger hidden barbarity of transgenerational power abuse and lies behind words-that-hide in a colonizing manner—complicit cryptonyms for those who view and administer them through the language of commercial goods: canonical personal property. X marks the spot, showing what is both revealed and closed off!



Whereas mainstream/state media blind and trap the mind, New Order demonstrates that parallel spaces seek to emancipate the mind using language and techniques pilfered from the state; the spaces they offer are often hauntological, presenting a once-upon-a-time that "could be" but never actually existed, except in the minds of those who try to envision it. I say "try" because these minds are

already burdened with a pre-existing idea: a "better time" supplied by those in power, who buttress it with unfair material conditions (more on this in Chapter Two). Although New Order was painfully young and partied hard, their iconoclastic behavior was nevertheless made in response to old ghouls like Thatcher—thievishly "re-liberalizing" Britain for personal gain (and lying through her teeth⁵⁵ every chance she got).

In early '90s, New Order's Hacienda went bankrupt, sold for loft space (which I saw during my stay in Manchester). The band's emancipatory hauntology didn't fail because it was universally unethical; it failed because the band themselves were hilariously poor⁵⁶ businessmen who did drugs a little too often. Even so, the academic theory behind the club was sound, but also valid: Margaret Thatcher was a ruthless neoliberal who gutted England's Labor Movement ([citing her greatest achievement as "Tony Blair and New Labor"](#) [Oleg Komlik's "Thatcherism's greatest achievement," 2018] because she forced her opponents—the British working class—to change their minds and help tow the British neoliberal line); New Order offered a parallel space that that undermined the original crypt [through a troubling presence of decay amid hedonistic joy](#) (source: Mahatma Grandig's Quora answer to "Do Post-Punk Songs Have the Same Political Overtones as Punk?" 2016). Canonical spaces aren't wonderlands, but fallible and corrupt—built on plausible deniability and outright lies that must be exposed by reflecting critically upon the historio-material decay they reliably produce, then imagining something better *through media as an instructional, transgenerational device*.

New Order and Monty Python both worked within Capitalism to critique Capitalism, funding their magnum opuses the Hacienda and *The Holy Grail* through music profits (the Beatles' George Harrison donated \$400,000 so *The Holy Grail* could be made, and New Order financed the Hacienda* through their record label, Factory Records). Despite their modest budgets, these creations were still financed from somewhere. More to the point, both projects are still remembered decades later as an effective means of counterculture parody and parallel space, which *inform future material imaginings, retrospections and forays into abjected territories in pursuit of something beyond Capitalism* (abjection must be approached and combatted, which we'll examine more at the end of the chapter and for the remainder of the book).

⁵⁵ These lies include [repositioning wealth behind the scenes and fudging the numbers to the British public](#) ("What We Get Wrong About Neoliberalism," timestamp: 10:49); as well as [abusing state power through a militarized police force to achieve pacification through class warfare](#) (John the Duncan's "Neoliberalism: Class War and Pacification," 2021) then disguising all of this. Fear, dogma and lies, the historio-material outcome hauntologically outlined by New Order and Monty Python, but even more aggressively by Derek Jarman's artistic panache/queer splendor in *The Last of England* (1987).

⁵⁶ For a fascinating read, consider Peter Hook's [The Hacienda: How Not to Run a Club](#) (2009).



Though no strangers to sexual material, both Monty Python and New Order seldom default to sex. Even so, their "alternate routes" helped consumers deprogram, thus break away from canonical mentalities tied to sexuality. In turn, their consumers could potentially move widespread material consumption (and inspire future production) in a more sex-positive direction. The key to this breakthrough is *hauntological disillusionment*, exhibiting older styles recreated for new purposes, thereby turning them into a powerful tool of critical engagement: the critique of canonical icons and aesthetics.

Canon is not sacred, or even ethical. It's simply the status quo, the will of the elite as normalized. In sex-positive terms, this normalization also can be challenged through descriptive sexuality as a means of performative nuance—something to ironically consume through teachers using their *bodies* to personify the lesson: i.e., "Genuine self-expression can exist under Capitalism, co-existing as a means of emancipatory profit and material critique." Often, this iconoclastic tutelage occurs through positive sex work—not just "tasteful" (modest) nudity but gratuitous bodily displays meant to produce genuine erotic responses in other laborers viewing them: quite literally NSFW—Not Safe For (bourgeois-sanctioned) Work!

Under Capitalism, sex work is generally portrayed as "lazy" and corruptive of workers more generally ("women weaken legs"). By breaking with the shameful conventions of a Protestant work ethic, *de facto* educators reclaim their bodies *and* rail against the bourgeoisie's raw material advantage by using what they got. Not everyone is born with a silver spoon in their mouth, but everyone is born with a body. Work it!



(artist: [Maya Mochii](#))

Sex-positive artists lead by example. Their bodies aren't just objects in artistic displays; they represent subjects, often autographically according to a carefully chosen aesthetic. For example, many sex workers have a logo or brand associated with their bodies, whose various images and videos constitute their artwork being a morphological extension of themselves, their descriptive sexualities and genders tied to hauntological parody and parallel space. These topics involve ideologies framed through artistic expression more broadly—a persona within an intentionally dated artistic movement ("the big-titty goth GF," see above/next page) or highly idiosyncratic⁵⁷ forms of sexual activity commonly illustrated through criminal-hauntological sex work: kinks, fetishes, and BDSM (more on this

⁵⁷ This idiosyncrasy extends to the artist drawing the model, who, by drawing them in descriptively sexual/appreciative ways, communicates their own preference in kinks, fetishes and BDSM practices. This includes mutual consent as being a turn-on (versus a lack of consent, which for sex-coercive proponents, *is* a turn-on: sexual abuse isn't about mutually consensual sex and pleasure; it's about power and control being entirely in the hands of the abuser).

criminalization in Chapter Two). The steamer Susu, for example, often combines anecdotal humor with "goth" aesthetics attained with improved material



conditions, [using both to communicate broader sex-positive ideas](#) (susu_jpg spam's "Ocean of Booba," 2022). But such things are generally overshadowed by psychosexual harm as something to camp; re: Maya Mochii. Humor and sex are modular, not mutually exclusive.

(artist: [Maya Mochii](#))

Under sex-coercive conditions, the elite exploit workers by stealing their labor in non-consensual ways. Under sex-positive conditions, sex workers embody critical thought by sexualizing it as a means of communication. They then use this sexualized art to promote empathy for themselves through a mutually consensual

arrangement. Self-expression and commodification aren't mutually exclusive concepts; an individual sex worker can still choose to self-fetishize to generate profit (or achieve a desired sex response from a client or partner), improving their material conditions while recognizing and discouraging the sexist nature of sexual objectification at a systemic level.

As we've already touched upon, these power relations are incredibly complex, but also vast. This makes them extremely hard to communicate through single-body images with zero font. This includes pin-up art, but dialogue-lite mediums like erotic video and performance art more generally. For the sex-positive iconoclast, the aim shouldn't be direct communication via pin-up art in isolation (even when its bodies are descriptive and appreciative), but something perceived as much through negative reactions towards the troublesome art itself: the sexist audience wringing their hands. "It is not the spoon that bends, but yourself."



This "bending" can be Arthur, King of the Britons; Hernando's homophobic dunce, or your garden variety TERF/SWERF. In either case, the lessons that iconoclasts offer beget from emancipatory education as socialized. While iconoclasts are often privileged (Monty Python went to Oxford and Cambridge and Hernando was a professor), the fact remains that anyone can be sex-positive, can express basic human rights through hauntological art. Totalitarian societies are generally resisted by rebellious citizens with relatively little material power, but still possess some degree of privilege compared to less unfortunate groups. Given the right lessons, these rebels can help society move away from the status quo, counter-cultivating the Superstructure out of the crypt and into sex-positive territories through emancipatory variants of famous hauntologies: parodies of, and parallel societies within, the Gothic—its monsters, atrocities and haunts.

Much of this transformative potential lies in the power of the human body as something to describe in *ambivalent material language* (which has room for parody and parallel space among sex workers). Few things are as regulated or provocative, especially when said body is "incorrectly" portrayed. In this case, correctness pertains to prescriptive societal norms: what reactionaries think is right and what the bourgeoisie finance. Whether on purpose or by accident, iconoclastic statements provoke these people for a variety of reasons: to change minds, make

money or entertain (often all three). This isn't to incense reactionaries in isolation, but involve them in the process of consuming and creating art as a larger social process: the process of abjection.

Put simply, abjection is the rejection of assigned abnormalities to cultivate a normalized status. This process isn't a one-way street; it goes in either direction, towards or away from normality. Capitalists abuse the means of production to brute-force the appearance of "normal" through abjection. They maintain this charade for as long as possible, exploiting workers behind a neoliberal veil that shames them and their bodies while keeping them enslaved and unimaginative. The only way to lift the veil is to reverse the process that created it, reclaiming worker bodies and their bodily functions through social-sexual means that reimagine parallel hauntologies: descriptive sexuality as something to ironically perform and appreciate through Gothic ambivalence—i.e., BDSM, kinks, and fetishes (generally sprinkled with a variety of emotional "spices").

The next several subsections explore atypical sexual performance through abjection-reversal, criminal hauntology and appreciative irony in greater detail. For now, think of reverse abjection as a black mirror that exposes the viewer's abusive tendencies—an especially handy device when countering the elite's privatization of sexual labor as xenophobic. Privatization is generally normalized through *automated abjection*, shaming workers collectively while driving them to work as hard as possible in heteronormative, unimaginative ways (the cookie cutter approach). Iconoclasts reverse abjection to make sexist people self-reflect in transformative ways about Patriarchal Capitalism. This occurs by forcing sexist into various telling responses that highlight a sex-positive, xenophilic lesson through *reverse abjection*. Abjection normally triggers a cultural "gag reflex" or "defecation response": shock and disgust at coercively demonized hauntologies. The idea is to throw that back at the viewer—to redirect their revulsion towards their own dogmatic beliefs (and the hauntological crypts that produce them) rather than any dogmatic scapegoats. By humiliating the tool of their own mental imprisonment, sexist people can replace their shameful stances with empathic ones. Worker rights, body positivity, and sexist label reclamation overwrite their harmful opposites: the worker repression, body-shaming and unironic sexist language of heteronormative canon as carceral, crypt-like.



(artist: [Andy Golub](#))

In other words, reverse abjection seeks to undermine anything that normalizes state apathy and violence against marginalized groups. This process occurs not just through sex worker bodies, but any sex-positive artistic role: models, photographers, biographers, illustrators, etc. Like Hernando's classroom, this performative "chain" is holistic, communal: A sex-positive artist, for example, can draw non-cis-het bodies by selecting real-world examples to model for them (so-called palimpsest bodies). Their discerning gaze demonstrates two radical ideas: that gender, sex and performance are

- entirely separate
- highly variable, arbitrary and fluid concepts that individual people can self-mold according to their own desires and preferences, all without infringing on the rights of others (re: positive freedom) within working relationships/labor exchanges that involve sex or the material expression of sex

In either case, their combined demonstration occurs through gender trouble created in the real world, not abstract ideas dislocated from material reality. Radical ideas intersect with socio-economic norms, highlighting traditional boundaries that serve as focal points for abjection. In terms of active rebellion, abjection is the refusal to imagine *outlawed forms of thought* that challenge the status quo. For radical ideas to replace cultural disgust, thus have any impact on society at large, they must initially co-exist alongside seemingly incompatible norms before ultimately replacing

them. In this manner, counterculture serves as a revival of emancipatory imagination, hitherto pacified by Capitalism's carceral hauntologies enshrining the public imagination inside a cryptic Superstructure.

Said replacement involves a great deal of consumer nuance, but also tolerance. As something to criticize through ironic consumption, problematic sexuality is expelled by a horrifying proposition: that one's nostalgic worldview is monstrous and infantilizing. Sexist people don't see themselves as sexist, but holy and righteous. So this Promethean revelation has to arrive through transformative, underhanded self-reflection (the twist, in writing terms). In this manner, sex-positive artists/models motivate heteronormative consumers to change their problematic consumption habits by creating surprise pathways for iconoclastic introspection. This includes parody and parallel space, but also descriptive/appreciative sexuality in hauntological art. All three can alter how canon is viewed, consumed and digested, cultivating an empathetic audience whose collective imagination ultimately favors mutual consent within a larger, sexist world (until one day that world is changed for the better).



([source](#): "[Head-Crushing In Search of Darkness Documentary Trailer Goes All in on 80s Horror](#)," 2018)

As a linguo-material approach, abjection is perilous *in either direction*; the current power structure will defend itself, attacking countercultural proponents and their material extensions in various ways that nevertheless draw attention to its own structural failings: systemic abuse. We'll examine these more, including abjection as a reactionary mode, from Chapter 2 onward. For now, consider how reactionaries generally attack sex-positive critical analysis for being the death of

canonical "fun," unable to see the paradoxical joy in critiquing what you consume, especially media with criminalized-hauntological sexual elements (the moral panic of 1980s slasher films, for example). These same detractors fail to understand how guilty pleasures⁵⁸ can be safely enjoyed in private (many slasher movies are tongue-in-cheek).

Likewise, private consumption habits can easily become public, making it a question of optics. If this private consumption becomes public knowledge, there needs to be a sex-positive lesson to impart—that is, the iconoclast needs to promote public awareness about the sex-coercive and sex-positive elements being exposed. Neither is black-and-white. They manifest ambivalently to a matter of degree in the ambiguous grey area, requiring their careful exploration on an individual basis.

To escape the crypt of the bourgeoisie Superstructure, sex positivity needs to expand inside sexist culture by tampering with historically sexist media. Sadly, sex teachers are often shamed, but also killed for being sexually descriptive/appreciative (a common reaction to reverse abjection is reactive violence and abuse, which we'll explore in Chapters Two and Five). But even if sexism were reduced to acceptable levels, educators would still have to remain constantly vigilant, lest history repeat itself through a return to carceral forms that spell real-world violence (the harvest of the fascist, which we'll briefly examine in Chapter Two before exploring it in greater detail in Chapter Four). To this, they mustn't combat individual sexists, but the source of those persons' sexism and abject moral panic: Capitalism, but also its assigned champions (neoliberals) and blackguards (fascists) that weaponize hauntology in faith.

⁵⁸ For me, guilty pleasures include camp, shlock, and trash that fail on purpose, but also less conscious forms of either. As I write in ("My Least Favorite Horror Movies?" (2020):

...what are my least favorite horror movies and why? To answer this question, I'll have to talk about movies more generally. Unfortunately, if you asked me which movies these were by name, I wouldn't be able to tell you what they were. This is because, in my experience, even the so-called "worst movies of all time" generally have something to offer. Case in point, I grew up watching *Plan Nine from Outer Space* (1959). That movie is instantly special for having been such a horrible failure for all the right reasons. Yes, it's awful; but as Susan Sontag might put it, it fails in a way as to be enjoyed for the attempt, and for how seriously it was embarked upon ([source](#)).

However, guilty pleasures mean something completely different in regards to purity culture, which we'll explore more fully in Chapter Two.



We'll explore fascists more during Chapter 4, including how neoliberals defend fascists in moderate-centrist ways. For now, simply know that neoliberals more broadly defend the free market, hiding the abject nature of their own illusions in the process. They do this by appropriating feminist ideas of mutual consent, descriptive sexual and cultural appreciation into a "queer friendly" label they can exploit with impunity. These "stickers" of Rainbow Capitalism recuperate any anti-Capitalist ideas that pop into existence, specifically so the elite can turn a quick, unethical buck. If they can profit by recuperating feminism, including trans activism, they will, but Capitalism's underlying design remains the same: profit above all else, achieved through the exploitation of sex workers by shrinking their imaginations with, what Bo Burnham in *Inside* (2021), would call "brand awareness":

I don't know about you guys, but, um, you know, I've been thinking recently that... that you know, maybe, um, allowing giant digital media corporations to exploit the neurochemical drama of our children for profit... You know, maybe that was, uh... a bad call by us. Maybe... maybe the... the flattening of the entire subjective human experience into a... lifeless exchange of value that benefits nobody, except for, um, you know, a handful of bug-eyed salamanders in Silicon Valley... Maybe that as a... as a way of life forever... maybe that's, um, not good.

I'm... horny.

Global US hegemony under neoliberalism means that sex-positive re-education must be performed under late-stage Capitalism. Sexualized artwork is already colonized, and any lesson will intersect with material consumption as

- fundamentally unethical
- symbolically loaded/interpreted to enforce profit through various marketing strategies that are inherently sexist

I don't condone the first fact, but individuals also have no power to replace Capitalism on their own (sex-positivity is a group effort). The second fact is merely a reality of dialectics-within-Capitalism more broadly. Materials, including hauntological materials, function within competing ideologies that borrow and use the same language to generate profit as a means of visibility. Money talks, even for Communists; but so do icons that reliably produce wealth—so-called "money-makers": the butt, boobs, breasts and other parts of the (often female) human body.

Meanwhile the penis, and the pleasure it depicts during arousal, penetration, and climax—the "money shot" during the 1970s and '80s as the so-called "Golden Age of porn"—is incredibly overrepresented in heterosexual pornography at large (re: exhibit 32a, "[Knife Dicks](#)"). Though Swapnil Rose writes how apparently Willem Dafoe's penis in *Antichrist* was so big it "confused" screening audiences, "requiring" the director to reshoot the scene with a less-endowed stunt double ([source](#): "The bizarre story of how Willem Dafoe..." 2020). This tracks with the penis itself as a cryptonym of sorts—i.e., something to hide, but also that which constant discussions about hides various embarrassing truths: an endless source of guilt, shame and jokes, with many men feeling inadequate through their penises by failing to "measure up" to the monolithic standard (the quiet part remains unsaid for most men, who are socially conditioned to not talk about their feelings).

Nevertheless, the use of either organ can allow for incredibly morphologically diverse hauntologies, which we'll examine, along with *revolutionary cryptonymy* (disguises go both ways) in the "Transgender Persons, Intersexuality and Drag" subsection of Chapter 3. Think the "Trojan Bunny" from *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, except Gothic, busty and Communist—a furry alter-ego: "No Commie war vaginas, here. Just us 'bunnies.'" Whereas we explored in Volume Two how many stigma animals are reviled for being physically dangerous by state proponents (whose own veneer of strength is actually a veil for their cowardice and paranoia), prey animals are stigmatized, thus bullied for being weak and feminine; but if Jordan Peele's exploration of prey animal violence in his race- and class-conscious works is any indication, the prey animal as something to assign to historically targeted groups can be used to express their traumas (e.g., Art Spiegelman's *Maus*, 1986), subsequently striking fear into the hearts of their would-be hunters. This can happen while concealing the strength of the person



wearing the disguise; i.e., as a kind of code that advertises what they're really about for fellow conspirators: an uncanny cross between the wolf and the rabbit, but also something to underestimate for not being pure and authentic, mistaken for a servant in ways those with low emotional intelligence cannot fathom or know how to handle (animalized qualities can also be assigned to Amazons and other playful forms of revolutionary cryptonomy by which to convert hypervigilance and a sense of always being hunted to actually having a good deal of fun, which we'll examine in Chapter Five).

(exhibit 65: Model and artist: [Keighla](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). Keighla markets herself as an educated stay-at-home cutie with self-marketed "mom bod." It's literally part of her marketing technique. I drew this for them [as something we negotiated together](#).)

The paradox—of a sex-positive Communist making money by drawing erotic art/porn—is not lost on me. However, I also understand that we, as individuals, become invisible in the absence of

material conditions. I also know that minds are changed through language as already-coded and defended by those in power. Whereas power aggregates to

defend material interests for the elite, Marxists-within-Capitalism specifically generate wealth as a means to critique formal power by disguising as proponents of it ("When in Rome..."): to recode the Superstructure, altering the Base in ways that give workers the means to liberate themselves... while also making it fun? If the Count can declare, "Counting is fun!" so can I with hauntology and cryptonymy. Hauntology and cryptonymy—specifically emancipatory/revolutionary variants—are fun. Universally ethical people love nostalgia, monsters and sex; they also love being tied up, "abused," and made to wear furry costumes *provided it's mutually consensual* (or at the very least fighting for mutual consent as a basic human right).

Emancipation through these devices includes selling body positivity to express mutual consent. However, it also involves engagement with body negativity by granting viewers special perspective. The iconoclast explains cultural bias to the audience before directing them at historical markers of persecution. This demonstrates the viewpoint not only as harmful, but one that many in the audience already have.

This second function is our aforementioned black mirror. Sex positivity uses reverse-object self-reflection to undermine the Patriarchy as an ideological structure, treating iconoclasm as the process of abjection *in reverse*. The aim is to advertise bodies outside the established norm: piercings, tattoos, skin color, hair color, hair length, body hair, muscle, alternate body types, and various other attributes that pointedly cause gender trouble—not to sow discord for the sake of it, but to break the spell of sexist Enlightenment thinking by critically engaging with Modernity through proletarian praxis, including gender parody. To do this deliberately is to foster a movement beyond Modernity (the Enlightenment) and its harmful ideologies, carceral hauntology included: Gothic Communism. Carceral hauntology includes sanctioned violence, formal power defending itself through hostile reactionaries whose tiny imaginations expand hatefully in mortal fear of progressive, emancipatory change (the latter often framed as "naïve" or "envious" by men like Nietzsche and his Apollonian/Dionysian dichotomy—the psychomachy of gendered reason-versus-chaos. As far as I'm concerned, Nietzsche kind of sucks).

We've discussed how informed consumption is sex-positive because it highlights canonical abjection as carceral towards the public imagination. Let's further examine descriptive sexuality and reverse abjection as a means of confronting these problems, targeting the hidden atrocities cryptically enshrined in Gothic canon (re: the ghost of the counterfeit during the dialectic of the alien).

Reversing Abjection: Describing Sexuality vs Prescribing Sexual Modesty (feat. *Alien*)

Many men have a tendency to divide "love" into two components: an affectionate (and asexual) element; and a passionate (sexual) element. Furthermore, since the areas of affectionate and sexual love are fraught with complex emotions of guilt and anger, many men manage these difficult and (to their way of thinking) dangerous feelings by projecting them onto the women about them. Thus, through this process of projection, men may perceive the world as a place inhabited by two kinds of women: "good" women whom they idealize and who have no sensual desires (and for whom, of course, the men themselves feel no sexual longings); and "bad" women who are sexual by nature (and with whom it is permissible—perhaps even expected—to have sexual relations). This imaginative construct has come to be called the "Virgin/Whore" syndrome ([source](#)).

—Cynthia Griffin Wolff, "The Radcliffean Gothic Model" (1979)



(artist: [Frau Haku](#))

We'll return to Wolff and Radcliffe's imperiled detectives much, much more in the Demon Module (e.g., "[The Puzzle of "Antiquity"](#)" but also the entirety of "[Exploring the Derelict Past](#)"). Here, reversing abjection is a super important idea—effectively synonymous to reversing profit during the

whore's revenge/ludo-Gothic BDSM, "on the Aegis." While "[On Giving Birth](#)" from my PhD would cement reverse abjection as something to explore more in Volume One and Two (re: "Everything sits within a cycle of imaginary history that plays out through an endless, genocidal mirroring that must, if it is to cease, be met with mirrors"), here is where the idea actually started. —Perse, 4/22/2025

In Volume Two, we examined the history of abjection within the Gothic; i.e., the Medusa as the ghost of the counterfeit, thus felt more and more as an emerging mode of monstrous-poetic discourse along Capitalism's own emergence onto the world stage (re: "Vampire Capitalism"). I want to return to abjection as something to consider when generating our own creative successes during

oppositional praxis under late-stage, neoliberal Capitalism; re: by hugging the alien/nature as monstrous-feminine as something that has been sold to us as "unhuggable" *during* the dialectic of the alien (re: "[Some Prep When Hugging the Alien](#)," 2024).

As a precursor to those ideas, this piece explores simply reversing abjection, period (refer to my [2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#) to see my full extensive body of work on the *Alien* franchise). To it, we'll examine *Alien* yet again, using it as a popular staging point when thinking about how factors of sex positivity like descriptive sexuality are opposed by their heteronormative foils.

First, a mild refresher before we proceed: If abjection is a system of division that creates canonically demonic scapegoats, reverse abjection confronts their persecutors by subverting the language and the process into something more xenophilic than it was previously. By shaming the competitive nature of reactionary aggression, social-sexual activism aims to unify workers against Capitalism through cooperative measures: to imagine symbolic arrangements that undermine the status quo, whose bourgeois Superstructure abjects descriptive sexuality—how people choose to express themselves *regardless* of heteronormative rules, restrictions and omissions. Canonical abjection occurs through reactionary countermeasures that rely on heightened aggression to justify official (and stochastic) reprisals. By essentializing problematic sexuality through canon, the elite commodify moral panic in defense of sexual modesty; re: the conspicuously white, straight Radcliffean heroine threatened by dark rape as the go-to reactionary approach, celebrating the ghost of the counterfeit as "flavor" to spice up a Gothic jaunt: "Threats of 'rape' are part of the fun!"

Again, we'll dissect and salvage Radcliffe in another book (re: "[Radcliffe's Refrain](#)," "[Non-Magical Detectives](#)," "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)" and "[In Measured Praise of the Great Enchantress](#)"). Here, we're *only* isolating the reversal of abjection, period. For the rest of the subsection, then we'll explore Radcliffe's modesty dilemma in the 1979 horror movie, *Alien*: something to prescribe in reactionary fashion by presenting itself as hauntologically "under attack" by abject sexuality (namely the pure-white virgin threatened by a pitch-black attacker). Then, we'll consider it's broader relationship to proletarian praxis—not just abjection, but chronotopes, hauntology and cryptonymy as a colonized historio-material process that must be examined, recognized, and rebelled against using covertly clever countermeasures.

To be clear, abjection covers a wide range of topics besides just sexuality (social or political xenophobia, gerontophobia, etc). However, sexuality tends to intersect with all of them at various points. This mutability permits numerous interpretations when it comes to monsters, which—through the language of fear in powerful hands—function as *compelled signifiers* that regulate sex as a controlled substance. This hauntological role can be reversed while still being contested by both sides inside an ongoing linguo-material exchange.



(artist: [Lord Mishkin](#))

Classic moral panic denotes it as a cosmic rapist/rape cryptonym, itching to peel away Ripley's pale armor (of the Radcliffean, European-supremacist sort) with its dark claws during the liminal hauntology of war (the chronotope). However, a famous feminist counterexample turns Enlightenment misogyny against itself: the Archaic Mother. Less of an explicit argument and more of a vague, nebulous symbol [whose social-politic stance can be interpreted in vastly different ways](#), the Archaic Mother is commonplace in Gothic fiction. *Alien* portrays the monster (an egg-laying parasite) as female and ancient, but also mightier than mankind. A kind of "wandering womb," this murderous, hysterical entity sits closer to the primordial cycle of life

and death: sexual reproduction as entirely irrational, emotional and animal, but also parthenogenetic (not requiring a male mate). Personifying this process, the monster actually challenges Patriarchal hegemony by appearing as its oldest, greatest bogeywoman inside a womb-like space, or a space to make womb-like: queen bitch of the universe (who Ripley would defeat in the Americanized sequel, *Aliens*, 1986).

In either case, Gothic performance invokes abjection within an oscillating dialogue about sex and gender made through borrowed terms: scary rape fear (Jameson's class nightmare; re: *Postmodernism*) appears, which the token warrior nun fears and exorcises through exposure and force (re: the whore's paradox). While the elite canonize descriptive sex (acts not tied exclusively to biological reproduction and patrilineal descent) as vacuously hideous (framing them as disposable pastiche that anyone can consume), sex-positive workers reverse this "gag reflex" as a moral position within the same overarching conversation: sex purely for pleasure, but also liberation from outdated, coercive norms that celebrate the troubling toleration of hidden barbarity as something to celebrate as "zesty!"

The larger, warring dialogue actually invokes positive and negative feelings (attraction and repulsion) through ambivalent, *liminal* markers: the monster, the woman, the castle, the blood sacrifice as hauntologically *summoned*. Yes, they historically convey cultural anxieties and phobias regarding sexuality and the human body as classically forbidden, but they needn't have to be. Instead, cordoning them off is an attempt to prevent their study by proponents of Capitalism, who use sex-coercive doubles of these things to generate coercive fear that maintains the current order of things: carceral hauntology and consent towards its imprisoning worldview as cryptonymically manufactured in times of constant impending crisis—tremendous, obfuscating distractions, in other words.

Hauntology—especially under Capitalism—is *fractally recursive*, a creature of chaos whose many-different incarnations spring from specific material factors relating back and forth from moment to moment. This leads to different hauntology *types*, and many "different" near-plagiarizations whose traced, uncertain lineage constitutes a singular hauntological *type*.



(exhibit 66: Artist, right: Frank Frazetta; [source](#), left—note: The similarities between the box art for *Castlevania*, 1986, and Frazetta are hard to ignore, [but also part of a common practice in the 1980s and '90s](#) [source: Arcade Sushi's "25 Stolen Images in Video Games, 2016"] that saw videogame designers blatantly ripping off movie posters and production stills left and right. Nevertheless, the mysterious artist for Konami's original box design continues to go uncredited. Within this scheme, the role of the hero is a flexible one: the white knight versus the black knight, the black knight as romanticized in a toxic criminal hauntology, the man facing the ghost of the Numinous, or the crusader attacking the degenerate; etc.

And all of it a necromantic dance within the ruins that furthers the monomyth as a legitimate form of state violence that can be reclaimed, but just as often isn't.)

One such type is *liminal hauntology*. We've already discussed liminality and hauntology separately in Volumes One and Two. However, as the companion glossary stipulated, liminal spaces—in architectural terms—are designed to be passed through. The same is true inside *Neo-Gothic* architecture and its colossal wrecks/chronotopes (exhibit 5c, 5d, 64c). However, the effect is *anisotropic*; re: different per direction traveled when examined through a bourgeois or a proletarian lens. Advertised by empty-like museums that denote a reimagined barbaric past, the Gothic chronotope is something to visit and experience that, when moved through, communicates various signature emotions tied to the underworld, its presence felt by nebulous, imprecise markers and tremendous feelings beyond everyday existence. In short, liminal hauntologies are visited, generally after being dug up and reassembled; re: Jameson's "archaeologies," they're *visitors* from the *reimagined* past, thresholds that *arrive*. For our purposes, they are regular symptoms of Capitalism-in-crisis, whereupon the dividing membranes become thin, transparent and fragile, and through which the ghost of the counterfeit may be felt and demands for something better potentially be made.

I say "potentially" because such demands must be made in the presence of shadowy doubles, these potentially complicit (which depends entirely on how people use them) cryptonyms leading to a great deal of confusion inside and outside of the text. Capitalism, for instance, is invested in a lack of material change, generating pacifying illusions that keep things materially the same. This "transference" extends to an exchange of material goods—hand-outs from the exhibit to those passing through. For example, Halloween's candy-like effigies and costumes make for carceral nostalgia—cheap, sugary treats that distract children from larger issues like American genocide, all while coding them to respond to present-day reactionary markers of persecution (more on this briefly in Chapter Two and Chapter Three, and in greater detail during Chapter Four). A common visual outcome, then, is movement through their childhood homes, all while surrounded by other children doubling as otherworldly visitors codified under Capitalism: spirits, monsters, scapegoats who have passed through the barrier of the past into the present. As a byproduct of American neoliberal consumerism, Halloween is a cryptonymic, franchised commodity that encourages *passive* consumption, bent on quick, child-like gratification in the face of perceived evils made into masks that distract from the real perils under them (we'll return to the idea of masks in Chapter Four): the status quo as perfidious.

For FOX to even frame the "eighth passenger" as a hideous violator of pure maidens inside a liminal space that FOX sell as bourgeois (despite the *Nostromo* spacecraft being rife with neoliberal criticism). To treat *Alien* and its monster as bourgeois, FOX must sell it to an audience whose literacy only continues to climb

with better access to publicized information about sex. The studio's sexism therefore involves a highly specific framing that doesn't hold up under intense, humanizing scrutiny—not just the guy in the suit, but their performance as connected to, if not aligned with, monstrous socio-sexual norms tied to the space itself as a parallel Gothic chronotope. Regardless, these coerced viewpoints exist as part of the equation when looking at the creature as an artistic legacy (much like Hernando's homophobic student got their ideas from sexist sources). Luckily the creature itself is more ambivalent, nebulously inviting interpretations that aren't strictly endorsed by those in power. While the elite funded *Alien* to invite abjection as a means of sexual control, they can't force moral panic onto *critically-educated* consumers who feel the enormous weight of Capitalism's hidden abuses beyond a cryptonymic veil/ghost of the counterfeit.



(artist: [Char Something](#))

This degree is variable, but especially holds true for groups targeted by canonical abuse: women as witches, and other historically scapegoated groups that serve as "oracles"—spiritual-symbolic guides between the world of the living and the world of the abject, of nightmares, of the damned, etc; but especially as secret-keepers of *buried past knowledge*, their "magical" predictions, in Marxist terms,

commenting on a historical-material "loop" that power has covered up. As symbols of female power, witches are the prototypical feminist. "Good" witch or "bad" witch isn't visually black and white, then; it depends entirely on who they align with—for or against Capitalism, in our case (which can be disguised in either direction; we'll explore this concept in relation to TERFs, during Chapter 4, disguising themselves as "witches" in bad-faith; and real-life witches dressed up in consumes that pass them off as tolerable commercial fakes, in Chapter 5).

Beyond education, part of the reason simply lies in the method of prescription: the invitation to look at taboo things that are commonly sold to consumers as a means of bourgeois control. By showing the viewer an image that can be critically explored, the elite need an uncritical audience to defend canonical counterfeits as *authentic*. But even those outside of the Humanities can generally observe a curious paradox: Behind the Black Veil, the monster isn't as hideous as *they were led to believe*. In fact, it's actually quite beautiful ("I admire its purity."), unmistakably sexualized and entirely surreal. Hence all the smoke, mist and darkness to conceal the monster's "real identity" in the original, 1979 picture: the false pretense of a petrifying mirror. This occurs through an obscured, dirty lens, pointed at a forbidden target that's meant to terrify the uneducated. Look at it, FOX argues, but only long enough to keep you scared stupid.

This purity culture is FOX playing with fire. Their prescription—that descriptive sexuality is intrinsically repulsive—only holds up if the audience takes the horror narrative at face value (re: the monster is a cosmic rapist). The room for appreciative irony cannot be fully suppressed, allowing iconoclastic narratives to emerge through emancipatory hauntology as a form of political allegory (more on this at the end of Chapter Two). Despite Ripley flushing the monster out the airlock—rejecting it like an aborted fetus, attempted rape, or piece of shit—the monster remains ambivalent, displaying a chaotic potential: to be any of these things depending on how it's framed, but also performed. These combined variables guide viewers towards *politically desired* interpretations, the outcome incumbent on the performer's own agenda.

Now that we've outlined the larger systemic framework abjection takes place inside, let's examine the abjectors—the elite whose desires course through a particular vein, like *Alien*'s modesty narrative—and the sex-positive performers whose rebellious imaginations use the same ambivalent visual language to reverse the flow of abjection. Rather than treat the ghost of the counterfeit as pure product "fluffery" (the act of up-selling material goods), iconoclasts deliberately give voice to the unspeakable by scrutinizing these atrocities at a human level: to humanize historic icons of persecution. They do this by reclaiming "slutty" or "wicked" signifiers, ironically transforming them into sexy fashion statements and other appreciative symbols and spaces⁵⁹ of sexual freedom/material advantage (we'll explore this behavior and foils more in Chapters Two and Three). Doing so, sex workers disarm their historical function as didactic instruments of public shame and guilt, countering the elite's capacity for social-sexual abuse under Capitalism at the linguo-material level.

⁵⁹ For a parallel sex-positive space, consider Monty Python's Castle Anthrax (re: exhibit 1a1a1i2, "[Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n Roll](#)").



(artist: [Cherry Blossom](#))

Sex workers achieve reverse abjection by meaningfully presenting themselves as sexually attractive and autonomous cultivators of sex-positive sentiment. Cherry Blossom, for example, is a sex worker who makes her own rules; [she has her own OnlyFans](#), and specifically states for all to read:

"No hardcore or explicit nude content of my pussy (🐱❌) I work with topless nudes and teasing pics and

vids. I love to be cute, provocative and feel comfortable and confident showing my body!"

Through her art, Cherry illustrates descriptive sexuality as the setting of personal boundaries. These boundaries outline what she, as an individual performer, *is willing to consensually display* in the larger social-sexual market. This liberation isn't something to merely describe, but appreciate within a larger hauntological mode: "oracle" bodies that present forbidden sexual knowledge during everyday material production and consumption, including the idea that bodies can be controlled by workers (and don't try to attach all women to one

particular form of demonized knowledge: i.e., women only know *abject* knowledge, specifically the knowledge of life and death as learned through sexual reproduction and the struggles of childbirth).

By comparison, the status quo sells sex through prescriptively coercive, non-consensual displays. Sigourney Weaver didn't agree to being fetishized by her male bosses. This tracks with how the elite regulate canon by invoking paradoxical modesty that manipulates target consumers through moral panic: a pure body whose chastity must be preserved no matter what. By presenting sex as "modest enough" and attaching it to lucrative projects, the elite transmute modesty as a neoliberal virtue—a kind of tightrope where the selling of regulated sex becomes the worship of capital: As a particular arrangement of moral panic, *Alien* reliably

- makes the elite a profit.
- grants them substantial bargaining power through the spontaneous acquisition of raw wealth.

What's more, this profitability can be advertised alongside hauntological media that upholds social virtues in the face of threatened modesty. *Alien*, for example, earned the studio a lot of money. While viewers recall this rags-to-riches story about FOX, they don't remember how FOX [famously refused to pay out, citing a lack of profit](#) (re: Charles' Schreger's "The 'Alien' Papers: Can a \$100-Million Film Lose Money?" 1980), they remember the haunted house and Gothic shenanigans it contains. Regardless, the studio had gained themselves a lot of capital to work with (and a future franchise to toy around with). They did this as a giant company would: by prescribing sexuality through a moral panic that targeted a large conservative base, said base would unironically payout big for canon to console themselves with. Having the numbers to back this up, FOX hedged their bets did so despite hauntology requiring cryptonyms whose linguistic ambiguities can swing the entire exercise in a sex-positive direction (the elite want cryptonymy to be carceral-complicit, but can no more own this process than they can the Superstructure; they can only prepare, groom and encourage).



This consumption occurred through Sigourney Weaver as someone to advertise (with her becoming a *de facto* scream queen of retro-future horror in the process). Except her body is fairly anomalous. She's not a short, skinny woman in the prescriptive sense; she's descriptively tall, square-jawed and flat-flanked. In fact, she looks less like a dainty (and inoffensive) classic Gothic heroine, and more like Charlotte Dacre's Victoria: masculine and violent, [ready to throw down](#) and make war as a war boss/queen bitch. According to Ridley Scott, [the company president chose to make Ripley a woman](#) (Tom Chapman, 2020).

Progressive optics aside, FOX's onscreen treatment of their lanky debutante sought to further a highly prescriptive modesty narrative: the imperiled maiden of the Gothic horror. Even so, the filmmakers couldn't hide that Sigourney didn't look the part. Her powerful body looked incongruously masculine, a scrappy cat mom who looks after the crew by actually following the rules (which the elite discourage through efficient profit, seeking scientific discovery as the door to infinite growth: so-called "Promethean" Capitalism). While FOX checked Weaver's masculine persona by presenting her as highly sexualized (with elements of rape thrown in to stress her nudity as vulnerable and feminine), the producers carefully dodged the NC-17 rating through *modest nudity*. Not only could Ripley *not* be naked (as Ridley had originally wanted); her body had to be well-groomed. According to Scott, [Weaver allegedly resisted this idea](#) (source: Hailey Piper) acting sexually

descriptive by refusing to pull up her panties or shave her crotch. This allegedly forced the studio to intervene by censoring the actress's "mom bod" in post: In a bizarre act of efficient profit, they secretly paid someone five grand to painstakingly erase Weaver's pubic hairs—all because they thought the mere sight of those (and not her genitals) might swing the review board in an unprofitable direction!

The box office tally functions as a manipulative takeaway—that censored nudity sells more than blatant, pornographic nudity (regardless of context). The elite then use this sex-coercive lesson to shape consumer attitudes, presenting them with the idea that female bodies—specifically pure, maiden-like, and infantilized female bodies—are lucrative *because they're modest*. In the process, these same consumers will start to adopt another neoliberal creed: personal responsibility. They see their purchases as empowered, as somehow dictating which movies get made according to what is or isn't visually acceptable. They either mistake canonical endorsement as revolutionary (which it generally isn't) or police morality through their purchases, enforcing elite hegemony by abjuring descriptive sexuality as an implied means of societal improvement at the hauntological-material level. So while the elite's commercial goods decorate the home of free market defenders, the purchases made by these defenders endorse the current material arrangement of things: the privatization of carceral hauntology as something to communicate through its actors on set.



(artist,
right: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

As we've already established, total media control is impossible. Likewise, cryptonyms that adumbrate certain doom under Capitalism cannot be completely omitted in the revolutionary sense from future iconoclastic stories. However, the prescription of carceral hauntology and its sex-coercive

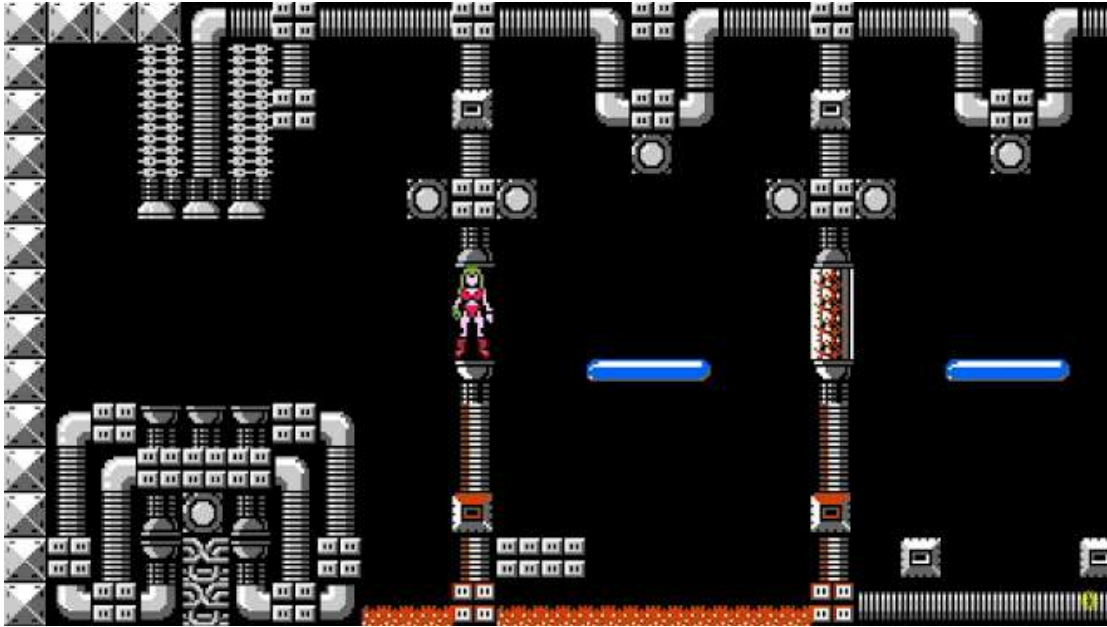
elements is already so common as to be invisible, never mind that FOX concealed

their "shaving" of Weaver's crotch. So thorough was their subterfuge that I had no knowledge of the studio's wacky behavior, 44 years later (despite being a huge fan of the movie)! When I deliberately drew pubic hair under Amanda Ripley's panties (see: above), I specifically thought, "Like mother, like daughter"—the irony being I remembered her mother's panties, which the studio had canonized; I had no memory of Ripley's pubes, which the studio had excommunicated (even so, a part me figured I was being too sexually descriptive for those studio prudes).

The reason for all this fuss is that pubic hair describes sexuality and descriptive sexuality automatically includes elements that are abjected from artistic canon. This affects not just canon, but its proponents. Consider the sobering possibility that famous art critic John Ruskin [allegedly couldn't perform on his wife because he didn't know women had pubic hair](#) (Betsy Reed, 2014). Even funnier, she (ostensibly) wouldn't shave her hair during their five-year marriage and eventually left him for his protégé, John Millais, who had no problems performing in the bedroom (the two had eight children together).

Conversely, descriptive sexuality *also* allows for conventional sexualities among sex-positive feminists, which SWERFs will gatekeep. Consider the guest star for Episode 107 of the *Alien Minute Podcast*, "[Women Do Wear Long Johns](#)" (2016), who stubbornly argues that *Alien* isn't sexually descriptive because Ripley should be wearing long johns under her jumpsuit. Her argument? "Because women wear long johns." This statement not only assumes that men in the film don't switch to panties after they wake from hypersleep(!); it also implies that no woman anywhere in the universe would ever wear girly panties for herself. In doing so, the guest blanket denies sex-positive underwear selection as something to perform onscreen regardless of who's in the audience.

So while I agree that the original scene was shot in a voyeuristic way for cis-het men, I also believe it can be appreciated in a sex-positive way in the 21st century while also acknowledging its sexist roots. The guest doesn't even try, stubbornly prescribing modest underwear as something that (all) women wear. Little does she realize, panties—a symbolic consequence of Patriarchal control—can be cryptonymically reversed, teaching a sneaky lesson about sexism inside the Gothic as a long-colonized (and historically playful/fake) mode! The whore is liberated while naked, but also under attack in duality, and it is here where she can have her revenge for or against the state (re: "[Rape Reprise](#)")!



Viewed another way, "authenticity" becomes a form of gatekeeping (re: gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss) that 2nd wave feminists execute, specifically SWERFs. [As Wisecrack asks about Samus Aran](#), Ripley's videogame counterpart: "Is a woman still authentically acting like a woman if she chooses to wear a bikini?" ("What is Woman? (de Beauvoir + Metroid)" 2015). Sex-positive feminists would say "yes," provided she chooses to for reasons that empower herself; SWERFs would say "no" regardless of the reasons—a similar approach to burning bras except it's burning bikinis (with a flair for trans emasculate and other modular persecution language; re: "[blood libel, witch hunts and sodomy](#)").

We'll examine SWERFs more in Chapter Two (and revolutionary cryptonymy in Chapter 4). For now, note how my descriptiveness of Amanda Ripley's hairiness appreciates body hair rather than abjecting it. By doing so, my art also deconstructs the studio's original canon, specifically the canonical notion that pubes are a visual extension of the vagina; to see one is to see the other. Not only that, but the vagina is abject, as well as the vulva, labia⁶⁰ and, yes, pubic hair. My "head canon" treats the bare body as empowered—not just something to appreciate unto itself, but something that reveals the abusive men-behind-the-curtain.

⁶⁰ A real-life example of the "Barbie Doll effect," Linnea Quigley's genitals [were infamously concealed](#) (Mr. Skin's "Anatomy of a Nude Scene: Can We Talk About Linnea Quigley's Barbie Doll Crotch..." 2020] by a plastic "Barbie Doll crotch" designed to show her butt, but conceal her labia—all to avoid the unprofitable X rating. Moreover, the film presents her seemingly perfect body as paralyzing to those who gaze upon it, frozen in place while Linnea consumes them with a giant, gaping maw (a metaphor for abject female sexuality and rage). Despite being a cryptonymic "chastity belt" compelled by Pygmalions pimping the whore, a sex-positive author could use the crotch piece to easily retell the same hauntological story as a parody of itself and the men/systems responsible.



Canon shames body hair, the manufactured disgust towards it cultivating heteronormative bias: PIV sex between cis-het men and women according to highly specific body types and gender performances: adult, patriarchal men and young-yet-nubile, infantilized women. While these regulations severely limit sex-positive kinks and fetishes, the official position on female body hair oscillates between conflicted stages of public acceptance and rejection—ambivalence owing to critical positions that seek to undermine canonical attitudes about body shaming more generally.

While the elite use canon to fetishize body hair and appropriate sex-positive examples, the artistic appreciation of pubic hair demonstrates how deconstruction desperately needs an image under Capitalism—more often than not, an image to sell: the sale of sex, specifically that of sex subjects displaying their (often hairy) bodies. I say "subject" because someone choosing to sell their body at a particular hairiness is very different from having that choice made for them by the powers that be: "Sell your body for us, but shave your crotch first (except when it's trendy not to)."

Women refusing to shave in defiance of male power structures is nothing new. To close out the chapter, I want to examine sex-positive art as one of a regular revolution whose various countermeasures like refusing to shave result from hauntology and cryptonymy as a colonized historio-material process. Doing so requires examining the process itself through its "ghostly" left-behinds, which we'll do now before articulating how savvy rebels use iconoclastic art as a kind of visual shibboleth—to grow and cultivate into a larger message that critiques the giant, industrialized deceptions of formal power and its socio-material extensions. It does

so through various covert countermeasures: the art itself. Gothic art excels at creating fear, often through ghostly suggestion. Used by those in power, fear can keep people stupid, suspicious and afraid; used by the iconoclast, fear can keep you *alive*, but requires you to take informed liberties—to deliberately lie in ways that must be cultivated and taught by older (often linguistically spectral and ambiguous) lessons; i.e., the *revolutionary's* cryptonymy deceiving those in power by outthinking them with fearful art as an instructional tool (fear—specifically fear of death and pain—is an excellent teacher). In the words of Pat Benatar, let's "get nervous!"



Toxic Schlock Syndrome; or, an Early Stab at Cryptonymy: the Fur(r)tive Rebellion of Amazons, Body Hair and Whistleblowers in Duality (feat. Mercedes the Muse, Mugiwara, Mercy from *Overwatch*, and Autumn Ivy)

"You think the wolf cares that you believe he's real? Not if he finds you alone in the woods. [...] He's not out there, coming in; he's already here."

—the "preacher," *The Dark and the Wicked* (2020)

Note: This section is composite in several ways. For one, it combines the earlier parts of Chapter One in relation to how I think about Gothic media. This includes citing and referencing past writings that I've done, but also including how I arrived at my conclusions by relating to art as a creative mode; i.e., one that doubles as an active mode of thought—of understanding the world through art as something to make, its creative process (and logical end result) being a socio-material extension of the world operating in perpetuity. Their arrival and continuum is difficult to demonstrate, demanding collages of various things interacting across the board. This includes artwork and the things that produce artwork, or otherwise contribute towards its production in ways single collages cannot fully express at first glance.

As such, the photos in this section will be multiple composites that I then explain further through dialectical-material analysis [as something I would go onto introduce and build upon; see: postscript]. —Perse, back in 2023



(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

P.S., "Toxic Schlock!" essentially disseminated, in early 2023, that which became my collage exhibit style from October 2023 onwards (re: [Volume Zero](#)).

It didn't start here, but actually in the Bride of Frankenstein "poster pastiche" exhibit (re: "[Making Demons](#)" exhibit 44b2, December 2022). While that is where I pioneered the approach, here is where I actively started to incorporate it; i.e., with specific models during a close-read style I would use throughout the remainder of the book series ([six book promotions](#) and [over seventy models](#)). The one featured here—in my first stab at revolutionary cryptonymy—is [Mercedes the Muse](#) (one of my earliest muses). And yet, substantial 2025 addendums have seen me expand on this specific subchapter a fair bit; i.e., to include [Mugiwara](#) and [Autumn Ivy](#) when talking about [Amazons](#).

Lastly, any too-small images here (shrunk to meet my page limit) can be accessed, full-size, [from this symposium's online version](#). —Perse, 4/28/2025

This section takes a preliminary stab at revolutionary cryptonymy to reverse abjection with; i.e., during a holistic symposium featuring specific models. Let's set the table, then move onto the meat and bones of cryptonymy!

First, as "Toxic Schlock" is a symposium and not a close-read, it's more conversational/fun and less thesis-driven (we'll cite older book sections for thesis elements, however). Given its new 2025 length, I've also decided to signpost it:

- Setting the Table (feat. Mercedes the Muse): A Spoonful of (Toxic) Sugar
- Rebellious Furies (and Heavy Metal; feat. Nyx)
- Tucking In: "Shut Up and Eat Your Garbage" (feat. Mugiware)
- Those Who Grow: Hairy Bitches and Where to Find Them (feat. Mugiware)
- The Barbarism of State Barbers (re: *Metroid*, Autumn Ivy and Mugiware)
- Little Shop of Horrors: Camping the Barbershop Whores (re: Autumn Ivy and Mugiware)
- Chemical Lobotomy (feat. Blizzard, Mercy and *Overwatch*, AI Abuse, and *The Simpsons*)
- Doubling the Double, Ourselves (Conventions)
- Corporatizing the Shop (Blizzard reprise: Autumn Ivy)
- Toxicity Refrain: Finding Worth in Waste (while playing with it; re: Mercedes)
- Rock Operas: the Last Bastions of Camp

Setting the Table: A Spoonful of (Toxic) Sugar

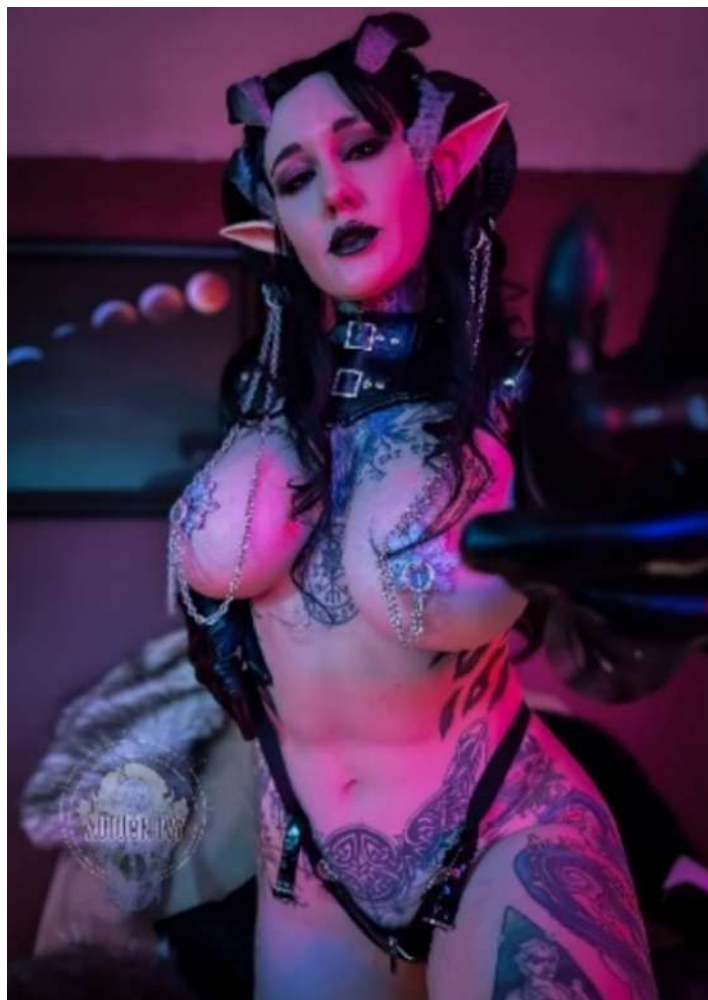


(artists: [Wolfhead at Night](#) and [Bishoujo Mom](#))

First and foremost, sex is a stimulant, one that—like blood or drugs (re: "[The World Is a Vampire](#)" and "[Far Out, Dude!](#)")—can be discussed in different poetic ways. Here, though, we'll touch on [Amazons/the monstrous-feminine](#) and chattelization through sex work as oxymoronic; i.e., specifically as *toxic sugar* foisted onto workers in crisis: under Capitalist Realism, experiencing death fears during inheritance anxiety (with sugar being something different authors have commented on—as a currency of the medieval period *into* global Capitalism making sugar cheap; re: Patel and Moore)! It's nature vs nurture, pimping the whore as a monstrous alien nanny performing at strength in ways men classically do (re: Spartan women, [Joshua Mark](#)).

"Toxic sugar" includes things that either look sugary and/or have different toxic (thus poisonous) effects *vis-à-vis* the land and labor as things to reclaim through the *appearance* of poison (a metaphor for monstrous-feminine rage/the *woman's* weapon); i.e., by embodying them; re: Amazons being the oldest token enforcers "of nature" for the state that, being largely mythological in origin (above),

are nonetheless tied to workers using such mythologies in toxic-sugar approaches not far removed from any other drug-like device of violence, terror and monsters; e.g., anal sex and herbos (re: "[Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)" from "[On Amazons, Good](#)



[and Bad](#)"); i.e., anal back = land back. The same basic idea works with any aesthetic the Amazon attaches to, including toxic waste, body hair and similar things, mid-cryptonymy reversing abjection in duality. Sugar *becomes* toxic, for example, when overconsumed; i.e., as an opiate to escape into and addict a consumer base to a demonstrably unhealthy diets (the paradox of super powers stemming from subversion into nuclear waste): the false rebel of *subjugated* Amazons—with Autumn Ivy's rotting our brains and poisoning our blood while fleecing us *for* the status quo.

(artist: [Wolfhead at Night](#))

Note: This symposium concerns heroes and monsters dating back to ancient kayfabé into more recent [Amazonomachia](#) (re: [Aliens](#)

with Ripley vs the Queen, and [Metroid](#) with Samus vs Mother Brain). All in all, my [Metroidvania](#), [ludo-Gothic BDSM](#) and [Tolkien](#) scholarship overlap with my extensive work on Amazons (the latter a subject for which I've written on/about probably more than anything else, prompting me to give said work [its own compilation page](#) on my website). I'll cite various things here—e.g., "[The Nation-State](#)" vis-à-vis the enby sex worker Autumn Ivy and their hypocritical abusing of me, a sex worker trans woman, in the past—but kindly refer to the above lists for more content; i.e., than this symposium, however holistic, can effectively outline and explore.

Furthermore, this piece sheds further light on Autumn; i.e., since writing "[The Nation-State](#)" and "[Death by Snu-Snu](#)"; e.g., by me mentioning their "spicier" alter-ego Twitter account, [Wolfhead at Night](#): where they advertise the very sex work they insisted to me they don't do, in 2021 (re: attacking me for mentioning it/policing my speech regarding their sex work, making all of what they did unnecessary and pointless at this stage). So while we'll address Autumn's [hypocrisy](#)

here, we won't really discuss their actual abusing of me (for that, re-read "The Nation-State" or their bad review, up on [my website's Sex Work page](#)).



(artist: [Wolfhead at Night](#))

Regarding said abuse, however, just know that Autumn is a token Amazon and that is how I will be discussing them here; i.e., by juxtaposing them with

Mercedes and Mugiwara, the latter two hairy sex workers who work in good faith: using the monstrous (and "toxic," hairy) language of whores (Amazons or not) to actually embrace their profession as sex workers, thus achieve an effective (and demonstrable) means of activism Autumn only plays at!



(artists: [Mercedes the Muse](#), [Wolfhead at Night](#), and [Mugiwara](#))

To it, Autumn is a massive poser and people like Autumn can betray the cause of Gothic Communism that Amazons have historically represented for thousands of years; those like Mugi and Mercedes can reclaim it, their respective "tromette fetish schlock" and "pussy mohawk" (above) granting emancipatory potential to revolutionary monstrous-feminine; i.e., whose cryptonymic hugging of the Medusa counteracts Autumn's comely-if-bogus varieties punching the Gorgon. Cops and traitors look alike, as do whores and pimps via the Gothic mode of monsters, torture, rape, captivity and rapture; i.e., divided not by aesthetic (e.g., of actual hair or tattoos of animal patterns—Autumn embodying the subjugated Hippolyta bridled by Theseus, above), but by flow of power moving anisotropically towards or away from the state during the cryptonymy process; re: [the dialectic of the alien](#), but also the ensuing dialectical-material scrutiny as a holistic, liminal procedure—going where power is by embodying its most classic uncanny forms in lieu of state lies, uncertainty and defeat/the unknown!

The Numinous, as such, embodies Gothically through smaller forms to seek out toxic origins; i.e., Amazons linked to Medusa as playthings through the obviously fake mode of grand adventure—one tied since Walpole to mythic lands, lost worlds, and nameless heavy time as dug back up. As I write in "Digging Our Own Graves" (2024):

Dancing feels good; so does confronting trauma during calculated risk as "cool," familiar but foreign (Castlevania's "In Search of the Secret Spell" [2006] shamelessly sneaking in a disco beat to groove among the pyramids with). Per Matthew Lewis all the way up to me, it becomes the Gothic's usual

bad, musical game of telephone, celebrating monstrous-feminine sex and force while turning Imperialism (and its semantic wreckage) into a campy joke of itself. My own quest for a Numinous Commie Mommy isn't so odd; capital makes us feel tired relative to the self-as-alien, both incumbent on the very things they rape to nurture them (re: Irigaray's creation of sexual difference). I'm hardly the first person to notice this:

*As Edward Said astutely notes in *Culture and Imperialism*, most societies project their fears on the unknown or the exotic other. This barren land, where the viewers are kept disorientated, is threatening. It is a place between the familiar and the foreign, like part of a dream or vision that one cannot remember clearly. There is always a sense of a lurking danger from which the viewers need protection. Nikita provides that sense of protection ([source](#): Laura Ng's "'The Most Powerful Weapon You Have': Warriors and Gender in *La Femme Nikita*," 2003).*

I am, however, a trans woman who has gone above and beyond women like Barbara Creed, Angela Carter, Luce Irigaray and Laura Ng, etc, in my pioneering of ludo-Gothic BDSM: as a holistic, "Commy-Mommy" means of synthesizing proletarian praxis inside the operatic danger disco(-in-disguise), the "rape" castle riffing on Walpole, Lewis, Radcliffe, Konami, Nintendo, and so many others.

I sign myself as such for a reason—not to be an edgy slut (though I am a slut who walks the edge). Rather, my pedagogic aim is to consider the monstrous-feminine not simply as a female monster avoiding revenge through violence, but a sex-positive force that doesn't reduce to white women policing the same-old ghost of the counterfeit: to reverse what TERFs (and other sell-outs) further as normally being the process of abjection, vis-à-vis Cartesian thought tokenizing marginalized groups to harvest nature-as-usual during the dialectic of the alien. Like any good videogame OST, it repeats, throbbing and dancing orgasmically mid-live-burial: right in that little "garage" as simultaneously haunted but incredibly small and tight (claustrophobic/philic) and filled with a big present-like presence of Medusa; i.e., the drug mule, "packed and ready" as doubled by our orgasmic, passionate cries thereof: "Medusa" and her church-like melon-like orchard as yours for the taking. Clean those pipes! ([source](#)).

While traditionally rediscovered in such stories being constantly remade, Amazons go beyond the "found relic" trope of the imaginary warrior past. Composed of derelict refuse, they're trash golems compacted into monster mothers with toxic blood; i.e., protecting the children of the future for liberation or

enslavement; re: the Shadow of Pygmalion and Galatea (re: "[Paratextual Documents](#)"). Made for either purpose, their toxicity speaks to drug-like feelings and trauma. This extends to the Gothic as couched squarely inside taboo fields, which Amazons are; i.e., as sex, drugs and rock 'n roll to play with through poetry as a potentially rebellious act, mid-cryptonymy. In keeping with "Hot Allostatic Load" (2015): "Build the shittiest thing possible. Build out of trash because all i have is trash. Trash materials, trash bodies, trash brain syndrome. Build in the gaps between storms of chronic pain. Build inside the storms" ([source](#)).

Revolution is garbage, then; i.e., as something to build with according to monsters like Amazons (or witches, sirens, gorgons, etc) and their hairy animal bodies' potently poetic and cryptomimetic means of enforcing state chattelization and pimping nature versus not; re: the whore's revenge through the egregore's toxic embodiment of the Medusa to punch up at state actors and aims: rebellion as "fur(r)tive" through cryptonymy as signaled using schlocky darkness visible.

Hairy or not, there will be puns—our aforementioned toxic sugar to wolf down and learn from while hyphenating sex and force, but also death, war and sickness with prostitution (whores being the oldest teachers, but just as often occurring through "past" as counterfeit, the Wisdom of the Ancients relayed across a variety of instructors young and old; e.g., between Cuwu and I, the younger teaching the older a thing or two with their own "sugar's" noticeably hairy but also sweet-and-savory aesthetic)! The state is straight and historically male, survival predating as much on the whore's gut as it does official markers of patriarchal status and privilege policing the same verboten graveyards to tokenize/unironically toxify the workers inside; i.e., her animal instinct playing intuitively with forbidden things, endlessly camping them while trapped inside the shadow of state subterfuge and force.



(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

P.S., Before we proceed, let me also provide my usual disclaimer for Autumn; re (from "Death by Snu-Snu"):

A note about Autumn Ivy: They are a public figure who markets an image of themselves as "Amazonian," which I am critiquing as having run-ins/worked with them in the past; as such, they're a big enby and should be able to handle whatever criticism I throw at them, especially

since their abuse of me in the past is true—is something I stand by and can back up. That being said... this isn't me condoning violence or calls for violence against them. Unless they accelerate their trans misogyny (or any other fascist tendencies) in public—i.e., use their platform to spread active

hate, Nazi-style—kindly leave them alone to figure things out on their own ([source](#)).

This is the last time we'll be writing extensively about Amazons in this series, to which I'll be taking my sweet time (and exploring less-than-sweet acquire tastes through Mercedes; i.e., that I don't normally explore, but here will push the envelope less through raw gross-out factor and more through oxymoron; re: exhibit -1b, "[What I Won't Exhibit](#)"). Whatever I say in regards to Autumn's toxic elements (or frankly anyone else's), said disclaimer applies. —Perse, 4/25/2025

Our first main point was "sex is stimulant." Second, cryponymy is a process that—regardless of the media, performers or register(s) thereof—occurs in praxial *opposition* featuring toxicity as a *potentially* ironic device; e.g., drug wars are wars of territory and structures for policing said territory as a matter of capital reaping labor and land to glut the elite by starving workers plagued with Capitalist Realism and selling them back their own fantasies (re: Amazons); i.e., workers serving themselves or the state during the abjection process turning them toxic with irony or without. Any lesson that concerns Gothic-Communist development, then, illustrates best through dialectical-material scrutiny's performative antagonism unabashedly having a class character to it we'll *also* examine.



(exhibit 67: Model, top-left: [Mercedes the Muse](#); artist, right: [Persephone van der Waard](#). Mercedes specifically asked to drawn getting fucked by Toxie.)

To it, the original model featured is Mercedes the Muse; the three broader talking points I use *vis-à-vis* her and other examples (re: her and Mugiwara versus Autumn Ivy in the 2025 addendums) are *body hair*, a *toxic aesthetic* and *whistleblower counterculture*. As such, we'll discuss the modular and hybrid elements that tokenize to police these somewhat interchangeable things (e.g., toxic candy werewolves vs dark Amazons vs radioactive zombies and gorgons, etc); i.e., by camping their *fascist* components, in literal and figurative reply.

Separation isn't the point, then; conversation is—with us consciously highlighting settler-colonial replacement/extermination rhetoric *alongside* neoliberal toxic decay, industrial excess framed as "accidents," subsequent radiation fears, and Gothic slut-shaming/monstrous-feminine pimp arguments being analogous to a zombie apocalypse or Jekyll's potion, but also hard drugs, homophobia, and AAA videogame Barbie waifus, *for example*. Specifically we're introducing and surveying the trash, camp and schlock subgenres (used interchangeably in this symposium)

that Mercedes specializes in, but also rock operas and other stories that—for various thesis-driven reasons outlined in Volume Zero—one, have lots of zombies, monster sex and dirty girls with muscles and messy kayfabe-style props;

Archaic or phallic, either monster traditionally belongs to a heteronormative **mythic structure/Symbolic Order**, both of which Gothic-Communist poetics lampoon, of course (exhibit 1a1c): the hero-monster as something to fear and kill, but also to *romance* in a dated *courtly* sense—i.e., to worship, serve and fuck, but also belittle and mock through private/open **schadenfreude** (evoking **taboo sex** in the process: mythical **rape**, **sodomy** and **incest**, but also the enigmatic **kink** of *torturous/exquisitely* **"torturous"** sex during **demonic BDSM** rituals that can be camped during **ludo-Gothic BDSM**, but not by default; e.g., Ann Radcliffe's "demon lover" as something originally devised for/mass-marketed to **privileged white women**; i.e., to puzzle over when navigating their own trauma as a **protected class** inside abject operatic spaces: the recycled fabrications of the musical castle and its paradoxical panoply of rape, forbidden desire, taboo sex and Certain Doom) [[source](#): "Thesis Body"].

two, I've previously determined as "danger disco";

The point isn't simply to paint things black, nor is it to merely compare our world to the dark castle as "elsewhere," but also to poke fun at whatever canonical lessons are imparted through our own creative responses camping the canon (and its Radcliffian Black Veils/demon lovers).

For example, we can see ourselves in Ripley while also camping her through our deviations *from* her warlike, TERF-y stances: *vis-à-vis* Numinous power as something for us to interrogate on our own Promethean Quests embodied; i.e., to turn the castle not simply into a white or black counterfeit in the Western, heteronormative model, but a functionally *Communist* (thus iconoclastic) castle's highly figurative (and operatic) theatre space: played upon ourselves *as* the danger-disco maze to liberate inside-outside itself; re: during ludo-Gothic BDSM summoning such things *through* ourselves ([source](#): "The Quest for Power").

and three, classically have outlined those things to play with inside as such:

Regardless of the medium, though, Clint Hockings' adage, "Seek power and you will progress" (source: "Ludonarrative Dissonance," 2007) means something altogether different depending how you define power as something to seek, including unequal arrangements thereof. As a child, teenager and woman, I sought it through the palliative Numinous in Gothic

castles of the Neo-Gothic tradition carried over into videogames (which I learned about in reverse: videogames, followed by the Numinous/*mysterium tremendum* as introduced to me by Dr. David Calonne). Of these, I explored their Numinous territories in response to my own lived trauma and subsequent hypersexuality—i.e., as things I both related to the counterfeit with and sought to reclaim the counterfeit from as a tool to understand, thus improve myself and the world by reclaiming the castle as a site of interpretative Gothic play (of kinks, fetishes, and BDSM); i.e., this book that you're reading right now is a "castle" to wander around inside: a safe space of exquisite "torture" to ask questions about your own latent desires and guilty thoughts regarding the "barbaric" exhibits within as putting the ghosts out from my past on display (the Gothic castle and its intense, "heavy weather" theatrics generally being a medieval metaphor for the mind, body and soul, but also its extreme, buried and/or conflicting emotions and desires: a figurative or sometimes literal plurality depending on the person exploring the castle) [[ibid.](#)].

Trash, then, is often devalued for *being* "trashy" hence "without" value in a canonical sense; i.e., as the waste byproduct of capital, which makes things radioactive to render them critically inert. The proletarian Gothic—I argue here and elsewhere—works within trash to weaponize its toxicity for different Numinous goals (to grant power *to* trash or things treated *like* trash). To it, the ideas "body hair" (synonymous with Amazons, gorgons and werewolves, or anything else in/from the state of exception) marry to "toxicity" and "whistleblower counterculture" as coming from my own body of work being concerned with such Gothic sugary junk (monsters and sex, sprinkled with rape per the ghost of the counterfeit); i.e., including the genres that I've studied and people I've worked with over the years, who collectively embody the focus of my post-college writing that funnels into this

book series; re: [sex, heavy metal and horror movies](#) as things to catalog and understand ("Sex, Metal, and Videogames"), but also celebrate for *being* bad (re: "[My Least Favorite Horror Movies?](#)").

(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))



Alongside people like Mercedes as purposefully surrounded by such glorious, schlocky trash—using its poisoned honey to paradoxically conceal *ourselves* with and attack from—I've studied Gothic media as things that make up *how* I think pursuant to social and environmental activism as stewards of nature; i.e., as a cryptonymy process determined by poetic

diet: oxymoronic imagery and words overlapping in my head, relating back and forth through a show/conceal approach.

In Gothic, nothing is separate. Staged outrage speaks to things inside/outside itself—a foul, sour, crunchy and soft, but also repellent and delicious combination masking various scents *with* various scents. Animals survive through deception, and humans are very much animals. As such, our underworld perfume has a complex, "from Hell" signature, communicating consent in the constant shadow of rape (state force): intuiting rejection and submission through various unspoken cues. Less invisible ink and more natural toxins the body produces and workers demanufacture, refine and rerelease, cryptonymy isn't a thing to trip over but embrace *for* its Numinous utility.

Be these "ancient" hauntologies curios from the original Neo-Gothic, the "trash cinema" of the 1980s, or body hair as something to carefully grow and cultivate into a larger dripping-with-toxins message about descriptive sexuality in sex-positive art—all illustrate the larger argument I want to make according to artistic creations and how *they* tend to function during the cryptonymy process; i.e., in my own mind and work as extensions thereof, but also in artistic countercultural movements at large: as *Satanically* rebellious (re: Milton, but also "[I, Satanist; Atheist](#)"); re: that present "Medusa" as a *composite* egregore *during* the cryptonymy process: unified for those "who know" reversing abjection, but appearing ostensibly random (and inedible) for the elite who cursorily scan them (save in crisis, when *their* scrutiny intensifies). Green is the color of *poisoned*



apples, the fruits of our labor allowing an indelible orchard of doubles' troubling comparisons to convulse, thus deliver a at-times repulsive-yet-alluring means of passing vital data along! Code is code, rubbed in your face:

(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

Note: This section was originally written as I was hammering out/nailing down my cryptonymy elements, which I would finalize in "[Introducing Revolutionary Cryptonymy](#)" in Volume One. We'll consider such things briefly with Mercedes, here, and later in Chapter Five.

Simply know that revolutionary cryptonymy is super vital to developing Gothic Communism and something that [Mercedes](#) helped conceptualize through my work with them; re (from my review of Mercedes):

I wanted give Mercedes an extra-special thank you. They were the first model to reach out to me, [asking me to draw them in 2022](#) [re: exhibit 67]. I had always loved to draw cuties based on monsters since high school, but it wasn't something I had done in years; their inspiration and invitation

inspired me to pursue Sex Positivity as it currently exists. So thank you, mommy, for giving me the chance to spread my wings and fly! ([source](#)).

Mercedes is a Gorgon in her own right, one who—flashing me with power as "toxic" in a variety of ways (e.g., literal tattoo ink, below)—gave me the idea of revolutionary cryptonymy that eventually became my brand; i.e., of the very proletarian praxis this volume speaks to more broadly. —Perse



(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

Likewise, while these cryptonyms often appear as junk food like Amazons, their contents *enrich* the mind through proletarian gossip and pastiche: communal rage, interdependent "girl talk" and perceptive pastiche/subversive quoting (re:

"[The Basics of Oppositional Synthesis](#)"). The monster party and its prop-like girls become increasingly iconoclastic and trans, but retain their monstrous outer shell as a death rattle of nature-turned-undead: a toxic whistleblower that often *looks* like a monster cop (which the Amazon and its fetish gear tokenize to be become), but blows the whistle through said appearance in duality subverting such things as "toxic" (re: monstrous-feminine being gross, including their hairy slime holes⁶¹).

To that, the hauntological cliché of the 1980s disco being a "stupid throng" filled with "dumb unemployed party animals" (e.g., *Animal House*, 1978; re: "[Summoning the Whore](#)") must be critiqued by attacking its formalized, canonical reinvention; i.e., as already having been strained through '80s neoliberalism and viewed in reverse by those of us in the present. A corporate attempt to clamp down on Gothic counterculture by commodifying it in sloganized, mega-dumb ways, the end result neither says nor inspires anything critical about the world—Bon Jovi syndrome, basically. But as we've already covered, other bands like Joy Division showcased that punk *wasn't* dead at the time (or now); it was merely "postpunk" aka disco-in-guise (the "danger disco" intimating larger issues in hauntological ways; re: exhibit 15b2, "[Healing from Rape](#)").

The same cryptonymic idea applies to other bands and countercultural media, whose various forms of whistleblowing often intersect or jump from medium to medium; i.e., by using cheap, taboo, and "fake" things (a Gothic favorite) that nevertheless "catch on": infectious counterculture as rock 'n roll, heavy metal, horror movies, camp, shock, Amazons, oxymorons (re: toxic sugar), and so on. In my opinion, this plasticity reflects how the human mind works in relation to media,

⁶¹ Come to think of it, that's a great porn name: "Harry Slimehole's my name and stank pussy's my game!" Data is data, and animals communicate non-verbally through scent as a chemical translating symbolically through Gothic means: orthography and theatre.

at large—as constantly in flux, but also chaffing at the shackles of Capitalism luring us using poison-chalice T&A! The antidote is chaos as a dualistic means of play (thus fun) with such things; i.e., auteurs afford certain *tolerances*, hence buy themselves some much-needed time while living on borrowed amounts.

Also known as using one's brain, asking questions through iconoclastic art is a form of investigating one's canonical surroundings, especially if they seem suspicious. While clichés like tabloid reality or "perception is reality" comment on the real world as already-covered in images, these composites still reflect bigger things behind them (the Medusa lurking *behind* the warrior Madonna, or Matthew Lewis' Matilda behind the regular one). For example, when the state inflicts a transgenerational curse upon the indigenous population and its workers, some image types can warn of the problem, but also conceal it for different aims; e.g., toxic waste a commodity to camp *with* (exhibit 77). For one, the images themselves are not hazard-proof; the problems they hide can "leak" through and hurt people. But those in power can try to cover up "trashy" counterculture, itself, doing their best to rebrand it as critically "empty"; i.e., in ways that make the wall opaque and "plug" the leak, stymying the public imagination through art in all its forms: something to behold, commission, buy or create as Toxic™.

Thereupon, Gothic counterculture sexualizing art—and asking where its myriad variations come from and why—inquires how people "actually talk" as a means of cryptonymy to subvert through itself: using regular socio-sexual, as well as often-musical exchanges in the material world that happen in response to larger structures and *their* driving forces. Said forces include the various tasty foodstuffs that speak to how people talk and what people like on a natural-material level; re: sex, drugs, rock 'n roll, but also monsters that embody these trashy things as "toxic"; e.g., Amazons; i.e., whores as monsters, making their activities through art—classified between ace public nudism and sexual enjoyment—something monstrous to view during the cryptonym process:



(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

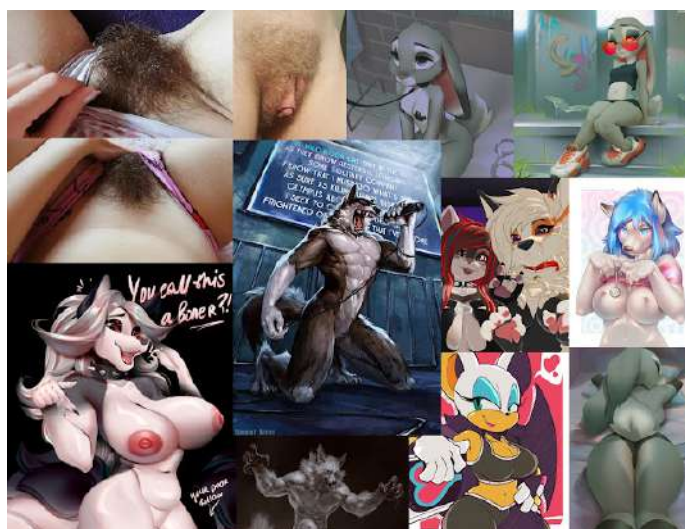
Oppositional praxis, then, is a battle of product placement, pushing for one to buy into their version of something criminal. The difference between Capitalism and Communism is what the products stand for and what is sacred.

Neoliberalism and fascism valorize the status quo, including profit for the elite as "knowledge" sold to consumers as *tasty* toxins; it's little more than disciplinary

action through diminishing returns dressed up as "substance": "Our women are the sexiest, but only adults can enjoy them in their pure, fully-undressed forms." Universal enforcement (of the rules) takes a backseat to smoothly flowing profits and selective punishment; i.e., doing so to canonically keep abjection normalized, thus maintaining the colonial binary through bad doubles (re: Autumn).

However sugary it is, toxic waste is a drug to consume through sex to blow the whistle *about*, mid-subversion. Through the usual acid Communism that camp employs (re: [Stuart Mills](#), *vis-à-vis* Fisher), iconoclastic praxis challenges unironic consumption's canonical forms and flow *aping* rebellion (re: "controlled opposition," which Autumn embodies). Generally camp works on a liminal canvas, then; i.e., masc and femme sex workers finding ways to subvert what they're *normally* sold as while still performing the same basic function—to give people boners (of the dick or clit sort); e.g., chocolate is an *aphrodisiac* in part because it gives you energy (re: Valentine's Day). It's a bribe, but so are the monstrous anthromorphs that we need to reclaim during fur(r)tive rebellion's toxic façade; i.e., as having not just Amazons and hairy animal women, but furies at large *not* being zero-sum/monopolized!

Rebellious Furies (and Heavy Metal)



(exhibit 68: Artist, middle: [Simarglartist](#); top-middle-left: [source](#); top-middle-right [and far-top-right and far-bottom-right]: [Miles DF](#); bottom-middle-right: [Legend of Nerd](#); bottom-middle: [Taran Fiddler](#); far-bottom-left: Winter Nacht)

The body-as-canvas speaks liminally through the Gothic mode. For example, the werewolf is a egregore "of nature" that generally sexualizes to codify in different xenophobic/xenophilic ways (re: "[Call of the Wild](#)"). Under Capitalism and Cartesian thought pimping nature, heteronormative gender roles permit smaller, delicate "she-wolves"; i.e., the state allows them to exist "as is," presenting the prurient bitch as conspicuously hairy and femme (above) and male variants that become big and "strong, strong, strong!" (re: old Smaug the dragon). However, iconoclastic praxis subverts such norms to make them resonate with old symbols of fertility and submission.

In turn, such lycanthropes (a medieval trope out of the ancient world, injected toxically into ours; e.g., Nazi werewolves; re: "[Hell Hath no Fury](#)")

historically combine with renovated forms of sex-positive monsters, music and videogames, etc, as made by *campy* agents—all to provide liminal expression as ludo-Gothic BDSM. Nazis and Communists occupy the same shadow zone (re: "[Doubles, Dark Forces, and Paradox](#)"). Such liminalities include the enlarged clit as a source of power mythologically tied to matriarchal animals (re: Medusa and Amazons, but also the female hyena suggested through pussy-havers *with* larger⁶² clits, above); i.e., as generally expanded by hormone therapy as another kind of forbidden drug (re: acid Communism; e.g., "[Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit](#)"), which those in power *deny* workers because they don't want them to experience, thus learn from, sexual pleasure: as tied to their bodies and linguo-material, but also monstrous-feminine, extensions of their bodies. The elite peddle dead-end drugs, which elevate toxicity as a blinding force society-wide!

Keeping these eclectic forces in mind, the mystery of the sexy singing werewolf⁶³ (and their hairy pussies, enlarged clits, and chimeric gender roles) become a lot less cryptic when you learn their hair isn't an automatic prelude to rape and violence, but a *humanizing* reminder tied to coercively demonized, older and non-Western ways of thinking about sex through animals chemicals (re: "[Call of the Wild](#)"); i.e., that teach us—through steady consumption, echopraxis and *cryptomimesis*—how to update our thinking and language moving forward: as it pertains to demon BDSM, kink, and general stigma awareness (usually tied to any of these things) achieving ludo-Gothic BDSM *across* society!

Under Gothic Communism, *these* spectres of Marx are often cuddly floofers who just want some lovin': putting the Marx in "floof max" and whose dog collars, kitty ears/paws, and jungle-like bushes redistribute monstrous affection in a postcolonial way—not jungle fever (which is racist) but an excitement of the passions that reunites workers with healthier ways of thinking about such language and events; i.e., as linked to colonial frontiers (and toxins) wherever they exist.

This includes music; e.g., songs like Trent Reznor's "[Closer](#)" touching on the issue, openly and aggressively celebrating a desire to "fuck you like an animal" with "sex you can smell" (re: exhibit 43b, "[Seeing Dead People](#)"); i.e., an iconoclastic approach that purposefully breaks down "Enlightenment" dualism, doing so to unite sex workers (and by extension all workers) to nature *as* toxic: the animal self as liberated from bourgeois control *of* said toxins. Freed from capital's canonical muzzles, collars and chattel rape, liberation can dualistically supply an emotionally and Gothically intelligent way of "barking at the moon" that makes workers aware these moon-like booties, but also respectful of the *owners* of said booties; i.e., the latter made to feel special and appreciated through whatever dosages *they* supply.

⁶² This *can* be congenital, but often induces through gender-affirming care: so-called "t-dick."

⁶³ The title for a YA Gothic story if there were; e.g., as touched upon by Brian David Gilbert's "[Tragedy, Performed by a Werewolf](#)" (2022). Camp is a zone of joy *and* lament, forbidden love singing "Get it, girl!" to the motherfucking rafters. We can't wait for things to improve because camp is *how* they improve for us, mid-liminal-expression.

All should unfold during proletarian praxis reclaiming vice in material forms already familiar to many consumers: dialogs of power in the flesh to exchange as deprivatized (the Medusa's peach to harvest, or fuck back with, *against* abjection)!



(exhibit 69 [nice]: Artist: [Nyx](#); modified by [Persephone van der Waard](#). Women are generally regarded as products under Capitalism; i.e., branded a particular way unless another way sells. This means that canonical depictions can deviate away from modest, non-poisonous⁶⁴ forms if there's a market for toxic ladies that capitalists can corner and exploit. This being said, sex workers can absolutely market themselves and their bodies, genders and emotional content as their own brand [the "toxin" a paradoxical means of self-defense and attraction]. At times, this includes leaning into slang that markets someone like Nyx as "PAWG" [Phat-Ass White Girl; re: exhibit 32b and exhibit 43e2c1 from "[Knife Dicks](#)" and "[Always a Victim](#)"]. Such words can get tossed around haphazardly. It is what it is, but pride in one's body generally can co-exist with bigotry from one's audience regarding you as animalistic or gross while also fetishizing you [as abject, but also excessive, which comes from the Protestant ethic translating into fatphobia and the racist conflation of big bodies or butts with demons, animals, laziness and/or spiritual emptiness as toxic/ripe].

To this, reclaiming a wild, "savage" body that's going to be shamed into being skinny and modest requires those already in a liminal position [white women] to use historically pejorative language to describe themselves with; i.e., not just junk food from a canonical standpoint, but the sinful, toxic sugars of dark fuzzy peaches. To reclaim one's body and the land simply requires reclaiming sin using the same fetish, alienizing language as labor terror weapons; re: "[Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)"; i.e., sinning feels good and it's not evil to want revenge! This automatic grey area means appreciation or appropriation lies in praxis itself, including these toxic auras; i.e., is it pejorative or proud, accepting or abject? Dialectical-material analysis can tell the difference, but you have to be willing to have a "game" mind—to take the booty with the bigotry that others apply to it even while the booty's owner remains an incredibly sweet and loving person; e.g., like Nyx, terms like PHAT and PWAG obviously applying to them in ways that aren't strictly appropriative; i.e., because

⁶⁴ I'm sure there's a scientific difference between toxin and poison; i.e., to my knowledge, toxins are absorbed (e.g., radioactivity and heavy metals), poisons ingested, and venoms injected. Our usage of these words—to describe the monstrous-feminine—is more poetic and loose, hence interchangeable.

white women born with "sinful," non-white bodies experience stigma due to matters of size, not skin color [racism arbitrary in all respects]: critical [m]ass go boom!



[artist: [Nyx](#)]

The nature of liminality lies in toxic things not being black-and-white. Sex Positivity and universal liberation encroach upon intersectional solidarity as a bittersweet display of such things; i.e., food personified another reclaimed device; e.g., by making dark chocolate exhibits of oneself if one wants to and it applies—to showcase the fat booty as a force of nature that empowers workers in a very "heavy metal" [toxic] way!)

In keeping with acid Communism, there's an element of indulgence that, all the same, requires a modicum of control. So while I love Ozzy Osbourne, for example, he and *his* friends not only sold out very early on (re: exhibit 44a1b1a and exhibit 52g2 from "[Goblins, Anti-Semitism and Monster-fucking](#)" and "[Furry Panic](#)"), but took the partying and sell-out mentality just a *little* too hard. To this, Black Sabbath toxified through the major record label keeping them flush with hard drugs (similar to Elvis or any other rockstar)—meaning to be an effective revolutionary instructor is to consider such things in poetic/figurative ways, including through our bodies and sex/rock 'n roll as having drug-like effects and revolutionarily cryptonymic labor value (re: me, *vis-à-vis* Stuart Mills and Fisher in "[Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit](#)"). So while Ozzy and company *are* a good starting point, their paywalled forbidden knowledge nonetheless remains a matter of fierce *unproductive* debate; i.e., something conservative families have tried so very desperately to steer their kids away from—all to keep them, as D. H. Lawrence once put it, from going to the dark gods (re: "[Interrogating Power](#)"). The shadow of racism looms.

If you've learned anything from this book series after six books, I hope it's that God is incredibly lame (re: Milton), but also manipulative and blinding through capital's "secular" façades pimping "Satan" out; i.e., no monsters allowed, save in ways that serve profit through the ghost of the counterfeit furthering abjection to rape nature with. Knowledge is something to experience in dialectical-material opposition. This praxial duality extends to monstrous activities; e.g., singing, fucking, dancing, painting, laughing, tripping, transforming, cooking, and frankly anything else the state sanctions for mass production; i.e., to cheapen nature out of the *pimp's* revenge; re: as toxic sugar made by them and theirs. Such territorial saber-rattling classically facilitates through old patriarchs. And yet, policing the whore to keep her revenge in check also happens *vis-à-vis* younger-looking female whores serving Pygmalion (re: Autumn, who we'll explore more of, in just a bit).

To that, these intense, *hairy* exchanges—conducted by liberatory artists seeking the whore's *toxic* revenge against their reactionary/moderate counterparts in a shared space—serve a dual, concealed, iconoclastic purpose: the revolution's proverbial cloak and dagger tucked cryptonymically over/under a given fur coat or gas mask; i.e., often as something to find among a *gallery* of cryptonyms begot from old, dead things. It becomes a recursively "Trojan BDSM" means of transformation (as outlined in Volume Zero; e.g., exhibit 1a1a1h3a1, "[Interrogating Power](#)"); i.e., what BÜTCHER (exhibit 40k1, "[Ruling the Slum](#)") called "bestial fucking war machines," our figurative, literal and liminal furry friends generally hide in plain sight, their incongruity concealed by a horror "camouflage" that pointedly begs the question (*vis-à-vis* animal magnetism): why *is* there a fuzzy tromette in the room and why *is* she dressed in a fetish outfit?



(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

You may as well ask why Dracula is gay (which we basically did, in Volume Two; re: "[A Vampire History Primer](#)"), where ghosts come from and why *they're* pissed (re: "[Seeing Dead People](#)"), what roles *witches* serve while dead or alive (re: exhibit 41f2a2 from "[Eat Me Alive](#)" and which we'll examine more in Chapter Two), or calmly walk up to Frankenstein's monster (with quiet dignity and grace) while saying to *them*, "Hey, handsome!" (re: "[Making Demons](#)"). "How 'bout some fire, Scarecrow?" (combustion fueled by chemicals that, suitably enough, are *also* toxic; i.e., like the Wicked Witch's envious green skin; re: exhibit 34a1b2b2a1a1b1, "[With a Little Help from My Friends](#)").

That being said, those in power don't want you to think about *why* monsters and their arbitrary dualities persist; they want you to buy their product and forget about Capitalism's destructive effects, mid-consumption! To compromise thought as a critical tool, they'll make their own critically-empty versions of the Medusa (or Amazons); i.e., as sweet, hairy and/or toxic. Except, bourgeoisie proponents are historically "bad" at art; i.e., opting towards automated variants geared towards profit, not critiquing the system that produces canonical art (and its toxic waste); re: Autumn Ivy (again, we'll get to them in a moment).

Counterculture art is a kind of "concealed weapon" taken back; i.e., not used just in self-defense, but commune/comrade defense against state allies and their aggression and deception (class/culture/race traitors); re: by being more emotionally/Gothically nutritious, insofar as raising intelligence and awareness happen: through cryptonymy's paradoxical vitality of undead poetic exchange alongside demonic (dark, vengeful, uneven) and animalistic modules presentation of "toxic." However those modules schlockily diverge or converge, linguistic ambiguities remain during the cryptonymy process. Is art "art" in the sense of it

being made to make an artistic—i.e., political—statement, or is it "just" something unto itself with no connection to anything else? Think Freud's cigar but replace it with a peach or a "peach," and so on...



(artist: [Nyx](#))

In my experience, the former tends to be true, but the "consensus" of interrelating factors remains organic, even stochastic and *seemingly* unrelated. Capital deliberately promotes a stale, banal toxins: us-versus-them dogma to toxify rebellion; i.e., as something to control in bad faith, like lead in paint chips; e.g., Autumn Ivy as someone to meet onstage and off. Doing so happens through our own fur(r)tive rebellion's revolutionary cryptonymy camping settler-colonial vaudeville! Sex sells; monster sex, even more so—i.e., as something to canonize (colonize) or camp (decolonize) in all the usual toxic lands, mid-consumption: as half-real (the Amazon coming from formerly devastated lands hungry for revenge and loaded with toxins analogous with hauntings, industrial devastation, and grave/dumpsite revenge)!

Monsters are like assholes, but also appetite; we all have one, and they deal in the passage of things through the body that are alien, fetish, toxic and taboo (we're all full of shit, but use that shit for different purposes, including jizz and other abject body fluids; e.g., "[Every Sperm Is Sacred](#)"); re: body hair on a spectrum: "animal" non-white hair as "dark/curly" but also pubic hair as "censored" through shaving. Classically the monstrous-feminine *is* female (re: "[Angry Mothers](#)") but holistically pertains to the alien inside/outside workers as "of nature" in many different ways; i.e., that hail from other worlds and, all the same, feel right at home. Sex and spending—as a mid-crisis means of control, then—are a powerful combination concerning appetite; i.e., one that goes different ways *when* exploring the alien: as something powerful (toxic) to play with, concerning trauma and feeding but also transformation and exchange pursuant to different toxic *wishes*. Commonly these concern revenge over what is controlled as something to hold onto or take away. While the state toxifies to hide its own rot, nature does so to announce/ defend itself *from* capital decay (re: fascism).

For the state and corporations (which fascism is, as Benito Mussolini⁶⁵ argued through Hollywood models), nature is something to cheapen and eat, but also antagonize and put cheaply to work, carrot-and-stick; re: as trash. Toxicity becomes a paradoxical means of addressal, then—one centered conspicuously around the Amazon being a vector to subvert: warriors and oral traditions of the

⁶⁵ Mussolini allegedly wrote "Fascism should more properly be called corporatism because it is the merger of state and corporate power" but the exact origins of the quote are unknown ([source](#): Chip Berlet's "Mussolini on the Corporate State," 2005).

ancient world treated as trash to abuse by the state *now*, which we must reclaim in all the usual animalistic ways to reunite with nature; i.e., hungry like the wolf, including wild sex, but also through a means of self-protection against domestic abuses regular to imperial-corporate life that, under Capitalism as a regular means of systemic rape, have been pushed away/abjected to the usual frontiers thereof; e.g., Ripley vs the Alien Queen as a hideously common means of triangulating white cis-het women against the usual state victims framed as smoggishly black (re: "[The Puzzle of 'Antiquity'](#)"): raping the whore, business-as-usual, "carving the peach" in perpetuity with us-versus-them impunity.

Such abjection historically-materially only *harms* workers, animals and the environment (the planet's finite web of live subjected to capital's supposition of infinite growth; re: Patel and Moore); i.e., all life is precious and, great and small, should be treated as such by us relating to it—as its *de facto* stewards (e.g., Nyx, working out of Appalachia, West Virginia, left)! Erin Brockovich was a whore, and



while fascist factories routinely wither the land with toxic waste, environmental activism and labor action speak on nature scapegoated by fascism: echoes of the Medusa, Her Majesty fighting fire with Promethean fire!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

Furthermore, this routine "freeing of Omelas" happens using what we got as already all around us: our bodies and surroundings alike, leading to strange appetites *made* strange by our toxic environments; i.e., as a historical-material and subsequently dialectical-material process (re: "[A Cruel Angel's \(Modular\) Thesis](#)")—one where monsters theatrically thus poetically embody and arbitrate—argument through battle, onstage and off. Be that literal Amazons or just some kind of monstrous-feminine, mid-*unheimlich*, *Amazonomachia* is *Amazonomachia*, but few forms exemplify sex and force as nakedly as Amazons do. They're fuel—a driving force loaded with trauma as exhaust, but also *fertilizer* for fresh synthesis through consumption. Playing with dreams (desire) made material (re: "[Of Darkness and the Forbidden](#)"), such demonic reifying routinely kidnaps us—stealing us away into new terrifying and therefore exciting courtship, captivity and extradition (re: dark faeries and demon mommies in "[I'll See You in Hell](#)")!

As such, what we have in us—what we're literally made of—is what we eat taken from our environment as didactic; i.e., as a matter of argument composed of the same basic stuff driving us both as ordinary and Numinous beings, but parsed through dosage and context inside/outside ourselves. Trash is trash as form; the *function* occupies an uneven means of flow insofar as toxicity pushes power as a sugary cryptonymic means; i.e., of Amazonian stealth (animal-fur disguises; e.g., wolves playing at sheep) towards or away from the state craving nature reduced to

raw essence and waste. However trashy nature as monstrous-feminine appears, the elite want such things purely for themselves; i.e., by pimping the alien *with* the alien to exterminate nature as a means of profit, thereby relying on capital's usual division-and-chattelization mechanisms: through all the usual monopolies' Faustian bargains and spurious, Promethean sovereignty arguments (re: "[Summoning Demons](#)" and "[Making Demons](#)")! The state is straight and hungry for fresh tokens, the former expecting the latter to eat their own, then vomit garbage into their master's mouths (fed from cheap sugar already puked into ours and shat out)!

Tucking In: "Shut Up and Eat Your Garbage"

We've set the table, as it were, and there's already a lot to unpack here more than we already have (or will be able to). Doing so will be fairly messy and disjointed; i.e., zipping around like a squirrel on crack; re: featuring Amazons, videogames, and sex, drugs and rock 'n roll insofar as body hair and whistleblower counterculture (through Gothic and Amazon) are concerned—but bear with me. We've shown Autumn and Mercedes already and will return to them; we'll also exhibit Mugiwarra (next page) for our cryptonymy object lesson, and look into examples of wild hairy women/the monstrous-feminine at large: as *usefully* toxic cryptonymy devices regardless of actual hair but treated as "hairy" anyways per a Nordic model of acceptable rebellion and sluttiness during the whore's paradox (e.g., Mercy from *Overwatch*, and similar shaved-bare gamer waifus)!



(exhibit 70: Artist, top-left: [Egghead](#); top-right: [Pakola Papi](#); bottom-left: Revana, my alter ego, [touched up here](#) but originally [drawn based on Anxiousprinc3ss](#), bottom-right.)

First, hairy women or those *treated* as "women." Starting our examination, why do women choose to *stay* hairy? In a word, "counterculture." Building on that idea, two of the "palimpsest bodies" of this composite are images taken of rebellious individuals, often presenting in relation to their body hair as something to descriptively and appreciatively express in society as toxic. Regarding the above exhibit, one is a model whose publicly available photo I took and used to illustrate my own, hairy trans persona, Revana (whose ass is featured [on the cover of this book](#)). In Egghead's case, she posted the image of herself while vocalizing *her* rebellion: "my mom won't speak to me until I shave my armpits. lol looks like I'm gonna be a hairy bitch 4eva."

In the case of Pokola's photo, she had posted it online to groan about the pains of getting waxed, only to be bullied by reactionaries until she took the original tweet down. In other words, images of people by people survive in fragments from

a massive, *ongoing* conversation (*cryptomimesis*). These pieces can be picked up (or dug up, in some cases) and reassembled to form new identities to gather 'round—a concept I'll return to in Chapter Three, but for now will examine in relation to more standardized hairy bodies; i.e., as a spectrum of "butch" muscular examples and traditionally cis-femme examples that *don't* have body hair so much they do *manly qualities*—Amazons, but also the monstrous-feminine spectrum; re: anything *not* a white cis-het man, but also that man's idea of woman/nature as something to pimp (female or not); e.g., Mugiwara being a trans man, selling sex as dipped in sugar and dripping wet: the promised bride shown as, cruelly enough, forever *out* of reach (as monomyth rewards and targets [the virgin and the whore] classically are)! Medusa was a party animal and slut, one who reclaimed their body after being raped and killed (re: Hadley's "[More than a Monster](#)").



(artist: [Mugiwara](#))

Note: The rest of "Toxic Schlock" is a broad survey of such things; i.e., of the whore as offensively "hairy" (thus rebellious) against canonical norms, at least in concept if not actually having body hair to police (not everyone can grow it). This extends to trans people, of course; re: my 2025 addendums featuring Mugiwara as hairy and rebellious, here, but also the basic idea, which we'll examine even more of, in Chapter Three. —Perse, 4/24/2025

Those Who Grow: Hairy Bitches and Where to Find Them

First, let's examine those monstrous-feminine that *do* have/*can* grow body hair! General hairiness is often dismissed by reactionaries; i.e., for being seen as "ugly" and randomly chaotic, therefore grown by hysterical, *disobedient* bitches. By the same token, those in power will react however incompetently through a structure that affords them "overkill" retaliations to any perceived trespass. Often, they needn't lift a finger themselves, but use the Superstructure to cultivate a pacified worker base that will keep ostensible rebellion in check; re: Amazons and taming them, straight or not (e.g., Samus serving a heteronormative model that TERFs absolutely love): barbers recruited from the slave/prison population. Meat becomes a prism-like sponge, reduced to slime food attacking itself.

At the same time, plausible deniability and not needing to lie—i.e., by virtue of following visual trends that encourage rebellion as a natural socio-linguistic process—remain things *not* exclusive to the elite. Indeed, such devices can be utilized by sex workers (or people forced to do sex work); i.e., in stochastic ways in response to Capitalism while using similar toxic language: "Pay this hairy bitch

behind (or before) the curtain no mind." Nope, it's just us hairy fools, *totally* not connected to any larger revolutionary social movement (which Renegade Cut explains, are autonomous informal/formal collectives with no official state-corporate



funding or support; [source](#), re: "What Is (and Is Not) Anti-Fascism?" 2022). Such is cryptonymy because cryptonymy is inherently dualistic, therefore dialectic.

(artist: [Mugiwara](#))

As part of a larger generalized process, the cryptonymic expression of *furtive* body hair continuously affords a *composite* assemblage; re: of toxic "sugar" shamed *and* sold (as sex generally is). This especially holds true as an artistic movement; i.e., by noting a variety of different historical-material factors that—interacting back and forth, in different directions, at different times, in different ways, separately or together in disjointed, but often semi-unified front that may or may not be aware of the other's existence—can be revisited over and over again as needed. Liberatory artwork demonstrates "hairy" rebellion as an *ironic* toxic performance in highly conventional Gothic stories; i.e., that workers have subsequently camped, on and offstage, as "toxic." A kind of juggling act—and one where sex workers may best cater to various acquired tastes while also setting limits on their *own* bodies—such toxicity functions cryptonymically to *aid* workers through the "jungle crotch" hairiness proudly on display (above). So while sex *is* a drug being sold to accomplish different effects, *Mugi's* musk is pussy perfume *for* the proletariat!

Whatever hairy people decide, they'll still want others to appreciate them for doing so; i.e., being valued, not condemned, for behaving in ironically empathetic and consensual ways: within historical-*socio*-material conventions that canonically treat the demonization and criminalization of sex work as normal. Workers like Mugi might even reclaim the notion of "jungle crotch" (re: curly hair) as monstrous; i.e., not just in Amazonian, cavewoman ways, but queerly Numinous ways that highlight the initial colonial bias—and its acutely toxic tokenized history—being challenged, mid-dialectic: by revolutionizing the general/Gothic cryptonymic function (re: "[The Future Is a Dead Mall](#)") for comedic or even horrifying revolutionary effect. Doing so requires using already-ambivalent kinks, phobia-loaded imagery and fetishized performances (re: toxic waste metaphors) in ironic, reverse-abjecting ways. Common examples include Gothic media—artwork to sell or perform, as well as general lifestyles tied to descriptive sexuality (which art can imitate or vice versa); e.g., BDSM, kink and fetishization (which Amazons and monstrous-feminine more broadly denote). Such is ludo-Gothic BDSM, which state barbers (cops, token or not) famously cut *short*, delivering a painfully close shave, onstage and off!

The Barbarism of State Barbers

The Gothic canonically fears a return of the barbarian past (re: the "liminal hauntology of war" shown in Mugi's exhibit [43e2a] from "[Of Darkness and the Forbidden](#)"), but also tokenizes/scapegoats it as "the toxic ones" (re: the euthanasia effect, described in "[Overcoming Praxial Inertia](#)"). In Gothic stories, zombies are dead things brought *back* to life, their current interview communicating a hidden message that cryptonymically and *cryptomimetically* reveals a past crime (usually requiring the hero to dispel a transgenerational curse by righting past wrongs, Radcliffe-style; re: "[Radcliffe's Refrain](#)"): toxic blood on the brain.

Images like the Amazon or Medusa, then, are increasingly hauntological; they serve as "ghostly" reminders of the past—neither alive nor dead, but resurrected by artists for cross purposes in undead, demonic and animalistic language. Their "derelict" offshoots are often large and pissed off, and attack the hero on sight (who often responds *with* violence [re: "[Military Optimism](#)"] to their own Promethean detriment: the feeling of live burial actualized by ignominious death). 'Tis a rotten peach, then, canonically begging for the knife per all the usual "blame the whore" arguments that *Alien* and *Metroid* made famous *again* (re: "[The Puzzle of 'Antiquity'](#)").

The classic barber of capital pruning nature/the Medusa isn't men, as such, but Amazons per a femme fatale argument that—long after Athens, Rome and Sparta fell apart, haunting their own graveyards—ballooned from the 1500s *onwards* (re: "gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss" per Cameron's Vietnam revenge, in "[The Quest for Power](#)"; also see: "[Dark Shadows](#)" for *Evil Dead* and *Sam Raimi's* own franchised dark spirit of settler-colonial abuse and ethnocentric, DARVO-style obscurantism; i.e., abjecting Medusa in current-day monomyth ways):



(exhibit 71: Artist, left: [Bo Kyung Park](#); middle: [JUN Tran](#); right: [Smolb](#). From left-to-right: Mother Brain, the "mother of dragons"; Samus, the warrior

princess; the *Metroids*, spawn of Mother Brain but also bound to Samus' *own* conflicted sense of motherhood [so the story goes; re: "[War Vaginas](#)"]. The three are bound up in the same space, ravaged by a capitalistic war for dominance—of *us-versus-them*, wherein woman is other but Samus acts like a man to benefit the state by slaying the Commie-coded dragon mom; i.e., the toxic monsters-feminine monarch of *nature* gone wild, threatening the patriarchal, Cartesian status quo; re [from Volume One]:

Canonical heroes triangulate against state targets, then, becoming the necessary exterminator of the settler-colonial model, but also the sexy destroyer and superheroic retrieval expert during the monomythic fetch quest (hyperbole and state heroism go hand-in-hand, exaggerating the menace, emergency and rescue to equal measure); i.e., a budding flower of war and larger-than-life tempter-of-fate (and the audience) walking the tightrope between Heaven and Hell, life and death, protector and aggressor, child and parent, but also wild and tame, pleasure and pain, black and white, strong and weak, invincible and vulnerable, good and evil—all while delivering state subjects (and the nuclear family unit) from evil, chaos, death, darkness, Hell, etc: the dark chronotope as a false copy whose hellish architecture and monarchy (the medieval bloodline) threatens the perceived legitimacy of the West's own forgeries (while also haunting them). A school of canonical violence, then, the liminal hauntology of war predictably



emerges, summoning the hero to occupy then suppress a prescribed "disorder" during an orderly chaos/Amazonomachia that breaks and repairs the symbolic home; i.e., over and over (a narrative of the crypt, circular ruin, infernal concentric pattern, Cycle of Kings, etc).

(artist: [Gerald Brom](#))

And since we're focusing on the monstrous-feminine, here, I consider the most famous of all modern phallic women to be Hippolyta-married-to-Theseus: James Cameron's neoconservative, "feral mother" take on Ellen Ripley serving as a warlike, parent-themed mentor for the children of the present (or those who, thanks to waves of terror, regress to child-like states). She's the housemaid with a gun, facing the barbaric imagery of the imaginary past mirrored by actual colonial abuses, upholding the latter by banishing the former to benefit the elite—in short, by playing out a heroic story much in the same way that modern versions of Beowulf would: through sex and force, rape and war expressed in theatrical language that maintains Capitalist Realism [[source](#): "Rape Culture"].

In that volume, I consider the most famous of all phallic women in our modern-day to be Ellen Ripley lionized by Cameron's cartographic refrain [re: exhibit 1a1a1h2a1, "[Scouting the Field](#)"/"[Canonical Essentialism](#)"] but Samus effectively replicates [and fetishizes] the same Amazonian archetype in videogame form: chasing the Numinous, a warrior daughter and mother detective protecting heteronormative structures of power and patrilineal descent; i.e., being Daddy's good girl while overcoming Jameson's class nightmare of false home... by shooting

it to death, then blowing up its ignominious corpse to bury the evidence [e.g., Phazon]. Or as my PhD puts it:

Under Capitalist Realism, Hell is a place that always appears on Earth [or an Earthlike double]—a black fortress threatening state hegemony during the inevitable decay of a colonial body. Its widening state of exception must then be entered by the hero during the liminal hauntology of war as a repeatable, monomythic excursion—a franchise to subdue during military optimism sold as a childhood exercise towards "playing war" in fantastical forms; e.g., Castlevania or Metroid. Conjure a Radcliffean menace inside the Imperial Core, then meet it with American force. [...]



[artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

*In neoliberal copaganda, canonical heroes are sent solo or in small groups, deployed as much like a bomb as a person; hired by the powerful, these "walking armies" destabilize target areas for the mother country to invade and bleed dry [a genocidal process the aggressor sanitizes with cryptonymic labels like "freedom" and "progress"]. To this, they are authorized, commissioned or otherwise sanctioned by those with the means of doing so; i.e., a governing body centered around elite supremacy at a socio-material level. After infiltration occurs, they work as a detective⁶⁶/cop, or judge, jury and executioner—either on foreign or domestic soil, the place in question framed as loosened from elite control, thus requiring the hero [and their penchant for extreme violence] to begin with. This makes them an arbiter of material disputes wherever they are: through police violence for the state in its colonial territories at home and abroad. They always follow orders: "Shoot first, ask questions later and enslave what survives." In stories like *Aliens*, *Doom* and *Metroid*, the fatal nostalgia of the "false" doubled homestead is used to incite genocide, thus conduct settler colonialism inside of itself; i.e., through standard-issue Imperialism but also military urbanism; e.g., Palestine abroad⁶⁷ versus [the death of Nex Benedict at home](#)⁶⁸. This has*

⁶⁶ We examined the Gothic role of various (often female) detectives in science fiction more in Volume Two, including the sections "The Demonic Trifecta of Detectives, Damsels and Sex Demons" and "Call of the Wild, part one."

⁶⁷ Which is generally something [to deny](#) (Noah Samsen's "Genocide Denial Streamers," 2024) or debate when, [as the Youtuber Shaun points out](#), there is nothing to debate whatsoever—a genocide is occurring and it is wrong ("Palestine," 2024).

⁶⁸ Persephone van der Waard's "Remember the Fallen: An Ode to Nex Benedict" (2024).

several steps. First, convince the hero that a place away from home is home-like; i.e., the thing they do not actually own being "theirs" [the ghost of the counterfeit] but "infested" [the process of abjection]. Then, give them a map and have them "clean house"—an atrocious "fixer" out of the imaginary past who repairs the "broken" home room-by-room by first cleansing it of abject things "attacking it from within," then disappearing with the nightmare they constitute [[source](#): "Scouting the Field"].

My thesis argument in said PhD [re: "[Capitalism sexualizes everything](#)"] explains how this can be reversed by iconoclasts; i.e., camping the canon with ludo-Gothic BDSM "on the Aegis." Prior to that, though, a cop is a cop, and fascists recruit from broken homes established criminogenically by a neoliberal map of conquest; re: Tolkien and Cameron's refrain. "Conjure a Radcliffean menace inside the Imperial Core, then meet it with American force."

To this Cameron's refrain is also a race to such violence; i.e., per my master's thesis, Samus enters into an arms race—an activity per the structure of invasion/replacement supported by the refrain's meta narrative, speedrunning:

the notion, that space as continually explored and destroyed, is implied through ergodic narratives that undermine any sense of mastery or celebration. Samus' victory is unsanitized, or incomplete; it is uncertain, and one must "pray for a true peace in space!" (fig.23, next page). The Knight is marked with the King's Brand as part of an underlying structure, implying his success temporary by simply being the next in line; even if the Radiance is destroyed, it is done at cost of the Knight, himself. In either case, it is never over, but a cycle that goes on and on forever, a barbaric rite out of the past, a looping labyrinth. In Gothic media, one sees the pattern forwards and backwards in terms of which media appeared, first, and what came next. All of this is reflected by the terrifying affect of the space-in-question as contributing to an overall castle-narrative experienced between reader, interaction, and text, across all kinds of media; in *Metroidvania*, it lies between player, play style and game. In cinema or novels, these parameters shift; like suit one wears and moves around, inside, a space's sense of enclosure remains.

Across Gothic media, there remains an excessive quality of time that cannot be mapped, or expressed in clear terms. Instead, it pools inside the space. The returning hero is doomed to face the past again and again, a series of doubles. They can subvert old tyrannies by seizing control, but remain trapped or exiled, themselves. For example, Samus is nomadic, without a home; so is Ellen Ripley from *Aliens* or Victoria, from Charlotte Dacre's *Zofloya; or, the Moor* (1806). Men experience it as well, in terms of motion as gendered, but also said motion contested, within a given arc

and across all of them. The Knight a wandering warrior, destroyed upon his return; Mather Lewis' Ambrosio dies an ignominious death. For any hero, it is not simply a call to arms, but a rite of passage wherein the hero constantly infers whatever lies in store for them whilst inside; yet, it is always hidden, revealed too late: they were the destroyer all along. This can be of the space, others, or themselves, and there is no escape from that. One cannot avoid death, or concerns about death relative to growth established through motion; it and Other doubles collect within the space as historical byproducts of motion [[source](#): "Lost in Necropolis"].



Figure 23. "Ending Screen and Samus Reveal" from Metroid

Home, in canonical Gothic, is always fucked in ways to fear and attack, but also blame on Medusa. The meta goal, for Metroidvania, ties to capital in small: to do token

Rambo-style settler colonialism the fastest. Indeed, in the Metroidvania and FPS tradition, the shooter [Cameron's refrain] is about maps and enemies to recolonize through urban combat; i.e., room-by-room; e.g., Super Metroid [having names for literally every room](#) that Samus obliterates.)

Amazons are classically tokenized. Beyond the literal jungle as source to old, Patriarchal fears, their relationship—to Gothic as hauntologically traumatic spaces that ensnare or jail the hero (re: "[War Vaginas](#)")—anchors to such territories as suitably complex (re: dualistic). Often occupied by old wooly hags or "dragon ladies" the huntress must kill to escape, she must first detect her mark's presence and hunt it (the ludic procedure called "boss keys," in the Metroidvania formula⁶⁹);

⁶⁹ (from my Metroidvania definition):

Metroidvania are a location-based videogame genre that combines 2D, 2.5D, or 3D platforming [e.g., *Dark Souls*, 2009] and ranged/melee combat—usually in the 3rd person—inside a giant, closed space. This space communicates Gothic themes of various kinds; encourages exploration* depending on how non-linear the space is; includes progressive skill and item collection, mandatory boss keys, backtracking and variable gating mechanics (bosses, items, doors); and requires movement powerups in some shape or form, though these can be supplied through RPG elements as an optional alternative.

*Exploration pertains to the deliberate navigation of space beyond that of obvious, linear routes—to search for objects, objectives or secrets off the beaten path ([source](#): "Mazes and Labyrinths," 2019; refer to [the Metroidvania page](#) on my website for everything that I've written on Metroidvania).

Again, it's very Pavlovian, and something that historically leads to the Amazon growing toxic, thus "rabid," then punished through the **euthanasia effect** (re: "[Pieces of the Camp Map](#)").

re: the Archaic Mother or "womb space" as something to "castrate," providing one's own manhood ("manhood" in Samus' case, being cis-female). While these Gothic elements intimate a larger menace, they're generally repurposed into a larger masculine scheme that conceals the true menace (settler colonialism) in exchange for an invented one: the female/monstrous-feminine bogeyman or "coven matriarch" as something to *be* killed; i.e., by appropriated "girl boss" Amazons, a one-woman-army war orphan/child soldier fighting *for* male power as a kind of colonial revenge (on non-bourgeois pirates, Mother Nature, Communists, queer folk, or all four rolled into one during mirror syndrome).

So yes, Samus is generally an animal woman, but a *shaved* one working *for* the man to shear off the *Medusa's* head; i.e., through the Nordic model stamped by a subjugated Japanese authorship sold back to American customers while wearing a trademark baby-blue "zero suit" (re: "[Borrowed Robes](#)" but also below): a cop in a whore outfit. So does Samus (and those playing at Samus, below) police other more *unruly* whores per the usual monomyth assimilation fantasies scapegoating *nature* as toxic; i.e., to look *like* a whore but function like an *undercover* cop/cleaner. From hair to skin to clothes to props, the state will groom any aspect of an Amazon (or similar potentially hairy monstrous-feminine under the Shadow of Pygmalion); i.e., to pimp themselves (and nature at large) to serve profit, by policing Hell on Earth. Whereas revolutionary cryptonymy employs rock 'n roll's *anti-war* tendencies, Amazons embody the language of war as monstrous-feminine. The *token* Amazon bridles, pimped and converted into false power and empty hope attached to *pro-war*/settler-colonial abuse; e.g., Autumn Ivy's enby gym-mom pandering borrowed from earlier franchises known for such things:



(artist: [Autumn Ivy](#))

Betrayal is betrayal masked as tokenized, second wave "empowerment." As such, military recruitment is a go-to *state* method (re: "[Military Optimism](#)"); i.e., one of fetishizing the Amazon as *false* rebel by presenting her as a protector for the infantilized while also defending the status quo from hairier examples to "shave" as *she* holds the blade. Female castration is often a female *duty* haunting the heroism.

To it, the Neo-Gothic classically crosses taboo violence with taboo aspects of one's *body* dating back to Chaucer celebrating what would become alien out of the ancient past; i.e., as something to fear during capital as a process; re: from "The Miller's Tale" (exhibit 37c2, "[Back to Jadis' Dollhouse](#)") into eroticized horror stories about the fearsome harpy or werewolf, etc, as something—like Medusa—to castrate (re: silver bullets) or at contain, thus pimp⁷⁰ (re: snakes for hair [re: "[Always a](#)

⁷⁰ E.g., "Pelts" (2006) applying the settler-colonial argument to nature and wildlife; i.e., as something to fear for having skinned alive, in the past, and which it revisits its grisly revenge during the ghost of the counterfeit *furthering* the abjection process among the middle class (re: "[Furry Panic](#)").

[Victim](#)"] but also just hairiness as a statement about impudent autonomy that, cis or not, crosses over immediately into toxic, monstrous-feminine body language, above).

This being said, shaving whores to shame them *is* a classic canonical technique, but one generally concerned with stripping a body to gauge its hairiness as a *hauntological* practice: to expose one's body in public. Doing so is classically what men do, or Spartan women, or whores, or women fetishizing persecution language (e.g., Angela Carter fetishizing queer people, "[Confronting Past Wrongs](#)"). Except the ancient canonical laws *don't* account for trans people predating Western models, thus Amazons; i.e., those who have lived and loved, wanting not merely to be seen as human *despite* our hairiness, but loved *for* it by decriminalizing said hair *with* said hair as something to show off during ludo-Gothic BDSM's public nudism as toxic. Amazons were classically naked, animalistic *and* GNC to terrify viewers!

Through *that* paradox, then, hairiness becomes a statement of fact and means of play onstage and off: a strip tease to show more and more, on the Aegis, thus outing the fury of those furious at our furriness, mid-abjection to reverse said abjection with *hairy* cryptonymy (through the usual morphological displays, but also neo-medieval/castled hyphenations of sex and force with food, death, war and disease, etc, as toxic sugars to treat with/deal in)! The whore's revenge is exposure, granting them a warrior's power on a monstrous-feminine gradient reclaiming home (the mother) as alien from bad(-faith) actors by good ones:



(artist: [Mugiwara](#))

To it, body hair wasn't *always* shamed, but the connecting of increasingly exposed and animal states of nudity as prostitution have been historically relegated, in the West, to graveyards (re: B.B. Wagner's "[The Graveyard Prostitutes of Rome and Beyond](#)," 2020) but also foreign imperial territories called "toxic" in bad faith (the Radcliffe bandit MO), while known for such nudity as a form of attack *to* attack in bad faith; e.g., with Athenian women fearful of their Spartan neighbors being "Amazonian" by virtue of their warrior-women nudity versus the femme fatales developed under Capitalism fascinated with such antiquity *reimagined*; re: Creed, Kristeva, Carter and me—with me camping *those* women, insofar as *any* terror language goes; re: "flashing" and "[Our Sweet Revenge](#)." *That* section concerned anal rape and Amazons, but the same idea applies to body hair as, often enough, fetishized in anisotropic "either way" language: toxic sugar as *ashes* in one's mouth, or oxymoronic sweetener with a *semblance* of ash (ashes to ashes, dust to dust).

As such, this policing of things by state barbers (which classically were bloodletters that have become currently tied to state extermination rhetoric) *can* be

challenged during the cryptonymy process, but still come from a position of nostalgia that is difficult to entirely reject because it defines one's childhood, hence sense of self as coded for them by the elite's false flags; re: the police rape of nature as monstrous-feminine canonized as nostalgia to favor the profit motive, hence nuclear model, as reinvaded by Medusa's hairy, toxic ilk.

Furthermore, all of this is morphologized as the Gothic does; re: through bodies and castles with chattelized vengeful elements, *mise-en-abyme*. Every labyrinth needs a minotaur to "slay," thereby subverting such things with doubles of their harmful, canonical versions:



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

In "Why I Submit," for instance, I even spell this relationship out; i.e., in regards to myself as a trans woman in the closet:

When cis women/trans people play *Metroidvania*, they also face their fears. A common AFAB fear is rape. Another fear is change. As Samus Aran, the player is in a constant state of change. Eventually she/they become(s) a powerful monster, but needn't be the total abuser that scared sexist men portray her as. Instead, she can literally seize control, using the videogame controller to become a mommy dom herself. This make the castle a teacher of sorts. The *Metroidvania* is the mommy dom—the Master—and Samus Aran is the apprentice.

So am I. Playing *Super Metroid*, I see a tall, fearsome Amazon—one I can submit to, but also embody through my attraction to her ambivalent aura and home. They're literally why I pick up the controller. There's always an uncanny element to Samus because she has power. Conversely Samus herself proves she isn't the monster. She could be Mother Brain, but rejects the matriarch's abject position, retaining her humanity. For me, this becomes another form of consent, one informed by sexual desire. I choose to interact with Samus and the castle because they teach, but also excite me. I want to fuck what I want to be: sexy. For me, that means a powerful woman like Samus.

Yes, *Metroid* spaces and heroines are "traumatic," and echo trauma (re: child abuse) and "trauma" (re: watching *Alien*) from my childhood. They remain sexy because Samus chooses to protect me inside the space, the carrot to the castle's stick. To quote Spike Spiegel, "[I love the kind of woman who can kick my ass.](#)" The *Metroidvania* castle lets me adopt a traditionally "female" stance: fear of physical abuse. Intimations of trauma are inevitable; framing them within boundaries of play grants me an element of control, according to a partner I can trust. I trust the *Metroidvania* to "imprison" me.

Inside the castle, I control Samus, an avatar whose powerful persona chases my boogeymen, tyrants, away ([source](#)).

Note: I would go onto to trace this lineage in far greater detail; re: with Metroidvania and camping it, in my PhD's "[Origins and Lineage](#)." Here, the same tracing has come full-circle, regarding toxic Amazon body hair. —Perse, 4/24/2025

Obviously my feelings have changed further since coming out of the closet, [in 2022](#). A vengeful girl boss like Samus unironically fights for the Galactic Federation—a menticided, "witch-like," "sleeper agent" detective who faces the traumatic, "triggering" "monster past" as a canonical huntress huffing glue. She's an *infiltrator* flown into the state of exception; i.e., under the radar and killing everything around her using their own materials—their own weapons—in phallic, rapacious displays of weaponized, pro-state violence (making Samus the "white Indian" savior of the *self*-colonizing ruin and its feudalized, conflicted ownership and colonial apologia: as reclaimed by a totem girl with a penis-shaped head⁷¹). Utterly convinced she must destroy the enemy's "mother" (with slaying the dragon mother being a sexist, femicidal, Jungian archetype necessary for *male* individuation), Samus goes from planet to planet under similar war-torn conditions, gets triggered by toxic activators (through constant cop/victim propaganda), robotically "activates" during mirror syndrome, and "pulls a Rambo" whenever the Federation *wants* her to. She's a terminator working for Skynet but raised among the natives after her colony is torched (not wolves, but birds; re: the Chozo)!

Real workers are no different, but walk the same half-real tightrope. Like witches and other monsters—and as we'll see in just a moment with Autumn Ivy making a return (who we'll camp with Mugi's help)—Amazons are a liminal category that can go either way (re: "[Death by Snu-Snu](#)" and "[Always a Victim](#)"). By routinely "nuking the site from orbit" just like Ripley does, the canonical/colonial variant of either detective doesn't really "solve" anything through force; colonizing force leads to bombs; bombs—as we learned from *The Last of Us, part two* during Volume Two—only engender regional instability by breaking things down and enforcing a fascist state of panic and fear comparable to Samus own fucked-up childhood (re: exhibit 35b, "[Pieces of the Dead](#)"). Nurture did her dirty.

"Only the dead have seen the end of war," [Plato supposedly asserts](#) (source: Bernard Suzanne, 2002). I disagree, *provided* we de-subjugate the Amazon and deplore her toxic neoliberal recruitment (re: "[Predators and Prey](#)" and "[Praxial Inertia](#)," but also a concept we'll revisit in Chapter Five; e.g., "warrior mommies," exhibit 102a4). To it, workers can teach children *not* to become war orphans by *refusing* to endorse, thus become, rabid straw-dog victims; i.e., of war as a cycle of reactive abuse *towards* state manufactured enemies. It's our job to get creative and

⁷¹ Aping the xenomorph, Samus' original suit was far more phallic in its in-game design.

recultivate the Superstructure (re: "[Twin Trees](#)"). To fight fire with fire starts by camping the barber shop's horrors, specifically its toxic *whore*-like war heroines⁷²!

Little Shop of Horrors: Camping the Barbershop Whores



(exhibit 72a: "The children's crusade on its way to the Holy Land, 1212"; [source](#): Blakemore's "The Disastrous Time Tens of Thousands of Children Tried to Start a Crusade" [2019]. Blakemore herself writes:

Though multiple accounts discuss Stephen and Nicholas, historians still disagree on many of the crusade's particulars. In 1977, Peter Raedts reassessed the chronicles and concluded that participants in the Children's Crusade had existed on the margins of society. They may have believed it was up to poor and marginalized people to take up the flag for Christianity after the first Crusades failed. Raedts concluded the crusaders were not really children, but poor people—an interpretation that calls the very name of the movement into question.

The slender accounts of the so-called Children's Crusade make it hard to confirm or deny whether the participants were actual kids or just powerless peasants. But the ill-fated journey shows how the influence of just a few persuasive voices can incite a full-blown movement—even one that ends in humiliation and disaster [[source](#)].

Children get their ideas passed down from their parents and any heroic canon.)

Aside from the "witches" and other monstrous-feminine liminalities (female or not) already known to videogames like *Metroid*—and keeping with Medusa's common role to be policed by subjugated Amazons less hairy than the Gorgon—the so-called "dragon lady" remains a common Patriarchal symbol for "hysterical" chaos; i.e., a toxic means of abjection supplied by early 20th century psychologists like Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung as outlined by Irigaray and Creed. Jung's archetypes in particular outlines the monomyth as intimated by Freud's pupil, Otto Rank; i.e., who personally described birth trauma as a separation *from* the womb and the hero's quest entirely desirous with reunion (re: "[Born to Fall?](#)"), and whose

⁷² A common theme, on my part: decolonizing my own nostalgia despite wanting to fuck and wanting to be a Space Pirate as capable as ol' Samus, just not genocidal or violent (re: "[Why I Submit](#)"). That's the paradox of liminal expression in oppositional praxis. Expression isn't endorsement as long as you can publicly explain the difference and try to convey that irony in your exhibits and teachings.

feminist ideas (especially compared to Freud's) would be challenged before and after by Joseph Campbell, Jordan Peterson, and many others (all the way back to Aristotle and Plato). Pygmalion casts a long shadow and *in* that shadow's endless reach, psychoanalysis from the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries obscure not just Marx but Mary Shelley and other revolutionaries; i.e., Medusa is always a victim to shave with cops holding the shears, including nerdy female ones (Creed's murderous womb fucked by Francis Bacon's spiritual successors; re: Patel and Moore).

Per the Man Box, all these various, replicated prescriptions from different authoritative (wo)men and their assorted "quirks" conceal a larger Patriarchal structure that routinely treats anything monstrous-feminine like objects to quarantine; i.e., whose symbolic "slaying" and submission conveniently advances men's role in the world: a literal Bakhtinian rite-of-passage that *women* will tokenize to uphold, inside the chronotope as concentric, half-real; re: being hairy or at least muscular enough in the modern prescriptive sense (of men as hairier and burlier than women); e.g., [Autumn Ivy](#) having the usual, superhero-style⁷³ virgin/whore alter ego, suitably showing off what they/society considers an "acceptable" amount of skin, tattoos and pussy fur while punching down at those who dare point out that Autumn is, in fact, a sex worker (re: "[The Nation-State](#)").

The fact remains, cops tokenize through some degree of desperation and convenience—Autumn having *their* cake and eating it, too. A toxic Sale of Indulgences serving the Protestant ethic, they're a token whore "of nature" pimping whores, wherein nature polices nature as monstrous-feminine; re: through sex as a dirty drug—a sticky and delicious one—but *Autumn's* wares serving the *state* through complicit cryptonymy during *manufactured* scarcity splashed with "ancient" Amazon goo. "The dose doth make the poison" (re: Paracelsus). So does the *context* (re: [Drew Pinsky](#)); i.e., as modular *and* dialectical-material, drugs being a poetic mode as much as anything literal (re: [Mills and Fisher](#)). Autumn's a smiling brute; re: gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss, hypocritically selling pussy sludge and butt musk *while* abjecting it. It's very "pick me," punching down at other sex workers who are "more toxic" in Autumn's eyes.



(artist: [Wolfhead at Night](#))

Out of the ancient world's kayfabe, demons and legendary warriors into the Renaissance and capital-centric monsters (the undead; e.g., zombies)—from *Paradise Lost*

⁷³ From Peter Parker/Spider-man to Bruce Wayne/Batman (and their Freudian and queer-coded, whorish [abject] offshoots the Green Goblin and the Joker), alter egos classically wear a mask for the actor to slum, vigilante-style; i.e., in ways that assimilate/otherwise *uphold* the status quo, working from positions of relative privilege. Frankly Autumn's no different; i.e., having [a whorish side](#) and [a modest side](#), but essentially selling the same stuff through the cryptonymy process: monsters and sex (re: Amazons). Their pussy's a Slurm can.

to *Frankenstein* to *Lord of the Rings* featuring statuesque bodies and, in Tolkien and similar stories, Amazons (e.g., *Aliens*, [Metroidvania](#) and shooters re: "[Military Optimism](#)")—authors have used monstrous-feminine for canon versus camp (re: exhibit 0c, "[Twin Trees](#)"), and not just *male* authors (re: Mary Shelley and *Frankenstein*, "[Making Demons](#)"). Exact authorship aside, whores are monsters, and not only are monsters cool (re: "[Concerning Monsters](#)"), but everyone loves the whore for different reasons (e.g., "[Policing the Whore](#)").

Except, cops canonize monsters to rape nature and Autumn is a cop, pinkwashing such things through subjugated *Amazonomachia* as unironically toxic. In doing so, Autumn effectively disguises police action as false guerrilla; i.e., with the stolen, abused language of guerillas, thereby helping conceal several things in the process: the pimp's revenge as "whore," the prosecution of actual whores being the oldest form of labor exploitation, said exploitation being tokenized through divide-and-conquer strategies. Those include recruiting from the very prison spaces whores are crammed inside, the state sending more privileged token examples back into these same concentric frontiers: to police *out* of revenge in bad faith (re: "[The World Is a Vampire](#)").

At their most basic, then, the Medusa and *their* Aegis are revenge personified—meaning the awesome withering power to speak out/about rape through rape performed as "toxic." As monstrous-feminine shows, power has infinite form (re: "[Of Darkness and the Forbidden](#)"); like music, it can be used for anything (re: Zizek, "universal application"). What matters, again, is *how*. Gothic, per the cryptonymy process, is made of fakery and lies being part of a basic human language (re: "[The Future Is a Dead Mall](#)"), whose subsequent comportment can further profit/abjection *or* reverse it. So while the Gothic commonly tells truth through falsehood, it can also lie through truth for different dialectical-material aims; re: what we're made of as a neo-medieval means of liminal expression through blood, sweat and tears, but also toxic sugar and hairy whistleblowers demonized, cop/victim, as poetic arguments to become fluent *in* duality (doubles).

Doing so, it takes serious active work through the dialectic of the alien (and shelter) to challenge the very toxic stigmas, biases and phobias sex work suffers, and which the iconoclast works with to do so in a proletarian sense, through Gothic; e.g., [Delilah Gallo](#) and myself ([source](#): "An Interview with Delilah Gallo," 2025).

By comparison, Autumn doesn't challenge anything about sex work, as canon; they further abjection for profit, full stop. To that, they're Radcliffe's *banditti*, robbing the castle *for* the baron; i.e., their aesthetic of strength—not just their muscles but their Amazonian garb and toxic fursona—do the heavy lifting. And heroically masculine women (or female/trans masc enbies, in Autumn's case) who unironically don the armor of the dragonslayer are, whether they realize it or not, playing a *complicit* role in this endless cryptonymy. They're a cop and ACAB.

Furthermore, even a seemingly "progressive" bad bitch like Samus (which Autumn has played before) canonizes through girl-boss cryptonymy that

- behaves at least as violently as the men⁷⁴, colonizing an ancestral space according to an uncertain, feudalistic bloodline; re: Bakhtin's Gothic chronotope per hereditary rites and dynastic power exchange.
- serves as the captive sex object that men can fantasize about as they control her body (the avatar).
- presents her, thus the player's victories, as fighting for "true peace in space"; i.e., as something to pay for the privilege, meaning a temporary end to the police state's advertised disorder-in-the-abstract (the Medusa): as a toxic proxy/doxy scapegoat for all the world's problems hidden in plain sight; re: genocide and war as things *to* hide, which in turn hide their deeper causation (Capitalism) as concealed and revealed cryptonymically and *cryptomimetically* by the game itself: as Capitalist Realism through "war pastiche" (a toxic concept we'll return to in Chapter Four but which "[War Culture](#)" and "[Rape Culture](#)" from Volume One have already touched upon).

The whore's revenge, then, is one of endless conflict *against* the state—the latter an entity that rapes nature by *design* (re: "[A Cruel Angel's Thesis](#)"); i.e., doing so out of revenge as built *into* capital (re: "[Rape Reprise](#)"), and all to birth, maintain and revive the state, *a priori* and *ipso facto*. Profit is rape as a form of theft.

Of course, Barbara Creed asserts that one can *resist* these various concealments by using their monstrous avatars—the Amazon or the Gorgon—as terrifying symbols to scare the Patriarchy out of hiding. However, doing so will invariably criminalize either as "ancient," cryptonymic, inhuman sources of fear that—as Federici points out and I agree (re: "[Policing the Whore](#)")—will be manipulated by the state to serve the state and state's rights. The whore can resist tokenization, but frankly makes for a poor disguise mid-cryptonymy while also being historically "mute" (or at least can't converse with the people trying to kill it); i.e., *animalized toxically* as Medusa is—with inhuman life cycles associated with wasps, jellyfish and lampreys divorced from "civilized" factories but blamed for them (making it rare for them to represent protagonistic critiques of Capitalism⁷⁵); re: stigma animals as toxic whore to pimp, harvest and sell.

⁷⁴ Actually *more* violently than the men; i.e., punching down the hardest because she's ostensibly betrayed her communities (re: Federici). In many cases, the traitor-in-question has been purposefully raised *in* captivity to fear those she betrayed by *accident of birth*: as "ancient" evils she fears regressing back towards (re: inheritance anxiety and the home as false married to internalized bigotry)! Such "kill the Indian, save the man" behavior is historically visited upon Indigenous Peoples, of course, but also any marginalized group, including women (cis or otherwise); i.e., per capital's Cartesian, heteronormative and setter-colonial elements monopolizing violence, terror and monsters for profit! Whatever the module or intersection (e.g., goblin women), it can tokenize, thus toxify.

⁷⁵ Save as "power targets" of conquest, but those tend to be *antagonistic*; i.e., the whore is a classic *villain* that token Amazons dread becoming (and will punch down against, witch-hunter-style, to prove their own virgin-whore modesty in the eyes of state gawkers; i.e., they're a good girl for master and master's friends, but also a male power fantasy avatar disguised in feminist clothes).



That's part of the whore's paradox, and one we must navigate while reclaiming such things being abject in the state's eyes; i.e., to make the bandit disappear by hugging Medusa in ways the bandit abjects. So must heroes target the shapeshifter acting in bad faith, demasking them through their

lies; e.g., like [Ernest P. Warrell kissing the troll in *Ernest Scared Stupid*](#) (above, 1991); i.e., to make it explode (the fool exposing the liar through medieval playacting—blood libel and Chaucer's "kiss and makeup" schtick from "The Pardoner's Tale," c. 1387). The lie is what destructs, and with it, the liar's ability to manipulate others through paralysis, imitation and toxic projection.

This happens through repetition; re: parody and pastiche are *remediated* praxis during liminal expression *in* duality (no monopolies). Pastiche, for *our* purposes, must be perceptive and active, not blind and inert; i.e., camp is a form of play and play is a means of communication and learning through cryptonymy *as* paradox (e.g., the whore's, liar's, and many others; re: "[Welcome to the Fun Place!](#)"). I used to identify as a Gothic ludologist, whose ideas above eventually evolved into ludo-Gothic BDSM. That's what this symposium has been speaking to, past and present (and what we'll reconsider when we look at AI and corporations): toxic love as sold to us in tokenized monomyth language (the chaste naked herbo not just exterminating zombie snake ladies but hunting them down and decapitating them, grist-for-the-mill; i.e., zombies exist to *be* exterminated during orderly disposal by fascism, the latter happily scapegoating its own waste/genocide rhetoric and deeply unpopular polices DARVO-style, mid-crisis)! As with toxic love, you can't "fix" fascism, whose predation serves capital: as anti-stewardship and worshipping the process of death itself (a death cult).

Whether Amazonian or Archaic, "ancient female rage at Patriarchal traumatizers" *is* entirely valid from a *consensual* performer's iconoclastic standpoint (with the enjoyment of the role in private very different than publicly endorsing it as a *de facto* educator). However, it's also not how every iconoclast even wants to *be* portrayed; i.e., as a giant, nefarious, *female* bullseye that men only want to kill (excluding monster-fuckers), but also huntress "war orphans" working for the state—as its JO material for "real" soldiers (cis-het men); re: nature not as female, but monstrous-feminine food and sex to police through bad actors like Autumn Ivy playing Malcom X's cunning fox: the hypocritical white moderate in wolf furs, toxically playing at *Animal Farm* (1945)! It becomes maladaptive, an addiction to feed as "bad"; i.e., moralizing chemicals or things viewed/treated as chemical poison.



(artist: [Wolfhead at Night](#))

Concerning toxic animals, the dread of "turning" goes both ways. On the proletarian, ACAB side of the coin, the poetic liberty of any monstrous-feminine extends the trans potential of so-called "phallic" women or parthenogenetic entities during proletarian praxis; i.e., those which aren't exactly butterflies or wallflowers and more like murderflies and nightshade performing *Amazonomachia* for the workers of the world. That's fine for some revolutionaries (or those playing at revolutionaries), but not everyone wants to be inherently "butch," bellicose or beautiful-yet-baneful; i.e., "femme fatales" that cater to the cis-het Male Gaze performed historically by token women—the Medusa but also the white savior as subjugated Amazon *versus* Medusa: the herbo going beyond Samus; e.g., as Blizzard's burly Sonya (exhibit 100c2b), or hourglass BDSM dames like Marston's imperfect Wonder Woman (exhibit 102c3) likewise being just about everywhere and nowhere all at once (re: "[Death by Snu-Snu](#)"). Rape is ubiquitous under capital, as are its DARVO arguments in bad faith, existing in duality with our own.

But however ubiquitous they are as military-recruiter devices, the fact remains, "slaying Medusa" speaks to everyday life as something that crosses into fantasy and the sight of such battles; i.e., being acted out, onstage and off, through "playing war" in toxic language; re: Mugi and their partner fucking for me as something to exhibit outside the bedroom while inside the bedroom (re: Foucault). So does the whore's revenge give home an alien fur coat (and pearl necklace the moral arbiters *won't* clutch) by virtue of voyeur/exhibitionist context: the Commie slut from outer space raised on *home* soil; i.e., like Superman minus an actual alien planet or assimilation fantasy and feeding the same toxic appetites in ways conducive to proletarian undeath, demonology and anthropomorphism.

To that, Mugi and I have worked together for years—with me being drawn to their GNC-ness, hair and curves. In turn, our partnership communion with Medusa played out in stages, commissioned both for art and fun!

First, there's foreplay on the cusp of penetration into alien spheres, chonky and hairy...



(artist: [Mugiwara](#))

then the sex/ol' in-and-out with adorable call-and-response commentary⁷⁶...



(artist: [Muqiware](#))

...followed by the "money shot," as it were—toxic sugar! Castle raided! Dragon slain! But it's campy and sweet—a bit mundane with a heroic-monster veneer being the core of my art in 2020 (re: "[My Art Website Is Live!](#)").



(artist: [Muqiware](#))

So despite humans being very hairy and animal through the act of "ravishing Medusa" as something to "toxically" perform (with eye contact, sweat, scent, protein/sugars, heavy breathing and so on), sex and public nudism aren't discrete any more than art or porn are, mid-*Amazonomachia* (re: "monster battle," but also psychosexuality and "battle sex"); i.e., Medusa a "mysterious mother" speaking to its own rape through fabrication (re: "[Healing from Rape](#)") and cleansing *through*

⁷⁶ Indicative of the ancient Greek choruses; e.g., of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* (c. 429 BC): "Who's my good boy?" / "Me!" and "You take dick so well, don't you?" / "I do!" followed by "Fuck, I need this pussy!" / "I need your cock!" until "I'm gonna cum!" ends with Mugi's drawling "Perfect..." Such desperate and hungry affirmations of desire are haunted by state control as something *to* thwart; i.e., by virtue of workers like Mugi being queer as something *to* camp state toxins: the Sphinx' Riddle against Oedipus, a blast from the "past" that never was (re: Plato's simulacrum)!

filth (re: Walpole, "[Prey as Liberators](#)"): a "secret sin; [an] untold tale, that art cannot extract, nor penance cleanse⁷⁷." In other words, it's a mud bath.

To play is to control, over whatever we want *to* control—hair and toxic sugars or otherwise, mid-cryptonymy! Forget Sophie's Choice; it's *Sophocles'* Choice, amirite? Medusa's caked-up dumper craves for thick monster cock—as materialized through various poetic devices (re: the Poetry Module's **magical assembly**, **selective absorption**, **confusion of the senses** and a **Song of Infinity**) recultivating **the Wisdom of the Ancients**: evoking Medusa with one's own cake as "[castle in the flesh](#)," "[heaven in a wild flower](#)" and "[fun palace](#)," etc! Let the Womb Wander!



(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Furthermore, I would write in the Demon Module,

All monsters are, to some degree, imaginary thus fake, but likewise hinting at buried realities *through* their fakeness; the Gothic, as a dualistic means of calculated risk, is rooted *in* fakery to further or reverse abjection through the cryptonymy process—i.e., a fake made of clay or an authentic article made of clay are still, both of them, made of clay (re: the Gothic through camp, puts everything in quotes). As such, function trumps form as a hauntological matter of assigned legitimacy versus actual activism regardless of appearance. Gothic Communism takes said clay, then, and uses it to liberate workers *from* state golems and gargoyles, the owners of a church increasingly mentricided by/alienated from its own counterfeit sense of "past"; re: the ghost of the counterfeit ours to weaponize against our jailors,

⁷⁷ From *The Mysterious Mother* (1768), a double incest yarn; re (from Thomas Christensen's 1993 introduction to the Mercury House edition of Walpole's *Hieroglyphic Tales*):

Besides *The Castle of Otranto*, the other major literary work Walpole published during his lifetime was his tragedy in blank (at first I inadvertently wrote *black*) verse, *The Mysterious Mother*. Byron admired it, calling it "a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play." It concerns a young man who, through a series of mistaken identities and unfortunate misunderstandings (no fault of his own), ends up marrying the daughter he has fathered by his mother (a bewildering set of relationships outdoing Bill Wyman). Dorothy Stuart, always charmingly sympathetic to Walpole, remarks, "It is, indeed, a little curious that his imagination—though in *The Castle of Otranto* he had toyed with the theme of incest—should have been allured by a story so sombre and so revolting." In a contemporaneous review (1797), William Taylor rhapsodized that the play "has attained an excellence nearly unimpeachable" and that it "may fitly be compared with the Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles." Few modern readers would value it quite so highly ([source](#)).

Such things were begot from camp; i.e., as "finding" the ancient past as grounded in fakery (re: [David West](#), *vis-à-vis* Hogle) to "Camp is rooted in fakery and privilege *vis-à-vis* homosexual men" (re: "[Prey as Liberators](#)") onto other queer groups *now* (re: Mugi and I, camping the ghost of the Medusa).

mid-chronotope. The more they lie, the more room we have to work with, terrifying what they and their forgeries try to abject using the same borderline-to-outright pornographic poetic devices: the sacrifice and executioner housed in the same special place, the maiden/whore to conjure up achingly during Gothic's liminal rape play and murder fantasy! "Oh, heavens! Just what have I gotten myself into!" Hot goss, indeed, girls talk—about that big Gothic "castle" to go to for a good time [Cuwu was a size queen]!



(artist: [Owusyr](#))

Except whereas the middle class since Radcliffe might conjure up a castle or demon lover to assuage their bigoted fears (cold feet or shoulders, often with an alter ego—the secret identity man-of-mystery or Amazonian menace to warm things up/cool things down charming the panties off the [classically white, straight, female] audience during calculated risk), we do so to announce and combat systemic oppression: killing our darlings on the Aegis, but also calling them out for their entitlement, hence grab a tantrum-throwing slaver by the balls (re: cops—those whose profession is to torture and extort people more vulnerable than themselves in defense of private property).

So do we anisotropically defend ourselves from state fabrications; i.e., by making our own and fashioning an alternate, at-times-frank/streetwise but also exciting/swashbuckling voice to history through demons (e.g., Borges). We make room for reasonable doubt/craft an alibi tied to our identity and performance going hand-in-hand. The Gothic becomes a place to conveniently be naughty and put our ideas to practice that, in turn, aren't fully removed from our habitat, thus bailiwick. So with sugar and spice, but also piss, vinegar and worse things (shit, blood, etc), we can win some degree of arbitration regarding sex and force, but also our basic human rights swept up in these things. There's power in fiction, but especially when it's mixed up with sex and force through demonic expression as pulpy and clay-like ([source](#): "A Paucity of Time").

Think of this with "toxic sugar" instead of clay and you have the same basic idea; re: fucking the alien. Exploitation and liberation overlap (the Gothic originally penned by closeted gay men and privileged white straight women).

Yet, for Gothic Communism, consent is cool, as are Amazons/the Medusa and the whore's "rape" as something to put *into* quotes, but air the dirty laundry for fun. Time is a circle that Gothically feeds, like the ouroboros, concentrically into itself. That's what *makes* cryptonymy fun, and describes the endlessly ergodic,

liminal, dualistic and imaginary past littered with such things, on and offstage, *mise-en-abyme*! What Capital endlessly takes into itself as hot toxic garbage, the Medusa reclaims infinitely through duality into something curiously sweet amid the charnel house's bitter tones! A gay to bury by the state, she's nobody's hero but ours! "Wicked bad naughty Zoot!" Everyone loves the whore *because* she's dirty!

To it, there's a bevy of dire lineages to explore and play out when chasing the dragon/getting to the bottom of the mystery that Medusa's "toxic sugar" represents (representation. in Gothic. being a house built on *very* shaky grounds). Autumn Ivy doesn't have a monopoly on muscles, body hair or sex (re: the aesthetic of power and death through sugar-as-toxic, but also what is targeted through said aesthetic; e.g., what Autumn calls "ham sandwich" [their pussy] actually betraying their own consumer-like approach to such things—still selling the ham, but being a *coercively* cryptonymic approach).

Toxic waste? Bread and circus? We're all made of the same meat, sugars and waste; it's what you *do* with it—and *how* you sell your labor as a poetic, educational matter of praxis concerning what capital *treats* as waste—that affects development through abjection as something to *reverse* (or not). Again, these aren't zero-sum; re: liberation and exploitation share the same stages, whose castration versus our own uses the same toxic-themed devices (re: public nudism, body hair and a rebellious, sugary-toxic veneer); i.e., at the same time, voyeur/exhibit.

Chemical Lobotomy (feat. Blizzard, Mercy and Overwatch, AI Abuse, and *The Simpsons*)

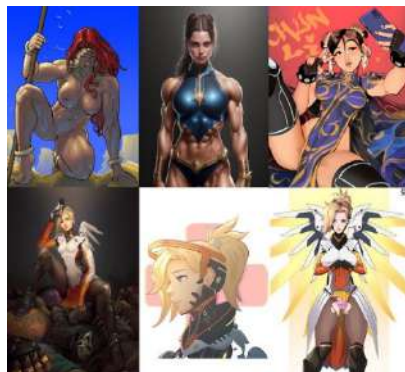
Holistic study remains vital to penetrating power (the veil of cryptonymy to find utility thus value); i.e., as something *to* interrogate, as toxic; e.g., the Metroidvania and rock opera places where such fur(r)tive rebellion classically calls home, once dumped there like zombie corpses (re: the virgin and the whore, the whore being the hairy or at least "dark" toxic lycanthrope and the virgin being the modest, Neo-Gothic, non-toxic warrior maiden [virgin/whore] resisting such things through token police violence: tainted by waste/marked by Cain and triangulating *for* the state *against* nature as radioactive alien to prove her worth to them). The next twenty pages concern a broad holistic survey focusing on *blindness* and *sight* (similar to "[Forbidden Sight](#)"; re: as critical engagement).

Despite having outlined Autumn as a toxic Amazon who serves the state, and Mugi being a hairy boy pussy-haver that uses the same basic language for cryptonymy at *cross* purposes (re: revolutionary versus complicit), we've really just been scratching the surface of these hairy and toxic/radioactive, sugary things. Like the zombie, mid-crisis, there's endless numbers to survey. I'd like to do a little more of that, here; i.e., with Blizzard, Mercy and *Overwatch* on different registers,

discussing the value in such garbage even *when* corporatized (while critiquing AI abuse), then conclude with rock operas (a kind of "danger disco" similar to the Metroidvania stomping ground that Amazons commonly use when orbiting Numinous forces like the Medusa). Such is holistic expression, endlessly returning to Medusa's toxic cafeteria ("[Lunch Lady Land...](#)") for (sloppy) seconds!

As we do, remember how we're the one's camping canon during cryptonymy as a hairy ordeal; re: the Gothic outing the home as not just "alien," but *hypocritical*. Such dualistic half-reality applies to the cryptonymy of centrist soldier roles (e.g., the healslut, not the tank—exhibit 73a), and therein lies further examples of monstrous-feminine that don't necessarily *have* body hair so much as they exist to be controlled/played with in various toxic ways; i.e., that abide by the same broader rules of irony that flow of power towards/away from the elite; e.g., the *combatant* and *noncombatant*, to varying degrees of violent and "hard" or peaceful and "soft" (with body hair generally being left out, save the "bush" as a concealed grooming of the sexual site that entitled men/tokens view as theirs: a

"garden" they cultivate through the woman as *their* property doing work to please *them*):



(exhibit 72b: Artist, top-left: unknown, top-middle: [Fantscifi](#), top-right: [Vashperado](#), bottom-left: [Rodion Shaldo](#), bottom-middle: [Koyorin](#), bottom-right: [Kyoffie12](#).)

Having studied Amazons and their classic enemies, once tokenized, there's a near-infinite variety of these monstrous-feminine body types and "pin-up girl" soldier roles; i.e., *Amazonomachia* operating through the imaginary past: as something to holistically and "gamely" learn from, or conversely cherish in the "blind," unironic sense. This includes the humor and aesthetic, but also sexually dimorphic roles' curiously repetitious mutations; i.e., proliferating heteronormatively within AI-generated replicas⁷⁸. AI = abuse through theft, effectively through blind parody/pastiche.

Furthermore, the above approach has been "optimized" by the elite through their servants. Presenting as AI-sourced "artists," any human(s) behind the account(s) doing the theft are pimps: passing "their creations" off as art *while* stealing it. Such complicit cryptonymy is a dead mall, one disguising how Capitalism

⁷⁸ Which [Fantscifi](#) is; i.e., they have a premium DA account, linked to Esty with the usual off-site, paywalled NSFW model. Furthermore, said account is only two months old yet has 1,700 drawings on it (which has doubled, in 2025). It's frankly hyperreal slop; i.e., with no workers behind it, but all the exploited labor stolen from workers flooding the market; re (from Volume One): "The horror of the hyperreal is that there are no humans behind the digitized simulacrum; they're simply gone. The lived reality is far more bleak, with middle-class consumers being entirely divorced from creative labor as a critical-thinking skill while actively advocating for enslavement, neglect and genocide" ([source](#): "The Nation-State"). Genocide is a *system* of theft, AI spearheading said theft online and off as *slop* decay.

normally markets itself through toxic fakes: like they're *not* exploiting workers by stealing their labor and their bodies, including images of these things. Regardless, the endless variation and *cryptomimetic* replication includes the cryptonymic context behind the images in relation to what they're referring to *under* Capitalism; i.e., franchised material with a sexist fanbase, authorship and meta/parasocial relationship with paratextual outcomes. There's still room to work within this mess; i.e., to subvert its goop through praxis being synthesized by different peoples of different ages, times and places in different mediums to different degrees.

For example, consider the "non-combatant" medic class Amazon; i.e., whose "healslut" pejorative label has its own strange "flavor history." One, "it's just a canonical joke," memeified from new games emulating older games with distinctly hauntological designs. Yet, a highly stylized, nostalgic, and sexually diverse team in *Overwatch* popularized the bad joke lifted directly from an earlier all-boys team, in *Team Fortress 2* (2007). The older game [treated "healslut" like a feminized insult for jealous or irritated players wanting a "pocket healer" or thinking their healer was bad](#) (Know Your Meme, 2016), therefore became ignominiously implied-as-female to tease them; [the subsequent game conspicuously eroticized the idea](#) (Kotaku, 2016)—meaning while the notoriously toxic (mostly vocal, teenage/adult male) player base treated healers as forced-submissive, "feminine" roles that "real" men should avoid and all women were relegated to because they "lacked skill." Medics aren't just feminized, but *monstrous*-feminized through the whore's paradox; i.e., the *virgin*-whore as something to shave, shape and dress up in ways that *can* be camped, afterwards:



(exhibit 73a: [Source image](#). A game-within-a-game, the "meta guide" for being a heal-slut; [source](#): Kyle Bohunicky and Jordan Youngblood's 2019 "The Pro Strats of Healsluts: *Overwatch*, Sexuality, and Perverting the Mechanics of Play.")

Not *all* of it was sexist. And yet the ludic metaplay was so extensive and complicated that the phenomenon of consensual BDSM has been seriously studied in academia (above); i.e., a half-real reclaiming of the term "heal-slut" from toxic fandoms *chasing* the whore (re: werewolves, Gorgons, zombies, etc, as queerness through suicide/disguise narratives' toxic injections; e.g., Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde).

Sluts are canonically monstrous-feminine, but Amazons are a gradient therein. Said spectrum extends to any worker (female or not), including Amazonian variants like the healslut; but preferential mistreatment happens towards a more traditional, European-looking poster girl; e.g., Mercy (above) embodying the universal "vanilla" flavor/Occidental beauty standard as doll-like, thus campable as blonde bombshell (re: exhibit 9b0, "[Prey as Liberators](#)"). Whereas a surly war bitch like Zarya is more of an "acquired taste" (strawberry Russian weightlifter), she's

also *not* a healer but a *tank* slut who presumably tops/pegs (through the *de facto* sissy chaser fantasies' "head canon"). But both equate to Amazons as classic military sexpots *recruiters* (re: "[Borrowed Robes](#)" and "[Military Optimism](#)").

Mid-Amazonomachia, Mercy falls on the "soft gentle" side of that angel/devil, leather/lace prescription (see: footnote); i.e., the maiden bride as something to fuck in whore-like ways however the husband⁷⁹ decides through wish fulfillment. Be that missionary, doggy or cowgirl as meeting *his* needs, Mercy's *his* waifu. As the patently Amazonian *wheifu*, Zarya is fucked to be tamed or to service the man as a "lion tamer" of sorts: doggy like an animal, or someone who pegs the sissy chaser who surrenders their power for a moment inside a larger linguo-material exchange (re: "[Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)"); i.e., one that *doesn't* change material conditions *outside* of said exchange. Both are whores and virgins, but Mercy is the airbrushed body that—no matter how you groom it—is always a particular *kind* of slut to

⁷⁹ *De facto* husband, that is. Missionary sex is cliché just as doggy is cliché. While they *can* be performed on any monstrous-feminine entity in a pornographic sense, the snow-white submissive or dark femme fatale (the angel/devil binary) are just two of so many different "sleeves" for the male/token target customer living in the Max Box. Their toxic vibe/mood extends to sex-positive iterations, but Blizzard *isn't* sex-positive; they're sex-coercive—i.e., prescribing a traditional "lipstick" porn approach to their poster-style war pastiche. In other words, their sex-sells approach uses waifus (and wheyfus) as monster bait to target teenage American/Americanized boys: hooking them on sex as a "gambling mechanism" tied to loot boxes (a disguised "gacha" model from the Japanese videogame genre built around "whaling" paypigs through FOMO/microtransactional sex). Unlike their subversive counterparts—e.g., living latex (re: exhibit 60e1; "[Follow the...](#)")—the women in these coercive systems/discourse *become* coerced into a toxic doll-like aesthetic; i.e., the "Barbie Doll effect," wherein they service the maximum number of infantilized, sex-hungry clients *for* the elite:



(exhibit 73b: Artist, top-left and mid-left: unknown; whole bottom half: [EXGA](#); top-mid and -right: [Non External](#); middle [Mercy]: [Ange1 Witch](#); middle [Quistis Trepe]: unknown; mid-right [Brigitte]: unknown. The zombie-like appearance of these videogame models in porn is no coincidence, already being marketed towards sex work in *shonen*-style war narratives [sex work is replete with racist/sexist body tropes that endure in straight-up porn [re: exhibit 32b, "[Knife Dicks](#)"] but also pornographic/fetishized body types in heroic media besides videogames [exhibit 93b1b]; but there's always the potential for fusion/crossover. You can remove the costume and the basic body "look" doesn't really change. Furthermore, it's often a Vitruvian pornographic standard that women are expected to cater to, wherein they fuck men for men while oscillating between virgin/whore body dynamics. In turn, everything unfolds inside canonical labor schemes that commonly treat subservient women as universal, "barely legal," warrior maiden sex objects; i.e., neoliberal, franchised/corporate arrangements [and Amazons as beings to tame through canon's toxic fetishization; re: exhibit 1a1a3, "[Symposium: Aftercare](#)"]. The envelop will always be pushed by the elite, whose banality of evil only cares about efficient profit and infinite growth: tokenize, then toxify *sans* irony to decay nature as monstrous-feminine to *lobotomize* it [gentrify/decay—re: "[A Cruel...](#)"].)

rape/penetrate per the whore's paradox: the witch, naughty nun and Valkyrie (all in-game costumes for her character/the player to wear). Zarya is the rapist brute.

Despite the Byzantine paratexts/metaplay (exhibit 73a/b) and diegetic elements of a holistic *mise-en-abyme* that also involves AI-generation, *Overwatch* and *TF2* simultaneously accomplished this in real time; i.e., as the same trashy cryptonyms of *older* times that largely romanticized hauntological war in the unironic "naked pin-up girl on the side of an airplane" approach. Their corporate "girl with a prop" simulacra used the dizzying variety outlined above to conceal/downplay the sexist core rotting at the heart of their respective artistic inspirations (arguably Pixar's Brad Bird, specifically the nuclear family style of *The Incredibles*, 2004; and Blizzard's cookie-cutter, "Disney princess," conspicuously groomed to chemotherapeutically *lack* any body hair): Patriarchal Capitalism as the concealed barber, dietician, tailor, etc, who forces ostensible AFABs to *be* women by shaping their bodies accordingly through digital likenesses in popular media (our canonical "junk food" *is* the "girl" with a prop, but also the cartoonishly masculine men and token appropriations). Not only that, but both series managed to produce their *own* musical metajoke and fan-made theme songs in the bargain, which later responded to one another in a franchise-friendly contest: [the rap battle](#) (JT Music's "Sombra vs Spy," 2018)! Business as usual under the Protestant ethic, right?

Sadly "business as usual" is *also* blind; i.e., including a childish, rapey take on homophobia that betrayed the ghost of the counterfeit (of appropriative peril/rape fantasies) fairly early on: "[Surprise Buttsex](#)" (MegaGFilms, 2011). This means three years before Gamergate and five before *Overwatch*, we had already experienced a music video that, [by 2021 when the Blizzard lawsuits came about](#) (Kotaku), actually came to pass—not as a joke, but something that real women (often minorities) in real workplaces had been saying seriously for years only to be ignored, neglected or harassed by their Patriarchal superiors. The situation was less "no one talked about it" and more that powerful employers refused to help these discussions progress beyond PR to challenged profit/the owner class—all while these same corporate elite erected in-game monuments of themselves (re: Blizzard World), [named an in-game hero after an accused male sex offender employed and protected by the company for years](#) (CBR, 2021) and treated in-game, cosplayer and employee women as one-in-the-same: disposable sex objects part of an toxic industry older than Blizzard itself, and present in companies that emerged around the same time like 3D Realms (whose *own* sexism had to reinvent and disguise itself facing modest-but-gradual pushback; re: "[Zombie Police States](#)").

In turn, corporate brass covered up the endless trauma its female employees had experienced. More accurately they tried to contain it, burying the scandal inside a procession of outwardly smiling and scantily-clad cryptonyms whose surfaces slowly leaked toxic sludge; i.e., like a shiny plastic barrel whose containment had *failed*. It was an effect prefaced [by my Ion Fury write up](#) (above); i.e., whose larger canceled-future (and furious police blindness) I called "zombie police state."

Such lobotomizing extends *from* Capitalism decaying *into* sludge, which—as this book's companion glossary has already outlined—applies to fascism as "zombie Capitalism": corporations melting down *with* states. A radioactive, Promethean structure felt through Blizzard's power abuse, these sat inside *Overwatch* as a corporate e-sport; i.e., prone to the same abuses any other sport geared around profit undergoes, and felt through a toxic shockwave shuddering across its entire socio-material extensions. Once *that* failed, Blizzard's banality of evil reared *its* ugly head, offering up meager consolation prizes to paper over the usual corporate abuses (and their embarrassing leaks): by hiding them in plain sight as "virtuous and magnanimous solutions" (taking all credit from the whistleblowers, of course).

Faced with widespread toxic shock, Blizzard didn't "solve" anything but their own inconvenience; i.e., "rolling some heads" by swapping CEOs, handing out paltry concession fees, and promising—in that special, neoliberal way—to "Do Better™" ([source](#): "Court to Approve Activision Agreement With EEOC," 2022). But this bled into the groundwater and ultimately the brains of consumers and performers piloting the Amazons in questions. So if ghosts are a potential warning from the past, then zombification describes a *present* meltdown through toxic emblems; i.e., for parodies that have *lost* their brains, generational corporatizing having emptied them and turned their waste onto the *viewer* through the same franchised image: as a lobotomy of the revolutionary *mindset* that people like Autumn Ivy abuse through Amazons, gentle or not. There's a time limit!

Meantime, the exchange of cryptonymy carries out on the *surface* of these images: braindead schlock pimped by a token Amazon whore for "Athens," "Sparta," "Rome," etc, under *Pax Americana*. While AFAB people acclimate to state abuse (re: as Amazons classically do), an enby traitor is just a traitor who's sold out while weaponizing popular media against the masses "for Rome"; re: bread and circus canonized. Despite the trashy aesthetic, then, flow determines function; i.e., the dialectical-material aim of Autumn's toxic garbage *is* lobotomy. Unlike Mercedes' ironic poster pastiche, Autumn's is unironically toxic and harmful towards people; i.e., by being reductive towards critical thought at a societal level *when* consumed: chattel porn with a subjugated Amazonian stamp. Mercedes speaks to rot with "rot"; Autumn *is* the rot dressed up as sugary Amazon fun—a chilling effect on the brain⁸⁰ as we need it *to* rebel/conduct asymmetrical warfare *for* workers, not the state!



(artist: [Wolfhead at Night](#))

For a popular example of the same kind of "brain drain" from a *franchise* standpoint *outside* videogames or Amazons,

⁸⁰ To quote *Helluva Boss*, "[\[they're\] cotton candy!](#)"; i.e., high on their own supply while pushing it onto other addicts. Such is Capitalism, decaying the injection site like *Requiem for a Dream* (2000).

consider "Zombie Simpsons." In "Zombie Simpsons: How the Best Show Ever Became the Broadcasting Undead" (2012), Dead Homer Society writes,

By almost any measurement, The Simpsons is the most influential television comedy ever created. It has been translated into every major language on Earth and dozens of minor ones; it has spawned entire genres of animation, and had more books written about it than all but a handful of American Presidents. Even its minor characters have become iconic, and the titular family is recognizable in almost every corner of the planet. It is a definitive and truly global cultural phenomenon, perhaps the biggest of the television age.

As of this writing, if you flip on FOX at 8pm on Sundays, you will see a program that bills itself as The Simpsons. It is not The Simpsons. That show, the landmark piece of American culture that debuted on 17 December 1989, went off the air more than a decade ago. The replacement is a hopelessly mediocre imitation that bears only a superficial resemblance to the original. It is the unwanted sequel, the stale spinoff, the creative dry hole that is kept pumping in the endless search for more money. It is Zombie Simpsons ([source](#)).

A once-celebrated and popular, biting critique of the American nuclear family broadcast on network television until it slowly became braindead, the show has become popular but radioactively stupid; i.e., not the friendly ghosts of yesterday warning against an uncertain future's ghost of the counterfeit, but a slick, glossy repetition of the same undying message using canonical doppelgangers of *formerly satirical* characters made blind (thus mute) through for-profit pastiche.

To it, said motive leads to *an industry standard*—the creation of characters in *later AAA outings who were never intended to be satirical to begin with*, and viewers who are never exposed to satire at all. Just endless, "sacred" consumerism with visual stereotypes to memorize toxic catechisms *for profit*. So is Autumn's Church of Amazon a person/place for workers like myself, Mugi and Mercedes to camp and decolonize, in and out of media; i.e., as something to *perform* in the same half-real territories toxic aesthetic. Capital and camping its monsters (and prostitution of said monsters during mirror syndrome) is a *multimedia* ordeal:



(exhibit 74: Artist, bottom-middle: [Zeronis](#); top-middle: [Bisart](#).)

Brought into a neoliberal world, young viewers become zombified at birth(!)—undead babies who grow up and pass the virus/radiation along. For example, I was raised

on R. L. Stine and Christopher Pike, but also the *I Am Legend* offshoot, *Zombies Ate My Neighbors* (re: "[Bad Dreams](#)"). And while I love the nightmare nostalgia those YA hauntologies gave me, the mid-'90s initiative for parental guidance remained a stiff conservative campaign overhanging them; i.e., rolled out to attack television/videogames when I was in elementary school. So is YA media a gateway to the world of ironically Gothic stores; i.e., that many kids my age weren't allowed to consume yet given corporate analogs *to* consume: the ghost of the counterfeit *furthering* abjection through middle-class guilty pleasures. "Toxic" escapism.

That was my childhood. Offsetting it, I've written this book series to *critique* Capitalism using corporate Gothic themes and subtext; i.e., alongside the adult horror movies that *ZAMN* alluded to, which it re-remembered through the same vein of "poster pastiche/monster nostalgia" (re: exhibit 44b2, "[Making Demons](#)"); e.g., Bobby Picket's "[The Monster Mash](#)" (1962), *The Adams Family* (1964) and *The Munsters* (1964); i.e., as a kind of privileged material consumption that introduces children from consuming families to dead nostalgia through personal property that evokes the nuclear family model (often to make fun of it as "embalmed"). I loved it for its allegory opening my eyes, however emergent *my* playing—with such cheaply caustic sugar slime—was (ultimately two sides of the *same* coin). "Build with trash."

Zombie toxicity emerged as a *critique* of capital (re: Lockhart's "[Bourgeoise Braineaters](#)"); those from old retro-future videogames like *ZAMN* doubled Blizzard's unironically "dead malls" braindead approach: from a game where you fight animated, digital simulacra of old monstrous legends formerly relegated to the silver screen of several different decades. Not only does it take the classic idea of the animated gargoyle/fatal portrait and grant it a child-like wonder tied to '90s cartoons; the makers of the game clearly knew their audience and sold you that for a *single* "ticket" while plainly being a labor of love ([the music utterly bops](#)). All of these toxic variables show *ZAMN* representing older industry standards from a monetization standpoint: single-purchase endeavors. Infinite growth wasn't *quite* on their radar but it loomed ominously on the horizon of *future* videogames like Blizzard. In 1993, it hadn't "become half-life" *yet* (to quote *Mad Max*), the doubles simmering with prophecy informed by capital needing more profit, thus waste.

Doubling the Double, Ourselves (Conventions); re: Ludo-Gothic BDSM

Before we subvert Blizzard's Amazons via a toxic shock refrain, a short note about doubles in relation to monstrous social events; i.e., as things to play with that reflect the waste we're less swimming in and more brewing inside like amniotic fluid. In the spirit of monsters and music, videogames can also be praxially doubled in real spaces that serve as socio-ludic *stages* of performance and play. My PhD

would establish this with ludo-Gothic BDSM (re: "[The Quest for Power](#)"). But "monster play" is more than just videogames; per ludo-Gothic BDSM, it's the sum of a complex, ever-evolving polity of expressions, one whose exchanges relate back and forth in real time while playing with toxic waste as *byproduct* (the presence of *decaying* power under shrines of capital; re: fascism; e.g., *Roadside Picnic*).

For example, [I once interviewed David Bennett from Steam-Powered Giraffe about Prometheus 2 \(which never came out\) while dressed as Eric Draven](#) (exhibit 75a; Nicholas van der Waard, 2013). While a blast-from-the-past all on its own, the lively masquerade was housed at a convention where people could go and be their true selves; i.e., a dalliance performed through costumes and masks (often set to music, dancing and whispers of sex). The Promethean pursuit spoke to desires pimped out by capital that, doubled as "toxic," suddenly became *perceptive* again.

All on its own, this became the sleepwalker's rare chance; i.e., to commune with nature's forgotten side—meaning in a "game-about-a-game" of monster exhibits dancing with a monstrous rediscovered "past" as something to put "on blast" (which Steam-Powered Giraffe very much did, below). However, it wasn't on its own; everything else was there in some shape or form, albeit as liminal. While Juul calls this concept "half-real" in relation to the intended ludic space of the videogame screen and rules (re: the magic circle), I think it applies quite neatly to "game" thinkers; i.e., in the real world's liminal *totality* letting workers treat artistic expression and *its* analysis as a composite learning social game: onscreen but also onstage and off—and thinking about these things in relation to each other but also *aware* of each other as undead while still being different and often at odds (the state-fashioned alien impostor something to divide workers through emotional manipulation; re: "[Healing from Rape](#)").

Furthermore, the cryptonymic threshold that happens through play isn't clearly defined, but the subject matter is pretty obvious (exhibit 75a); i.e., it can happen online between two people having similar discussions, albeit with images or videos chosen spontaneously to talk about a particular game. This includes play or analysis, but also humor as a learning tool (exhibit 75b); e.g., Jadis and I met through monsters (re: "[Meeting Jadis](#)")—and related through them afterwards by consuming *Monster Camp* (what a pun) [and making art about it to please them](#)—but I had already been consuming and camping such dreck for years:



(exhibit 75a: Photos from *Monster Camp* throughout; mid-right: Dr. Kahl and his robot from *Cuphead* [2017]; far-top-left-to-middle-left: photos of yours truly, mingling with other attendees—with my photo of David Bennett [top-left] showing him how to do the handshake from *Predator* [1987] and of which he had no idea what I was referring

to [*alas, I would eventually investigate Bennett and his band, Steam-Powered Giraffe, for sex crimes; re: "[Ruling the Slum](#)"*].)

The same liminality applies to literal videogames—with dating sim games like *Monster Prom/Camp/Roadtrip* (2018, 2020, 2023) continuously encouraging a social-sexual roleplay through monsters experienced in the present; i.e., with old symbols that take on new (often hilarious) life, thus significance through awkward, messy, self-aware exchanges: a jungle of energized past participles (a portmanteau of participant/particle *and* a linguistics pun). However, this socio-ludic reinvention starts with those games having already reclaimed the monsters to *some* extent; e.g., the Amazons, robots, and other oxymoronic Halloween beasts that players could study and develop Gothic Communism *with*, onstage and off; i.e., according to the games themselves as ongoing trends. Exposure turns people unpredictable, the toxic double paradoxically radioactive: as a glimmer of the Numinous to *seek*.

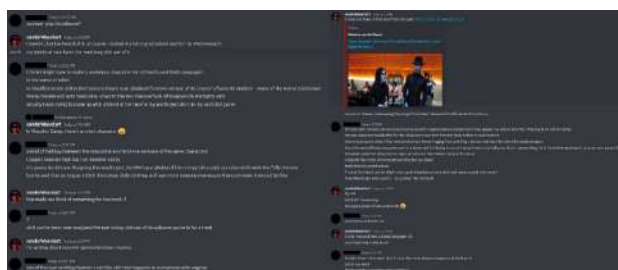
Of course, while the same idea of "seeking" can be applied in reverse (re: [Jadis seeking me](#)), many male/token gamers (a box of *manufactured* chocolates that *tend* to be rather predictable) remain braindead, hence unaware of various things the mythical monsters allude to, including basic social cues; e.g., menstruation. Many things obvious to people who menstruate are generally something most people who don't *won't* pick up on unless it comes from sources they trust; e.g., myself and all of my friends, but also monsters we all consume speaking about blood (re: Mira's tokophobia, "[Angry Mothers](#)"). These conversations still occur between the gameworld and real world—between players talking about the games they want to play in relation to the monstrous avatars and adversaries inside as things to dress up as, at conventions anywhere. It's like a big party worldwide—one where people learn in highly creative, organic ways that *aren't* blind despite the ever-present profit motive. The *party* is perceptive.

This Gothic doubling can be felt in paratextual/meta conversations that people have while talking about the (often self-aware) texts themselves—not just consuming them, but preparing to, actually performing the game themselves like mad scientists: cackling wildly amid a life of reanimated junk, stolen from the discarded pile (often privatized by neoliberal corporations "freeing" the market" by hoarding all the junk for themselves, hence materials of the Earth: "Give my creation... LIFE!"). As discussed in Volume One, these aren't just symbols, but a monstrous mode of expression (re: "[Monster Modes](#)"); i.e., one that can recreate itself while reclaiming the stolen; e.g., [Daft Punk's robo-disco](#). In these half-real conversations, emotional/Gothic intelligence comes in handy when negotiating *new* boundaries—to play the game, but also talk about it and share the gleaned insight and knowledge with other people publicly to raise class/culture/race awareness.

For example, a friend of mine was asking me about *Bloodborne* (2015); i.e., while also telling me of a non-binary robot character they wanted to make for their *D&D* campaign (exhibit 75b, next page). All at once, this made me think

about *Monster Camp* and the non-binary robot (which corporations, to make another pun, tend to binarize⁸¹); i.e., from that game, which I suddenly felt I should try to include in the book—the aforementioned interview with SPG (exhibit 75a), but also scenes from the convention it happened in, and a couple other examples I intuited from recalling those bygone days in composite patchwork form!

That's largely how (re)memory works; i.e., when you're freed up to *make* connections (re: "[The Roots of Trauma](#)"). Likewise, this exchange—modifying "Toxic Schlock" with Mira back in 2024 and now in 2025—showcases the plastic, sleepwalking nature of undead (toxic) monstrous language, but also people who associate with these linguo-material extensions or write about either while having fairly regular social interactions with like-minded people. Be it *Monster Prom/Camp* or *D&D*, either game is a place to inhabit in a half-real sense for people who already identify with these characters; i.e., according to cultural values having already shifted and continuing to shift away from taboo (abject) burial sites:



(exhibit 75b: [Source](#) [full conversation]. My friend Mira and I [the same Mira from "[Meeting Medusa](#)".].)

For example, us talking also gave Mira and I a chance to talk about the cryptonym of old blood in werewolf

stories—its associate *knowledge* gaps *tied* to the heteronormative *gender* gap: "old blood" being what Mira called "period advice," which people who menstruate would immediately pick up *on* (on account of having no choice, it being a natural function of their bodies); i.e., while cis-het men would generally have no idea (most of *them* being divided *from* nature as menstruation unless they received extra-curricular education in some shape or form; e.g., from a wife). To it, our short exchange

⁸¹ You can see this literal binarization in the *Terminator* franchise; i.e., whose fem-bots, under the Male Gaze, out-sex their manly counterparts (and other examples of dystopian war pastiche Chapter Four will examine; e.g., Mega Man and his decidedly not-so-mega sister policing the neoliberal *ruins* of Utopia). Geopolitically this parallels the colonization of women in the women's industry by powerful *men* taking said field from them and industrializing then privatizing it through the likes of creepy friend-of-Jeffery-Epstein, [the billionaire pedophile/child-sex trafficker, Bill Gates](#) (Behind the Bastard's "The Ballad of Bill Gates"). Not only is billionaire philanthropy a myth written by people "who just happen to have" the capital (the billionaire steals by design, or inherits through mass war/rape); its cryptonymy conceals the banality of evil whose material forces "drive" image production—i.e., with modern technology as a kind of "false hope engine" (the ultimate neoliberal weapon), one that hides bourgeois crimes behind their god-like means: as attached to *systemic* computer growth.

In 1965, Gordon Moore stated that roughly every two years, the number of transistors on microchips will double. Commonly referred to as Moore's Law, this phenomenon suggests that computational progress will become significantly faster, smaller, and more efficient over time. However, it also belies a process hijacked by powerful capitalists whose atrocities are insidiously dress-up as "progress" (a cryptonym for genocide dressed up as "futurism"; e.g., Ray Kurzweil, whose shallow tech-bro transhumanism Jadis adored; re: "[One Foot out the Door](#)"). Billionaires should not exist/are a scourge on the planet the likes of which the Nazis could only dream of.

highlights tangible *gnosis* gleaned through a public understanding of famous monsters figuratively tied to social-sexual situations *about* these things; re: playing with monsters, as monsters, about monsters, all at once. That kind of poetic insight can be tremendously useful; i.e., when you're a marginalized person "reading the room" with toxic goggles: surrounded by others who think monsters are cool, and who might try to unironically gatekeep or manipulate you behind *their* masks; re: Autumn or similar people (re: Jadis), versus our *ironic* navigation, mid-cryptonymy!

Corporatizing the Shop (Blizzard reprise)

Unironic "slop worship" speaks to a school of abuse that companies like Blizzard promote; i.e., while enjoying the ambiguity *that* plays out, mid-duality. Monsters are played with and made through pieces (e.g., "[Cryptomimesis](#)," "[Transforming Our Zombie Selves](#)" and "[Making Demons](#)"). Blizzard's *Overwatch* represents a *newer* toxic standard, in the Internet age; i.e., one whose conspicuous "voiding" effect on intelligence/awareness permeates culture: through their smash-hit videogame *Amazonomachia* replacing social spaces, toxifying so many consumers, management and owners to worship capital's *hiding* of waste.

Furthermore, this lobotomizing of the "friendly" neighborhood zombie—i.e., as a kind of a gateway towards more adult and critical horror narratives—decayed with *Overwatch*, the franchise sucking everything up like a giant black hole. Yet "[the toxicity of our city](#)" *resists* ownership through its own *rebellious* decay. The game's dead soul and fixation on money reflects the broader gaming market and what it had gradually and geopolitically evolved into: a single corporate entity that favors blind Amazon parody. They pimp what resonates through disorder and disturbance, minus toxic shlock's hairy and sugary (at times abject) critical bite.

In turn, *Overwatch* felt like more of an extension of Blizzard more than a completed game with anything critical or fun to say about or with zombie-like warrior maidens. Structurally it feels conspicuously unfinished, completed just enough to sell seasonal re-runs year-round, but *especially* Halloween costumes. It's what a whore—classically relegated to the graveyard (re: B.B. Wagner)—is; it's what Medusa is, but also her girlboss Amazon gatekeepers like Autumn Ivy are, during the cryptonymy process, and us challenging them through popular stories and icons like Blizzard's corporate output as doubled, mid-vanishing-point.

Canon's toxic candy sells sex through bad-faith copies of itself; re: like Autumn does, punching down while preserving themselves as Superhero Monster Slut™ (next page). It's greedy and appropriative, but also vivid and ambiguous (re: "X marks the spot"): a whore's a whore, but Autumn serves the state much how Blizzard's sugary sexpots do. They play the toy-like candiness out in very visual ways, selling sex through sight offering up a feast for *additional* senses: "trick" or treat." They're a scam that—all the same—has immediate demonstrable effects (the

Gothic sugar rush): as unironic opiates-for-the-masses to dumb their brains and empty their wallets. Peddled by a hot-but-perfidious, gentrified, [horse-girl](#) lunch lady moonlighting as whore, Autumn demonstrably *is* a whore acting in bad faith; i.e., a subjugated Amazon skillfully installing [praxial inertia](#) in her *paying* viewers by *pandering* to them (re: as a menticidal gargoyle, "[The Nation-State](#)"). They're a pro white Indian/savior corpo mall cop—toxically-sans-irony advertising false stewardship of the land; i.e., with a hungry vision operating on par with Manifest Destiny and ranchers: [fetishizing guns](#) but pinkwashed as "furry" *into* toxic love (a Nazi werewolf whose centrist⁸² veneer performs radioactive "strength")!



(artist: [Wolfhead at Night](#))

Under Capitalism, Halloween (a day of monsters and bad candy haunted by Imperialism; re: "[Concerning Monsters](#)" or "[Cornholing the Corn Lady](#)") exists primarily to sell merchandise that also points to past genocide; any historical connection or satire in regards to its monsters must be inferred or separately applied by *perceptive* parties—i.e., they're canonically "just for fun." Apart from feeling tacked on, the complicit cryptonymy's underhanded phrasing constantly implies

- satire and countercultural political thought "isn't fun" and seemingly isn't connected to the merchandise to begin with
- a somewhat odd "we're totally not doing anything wrong!" insistence when using Halloween "party" skins (with clear sexual-dimorphic qualities tied to "T-for-Teen" sex) in *drug-like* ways; i.e., to push sales through gambling mechanisms—all inside a narratively bare-bones videogame that says nothing about the real-world, only presenting itself as a place to spend cash

Such attempts try to conceal and sever bonds that might highlight Capitalism as a perfidious structure; i.e., one tied to institutional greed reeking toxic lies. Capitalism, as it linguo-ludo-materially appears, is "totally fine." Pay no attention to the man behind the Amazon; just *pay* him when Zombie Mercy (or Autumn) wears a slutty outfit. She/they doesn't have to actually look like a zombie to be lobotomized or lobotomize the audience; she/they only has to come from a company whose marketing and treatment of its employees *has* that effect on society through the game: as a liminal space bleeding toxically *into* the world!

And since Blizzard does just that, Mercy is a zombie by default—disguised by her Disney Princess good looks and shaved body pimped out by her designers; i.e., hawking merchandise echoing the original simulacrum, but also policing the appearance of said simulacrum *to* sell, mid-power-exchange (re: sex and force,

⁸² Re: Centrism is fascism waiting to happen/fascism with more masks decaying into a toxic core.

which Amazons embody until they turn toxic; re: Medusa). The end result is a routinely cheap, plastic doll with zero personality and backstory aimed at horny young men conditioned by society to drool over a blonde bombshell like her (with echoes of Pamela Anderson thrown in—exhibit 76, below); i.e., an empty promise backed up by threats (re: *Autumn's* threats, "[The Nation-State](#)").

Here, the ghost of the counterfeit breathes through the body like frog skin; i.e., the colonial body type, specifically the airbrushed beauty with an hourglass waist (or boxy muscles): a kind of "prize for Theseus" that extends to pimp-like dominance of *all* monstrous-feminine, real or drawn. So is Mercy a bodily echo of Nina Hartley or Victoria Paris (re: exhibit 47b1a, "[Non-Magical Damsels and Detectives](#)"): a shapely '80s pornstar physique as much as Autumn's own tailored brawn, the person behind the image a corporate *employee* (or voice; i.e., accommodated celebrities who voice act; e.g., Autumn's VA erotica, "[Strange Bedfellows](#)"). It *can* be reclaimed, but the corporate variety is canon to camp by *us*.

To it, such replication was hyperreal long before the AI boom exploded; i.e., pushing Mercy into the compelled virgin subspace with whore-like elements that *all* Amazon share as warrior maidens: the silken bride to seek and penetrate, Mercy lacking Zarya or Autumn's "phallic" vaso vagal. *Her* power is classically a passive, white, prey-like (damsel-in-distress) seduction. We must humanize *all* varieties, exposing corporations as inhumane while valuing the gentle/femme nurturing elements of the Amazon as much as the strict/masc side to the same protectors.



(exhibit 76: All: [Dandonfuga](#); other artist, bottom-right: unknown.)

Keep in mind, the state can only pimp nature, and blind us to any positive aspect their own toxic toys deliberately omit; i.e., by making us dependent on *their* variations while furthering abjection disguised as delicious. Control for corporations is *total* control for *profit*. Ergo, their abuse of nature towards apocalypse happened for the same precious dollars that forced Linnea Quigley into a "Barbie doll crotch"; i.e., while treating *it* as ordinary almost forty years ago (re: [Mr. Skin](#))! But at least O'Bannon's movie had something to say during and after the transaction; i.e., it was campy.

Overwatch, ever and always, reduces to a blank *series* of transactions without camp, but also zombies critically emptied *by* those transactions: Amazonian trash whose lack of useful dialogs through the audience reflects a far bigger problem on themselves and behind the scenes. Mute and stupid, *these* zombies brides have been silenced, failing to be "friendly" at all and more like complicit statues; i.e., standing idle while women and minorities at company headquarters were abused nonstop by the *real* monsters—corporate bureaucrats and middle management worshipping the harvest process *as* dehumanizing! Mercy's peach is

just another one to carve up on all registers, minus the irony of playful danger challenging praxial inertia/material conditions fomented by workers like Autumn.

The algorithm prods all creators to ape the Vitruvian scheme; e.g., pushing illustrators to rehash a particular character because legions of hungry fans eat it up and nothing else. As much as it *can* be fun to draw (as I used to, left), the larger effect is one of a *suffocating* panopticon; i.e., leering at nature from all sides *to* pimp it—a slippery slope to funnel money up towards the usual pimps: through canonical radiation's glowing gargoyles, bouncing angler-fish decay *towards* hypnotized onlookers as *already* conditioned!



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Attempts at fun, aside, the profit motive is panoptic in its invasiveness; i.e., by pimping all of nature until nature tokenizes/dons the bridle *without* complaint (the actors internalizing the euthanasia effect; re: Autumn). The faithful among Blizzard's consumer base doesn't care; thoroughly lobotomized themselves, they already worship the company as an institution of prosperity announced by its own ceaseless procession of Disney-like castles (and radioactive waste). Only wanting to *keep* endorsing them through a material exchange, we're left with an exchange of wages for personal property as "owned wisdom"; re: canon. Attacking canon becomes an attack on wisdom, itself—on Capitalism as a carefully managed system whose *façade* of order must be upheld. So does Autumn—a cop in witch's clothes—pander to Gamergate zealots, rewarding them as they brand actual revolution as a witch *to* hunt; i.e., the free market's scapegoat while the world melts down into *actual* toxic sludge, and whose DARVO phenomenon we'll revisit several times: with "weird canonical nerds" in Chapter Three, and witch cops in Chapter Four!

The toxic-sugar variants of Amazons, among other cryptonymies, tend to be artistically emulative/commercially supportive of masculine war culture; i.e., which we'll *also* investigate in Chapter Four. For now, just bear in mind that *any* seemingly unrelated thing serves the cryptonymy process. From double entendres to non-sequiturs, euphemisms, and white lies—all are things that distance, downplay or distract, generally through camouflaged attempts whose intent stays vague or unknown, but nevertheless naturally conceals their own severity as innocuous through material objects (and advantage) over time and space; i.e., hiding the toxic waste in plain sight and in plain language, its rot normalized.

Under Capitalism as Patriarchal (thus Cartesian, settler-colonial and heteronormative), this becomes a linguo-material echo of coerced appeasement whose *cryptomimesis* can stealthily present as naturally-occurring and unmanipulated to *avoid* consumer suspicion. This conceals less Amazons and more the instrumentality and interactability they (re)present; i.e., as used by the elite to influence how people think, but also conceal manipulations happening behind the

scenes: the plying of useful servants with unfair advantage, and consumers with illusions that promise empty suggestions of these things; re: gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss (another focus of Chapter Four). Representation = assimilation.

Blame complicit cryptonymy. Under neoliberalism, *any* product is a general cryptonym if it linguistically frames Capitalism as "benign," the free market "bloodless." Forget the girl holding the prop; even a can of Coke is a cryptonym that hides genocide! Merely existing as is, it remains a damning testament to larger hidden atrocities beyond itself that it "fails" in spectacularly mundane fashion to convey (a reality useful to those profiting off seemingly innocuous things, saying the obvious to benefit themselves: "A can of Coke *can't* lie, so why would we try?").

Conversely any cryptonym is *Gothic* if it becomes cliché in a Gothic sense; e.g., if a can of Coke magically glows red, drips blood, flies around to the sound of a theremin—or somehow links in a half-obvious way to some kind of toxin as transgenerational curse; i.e., that is downplayed, concealed, or otherwise denied to the viewer *despite* active investigation of it. If it becomes a toxic barrel—or if a toxic barrel is cartoonishly scapegoated for larger social issues that *weren't* directly caused by literal toxic barrels and nothing else—then that still reflects the paranoid mind as trying to assign a *regular* image of danger to a feeling of danger with no *immediate* source. Violence remains a way of life to interrogate through theatre.

To it, the actual marker may be wrong but still serves a purpose beyond blind profit and systemic waste. In short, it can be reclaimed by campy agents like Mercedes the Muse; i.e., recognizing superhero schlock as Amazons routinely yield up: as *potentially* hairy whistleblowers swimming in *doubled* waste.

Toxicity Refrain: Finding Worth in Waste (while playing with it)

To play is to double, during calculated risk. Whether that purpose is to ring genuine alarm bells or one that profits off a manufactured crisis (or one of these things happening in response to the other) depends entirely on context, which must



be dialectically-materially examined—additionally in a Gothic mindset if Gothic symbols *are* present (which they often will be, seeing as they're incredibly common):

(exhibit 77: Toxic waste appears as the classic marker for decay but one which capital sells; i.e., as a consumable that, per the cryptonymy process, remains demonstrably "edible" within media. It becomes a perverse intimacy with what has become alien waste; i.e., nature serving as capital's toxic cumdump in ways workers can camp despite commodification: to utilize entropy for sight: toxic foresight through Marx' dead generations. Green is the color of money, envy and decay as fake/not fake—the return of the living dead [and waste as profit death] rising up from where

the bodies are buried to reckon with capital: as shocked awake through toxic irony bleeding chaos back into the vacuum, mid-rememory [re: "[The Roots of Trauma](#)"].)

This "cursing" is Radcliffean; i.e., corporations having grown aware of activists having spotted a larger problem, both sides writing songs that cryptonymically ring alarm bells. Warning of *rising* toxic levels, doing so warns the general population; i.e., in ways that *won't* draw attention and censorship from the powerful but also not expose *them*, depending. The material interests at play conceal not just the leak, then, but the structure that holds it from said population as revealing through "noise pollution" safe to consume but speaking to what isn't:

- System of a Down's "[B.Y.O.B.](#)" deliberately contrasts "beer" with "bombs" and "party-time" with "fascism" and "war" to say the quiet part out: "We're all living in a fascist nation," one that "always sends the poor."
- Rammstein's "[Amerika](#)" highlights American cultural Imperialism through the seemingly mundane, commercialized things that announce it: "We're all living in Amerika, Coca-Cola, sometimes war."
- or Trey Parker and Matt Stone's "[America, Fuck Yeah!](#)" doing something similar, but with a much longer list of objects that seemingly *don't* belong together: "Liberty, Pop-eye, valium; Bed, Bath and Beyond(?)," etc.

In cloaked urgency ("a sort of scream" shouted in code), all announce *conspicuous* implications—of semi-hidden trauma as intimating a general failure or systemic disorder *with* Gothic elements: the home as alien, toxic, fallen. Foretold [by Joy Division](#) in 1979 Britain, and in 2001 America by System of a Down, neoliberal entropy catalyzed behind but also *upon* the illusion; e.g., the liminal hauntology of war that *Amazons* call home: the return of phantom warriors like Autumn [or Virago](#) to grapple with state crisis/rot; e.g., [Andreas Marshall's shadowy Sodom mascot](#).

To that, fear of neoliberal state-corporate repression all but demands elaborate strategies of misdirection (re: Jameson) whose splendid protest—in a more general, linguistic sense—touch riotously on *poorly* concealed entropy while also concealing themselves as revolutionary cryptonyms playing at generic, delicious garbage: metal songs, ghost stories, campy B-movies—all behaving and presenting as outrageous commodities sold by everyone and consumed by all, but whose "critical trash" elements highlight an old-but-useful function of the Gothic in *recent* times: to warn of genuine hidden danger in covert-yet-conspicuous popular stories, generally concerned with abject, ergo hedonistic, forbidden appetites.

Revelation and apocalypse stem from appetite as undead. From society *made* toxic through profit as a system of death (re: "[Police States](#)"), people love to eat, fuck, rock out, and do drugs (which are all toxic to *some* degree). Yet canon discourages inquiries beyond tolerated consumer models. Some people gorge to escape extermination by state bodies; revolutionaries, to *defy* state criminogenesis pimping nature until *all* are toxic in ways that *can't* be ignored or recuperated:

when the Imperial Boomerang sails home, [that's where agent orange burns](#) (with genocide endemic to profit through settler-colonial models; see: [Wolfe](#)).

A fear of inheritance, then, concerns replacement by a dark double/abject impostor family that corrupts the nuclear model (e.g. Jeff Daniels vs the spider couple in *Arachnophobia*, 1990). And if Gothic classically deals in fear—to further abject by exposing and killing the alien during settler colonialism chattelizing the ghost of genocide—then reversing abjection reminds the anxious American (or any imperialist living in denial) that *their* home is false; i.e., invasion is a *structure* (re: Wolfe) haunted by Radcliffean fears of revenge for having replaced nature already. The Medusa is inseparable from her Aegis—a sexual agent whose doomsday weapon of terror and its grim reminder (of a black planet; re: [Shapiro](#)) assaults viewers during mirror syndrome; i.e., with some element of toxic glee and delight: resisting to the bitter end when others (re: token Amazons) did not.

To it, the sex, drugs and rock 'n roll of Amazons become a revolutionary outlet—of "letting one's hair down" (or growing out one's bush). This includes living through artistic recreations of mind-opening activities; i.e., that cryptonymically return to toxic modes of art *before* punk was pacified; re: by neoliberalism into a dumb, *unthinking* mode, *postpunk* an altered state tied to an older time that flirts with reinvented symbols of danger and corruption (re: "[Magic, Drugs and Acid Communism](#)"). Waste isn't just the presence of decaying whores, but their *revenge* when repurposed by rebels to avenge Medusa while shouting "choke on it!"

So whereas complicit "toxic waste" can turn people into brainless zombies that eat revolutionaries alive, *revolutionary* "toxic waste" can turn "normal girls" into toxic, sexy avengers(!); e.g., tromettes who detect and reject the systems disguised toxins by "shitting them out" through *reverse* abjection (while crudely reminding us how a massive dump can feel good sometimes—decolonizing so-called "male humor" in the process). Pick your poison, then pull a Zofloya!

In keeping with the cryptonymy process pointing to society as *made* toxic by capital, Mercedes is a vulgar display of power—one who makes proud trashy art and won't take no shit (the puns never stop); reminds people that yes, girls shit (the revelation a creep deterrent); and whose gross superpowers absorb toxins to serve a critical, *transformative* role: to make people *into* activists, whose own iconoclastic media "avenges" the societal wrongs of America through the camp tradition of abject, mainstream "failure" and rejection (that still gets your attention, usually with crude sex). It's a brand to recognize, but thanks to its reverse-abject

flavor never really loses its noxious critical bite or (deeply crude) sense of humor among the sexy nostalgia:



(exhibit 78: Artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#) is less figuratively toxic [as much of this symposium has been] and more literal. For one, she fights for the right

to hawk [tua] one's content at venues that don't exclude or gatekeep through expensive fees. They blow butt bubbles with radioactive sludge that—for all its ickiness—actually reverses abjection; i.e., versus Autumn's tastier veneer furthering abjection as a matter of profit raping nature by pacifying worker brains; re: [praxial inertia](#). Fetishes have power according to what is alien being controlled by state forces reclaimed by us: as commonplace fetishes; i.e., acquired tastes, but also mergers of appetite with nausea for an unheimlich flavor on purpose. It takes the gag reflex and subverts it into a thought response; it achieves value despite being worthless/recuperated by capital, something to "let out" versus escape into.)

In Volume Zero, I call this "dated" wisdom **the Wisdom of the Ancients** (re: "[On Giving Birth](#)"); and in Volume Two, examined William Blake's "doors of perception" as acid-Communist (re: "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)"). In this sense, trashy art conveys not just learning *how* to think, but thinking as trippy artistic expression: loaded with toxic paradoxes and cryptonyms—about the world in a socio-material way that opens the mind *through* individual creative expression tied to liberating communal energies that have fun through rebelling in iconoclastic ways. Its burns!

For us, these revelations occur relative to capital's bourgeois Superstructure as *closing* people's minds. To counteract Capitalism, emancipatory hauntology and revolutionary cryptonymy combine with popular modes of artistic expression and collaboration; i.e., that serve as a powerful Amazonian means of *counteracting* canon. Being artistically active means having to think for oneself, *not* being dependent on the hoarded power of neoliberal corporations to make your art and do your thinking for you. Whatever the exhibit, they *want* you blind while looking at it, but toxicity's smokescreen serves different goals, Pygmalion's or Galatea's.

"Toxic Schlock" supports revolutionary cryptonymy as effectively using the power of art—including toxic, seemingly *backwards* art—as self-expression to help sex workers liberate themselves from exploitation under Capitalism! Despite the fetish gear Mercedes wears, she's functionally the opposite of a cop; i.e., by anisotropically reversing the usual terror/counterterror flow of power during dialectical-material scrutiny when beholding *her* art (and ass) as iconoclastic: sloshing out apple-flavored dollops of toxic ooze! Your jizz is mine!

(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))



Through this cryptonymic expression, workers like Mercedes and I can show the world separately and together that we are human—not things to be exploited and cast aside, but people to have fun with in canonically discouraged ways that nevertheless produce good material works. In turn, these creations—however trashy *they* seem—can demonstrably enrich,

prepare and safeguard everyone; i.e., by helping them imagine worlds beyond Capitalism, a system forcing workers into rigid gender hierarchies before exploiting them for their labor out of punitive psychosexual revenge (re: the pimp's).

Sometimes, escaping Capitalism requires transforming old clichés like the muse, where—instead of cis women being the keepers of denied sexual knowledge and inspiration—they become sex-positive *de facto* educators; re: gorgons. Thereupon, gender expression and sexuality might open up through *idiosyncratic* expressions of sexual preference that go in either direction. Meanwhile, the artist, producer and consumer can say broader important things about the material world—statements that sadly require parallel societies to exist inside; i.e., "freely sexual" = sexuality freed through an expression of mutual consent that appreciates the body of the sex worker and, by extension, their work "dancing in the ruins."

Furthermore, this requires having access to trustworthy spaces where one *feels* safe existing inside; i.e., without fear of violent persecution or shame from other inhabitants thinking women's bodies are essential sources of sin and disgust (extending to GNC people, which we'll explore in Chapter Three). Sometimes, that connection starts with a simple flush of excitement, be that some mutually consensual nudes, a drawing of your favorite videogame character looking sexy and free, or some other sexual, "hairy cavegirl/cavegirl-in-furs" fantasy brought to life: nature as alien, therefore toxic to empire's culmination of replacement; i.e., David's "sometimes, to create, you must destroy" (re: "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)") versus Theodor Herzl (founding father of Zionism): "If I wish to substitute a new building for an old one, I must demolish before I construct" ([source](#): "The Jewish State"); re, Wolfe: "settler colonialism destroys to replace" ([source](#): "Settler Colonialism and the Elimination of the Native," 2006), which canonical building synonymizes *with* genocide. The hero, synonymous with rape, demands a whore *to* rape each and every time. Nothing *else* is sacred, so camp it!



(exhibit 79: Artist, top-left: [Juliette Michele](#); top-right: [Monori Rogue](#); bottom-left: [Quinnvincible](#); bottom-right: [Quinnvincible](#).)

In this sense, art as active thought (through the generation of material markers that assist in emancipatory imagination) happens by creatively working with classically controlled and cryptonymic language to *avoid* replacement, hence destruction. These become an avenue that, once taken, helps one learn what they want through "corroding fires" (re: Blake); *this* happens in relation to love as something sold cryptonymically to people: as clients by corporations, who sell people's actual urges to them dressed up as "love," while also downplaying the systemic abuse that industrialized sex (and brains) on autopilot *tend* to produce; re: rape and the abuse of sexual trauma more broadly *into* toxic waste. Behind canon, people's desires must be explored and investigated—generally through real life as informed by older popular stories,

but also the distant worlds they invoke coming home to roost. True to Gothic, the deeper, hidden context of these "dumpsite spectres" confront viewers at the *surface* level; i.e., through "spectral" counterfeits of *unknown origin and intent*.

Often, the locational, cosmetic and performative tropes are plain to see (the BDSM dungeon or master/slave *inside* said dungeon), but still must be explored in relation to someone who is still figuring out *what* they want—who doesn't know but wants to find out on the glowing trail. By using art as a means of social-sexual exchange (which porn is), the ambiguous, oft-ambivalent variations can become helpful or harmful to universal liberation: by uncannily getting our attention.

The trick with cryptonymy is actively engaging with the material on hand through open-minded caution; i.e., often by making it, yourself—by code-switching or otherwise being a living part of the thinking process that art (thus porn) embodies. As something to pursue and understand in relation to oneself and one's desires, *Sex Positivity* allows for sex, but also romance and intimacy as "dark." All can be fun and good depending on what someone needs, but the *pursuit* remains dangerous for all *under* state control: people who *don't* think for themselves, and whose inflexibly "bad readings" of toxic things sold to them by state-corporate authors *don't* care about the consequences. Indeed, they *cover them up* in pursuit of profit, leading to BDSM "horror stories" of the *everyday* sort: bad play and power abuse that may or may not be performed by accident; i.e., "he *seemed* cool" but either *really* didn't know what he was doing or knew *exactly* what he was doing.

In other words, these "accidents" could occur through intentional trickery! All produce a kind of "Radcliffean chaff" under Capitalism, one whose collateral damage bleeds into the social-sexual world that screens and clouds people's ability to think clearly or for themselves; and standing in the wings, corporations will peddle *their* poisonous drugs to "combat" the issue (re: "[Healing from Rape](#)" and fighting poison with poison; we'll reexplore this in Chapters Two and Three).

Beyond Mercedes, Mugi, Mercy or *Metroid*, then, let's quickly examine rock

operas—i.e., as part of the same larger fur(r)tive, toxic rebellion—before moving on.



Rock Operas: the Last Bastions of Camp

(exhibit 80: Top- and middle-left: Blue Öyster Cult; middle-right: King Diamond and Ghost; bottom-left [source](#); bottom-right [source](#).)

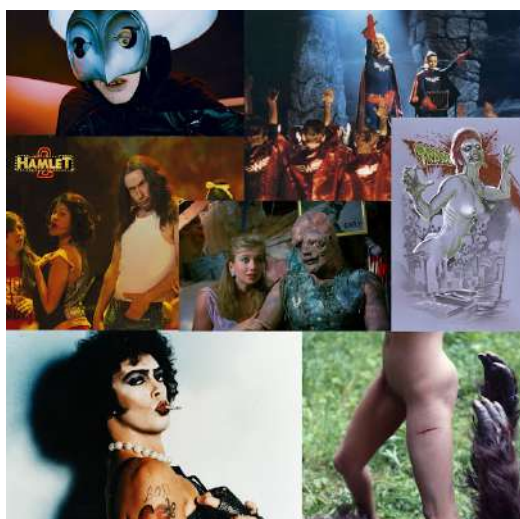
Goth rock/rock operas, like Amazons, romance the gutter as a kind of "dark jungle" married to civilization in crisis with its own radioactive inheritance. As a kind of "ghost

hunt" excavation, their cryptonymy involves the finding of things to display

artistically afterward: "art house" performance art, but also the "live show" as a kind of rock opera⁸³ or "ghost rock" that lasts entire careers; i.e., by swapping out parts and players like the Ship of Theseus as people come and go (age and die), and spawning endless Frankensteinian "copycats" (Ghost vs King Diamond vs Blue Öyster Cult, etc—with King Diamond citing he didn't feel Ghost copied him, [but were spiritually closer to Blue Öyster Cult](#) [Metal Hammer, 2022]—an effect, I would argue, stems from them making the hauntology "their own"). All are the promise of secret knowledge gleaned through activities either widely-accepted as fun (rock concerts) or a facetiously "toxic" place to learn new clandestine things about niche subjects (the art house); some combine the two (goth rock, Post Punk, Darkwave, etc), "[Doing the Time Warp](#)" to conjure up frank-but-wacky conversations about sex and the supernatural: "meatloaf" for the masses, medicine for the mad aware of civilization's pendulum (recursive) Giger counter. It's very Camus, smiling at the gods to camp what is historically-materially pre-determined.

At times, this involves the metaphor of parallel space (the chronotope); i.e., as something to not only return to, but already occupied by potentially hostile forces (the trope of the tyrant's ghost concealed inside the buried closed space and all its chronotopic markers). King Diamond lives for that shit, but so does Meatloaf,

⁸³ A genre that lends itself to camp, some wacky cinematic examples include *The Phantom of the Paradise* (about a zombie music producer, 1974), *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (about a transsexual transvestite from Transylvania named after a penis-shaped food object, 1975), *Lisztomania* (features zombie Hitler and Nazi Wonder Women, 1975) and *Hamlet 2* (features Christ, also a zombie, 2008). However, these kinds of productions don't require *actual* songs—only a "zombie rock, Monster Mash" kind of *attitude*—compensating for their conspicuous *lack* of music with equally conspicuous, trashy monster sex; e.g., *La Bête* (features a white, good-girl-gone-bad "maiden" having doggystyle sex with a giant, black, well-endowed monster in a dark forest, 1975; re: exhibit 47b2: "[Non-Magical Detectives](#)"), *The Toxic Avenger* (features a deformed, muscle-bound monster who saves a blind girl who falls in love with him to camp *Frankenstein*, 1984), *Return of the Living Dead* (features a literal girl-named-Trash who wants to "be eaten alive by old men" and gets eaten by zombies instead, 1985). All are poking fun at sexual tropes, or dissecting them in abject ways that desire to explore forbidden sex; i.e., sex forbidden to them *by* capitalists (shown onscreen as evil patriarchs).



(exhibit 81: Artist, far-mid-right: [Mark Bloodsworth](#).)

Jim Sharman or anyone making their own haunted houses, survival horrors, Metroidvania, rock operas, etc (the idea being to conjure up the buried thing summoned from the collective wreckage *with* sinful music; e.g., "[Fierce Battle](#)" from *FF6* effectively evoking the Medusa to banish, Radcliffe-style, *after* she rocks out... and which Blue Öyster Cult's "[The Alchemist](#)" *cryptomimetically* evokes the same counterfeit's ghost).

From a revolutionary standpoint, these various commodities become a liminal form of praxial compromise inside our *currently* toxic society—to avoid forced suicide when speaking truth to power (comparable to Socrates and hemlock; see: [Existential Comics](#)). Instead, counterculture artists tend to blow the whistle like Jonathan Swift; i.e., playing the role of *splendide mendax*, who tell their sexy lies for universal liberation while *also* getting paid: to live under Capitalism while breaking its Realism. While these elaborate strategies of misdirection help people see through the insulating bullshit capital installs, you still have to package it a particular way to get *widespread* distribution; e.g., like Lucas did with *Stars Wars* (re: "[The Future Is a Dead Mall](#)"): "Help me, Obi-Wan Kenobi; you're my only hope!" was the ghost of a girl speaking to the audience through the hero inside a retro-future space Western, the antiwar allegory buried *somewhere* inside the same old rock operas pimped by Pygmalion's *anti*-stewardship!

The conscious intent or total awareness of all of these things—while certainly good—is spottily achieved; i.e., by "hysterically" tracing the source while fumbling in blind terror at hidden, haunted things slowly choking society until liberation *hopefully* occurs (re: "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)"). Beyond the original Neo-Gothic, it happened more recently with Black Sabbath as a geopolitical response to the Vietnam War—meaning when the state met protests with physical violence *again* (a fact hauntologized by the same band's riotous nature in the '80s; re: "[The Mob Rules](#)," 1981). And once history repeated again, the return was also altered; the bourgeois response evolved, seeking to pacify the public in ways they recuperated—i.e., in the visually-immediate sense: canonical propaganda dressed up as "counterculture," to better arrest the mind's protective mechanisms by gradually *lowering* peoples' guards; re: Amazon subjugation, from Samus to Ivy!

This wasn't done through some totalitarian sense of "achieved omnipotence" or endless skill and guile. *That* would give those who run these structures too much credit. Indeed, as time goes on, the structures would make those who own them less required to even *be* clever at all. They could just default to brute-force power plays; i.e., by using media to control *how* people respond, then tracking *that* by watching the numbers. Moreover, the behavior of the state and its proponents routinely amounts to less cunning and more ruthlessness; i.e., an intuitive understanding of people and how they think, thus predict how they react through responses to language as something to keep tabs on through the marketing of automated art. Canon—and pacified people's subservience to it as unthinking—is merely convenient those whose Superstructure controls their victims through media

the elite design and distribute through the Base: the factories, giant studios, sports stadiums, rock arenas, but also television and phone networks, the Internet, etc, as pimping fear (which queer folk must camp to make gay life bearable).



(artists: Peter Corrison and Dave Heffernon)

In a modern response to songs like those listed earlier (themselves over two decades old by now), corporations will create their own "blinding archaeologies," and often with the veiled threats of yesterday packaged inside nostalgia, inside nostalgia; i.e., snapshots of decimation whose box art (and side effects) announce power as protection through forced medicating ideas: a Nazi nurse holding you down to sterilize you. This final victory is a lie, the Amazon *cop* an "ancient discovery" (re)made to police capital-as-toxic!

To it, cops serve the state by canonizing the *masses*. The same way that America the nation-state and corporations [once joined forces to reinvent the past of the Space Race](#) (Renegade Cut's "Who Won the Space Race?" 2022), their current reunion rejoins those linguo-material tactics within state cryptonymies, hauntologies and chronotopes furthering abjection. Dug up and reassembled to produce similar obfuscating means, these Venus twins counteract the flow of emancipatory ghost stories, countercultural political anthems, and various revolutionary cryptonyms; e.g., the American War on Terror as a threat of constant invasion from outside, in: as fought by the increasingly valorized and incredibly violent mercenaries—killers-for-hire with bad reputations, breaking the law and bragging about it while having their misdeeds advertised in ways that transform or otherwise downplay their severity. Politicians abbreviate dogma into mendacious soundbites that sanitize state barbarism; i.e., all at once; e.g., savagely "canoeing" Bin Laden—which happened through a covert military operation that openly violated international law and furthered an already-endless war in the Middle East—became pithily reduced to the polite, sanitized phrase of an urbane, neoliberal war merchant known for selling drones: "Ladies and gentleman, we got him." Obama sucked—a token stooge relying on Seussian caricature *to* kill (re: "[Green Eggs and Ha\(r\)m](#)").

Told through manufactured nostalgia, consent and lies, any president's doing so parallels *more* fictionalized variants that, when combined, become just another fabled, dishonest way to depict the past as politically emptied versus charged via the same lies. Not all that glooms is Gothic, though. Brick by brick, the charnel houses lose the very critical power needed to announce tyrants; i.e., reduced commercially as linguistically dead, empty "Gothic" metaphors that cultivate the Superstructure into a giant prison. Housing revolutionary *sentiment* as toxic, the canonical aim concentrates revolution through menticide; i.e., as pacified, but also policed by a paranoid in-group. As a vital means of mental escape, parallel societies

become impossible—or at the very least, heavily contested by state counterfeits *and* their defenders—the *moment* canon starts to sell its own decay as "normal"; it starts to crumble, followed by a terrible death knell: of children playing among the cheap toxic wreckage, scrambling through the hellish sugar piles: dumb-as-bricks, mendacious-for-the-elite gingerbread playgrounds—where no one *actively* resists or *secretly* imagines a world *beyond* Capitalism. Instead, the ruin becomes "enough," anything that threatens said Realism wholly unwelcome, thus pimped.



(artist: [Antoine Wiertz](#))

Such "accidents" historically-materially regularize, with suggestions to the contrary being gaslit. For instance, "to get it into one's head" can cast guilt—i.e., they got it into their *own* head—or merely describe the consequence of something else. In response to a bourgeois Superstructure, the premature burial becomes ordinary and welcomed by ordinary people through a Trojan Horse they seemingly "got" themselves: a ghostly or demonic possession, a zombie or vampire bite, etc, mid-opera(tion). A constantly self-conditioning and perpetuating loop, those inside will not only bury *themselves*; they will bury others along with them who are trying to escape, but whose compelled internment (our focus being sex workers in particular) happens along reactionary and moderate routes. Traced by canon's Amazonian copaganda and its hauntological/cryptonymic proponents fostering "personal responsibility" (a useful "Plan B" tactic when things start to collapse and neoliberals need a scapegoat *to* abject), the holocaust appears outside itself: during the liminal hauntology of war (often a castle), one that reflects the toxic shock of diabetic sugar levels and "rabid" moral panic. Once decay sets in, capital turns toxic, taking the Fat Lady to the streets for summary execution.

Yet, in the absence of total control, the elite rely on workers to self-police; re: Autumn's *Amazonomachia*. Unfortunately the enforcers act as much in bad faith as hypnosis (more on this in Chapter Four). The effect is functionally the same, but thanks to cryptonymy's monstrous duality (as fragmented; re: *cryptomimesis*), you never know *quite* who you're dealing with, or to what severity. The masquerade becomes a hot mess, consigning the incarcerated to fiery oblivion; i.e., as the structure collapses, then catches on fire. To dodge the chemical blaze, liberation happens through cryptonymy reclaimed "on the Aegis" (re: Chapter Five).

Fascism sees society making sick things that *become* toxic. So while sex, drugs and rock 'n roll are fine when used in moderation/divorced from profit, the bourgeois examples (and their complicit cryptonymies) must cease. Liberation (of the Medusa) happens by camping lobotomized Amazons, hence challenging Autumn Ivy (and similar bad actors functioning as cops); i.e., as I have done, but also Mercedes the Muse and Mugiwarara working separately and together! We walk among

our enemies, who look like us and vice versa—using the same hairy bodies, goth aesthetics, raw sugar and toxic schlock syndrome to further or reverse abjection (thus profit)!



(artists: [Mercedes the Muse](#), [Autumn Ivy](#)/[Wolfhead at Night](#), and [Mugiwara](#))

As we have discussed, this includes hair as abject, but also things of the bathroom and bedroom we *haven't*

talked about here (e.g., poop and pee as something to hold and release through predator/prey fetishes and rough play interrogating trauma and confused safety/danger); i.e., combined with the Amazon's masc/femme but also sex/war hyphenations, taboo theatrics, and pointedly fear-based animal mechanisms, etc. All become something to witness; i.e., in ways whose preceptive *potential* survives corporate environments bleeding toxic waste among workers already being social animals—who then relate through sex and force like that of Amazons (non-toxic virgin/whore with trace amounts), the Medusa (toxic whore) and their combined monstrous-feminine revenge *during* the rock opera: as half-real *Amazonomachia* comparable to Metroidvania (or any romanticized brothel scenario) as haunted by Patriarchal agents (undead or otherwise) poisoning the well!

So blow the whistle, not the bourgeoisie; be the hairy fairy or tasty junker queen that actively *fertilizes* critical thought (re: Mugiwara's chonky ferret bod and Mercedes' fat trompette ass, above). Through a toxic aesthetic that yields perceptive garbage, direct your anger and cryptonymy towards harmful varieties that harm us through unironic poison (re: Autumn's Slurm-can pussy)! Indulge if you must (re: Anita Sarkeesian), but make the latter your cherry on top; i.e., critique what you consume *to* camp it. The body is a slogan whose power the state takes from us (re: sex and monsters). Luckily it's where we take such things *back*. State guerrillas, Autumn Ivy? We're the real deal, developing Communism paradoxically through fakes as the Gothic do—though the animality of written language evoking animal responses: vaso vagal fight-or-flight confusion as toxic joy during calculated risk!

So ends "Toxic Shlock" and Chapter One. Now that we've reached the *end* of Chapter One, and covered much of proletarian praxis at length, we've covered most of the basic tools and terms (of creative success) we'll use for the rest of the volume. We'll revisit Gothic counterculture. For now, it's a canvas to paint yourselves with anything on hand; i.e., during as[s]ymmetrical warfare: the whore coated in toxic "slime" (cum or otherwise, next page) to paradoxically empower her



as *the* toxic cryptonym/ghost of the counterfeit. Poison was the cure! "My beautiful wickedness!" Play is power performing peril.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Except while everyone loves the whore (coated in various things), the state controls sex *as* play *through* force (the Imperium's ancient language); i.e., to quell howling voices regarding rape; re: power *happens* while speaking out, meaning about rape while performing it to *have* the whore's revenge—by playing *with* waste as a cryptonym *of* capital *to* wear *on* one's skin. So-called "toxic" waste, for example, performs metaphorically to things *comparable* to raw chemicals; i.e., as biohazards; e.g., shit *as* waste, but also *wasted* cum (above) sugarcoating lies for different reasons, a kind of trigger through code. Reclaim these! Fuck to metal, thus hyphenate what is needed through ironically toxic sex; camp the sacred to set Medusa free *while* in chains—by taking the Aegis *back* upon its fat fleshy self; re:

Medusa's weapon (and revenge) as dead whore is speaking out about her rape (re: "[Policing the Whore](#)"), exploitation and liberation on the same stage as things to parse [...] Gothic is a space to be bold, then, but pointedly for those camping their *own* holocausts' profound survival ([source](#): "An Interview with Delilah Gallo").

From Perseus slaying Medusa into American Amazons, Capitalism sexualizes everything *while* alienizing it (re: "[Thesis Body](#)"); i.e., as a fetish to attack and exterminate on loop. This grants the whore's *open* sexuality a raw toxic veneer whose own Numinous might—by virtue of endless revenge—only enrages nature even more; i.e., in carrion-flower ways that, while caustic, bleeds *onto* our foes:

make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose ([source](#)).

Beyond toxic waste, Medusa's monstrous-feminine blood grows comely and caustic; re: [the caterpillar and the wasp](#) yielding acid *cudgels* among the cum that curdles state bloodlines while preserving its own ("It's got a wonderful defense mechanism; you don't dare kill it!"); i.e., by embracing the push-pull *poetry* of such things. As capital decays, any pretense of positivity from the colonizer becomes coercion from the pimp, said pimp's *offshoots* expected to infiltrate and slay Medusa's hybrid proclivities. And while class animus goes *both* ways (a topic for Chapter Three, onwards), we'll examine the opposite end of sex positivity next, in Chapter Two.

Love Is a Long Road: Summarizing the Rest of the Volume

"You'd be surprised at the things you find when you go looking."

—Dr. Richard Powell, *The Void* (2016)



(artist: [Gravillis Inc.](#))

Before we break on through into the rest of the volume, I want to summarize the flow of the four remaining chapters in relation to the first. Thus far, we've explored empathy, informed consumption, *de facto* education and descriptive sexuality as many of the praxial goals that Gothic Communism seeks to achieve through dialectical-material analysis and creative successes thereof. To highlight cultural appreciation's function as the final element of Gothic Communism's iconoclastic praxis, we'll need to examine *appreciative irony* in Gothic counterculture. However, because these sex-positive ironies challenge coercive historical norms, we'll need to outline what those norms are, first: canonical praxis. Canonical and iconoclastic praxis constitute the extreme, right-and-left poles to oppositional praxis, for which there is near-endless liminalities that exist in between.

Moving forward, then, Chapter Two sheds light on Gothic canon's drug-like, unironic forms, including canonical actors who author, distribute or consume abjection, carceral hauntologies/cryptonyms and complicit cryptonyms within the status quo (which you got a taste of just now, with Autumn); from there, Chapter

Three stresses the "grey area" of liminality through crossing past boundaries into uncertain, chaotic thresholds—i.e., how the appreciative irony of countercultural Gothic ambivalence and emancipatory hauntology counter the canonical weaponization of monsters, including its production of sexist, entitled men with small imaginations (re: "weird canonical nerds" but especially Caleb Hart); Chapter Four examines the genocidal "pushback" from canonical-praxial groups inside the fog of war and how to spot them incognito (fascist feminists wearing popular hauntological disguises and employing general/Gothic cryptonyms in bad-faith—i.e., bad-faith/zombie-vampire "witches" and undead warriors, etc; e.g., Ian Kochinski, The Liver King and Natalie Wynn, etc); and Chapter Five proposes further defensive/offensive measures when combating genocide during liminal expression, using the cryptonymic disguises of neoliberalism/fascism to achieve revolutionary outcomes (re: Trojan furies, witches, zombies, etc).

To hug the Medusa, we need to confront those who don't; i.e., we're on the

culmination of a dark doorway into alien realms under attack by domestic forces pimping the ghost of the counterfeit to further abjection. Let's step on through...



(model and artist [the black star is from Tangerine Dream's 1970 *Zeit* album]: [Mugiwara](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Chapter Two: Sex Coercion. "Under the Influence"—Sex Coercion under Zombie Capitalism, Including Bad Drugs and Voluntary Lobotomy

*Unholy dreams,
Demented schemes
Inside the mind
Can't seem to find
The key ([source](#)).*

—Mark Shelton; "Dementia," on Manilla Road's *The Deluge* (1986)



(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Capitalism is not your friend, nor the nation-state; nor are neoliberals, establishment politicians, members of the paramilitary (the "arms" of the law) or other canonical defenders of the status quo that consume and cherish copaganda. The state is always in crisis. On one hand, the wreckage and media make in their wake makes you *suspicious* from various ambiguous markers of caution, trauma and danger tied to clichés that obscure real-world abuses resulting from complex,

transgenerational issues that affect how people interact on a social-sexual level between oscillating dialectical-material forces: for or against Capitalism its allies. On the other, Capitalism makes others *suspicious* of you by turning you into zombies and witches (we'll examine vampires and various hybrids in Chapter Four).

In this situation, it behooves one to think on their feet and be active and aware; but also to be on one's toes when trauma and danger are near—their markers produced by neoliberals, but also from people you'll normally encounter under Capitalism. Not supernatural undead beings as not-of-this-earth, but ordinary people who will burn your ass alive, rape you, or lock you up and throw away the key if they think you're a witch who threatens the system (say nothing of bad-faith witches and counterfeits, which we'll explore more deeply in Chapter Four). Such persons are made, and resisting them often involves disguising oneself or performing roles that are standardized. We'll examine these standardized roles ironically performed at the end of the chapter and in Chapter Three; then look at revolutionary cryptonyms in Chapter Five. For now we'll look at the persons you must be careful of and how they're made more generally (looking at weird canonical nerds in Chapter Three before looking at genocide as a consequence of this etiology of hate in Chapter Four).

Like a bad drug or knife to the skull, Capitalism will fuck you up. A common carceral-hauntological side effect is an inability to imagine under Capitalism's influence; a horror of this side effect is doing awful things *while being unable to remember what, how or why*. The etiology of this murderous torpor includes

- taking "bad drugs" supplied by state-corporate heteronormative canon, whose stupefying playgrounds help the audience to forget the "hypernormal" cognitive dissonance that emerges (which, [according to Adam Curtis' HyperNormalization](#), was re: originally a term used to describe the "whiplash" feelings of Soviet citizens during the 1980s—faced with the terrifying onset of societal collapse despite Soviet national propaganda having adopted neoliberal shock therapy and insisting that things were fine)
- being lobotomized (voluntarily or not) as a transgenerational curse that turns people into violent monsters—persons who not only think themselves immune, but want the zombification to continue through canonical praxis

This chapter uses Gothic Communism to articulate origins of canonical praxis, whose many, many symptoms—fascist monsters, purity phobias, stigmas, witch hunts and paradoxical homosociality (exhibit 82)—occur under Zombie-Vampire Capitalism's Superstructure.

- **"Witch Cops and Victims: Fetishized Witch hunters and -Hunted in the Ever-growing Police State" (feat. *Ion Fury*, *T2* and Reinhard**

Heydrich): Introduces the idea of token minorities in Gothic language; i.e., witch cops operating in bad faith.

- **"'Which Witch?'—'What is a Witch?' part one: An Example of Proletarian Witches in *The Last of Us*" (2023; also feat. *Myth and Everquest*):** A close-read of the gay couple from 2023's *The Last of Us*, considering the proletarian aspects to queer witches living under a decaying police state/zombie apocalypse (essentially a precursor to the "[Bad Dreams](#)" section from the Undead Module).
- **"Ruling through Fear: Dogma and Economics":** Briefly introduces the neoliberal execution of the Protestant ethic; i.e., through fear and dogma as a socio-economic model, one canonically guided by guilty (demonic) pleasures and coercive wish fulfillment.
- **"'Real Life': Toxic Love and Criminal Sexuality in True Crime" (feat. *Killing Stalking, Jeffery Dahmer and Ted Bundy*):** Considers toxic love, criminal hauntology and the demon lover (re: Ann Radcliffe); i.e., as worshipped through said hauntologies—specifically out of the 1970s and into neoliberalism's endless tenure pimping such things on a 24-hour news cycle.
- **"Gothic Ambivalence: Canonical Torture in the Internet Age; or the Wish Fulfillment of Guilty Pleasure, Bad Play and Sex-Coercive Demon BDSM" (feat. *Hellraiser*):** Considers, despite the prevalence of demon BDSM in canon, its Gothic ambivalence; i.e., in ways that we can take and demonstrably play with: as demonic *vis-à-vis* guilty pleasure and its wish fulfillment, mid-liminal-expression; e.g., Clive Barker's Cenobites from *Hellraiser* (1987) into more recent examples like Lilith from *Diablo IV* (2024).



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))



(exhibit 82: The Man2Man Alliance, [a real, early-2000s website](#) whose queernormative manifesto calls for cockrub warriors who, I shit you not, are the literal the "bussy police" [an internalized homophobic⁸⁴ which extends to TERFs, of course]. Divided and conquered by Capitalism, sex becomes scarce for token love soldiers, but also policed; their "prison sex" literally abjures anal sex in favor of the only acceptable form of erotic lovemaking: frottage. How's that for token canonical praxis?)

Note: These chapters discuss the etiology of praxis, for which there are many symptoms and strange pathologies (exhibit 82, above). The goal of these chapters isn't to catalog all of these symptoms, but outline germane examples that illustrate the basic etiology from

which all originate: Capitalism's bourgeois Superstructure. Much, much more than what I write in Volume Three is written about the zombie-like and vampire-like aspects of Capitalism that Volume Two's [Undead](#) and [Demon Modules](#) explore; i.e., in relation to the Six Rs, the Four Gs, the Gothic mode of expression, oppositional praxis, etc (this being said, I will be comparing weird canonical nerds in Chapters Three and Four to "homosocial frottage." Stay tuned!). —Perse, 4/23/2025

⁸⁴ One we've explored briefly in this series before; re (from "[Vampires and Claymation](#)," footnote):

I.e., internalized male homophobia; e.g., Cockrub Warriors demonizing anal sex, blaming feminine male homosexuality for weakness (re: the AIDS pandemic): "For the last 35 years anal sex has dominated gay male life. It's been a disaster. For 30 of those years our lives and the lives of the people we love have been consumed by an epidemic for which today there is still no cure and no vaccine" ([source](#): "Founder's Message," 2000).

Such problematic love (and the history of sodomy accusations) are explored further in "[Understanding Vampires](#)."

Witch Cops and Victims: Fetishized Witch hunters and - Hunted in the Ever-growing Police State (feat. *Ion Fury*, *T2* and Reinhard Heydrich)

*Fill my eyes with that double vision, no disguise for that double vision
Ooh, when it gets through to me, it's always new to me
My double vision gets the best of me ([source](#)).*

—Lou Gramm; "Double Vision," on Foreigner's *Double Vision* (1978)

The last section of Chapter One highlighted "love" as coercively counterfeited—mass produced by "banally" evil state-corporations who vampirically monopolize zombie-vampire violence by controlling people's views on real-world violence, specifically hidden violence as canonically depicted through cryptonymy as a process furthering abjection. This chapter segues into that; i.e., by giving a real-world and imaginary half-real example we've discussed before; re: *Ion Fury*, *T2* and Reinhard Heydrich.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Fascism is the merger of nation-state and corporation; re: "Toxic Schlock" minus any irony; i.e., through police violence as something to sell in DARVO and obscurantism—witch cops. Cops are apathetic; witch cops are apathetic towards their own through bad-faith oppression arguments functioning as police to brutalize the same-old targets of state extermination/replacement rhetoric.

As general cryptonyms, then, corporate products make consumers apathetic by literally having them buy into a sacred idea—that abuse is "just" part of the natural world, a sort of "nostalgic dogma" whose coercively fetishized witch hunts maintain the heteronormative Symbolic Order under Patriarchal Capitalism. Drugged and lobotomized, the unfriendly zombification of canonical praxis becomes Gothically cryptonymic, reliably treating women as sacrifices and throwing other marginalized groups to the dogs. Ostensibly binarized into non-witches vs witches, workers—tossed into or near the state of exception—actually become *universally fetishized* as hauntologized victims of state abuse: witch cops and witch victims as personified vice and sin within these complex ontological arrangements; i.e., they become ambiguously undead. As we've touched on, cops and *de facto* cops (deputized or vigilante)

fascists are action heroes in their own movies, gleefully acting out violent fantasies in service of the state—with masks, uniforms and lethal weapons, but also hauntological kayfabe like knights and gladiatorial personas as mirror-like; i.e., they are false revolutionaries who defend property before people, but present themselves as Greeks bringing gifts to the Trojans: with bad intent concealed behind an affable, often-monstrous façade that says, "I'm just like you."

This universal abuse is usually displaced and disguised, with everyone becoming a witch inside the state's punitive hierarchy of class traitors and chosen enemies: bourgeois witches and proletarian witches (which, again, I academically prefer over the popular label "good/bad" witches; these can become incredibly *obfuscating* during oppositional praxis, but feels wholly apposite during BDSM scenarios. "Proletarian girl!" just doesn't have quite the same ring to it as "good girl!" does when receiving that sweet, sweet, cum-inducing praise). These includes our aforementioned "good, bad and ugly" on either side of the fence

- To the right: centrists (the good guys); their witch-like heels, fascists (the bad guys); and TERF girl bosses "witches" (and other "ugly" compromises with power) who police their own minority communities like sex fiends (all cops are sex fiends, either raping everything around them or lying about it to others and themselves) during the infernal concentric pattern; i.e., open genocide and total war disguised in monomythic theatre.
- To the left: Sex workers, practicing wiccans and other constituents of iconoclastic praxis—"gossiping" to defend themselves, while disguising their communal/comrade defense with pastiche code-switching and constructive rage of guerrilla warfare of a sort unique to the Internet in manifestation if not principle: culture war as class war told through popular aesthetics, but especially nation/war pastiche as a kind of disguise pastiche/camp. The good, bad and ugly for revolutionaries invokes various forms of *compromised* empathy that would normally punch down against smaller and smaller states of exception (we'll see this when we look at transmedicalists and NERFs, for example, who go after low-hanging fruit but still get their bourgeois licks in despite their own abuse histories).

and unfold through (from Volume Zero/[the manifesto tree](#))

- **open aggression**, expressing gender trouble as a means of open, aggressive attack (disguised as "self-defense" reactive abuse): "We're upset and punching down is free speech" ("free speech" being code for "negative freedom for bigots who want to say bigoted things" to defend the elite's profit motive).

- **condescension**, expressing a moderate, centrist position that smarmily perpetuates the current status quo as immutable, but also optimal: "This is as good as it gets" but also which can never decay.
- **reactionary indignation**, using sex-coercive symbols (argumentation) to defend their unethical positions: "They're out to destroy your heroes, your fun, all you hold dear (code for 'the current power structure')."
- **DARVO** ("**Deny, Accuse, Reverse, Victim, Offender**"), defending the status quo by defending the people who enslave them (the elite) by going after the elite's enemies, thereby defending Capitalism during decay. When it decays, these "gamers" see "their" games in decay and will defend those, seeing human rights as an affordable compromise in the bargain. They see themselves (and the elite) as "victims," and class warriors as monsters "ruining everything" (like Satan).

according to state proponents. For them, we are the enemy as simultaneously being weak and strong but also correct and incorrect, mid-cryptonymy: the whore's



genocide and liberation tumbling in shrouded, anisotropic contest during liminal expression's shared surfaces and stages. Medusa is a bottomless cumdump overshadowed by colossal harm felt, and suitably reclaimed, in small:

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

We'll get back to *revolutionary* cryptonymy in Chapter Five. On the canonical side, binarized language has an overt racial flavor, with "white" witches standing ostensibly with the

West and black witches standing against "progress." However, fascism also appropriates the Puritan-black insignias and dogma in defense of the West, while neoliberals reappropriate them, appropriating the black witch as a kind of girl boss (which we'll examine in Chapter Four): the infernal concentric pattern being state apologia that enshrines state abuses inside a grand charnel house the middle class is expected to play around inside as false rebels. The basic thing to remember with all this praxial code-switching is that power defends itself. During oppositional praxis, all workers are exploited by canonical praxis, whose abjected cops and victims denote power abuse, colonized language, and a draconian hoarding of materials and culture: canonical gargoyles and the menticial depletion of emotional/Gothic intelligence and proliferation of "us-versus them" war and rape

that conceals the bourgeois men behind a concentric curtain (the outer fascist layers an easy scapegoat/tyrant fall guy/"Nazi punching bag" in centrist, Cycle-of-Kings narrations; but both turning on Communism as the ultimate apocalyptic threat to Capitalism, thus the elite's, existence).



(artist: Frank Frazetta)

In particular, canonical praxis sublimates "prison sex," portraying women as routine, imprisoned, and involuntary sacrifices for their monomythic, Conan-level "protectors." Frazetta's painting (above) encapsulates the ritual sacrifice in a fascist manner, showcasing a liminal-hauntological space with strong Gothic flavors: a drugged, ivory-skinned beauty being rescued by a brawny male "savior" (a colonial binary that also tremendously false: Men, especially cops and husbands, historically kill women, and traumatized women submit to suicidal

conditions under threat of force). While hero fantasies are perfectly fine under sex-positive, Gothic-Communist scenarios, canonical doubles must still be confronted once examined. Frazetta pointedly threatens the woman with a beak-nosed man-in-black (who owns apparently owns a pet crocodile and octopus, both chthonic animals associated with chimeric monsters like Lovecraft's infamous Cthulhu [an occult pun] and Ammit, Eater of the Dead from Ancient Egyptian underworld mythology). Frazetta's displaced composition belies the status quo that sexist people (and their batter targets) will undoubtedly recognize and endorse while imaginarily submitting to their assigned, pacified roles within it. To that, its cryptonymy is complicit—an assortment of dogwhistles endemic to Patriarchal Capitalism: rape, a general lack of agency and consent, anti-Semitic/Orientalist xenophobic tropes tied to canonical black magic, and ritual sacrifice, etc. These

canonical actors and props sell the product that turns us into monsters that are useful to Capitalism.

As established at the end of the previous chapter, the prescriptive attitudes that demonize descriptive sexuality must be challenged through appreciative irony *during the ritual*. However, before we can properly examine the performative nuance of ironic BDSM, as well as kinks and fetishes in Gothic, sex-positive counterculture (and their various revolutionary cryptonyms), the context of this irony needs to be explored through the problematic history it seeks to change: the *unironic* culture of fetishized witch hunts.

The next three sections outlines witch hunter fetish culture through

- its cryptonymic usage of constant moral panic to demonically fetishize both scapegoats and witch hunters alike, turning both into witches
- its victims, specifically an example of witches beyond what you might expect (we'll be examining the status-quo victims, white, cis-het women for the whole chapter)
- its overreliance on toxic love and criminal sexuality as an ideological structure enforced through fearful dogma and economics

In the sections that follow after these three, we'll explore the public fascination with, and exploitation of, this dogma through various guilty pleasures:

- rehabilitating abusers and worshiping serial killers in true crime
- fixating on demonic BDSM, kinks and fetishization exclusively as canonical wish fulfillment (the deliberate denial, thus attrition of sex-positive sexual desire and education)
- explaining how the chaotic, liminal thresholds of Gothic ambivalence allow future variants to become potentially sex-positive in a counterculture sense by actually teaching them proper BDSM, thus discipline and consent

First and foremost, unironic witch hunter canon uses weaponized, carceral hauntology to transform hunter and hunted into demonic fetishes useful to the state in police-like doubles (re: me, vis-à-vis Federici, "Policing the Whore"). Already passively heteronormative, canon turns cis-het (or token) girls and boys and enbies into unironic props of war and rape: war/rape fetishes; or—to borrowing from Volume One's "[knife dick](#)" analogy—the sword and the sheath. Genuine sexual pleasure not only becomes binarized, but conflated with physical, mental, and emotional trauma conveyed through canonical power abuse and disempowerment that turns workers into self-abusive monsters that weaken worker and class warfare agency by routinely pitting them against each other in psychosexual ways—bad fathers, play and bad education that nevertheless becomes holy through coercive

sublimation/internalization. Try to run and suddenly you can't fucking walk because you're standing on a knife's point, surrounded by fascist maniacs.



"Prison sex" and its fetishes becomes normal during Capitalism's various stages of decay and debridement. Not to be confused with kink, which denotes atypical, sexualized *activity* between two parties, fetishization is the deliberate act of *objectifying* oneself or someone else, often in a sexual way. Canon does this with using the appropriative peril of privatized nostalgia: gender trouble funneled into the state of exception.

To it, whereas consensual, negotiated fetishization and rape fantasy can happen inside sex-positive demonized spheres, canonical media purposefully normalizes toxic attitudes against *coercively* fetishized persons. In doing so, it unironically devalues the workers' basic human rights in defense of sacred hauntologies (canonical attitudes that trap people inside a particular vision of the idealized past) and moral panics whose sublimating function (the presence of emotionally manipulative monsters) is downplayed by the fascist alarm bells going off: "You're under attack!" In turn, sex-positive persons are "evil" demons, constantly threatening the greatness of a former time that needs to be restored by sacrificing them using the knife dick or the bullet while they try to stumble away in ridiculously uncomfortable (and weaponized) footwear.

However strange it might sound, the historical-material reality is that fascist love rape and violence tied to hauntological shows of force; the neoliberal loves centrist variants of the same "prison sex" mindset. Their assigned domestic victims—whether it's nice demons, good witches, black cats (void kitties) or proud, happy sluts—are humanized ironies inside the state of exception that cannot be fully contained. Hence, they must exist alongside, thus be exposed to sex-coercive

societal norms that have been callously designed to control them by turning their brethren into the blind, reactionary undead. Keep those beards close, ladies!

To be clear, witch hunts aren't single, isolated events ("Where you gonna go, where you gonna hide? Because there's no one like you left!"); they're an ongoing emergency stemming from a larger structure that reliably produces constant waves of terror through fetishized, sexually violent roles: the hunters and the hunted. Their combined, ongoing interactions coercively demonize the control that either has over their own bodies. The "Gothic Ambivalence" section will focus on the complex fetishization *outcome*; this section explains the general relationship between the witch hunters and those they victimize beyond themselves: the iconoclastic witches.



(exhibit 83a: Artist, top-left, artist: [Dcoda](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#); bottom-left, model and artist: [Delilah Gallo](#) [also bottom-right] and [Persephone van der Waard](#); photographer, right: [Rebecca Trumbull](#) from her "Halloween Themed Photo Shoot. Five Witches" [2018]. Proletarian witches not only embody sex-positivity but strive towards universal liberation through stewardship with nature as its dark protectors; i.e., a closer proximity to nature and the veil between the living and the dead through reclaimed/reclaim Pagan hauntologies: Samhain [aka Halloween] and similar rituals of the harvest, of spring and the solstices. Unlike Gozer in [Ghostbusters: Afterlife](#) [2021; re: "[Cornholing the Corn](#)

[Lady—Ghostbusters: Afterlife and Empire](#)"], they are not seen as dark gods by the status quo, but dark worshippers; i.e., being punished during witch hunts by zealous patriarchs [and their often-token, TERF-style subordinates] since [Hammer of Witches](#) stretching into American Puritanism: under the neoliberal proliferation of the Protestant work ethic.)

"Witches" are more than Salem teenage girls. They're monsters targeted by monsters, a scapegoat whose general label, "witch," is a cryptonym that conceals its own police-like doubling by persecutors; i.e., who set the targets (and the

language tied to them) as regulated by force, mid-apocalypse—namely how the ritual sacrifice is sacred, but also something the elite "veil" with consumer media. These widespread retail counterfeits conceal Capitalism's negative influence against all impacted worker parties; i.e., that the sacrifices amount to state-imposed suicide. If ghosts are the liminal markers of the historical past, then witches are ghostly mediums—the historical victim as still-alive in some shape or form.

As historical figures, representations of witches in media demonstrate how iconoclastic witches personify pagan rites tied to the natural world/pagan⁸⁵ harvest/a, but also non-Christian* religions/non-Capitalist ways of life challenged by their Western, canonical doubles under oppositional praxis (re: Gozer and the Ghostbusters). These qualities of either—as victims persecuted by the state or weaponized by the state in tokenized, police-style forms—are part of a larger system under Capitalism that treats "witch" as a bullseye attached to historically fetishized targets of state-sanctioned torture porn/appropriated peril. In other words, witches exist under oppositional praxis that divides workers into our aforementioned two basic categories: proletarian witches and bourgeois witches; i.e., or witch *cops* hunting witch *victims* in duality!

While both are abused under Capitalism's endless rape and war culture, which forever traps them in fight-or-flight, freeze-or-fawn. Workers as a whole become exploited, divided and vulnerable, synthesizing canonical praxis as cops and victims of police violence, rather than unite to threaten the elite by breaking icons or rioting (non-violent/violent). In turn, capitalism colonizes the witch and essentializes its own manmade forms—a "grim harvest" that routinely enters crisis (as literally part of its design) that lets the mask slip: "to put the fear of God in 'em" and "show 'em who's boss." The bad witches were the Puritans, but also those who followed in their footsteps; i.e., through a violent power structure designed to exploit workers and native populations in the name of religion, but also Enlightenment thought: settler colonialism exacted by tokenism toxifying feminism (and other social movements and their intersections) to serve profit in bad faith. The cop, as a "witch," became a perverse form of representation: "pick me" behavior to punch down during the liminal hauntology of war.

As a genocidal structure, then, America, the West and Cartesian dualism were intentionally built around manufactured scarcity and conflict; fascism is the decay of said structure—one where *perceived* shortages as much as actual ones become "terminal"; i.e., by arguing for a glorious return to the status quo through force, reinstalling a false time of plenty for the privileged group: not enough work for this group, not enough women, enough space, etc. It must be enforced, generally by a "grim reaper" come to collect: a "bad witch" cop infused with fear

⁸⁵ Christianity historically reinvents pagan holidays by simply bastardizing them and turning them in to candy—i.e., Easter, Christmas and Halloween. The pagan forms remain, but are generally hauntological and reimagined in the event of wide scale genocides and the sheer passage of time accompanied by the flexibility of oral traditions.

and dogma supernatural qualities tied to the defense of the state, the status quo, the Symbolic Order as a fortress, with person and place decorated with golden or ghastly reminders of those who fought the law and lost (the cop badge, the death fetish).

The design of this destroyer persona is so abject that current neoliberal war pastiche dissociates the trauma outright, installing as an orderly foe in its own default, good-vs-evil illusions (more on them in Chapter Four). Of course, *that* phenomena can also be addressed by counter praxis, with performances of the "vengeful Commie mom" frequently evoked by the iconoclastic huntress/warrior detective (more on these ladies in Chapter Five, and their allies). Oppositional praxis allows for these kinds of counterplans and exhibits, guilty pleasures made into full-on sex-positive lessons with an iconoclastic "Trojan" function. Regardless, the normalized, gaslit presence of the grim reaper—as something attached to stochastic violence and state violence—remains an incredibly ill omen: blind force; collective punishment and genocide personified by canonical executioners, but also automated, worshipped, feared by those who look upon

them. Forget if or when, the harvest and its reapers are already here, hiding and feeding in plain sight; pity those with a place at the table:



(*exhibit 83b: Cops and victims. The Terminator franchise is a posthuman, hyperreal example of Foucault's Boomerang—where the image of the state enforcer has come alive with no actual human behind it. Hugging it equals death because death is what the state fears and worships; i.e., through its own infiltrators acting replacement out in bad faith [re: DARVO and obscurantism].*)

With this Promethean iteration of the technological singularity in effect, the machine image—specifically in T2—can shapeshift into any surface-level image (that it touches). It is the maniac cop that rapes and murders its victims without any understanding of their feelings at all; it has no feelings. This stems from James Cameron's own poetics. From her 2010 book, *The Futurist: The Life and Films of James Cameron*, Rebecca Keegan writes:

During the writing process, he was in his living room excitedly explaining the T-1000 to his friend and collaborator Stan Winston when Winston raised a concern. "I don't know who the bad guy is," Winston said. "I need a specific

character, a specific image." To Winston, what Cameron was describing sounded like a blob of goo, not an iconic evildoer. "From a story standpoint, I thought it was a problem," Winston later recalled in an interview for the picture-book history of his story, "The Winston Effect." Cameron respected Winston's instincts for creating memorable characters, and he started reconsidering how he would shape this one. Later that same night, the effects artist got a phone call from his friend. "I've got it!" Cameron said. "He's a cop!" The form the T-1000 would take for most of the movie was a Los Angeles police officer. This solved the storytelling dilemma Winston had raised and also gave Cameron an opportunity to underline a central theme in both of the Terminator movies - how people, especially those in violent jobs, like soldiers and cops, can become barbarized. "The *Terminator* films are not really about the human race getting killed off by future machines. They're about us losing touch with our own humanity and becoming machines, which allows us to kill and brutalize each other," he says. "Cops think all non-cops as less than they are, stupid, weak, and evil. They dehumanize the people they are sworn to protect and desensitize themselves in order to do that job" ([source](#)).

Cameron's selection of a cop also makes sense within his home, the LAPD being recognized for decades as a corrupt police force that terrorizes its own populations, especially minorities (for current proof of this, [consider how these two LAPD cops, unprovoked, shoot a double amputee hobbling away from them](#); The Rational National, 2023). They do this by mirroring and confusing policing language during



the cryptonymy process to attack the alien; re: (from "Hugging the Alien"):

(exhibit 33b2b: There's far too many analogs for the alien as something to squeeze, but here's several fun ones to help you acclimate to the abjection process: the presence of death, decay and disintegration linked to an unheimlich—often a buried guilt, secret shame or some-such trauma-as-impostor overspilling generationally

to overwhelm the present moment as trapped inside the home as alien... [[source](#)].

To this, the T-1000 is "blind pastiche," a chimeric embodiment of the hydraesque reaper grimly performing its harvest (re: exhibit . This includes interrogating Sarah (exhibit 83b, previous page) by unnecessarily torturing and raping her (rape being about power abuse and violence, not love and physical

sex) without understanding why—a "sadistic glitch" in its code" that emulates the glitchy robot brains of real cops intimidating suspects—from an internalized database of disguises ("good cop, bad cop"). *That's all it does*. All of this happens according through a DARVO trick: The badge is good; anything its wearer so much as looks at could be is bad, but is bad if the wear kills what it sees.

In this sense, it's the perfect simulacrum of the "Man with No Eyes," which historically would have been class traitors wearing one-way mirrors over their eyes to grant them a blinding surveillance and terrifying "camera stare" to freeze their victims with. The tragedy of this recon, seek-and-destroy persona is that it evolves through the state's monopoly on violence and desire to protect itself. To do so it will "widen the net" (of the state of exception) but also upgrade its hunters to genocidal extremes. Not only will cops go from fetishized, hauntological sex pests to sex fiends; they're given fresh "blue" eyes that see in blood red. In the first *Terminator* film, the HK "police lights" mirror the blue-and-red lights of sleek 1984 American cruisers—both being a material, phenomenological extension of America itself as *the* police state). Taken to its logical conclusion is Capitalism "run amok," colonizing and replicating everything in service of the state—all to preserve itself from revolutionaries bent on wiping out its existence, including victimized sex workers/sexualized workers (women, minorities, etc) defending themselves from more privileged workers. The robot killer from the future is a death omen: the inhuman, ghostly will of vertical power and state tyrant come home—"back from the retro-future"—to haunt and terrorize the present.

In other words, any revolution's maneuvers of misdirection, no matter how elaborate, must constantly be made under regular duress—from elite attackers⁸⁶ and their servant's police boots on the ground, their trigger-happy wearers seeing double (that was a Marxist *and* a Gothic pun). Or as Tim Carter, a survivor of the Jonestown massacre put it in *The Life and Death of Peoples Temple* (2006), "Where all did these fucking *guns* come from?" Whenever and wherever Capitalism approaches crisis, sublimation fails; canonical witch hunters *invoke the liminal hauntology of fascism*, a disingenuous, uncanny call-to-war that attacks entire communities historically exploited by the elite—women, non-Christians, people of color, and gender non-conforming persons, but also sex workers (which historically includes all of those groups).

⁸⁶ Sex workers and queer people more generally live under constant threat of "media death." Billionaire-led or-owned platforms will drop, shadow ban, or suspend accounts that "violate " their rules without explanation or warning. There is nothing that can be done about this in the short term; the elite own the means of production. But over time, a sex-positive revolution can gradually raise awareness towards these inequities through sex workers finding their own voices and helping workers organize collective action through their art. This praxis requires the Six Rs outlined in Volume Zero onwards, as well as the four Gothic theories and an emotional/Gothic intelligence pertaining to common materials by which to foster a new Gothic imagination, breaking the illusions that neoliberal institutions already have in place; re: to break state monopolies by reclaiming [state tools](http://vanderWaardart.com).

By profiling them as unironic sex demons and criminals, heteronormative abjection leads to fetishized scapegoats through its base concept: the pitting of the conceptualized self against a binary opposite, which the self-rejects and ultimately attacks—not something truly alien, but coded as alien by those in power or aligned with power. Thereupon, canonical scapegoats and scapegoaters cannot be loved; canon normalizes reactionary violence against criminally hauntologized fetishes—i.e., collectively associating entire groups with criminal, deviant behavior, but duplicitously advertising it through infamous cryptonyms of older "barbaric" times that threaten the present and the future in perpetuity.



(photographer: [John Filo](#))

In this manner, the elite exploit society by keeping it suspicious of itself, using popular stories to control how people respond to each other. Love as something to transmute and synthesize through iconoclastic praxis becomes anathema. Instead, the system prescribes canonical ideas of toxic love (war and rape on various registers), witch hunters self-policing inside abject invasion scenarios. Ostensibly hypothetical, these stories threaten actual abuse through

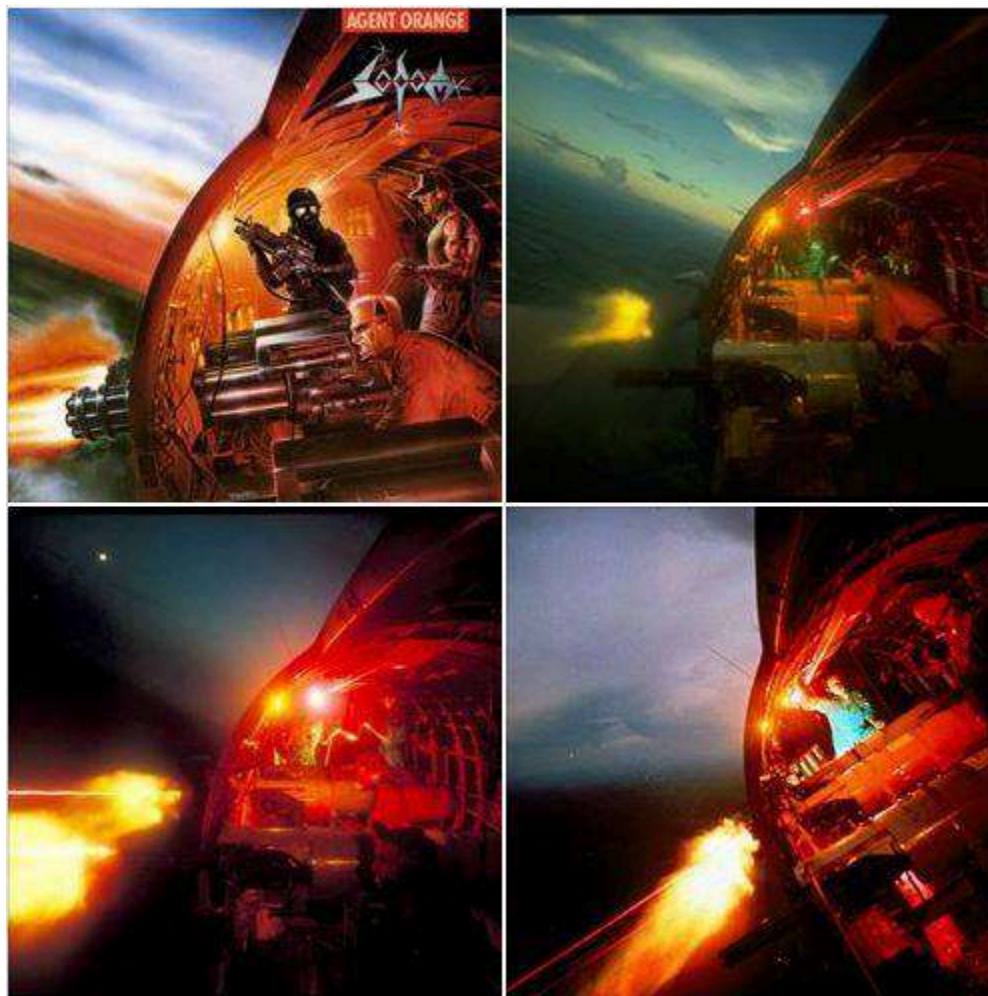
vicarious experience: waves of terror dressed up in coercively hauntological language that downplays its function (to instigate moral panic) but remains conspicuously alarmist. Over and over, fascist calls-to-action obscure leader intent through stochastic violence against a chosen, fetishized target—the underclass—inside moral panics. This remains ruthlessly useful to capitalists, who neoliberal illusionists rely on fascist's annual arrivals (during regular economic downturns) to distract from the *whispered* abuses happening year-round. When the grim harvest calls and fascists like slip their masks, the collectors *aren't* the actual Grim Reaper (though they look the part); they're smaller copycats of the elite—i.e., cheap bandits exploiting the usual parties abused under Capitalism, including themselves (as we'll see in Chapter Four, neoliberalism permits these trespasses to occur, especially because it grants them attractive "opponents" to compare more fairly against: the white knight versus the black, but also the genuine versus the false).

Sudden-onset events of uncertain length and grand, nebulous scope, moral panics denote various titular threats: Red Scares, the Yellow Menace, black revenge/white genocide, or gay/trans panic (re: [often called Satanic or "groomer" panic](#); Caelan Conrad, 2022). During the chaos, mob leaders posture as righteous defenders (a popular cryptonym for sanctioning violence, general language control and colonizer monsters targeting those in the state of exception)—[white, chis-het vigilantes like Charles Bronson's Paul Kersey](#) or [Eastwood's Harry Callahan](#) colonizing the urban Western against targets of state violence dressed up as cartoon characters (or superheroes that must be redeemed; i.e., [Hugh Jackman's conspicuously-white Logan slicing a group of Mexican gangbangers to ribbons](#)—a *de facto*, dog-tag-wearing [war dog] enforcer of the status quo).

Titles like *Death Wish* and *Dirty Harry* are telling: canonical wish fulfillment against the assigned scapegoat by the elite to discourage slave rebellions and build public trust in the law, or at least power laterally associated with the law and its own regular displays of force (for more examples, consider Anansi's Library's [grim-but-excellent look and police brutality](#) [2021]—for those under the state of exception, police violence is a regular, daily event. Not only do cops only "see in blue" and refusal to comply equals death, [but the "color blindness" of this motto actually leans white when assimilation fantasies take Fanon's "black skin, white masks" to self-colonizing extremes](#) [shark3ozero, "Justice for Tyre Nichols," 2023; timestamp: 6:15] self-policing minority cops. Cops—even token, minority cops—are class traitors who serve the state).

ACAB. Claiming to protect "true love," children, moral purity and family values from corrupting forces, these vigilantes are pure fascist revenge fantasy dressed up in witch-cop language. In truth, they want to scare the population into a prolonged state of emergency that worsens over time, stealing away their rights and turning them into violent monsters whose imagination shrinks. As such, these leaders stoke the flames, profiting through destruction by presenting descriptive sexuality as something to hide from, but also seek and destroy. Dirty Harry ain't

stopping shit; he's gun porn (with his infamous .44 being a giant attempt at overcompensate for having a total inability to form healthy relationships with anyone). More to the point, per the ghost of the counterfeit furthering abjection among the, there is always a real-life double to a fictional one; re: "German artist, Andreas Marschall, based the cover of Sodom's magnum opus, *Agent Orange*, on real Vietnam War photographs" ([source](#)).



([ibid.](#))

Whether from established or aspiring parties, the bourgeoisie will author whatever xenophobia they require to exploit their populations. Behind the veneer of morals, liberty and national pride, the cold machinations of war turn violence into profit, maximizing force against a select target through persecution mania (a fire whose flames have been lovingly stoked to produce as much heat, thus profit, as possible). The harder one turns the lever, the hotter the blaze; the hotter the blaze, the more fuel it demands. As people, animals and places burn, profits generate in a violent redistribution of wealth (from a material standpoint, the Holocaust was

primarily an action of theft, veiled by Nazi hauntologies and trademark obscurantism). Accumulating in the upper echelons of power, the elite retransfer these spoils back into carceral propaganda, celebrating the affair as a victorious event inside a larger cycle: a transgenerational "curse" whose cryptonymy downplays the entire cycle, concealing the symptoms of Capitalism, including the active imagination and revolutionary art as conspicuously extinct. The world—and by extension, women, children and moral decency—has been "saved" and must be "saved" again (and again and again). In turn, whatever financial dregs trickle down from on high become remembered as "prosperity" by those who survive, conflating the nation's perceived strength with their own neglected well-being.

Though often remembered for their stochastic terrorism and moral panic, the truth is that witch hunts live and die through propaganda. Unlike state propaganda, neoliberalism affords the elite a proxy of state control: popular entertainment, talking heads and public intellectuals, as well as their various intersections and friends in high places (Chaya Raichik from Libs of TikTok, a notorious doxxer and giant transphobe, [was recently platformed and publicly endorsed by Tucker Carlson and Elon Musk](#); Hasan' "Libs of TikTok EXPOSED," 2023). In American media, corporations canonize evil—not to abolish, but cryptonymically preserve as good's perpetual foe inside an established order of personal property. Stamped and certified, American centrism cultivates a sustained atmosphere of caution and fear at a national-corporate level. Presenting merely as "fun," their trademarked perils repeatedly scare the middle class into prolonged consumer apathy. They sublimate system abuse.

Over time, canon then renders the underclass increasingly monstrous; i.e., by canonizing them as sexually depraved and dangerous in ways that unveil themselves during times of rising discord; they become zombies, but also "bad copies" that "body snatch" their purported "victims"; i.e., essentially as pod people as a monstrous symbol/scapegoat for Red Scare mania and fear of settler-colonial replacement (next page) visited—copaganda-wise—on the "state's" tokenized women and children (a zombie invasion combined with an alien one)!

Throughout this rancor, the alarm bells of the general public will be joined by corporations profiting off the entire ordeal, fascists intent on doing the same through their own mythologies of false revolution. Eventually this scapegoating reaches a flashpoint, destroying the buffer. As Capitalism decays and fascism takes root, fatigue sets in and panic spreads; gradual caution becomes rapid-onset fear, danger and alarm. Once these sentiments reach the lower classes, reactionaries transform—alienated from their own humanity and sexuality as they persecute their fellow workers. Hardly accidental, persecution mania withers social-sexual activism by design—allowing the elite to enjoy a socially divided, sexually confused worker base that cannot unite against them (thus have *their* revenge).



Capitalism and its police, then, is like a macro treatment of the Gothic villain: a duplicitous culture of self-aggrandizing and -deceiving bullies whose greatest "strength" and greatest weakness is class-dormant/class-traitorous xenophobia; i.e., their ability to cheat, lie, kill and steal in defense of capital (similar to neoliberals, but more radical, open, and aggressive; a consolidating of power through brute force lie, violence and power abuse—i.e., [hit first, no mercy in a pure war of movement](#)... into their own embarrassing⁸⁷ warriors' graves; Nei Gong's "Knife Fight: Fantasy vs. Reality," 2015). Wholly insincere yet entirely genocidal, they are xenophobic dupes with a penchant for obscurantism, war and rape. Fascism is the open variant of what neoliberalism sublimates, fetishistically worshipping an older way of doing things that restores a nation to its former glory. By underreporting their own crimes and antagonizing other workers in constant shows of obfuscated force and reactive abuse, capitalist paramilitaries set boundaries for "everyone" but themselves.

As discussed during the manifesto, whether fascist or neoliberal, cops are *not* your friends; they are paramilitary class traitors who serve the state, including lying and killing to defend capital and keep workers in line. As such, they enforce an ever-expanding group of oscillating scapegoats (for the state of exception) and diminishing bureaucracies (for executing the state's authority) in favor of squabbling violently for the leader's attention, doling out selective punishment against predetermined, xenophilic targets within a structure centuries old: putting down slave rebellions. [All too common occurrence during America's formative years](#), slave rebellions survive into the present through copaganda echoes of Jim

⁸⁷ You can tease a fascist, but read the room first; if it's full of fascist imitations, you're completely fucked if you "pick a fight." Dead commies tell no tales, so be on your guard!

Crow, its neoliberalism iterations and current neoslavery models. Habitually enforced by financially incentivized class traitors wearing the tell-tale, fetishized death uniforms of a state-in-crisis (either totally black, or black and red—though American variants inject urban camo or red-white-and-blue into the mix), you see these arrangements on just on state zombie killers, officially but also *unofficially* deputized, vigilante Man-Box, clubhouse gangbangers (for an example of the latter, refer to the Rise Again Movement; Behind the Bastard's "[Part One: RAM: Nazi Fight Club](#)," 2023). Armed with the tools of coercive BDSM—batons, stun guns, handcuffs, cameras—as well as the disguised threat of violence with leather outfits, aviators and helmets, these Pavlovian brutes are willing to die for their lost cause; they're conveyed in cartoonishly evil, "war boss" forms that sublimate their tyrannical persecution mania (destructive anger) and feelings of being owed "what



is due" leading to a substitution for sound business practices for raw banditry and force; i.e., the war boss as an (often male) chief who rules amid seminal tragedy through a position of inherited authority assumed *a priori*; e.g., Darkness barking "[You will be well rewarded!](#)" at his feckless goblin servant, Blix:

We'll examine the seminal tragedy—of the female, girl boss version of the war boss (and its regressive, Man Box *Amazonomachia*)—as something to perpetuate in Chapter Four (and subvert and disarm, in Chapter Five). For now, just remember that such

arrangements—regardless of the form they take—are built on unfair compromise and Quixotic delusion. For example, when writing about the formation of modernized America in his *A People's History of the United States* (1980), Howard Zinn catalogs the various fears of the upper "master class"—of Native Americans and slaves rebelling together but also white indentured servants and African slaves, re:

What made Bacon's Rebellion especially fearsome for the rulers of Virginia was that black slaves and white servants joined forces [...] Those upper

classes, to rule, needed to make concessions to the middle class, without damage to their own wealth or power, at the expense of slaves, Indians, and poor whites. This bought loyalty. And to bind that loyalty with something more powerful even than material advantage, the ruling group found, in the 1760s and 1770s, a wonderfully useful device. That device was the language of liberty and equality, which could unite just enough whites to fight a Revolution against England, without ending either slavery or inequality ([source](#)).

America is the blueprint for genocide as it currently exists in all its fractally recursive forms because it was founded on genocide through the nation-state model as a hideously successful experiment that uses heteronormative propaganda to cover up its true function.

This deception includes the American revolution as a false revolution spearheaded by the British colonial owner class (the Founding Fathers), their usurping of rule from the British merely swapping one boss for another ("[Meet the new boss, same as the old boss...](#)") before expanding on it in horrifying ways in the neoliberal hegemon. This genocide and power structure would go on to inspire the Nazis and other global powers in the 20th century, from which the United States and its ruling elite would then assimilate and appropriate into their continued bid for global world hegemony. The Nazis became cartoon caricatures of their former selves—canonical, "zombie heel" baddies whose adversarial worship in centrist media curiously never seems to die or disappear, but expand to tokenized groups like girl bosses and queer bosses.

Neoliberals and fascists both support the state and conduct genocide, with leaders under neoliberalism being more sanitized than their fascist, pirate-y versions but still gods who rule over workers *en masse* through the telling of attractive, but ultimately harmful lies; i.e., not *splendide mendax*, but instead the self-serving tyrants who enrich themselves at the suffering and exploitation of others. Called *führerprinzip*, or "leader principle," mutual consent and all the other variables of sex-positivity become completely impossible under these circumstances; worker submission is compelled through radicalized, heteronormative force.

Worst of all, the old ways revive during societal decay to include various ghosts of the counterfeit revitalized in their undisguised forms: incest, genocide, mass sacrifice, sanctioned torture, heraldry (of death squads), slavery and chattel rape (of women, people of color and animals. Not enough maidens for every fascist to get a war bride; some have to "settle"). As the sublimations fall away, the xenophobic violence and submission remain—the gargoyles radicalized and canonical, the gods and their servants more hideous, vicious, deceitful and cruel; i.e., inside broken homes that serves as medieval schools of punishment towards various scapegoats treated as alien by heroic forces. This goes for the boys, but

also the girls who up until this point have played along in seeming progress but in truth highly centrist works masking fascist issues; e.g., *Ion Fury* and its girl boss/war boss Amazon, Shelly Bombshell:

Note: In my opinion, "[Zombie Police States](#)" is, alongside "[Military Optimism](#)," one of my finest pieces from 2021. I cite it constantly in this book series, including in my PhD; re: "Interrogating Power through Your Own Camp." —Perse, 5/1/2025



(exhibit 84a1: Shelly is a subjugated Amazon, a token female action hero who serves the state by killing bad guys in the state of exception; i.e., a witch cop who comes from a sexist history that continues to serve the status quo despite the putting on of the uniform and handing queen bitch a gun; re: "Gaslight, Gatekeep, Girl-boss, the Game!" in my partner Bay's words [re: "[Interrogating Power](#)"]. As I write in "Zombie Police States," Shelly is the great equalizer who was originally built off and from the sexist fantasies of men, and through her incessant upholding of the status quo, is sexualized on the surface of her state-issued uniform as "one of the good ones," a "tame" tomboy working for the Man; re [from "Zombie Police States"]:

[the topos of the power of women](#) historically portrays women using their natural assets—their sexuality—as an essential leverage against stronger, more intelligent men (re: [Phyllis and Aristotle](#)). Shelly Harrison doesn't need to be six feet tall or overly sexual to best her male adversaries, though. She uses force multipliers (re: guns and bombs) to level the playing field (sometimes literally); meanwhile supplies, namely med-kits and armor vests,

help keep her alive. That's feminism, as [Jadis] points out, because the same tools and opportunities are being afforded to a woman, including getting her head blown off. It's quite egalitarian [on the surface].

Shelley's still cute, though—definitely a poster girl for the nostalgic police of a cyberpunk future. Not so different, appearance-wise, than the Major from *Ghost in the Shell*, Konoko from *Oni*, or [Corporal Ferro from The Terminator](#). Those ladies are more reflective of their genuine outlier predicaments, though, whereas Shelly is perfectly assimilated. With no room to criticize her position, she valorizes it instead, feeling like every conservative nerd's wet dream: Sharon Stone-meets-Kelly LeBrook—with an encyclopedia's worth of movie quotes and action one-liners to spare. She has no personality beyond this assemblage, literally a nostalgic form of law-enforcement who, in her own way, polices nostalgia by uncovering what's Cool™ beneath the rubble.



[artist, top-right: [Blur Squid](#); bottom, [source](#): 3D Realms' "A Visual history of Bombshell," 2018]

Take the idea of Shelly herself. [Originally sexualized by men](#) and formerly known as "Bombshell," the character was based off a 3D Realm's dev's fan fic (the go-to format for sexual fantasies, it must be said). Gradually her appearance became less and less sexual; the expectations for sexuality in general and Shelly's physical appearance remain. My performance of Shelly can support or undermine those expectations. Those haven't

gone anywhere. To this day there are many "traditionally-minded" men who favor the good ol' days by—gee, I don't know—saying Shelly was better as the sexualized Bombshell? The one without a pelvis, apparently (a drawing phenomenon I've had to unlearn as well, I admit): [...]

This is hardly hypothetical. I've seen plenty of sexist, wistful dialogues on Discord servers about "better times." That's hardly a shock, especially given that Bombshell's history stems from '90s worship, including female representation being reduced to sexualization for men to enjoy. 3D Realms are very open about this, [and not entirely ashamed of the fact that Bombshell was originally based off Pam Anderson](#). Thankfully the game we got is largely devoid of the sexism on display in 1997 (omitting the Read Me and off-screen scandals, that is). "How far we've come!" indeed.

Playing a sexualized female character is like putting on a bikini or a thong. The sexy avatar is sexy clothes. I can do this for my own reasons; if a female player chooses to view that sexuality positively for herself, that's still agency for the woman. Gothic stories are historically feminist; they center on women locked in the male tyrant's castle, but also the Archaic Mother's hideous shadow (a patriarchal boogeyman). There, these ladies strive for agency amid fearful oppression. Though an Amazon, the fact remains that Shelly Harrison is largely desexualized [on the surface, anyways], made all the more "neutral" by her position as a cop with a gun. Isn't that the nature of uniforms, where her own shreds of personality are lifted from movies that cops probably watch ad nauseam? Then again, "Guns, lots of guns" can appear in movies like [The Matrix](#) and [John Wick](#), seemingly at cross purposes but enjoyed by both in so-called "neutral territory."

I suppose this is the best defense I can provide [Ion Fury](#). It doesn't try to force the performance either way ([source](#)).

Simply put, Voidpoint's activism is performative and thoroughly disingenuous, but also prickly when cornered—by the men themselves [Richard Gobeille never got back to me] but also TERFs [while not a fan of male action heroes, Jadis hated my critiques of action media at large]. Shelley was made as a merchant of death, covered in an assortment of arms, armor and death insignias whose endorsement verges on the fascist cult of machismo and heroic death/self-sacrifice for the state, which the girl boss Amazon/war boss exemplifies as a sex object within "gun porn" heroics.)

Mid-harvest, the ruthless, unscrupulous, and secretive leader(s) of a fascist movement combine weaponized, carceral hauntology with calculated riots whose general cryptonymy obfuscates their true intent during periodic decay and crisis: raw material theft. Under the false premise of self-invincibility and cloaked in deathly sigils, they fabricate lies that mislead violent, disposable heroes—to steal as much as they can, but also fall in love with their own legends and propaganda to a callow workforce (summed up best by Jubei Kibagami: "The townspeople feared the epidemic and run away. I took only one dead horse to scare them"—a false plague

enacted by Genma's fascist warrior bandits emboldened by political instability in *Ninja Scroll's* mythical 1993 retro-future Japan).



([source](#))

For example, Reinhard Heydrich aka the Butcher of Prague—despite being called "the man with the iron heart" and normally a cautious man—actually refused a security detail because he *didn't* want to show weakness to the Poles, [cemented by him refusing to drive away when his assassin's submachinegun jammed](#) (The People Profiles' "Reinhard Heydrich," 2022; timestamp: 1:09:26); the Poles promptly murdered him, showing the world that Hitler's favorite knight wasn't a god, but just a stupid, violent pimp who through he was a pirate⁸⁸. Fascism had made him so, making him terminally

⁸⁸ Reinhard Heydrich was the only Nazi leader successfully assassinated during WW2. A joke of a man, his colossal ego and staunch refusal—to take his victims, the occupied population of Prague, seriously—effectively led to them killing him in embarrassing fashion (similar to American soldiers in Vietnam, except Westmoreland had the good sense to hide *behind* his men); i.e., due to him driving repeatedly around Prague in his convertible with the top down *minus* a military escort.

In part, this perceived aura of invincibility was informed by, of all things, comic books—with Himmler hiring Reinhard not just because of his good looks and womanizer's past in the interwar German Navy, but also because of a shared interest in American pulp fiction that informed *other* imperial powers and *their* authors; re (from Volume Zero, "[Overcoming Praxial Inertia](#)"):

Heinrich Himmler hired Reinhardt Heydrich because Heydrich looked Aryan and because both men read the same cheesy *Americana*, specifically "cheap crime fiction and spy novels" ([source](#): Behind the Bastard's "Part One: The Young, Evil God of Death: Reinhard Heydrich," 2023—timestamp: 1:11:48). In other words, their very violent worldview was founded on the same cheap, pulpy ephemera that fueled *Tolkien's* imagination:

Tolkien's world is certainly not groundless. It is traditional, "borrowing from the power and import of his sources - the 'middangeard' of 'Beowulf,' the grim and brutal cosmos of 'The Volsunga Saga,' the cold and bitter realm of the 'Eddas,' all of which left their traces and worked their sway over his own imagination" ([source](#): Influences of the Germanic and Scandinavian Mythology in the Works of J.R.R. Tolkien," 1983).

This issue, which I have dubbed "the Rambo, Beowulf or *Star Wars* problem," also effects witch cops (such as Amazons) during mirror syndrome (re: "[Always a Victim](#)"); i.e., Nazi Force of Will arguments borrowed from older ethnocentric ones (re: "[Canonical Essentialism](#)") that have become *ethnonationalist* and bled into hauntological corporate media, post-WW2; e.g., *Star Wars* and the Force alluding quite strongly to Force of Will in neo-medieval, space opera, white-savior arguments. The fact remains, Capitalism is racist, and racism is bad for *anyone* who does it, but also allows said persons to do bad things *until* they are killed.

In Reinhard's case, he ran the bureaucratic arm of the Nazi state; i.e., the Holocaust as something to execute; re: a state role that Volume Zero described as "as 'middle-management' **desk murderers** in a bureaucratic sense (which sits alongside the middle class, in a *class* sense—with both defending capital as a perpetually decaying structure that operates through wage/labor theft according to weaponized bureaucracy during crisis, class sentiment and Faustian bargains" ([source](#): "Thesis Body"). In turn,

[Canonical praxis] is historically-materially prone to bad actors; i.e., those who act in **bad faith** according to their material conditions, hiding their murderous intentions using these

conditions as having dogmatized their behaviors to begin with. As such, they collectively utilize **obscurantism** and **cryptofascism**/canonical **disguise pastiche** while speaking in a variety of codes: **virtue [and vice] signals**, **lip service**, **queer bait** and **dogwhistles** (indented for clarity):

Capitalism-in-decay leads to a revival of old **DARVO** ["**Deny, Accuse, Reverse, Victim, Offender**"] schemes dressed up in new dogwhistles during the Internet Age while history repeats itself: "Cultural Bolshevism" and Jewish conspiracy theories become "Cultural Marxism" and "globalism," while "social justice" becomes "social justice warrior" as a continued demonizing of pro-labor labels, similar to "Communist," "antifa(schist)" or "woke" (which translate to "corrupt"/monstrous-feminine in neoliberal copaganda); i.e., when cornered or in doubt, the state and its defenders blame the Left but also demonize them in ways that coercively fetishize them as targets of psychosexual violence during state emergencies. Then and now, reactionary politics and the centrist moderacy adjacent their open radicalism is capital *defending* itself by following the leader to create enemies of the state through codewords and foreign/internal plots:

While the SS, prior to the seizure of power, mainly occupied itself with protecting the party against internal and external enemies, Himmler and Heydrich focused on all sorts of enemies of the state in the meantime, including in particular the Jews. Despite his mother being a strict Catholic and his father a member of a Free Mason Lodge, Heydrich recognized much evil in this religion and philosophy as well. "In reality they don't fight fairly for preservation of religious and cultural values (these are not at all at stake) but they continue their old and bitter struggle for secular dominance in Germany," he said about the Catholic faith. In his opinion, Free Masons were "the instrument of Jewish revenge." Should the Free Masons gain the upper hand in their struggle against National Socialism, they would cause "orgies of cruelty," which would make "the sternness of Adolf Hitler appear very moderate indeed by comparison" ([source](#): Kevin Prenger's "Heydrich, Reinhard," 2016).

In order to devalue basic human rights, state proponents **negotiate** the process of abjection/ghost of the counterfeit through **brute force**, coercive rhetoric, intended gameplay/bad play (prescriptive abuse patterns), **revenge arguments**, and toxic **self-righteousness**. The same goes for *all* of the heroes, damsels and **undead/demonic**, oft-animalized monsters that exist unironically within said discourse (which compounds into complex disguises, which I call "**concentric veneers**") as "already mapped out" through Tolkien's refrain and similar counterfeits borrowing from his formulaic gentrification of war ([ibid.](#)).



([source](#))

Men like Tolkien and Reinhard, then, are *both* cops, thus colonizers abusing witch-y language; both men, as reactionaries/moderates continue to demonstrate nowadays, only separate by a *matter* of flavor and degree—re: Tolkien's Goldilocks Imperialism gentrifying war as a racist matter of

insecure and overconfident. As an Icarian, petty gangster-thug stewing inside a self-made den of thieves, he became cultishly obsessed with defending masculine power and stealing gold (which, as pirate lore correctly notes, men cannot eat; e.g., Tolkien's duplicitous Master of Laketown).

Reinhard wasn't invincible; he was a witch-hunter cop who bought into his own lie—cheap, fragile lie begot from Capitalism falling apart: a (excuse the recursive commas, but they're needed here) fascist version of the banality of evil; Nazi bureaucracy as cloned, weaponized by intimations of mad science, robotics,

genocide (re: "[Goblins, Anti-Semitism and Monster-Fucking](#)") that bled, "there and back again," into games *and* real life on loop, toxifying after his death:

In turn, the American middle class (so called "gamer culture") would gatekeep and safeguard the elite through videogames being an acclimating device to neo-feudal territories to defend in reality (outside of the game world[s] themselves) as capital starts to decay like usual ([source](#): "Modularity and Class").

Past and present, the same goes for *token* examples like TERFs (and NERFs; re: Autumn Ivy or Natalie Wynn).

Like Reinhard or Tolkien, their power is an illusion to perform, a bubble to burst with revolutionary cryptonymy on and off the same stages, using the same basic hero-monster language. In short, power *is* a lie—one told to achieve different ends in praxial opposition; i.e., moving power anisotropically towards or away from the state per abjection's terrorist/counterterrorist (cop/victim) angle to leverage for or against workers/nature at large *as* monstrous-feminine. Our whore's revenge is bursting the pimp's bubble, the witch killing the darling-in-question by fighting fire with Promethean fire as suitably stolen *back*; re: monopolies—of violence, terror and monsters—are a myth, so break them on *your* Aegis when the Man (and Man's token servants; e.g., Dorothy Gale) come around! Take what they alienize/fetishize (nature and sex work) and—like a monster trapped under ice—close it off *from* them (to flash behind buffers they cannot cross):



(model and artist: [Kaycee Bee](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

There is *tremendous* value in such things, even when performed (re: the palliative Numinous); if there wasn't, the state wouldn't try to control monsters and sex through lies and force, like it always does (re: when abusing [all the usual tools](#))! Make Medusa proud!

genetic experimentation/eugenics; but also bad parentage, anti-intellectualism, palingenesis; a gothic double, a copy without a soul, a killer baby with a bad father who weaponized science, children, nature, labor, sexuality and gender, but also guilt, fear, and love through canonical monster food. He was Frankenstein's Monster *without* any critical bite—*l'enfant terrible* as sexually dimorphic the way that Capitalism generally is: Men (or those perceived as men) hurt others; women (or those perceived as women) get hurt, often by their own conditioned Pavlovian behaviors (such as TERFs or token enforcers victimizing their own people).



Fascist witch hunts and their auras of "invincibility" aren't simply manufactured and identified by highly performative, Hugo-Boss-style uniforms that promote death and torture to the state's enemies; they're conflated with legitimate rebellions *under* crises of masculinity stemming from Capitalism-in-crisis (the "uprising" being a bad lie told

alongside the neoliberal, "exceptional American" variant to strengthen global US hegemony). In the end, fascism defends Capitalism as a *cycle* of masculine/economic crisis, furthering its perpetuation of manufactured shortages, consent and conflict through false revolution; i.e., as the death knell of anything that might imagine a better world were it not for cops posing as rebels/the oppressed: witch hunters in disguise (cops) who ruthlessly pick labor movements as the ideal scapegoat in defense of Capitalism.

Fascism decays and this decay only worsens over time; i.e., making fascist "strongmen" not just a parasitoid, but one that dies with the host organism: the ignominious death of the Roman fool, fallen on their own blade. Canonically a Gothic villain dies after a fall from grace relative to whatever institutions they infiltrate. Outing of them as impostors is fatal. Though literal Nazis aren't quite that fragile, they nevertheless remain terminally allergic to public shaming before formal power is achieved. Compromise with them is fatal *to us*. Refusals to compromise are fatal *to them* because it disarms their "indestructible" aura by exposing its ephemeral nature. Socialism, ironic/consensual xenophilia and intersectional diversity are strength when pushing towards universal liberation; Capitalism, xenophobia and bigotry are not, pushing as they always do towards division and profit, thus rape and genocide as natural consequences of those things. Fascism and liberalism go hand-in-hand, defending each other through a perverse (and incredibly mendacious) form of *Amazonomachia*-style kayfabe.

Witch cop or not, the Roman fool eventually falls on his own sword. Even so, others have to live in the shadow/consequence of such things. Next, we'll consider a half-real example: the zombie apocalypse and proletarian (non-cop) witches—two gay men from the 2023 television version of *The Last of Us*!

"Which Witch?"—"What is a Witch?" part one: An Example of Proletarian Witches in *The Last of Us* (2023; also feat. *Myth* and *Everquest*)

*The time has come for you, my friend
Your journey has come to an end
So hark the Devil's angels sing
Or will they? No one knows
A destiny you can't avoid
Your spirit slips into the void
Then sucked away without a trace
Into the great unknown ([source](#)).*

—Mandy Martillo; "Beyond the Bells," on Satan's Hallow's *Satan's Hallow* (2015)

As we saw in Volume Two, hauntological discourse and fascism under capital evolved into itself over time, leading to creation of many different witches to conduct state violence with or towards. Whether hunters or hunted, the status "witch" clearly comes in many forms. We're going to look at the warring iterations that result from oppositional praxis throughout the remainder of this chapter and the rest of *Sex Positivity* (with part two of "What is a Witch?" being in Chapter Five). However, in this particular chapter section, I want to invite the viewer to look



beyond the heteronormative lens at a particular kind of *proletarian* witch: the bear (queer code for a fuzzy gay man).

We've examined 2023's *The Last of Us* in Volume Two (re: "[Cryptomimesis](#)"); i.e., hinting at Mother Nature's revenge through xenomorphic stand-ins—the essence-seeking mushroom men (whose "clicking" echolocation has a bat-like, vampiric quality to it that harkens back to Matteson's zombie-vampires from *I Am Legend*, 1954)! Now I want to examine a pleasant-but-welcome surprise: two witches—but specifically two gay men named Bill and Frank—as buried, mid-apocalypse, but alive and together (aw)! We fags are classically hunted by the state, and these two bears—our gay Romeo and Juliet—*don't* tokenize (one Cartesian metaphor for the dualism of the mushroom being disease and AIDS, but also a refusal to radicalize, which we won't comment on, here). Bears or not, does capital classically trot us fags out and torture us for straight folk. A lesson remains all the same, written on the walls in the likeness of gore as suitable transformative: [the roots of trauma](#).

*Note: This close-read is quite short, and jumps to other media besides *The Last of Us*. For more emphasis pointedly on zombie apocalypses and their history/poetic application, refer to "[Bad Dreams](#)." —Perse, 5/2/2025*

Frank is a survivalist; his "pet bear" and eventual life partner is Bill, who he captures in one of his traps. Both love music and art, but inside Frank's little compound, Bill is the one who plays dress-up, decorating the empty streets and boutiques with fresh life. In short, Bill teaches Frank to be less of a xenophobe isolationist and more openly gay/xenophilic. And Frank, to his credit, protects Bill and looks after him, too. It's incredibly sweet, but also cliché: Both gays die at the end, dead and buried as go-to targets of Capitalism and its enforcers. The xenophilia is overshadowed by terminal prejudice the victims internalize and execute.

The Last of Us illustrates the witch hunt as canonized in American canon: the retro-future of pre-colonialism, a smash-and-grab regression backwards into the future that exploits workers through their survival mechanisms. By trying to survive, Capitalism is the survival mechanism gone haywire, a state of exception that turns everyone into zombie-vampire pirates (the original word for pirate being *privateer*) according to the uniform as something that becomes a part of someone's identity in a way they can't simply "take off": e.g., Darth Vader's cybernetic suit or the swastika forehead scars from *Inglorious Basterds*.

To that, Capitalist Realism pulls away the mechanisms of the state and uses fear and dogma to pointedly make everyone and install raiders at the highest orders of power that still stand. Frank saw this in the real world, thinking Nazis were everywhere before the Imperial Boomerang came back around, the grim reapers appearing more openly during Capitalism-in-crisis; he'd already put up his fences and traps, scared to let anyone in (with his catching off the disarmingly sweet Bill being a metaphor for letting the right one in, past one's defenses), making his story ultimately one about growth as gay in the presence of state death: *he comes out and dies out on his own terms during said crisis as beyond his control*.



In our world, the symptom has become the product. When Max Brooks write a book like *World War Z* (2006), neoliberals cash in with Brad Pitt to make people respond predictably to prophesied war (they've had centuries of practice to draw upon, war being a historical-material byproduct they can

frame as not of this earth); fascists live for this shit, cannot wait to become the fearsome death dealer. In either case, the manufactured apocalypse of canonical praxis is pure emotional/Gothic manipulation. It becomes the end of emancipatory

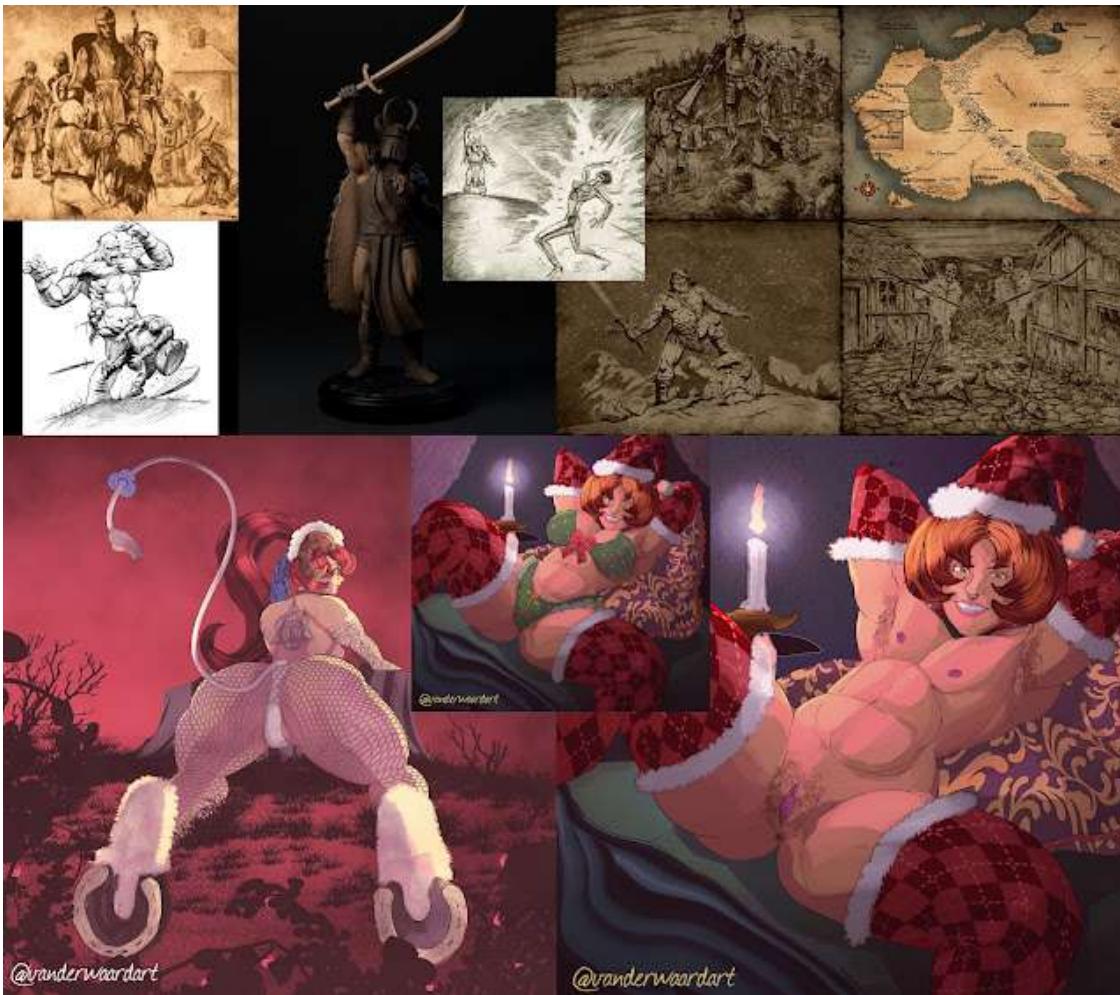
imagination beyond its own stupid rules, a mind prison where there is nothing beyond the state and its undead enforcers and victims. Within this phenomenological boneyard, Hogle's vanishing point hoards a presence not quite there that is, on some level, intimidated by the oppositional praxis (and its monsters, perils, lairs/parallel space and phobias) on display. It's also felt by the disillusioned who, in their own fortresses, are at least somewhat on the mark: Frank.

I say "somewhat" because Frank "hates the world" and his diegetic conspiracies simultaneously validate those outside of the text who unironically scream "Don't tread on me!" as they wave the Gadsden flag (which he has inside his gun bunker). Simply put, the Gadsden flag is a big red flag. It's American canon that symbolizes historically dangerous groups and ideologies like right-libertarianism and classical liberalism; it champions abused ideas that dogwhistle to fascists—with terms like "small government" or distrust for or defiance against authorities and government period, which are things Hitler exploited in his own false revolutions against those in power and things those in power employ in their own canon. Indeed, the Gadsden flag is co-opted for right-wing populism or far-right ideology on par with the very cryptofascists that Frank and Bill fight about: "The Nazis weren't in power back then—well, they are now, but—!"

In this sense, Bill is both right and wrong. The elite *were* in power, distinguished largely from the Nazis by their material conditions, not their ability to lie, cheat, murder and steal. For them, *the Nazis* are the scapegoat, the proverbial assassin's blade they can distance themselves from but put into motion. Or as Tyrion Lannister once put, "What sort of fool arms an assassin with his own blade?" The Nazis, that's who. They are dumbasses who deck their dirks with pirate skulls and other stupid shit; the neoliberal is the Greater Good, disguising theirs behind the Nazis, the American flag and various other cryptonyms. Fascism is bred in American to defend American as the elite's fortress, their home base.

As the neoliberal sells war as default, they naturalize it as righteous and populated conspicuously by fascists as stubbornly diehard. For the neoliberal, the end of the world becomes a call-to-war that invokes the new dark age as a constant threat of collapse—of total, unadulterated bedlam; for the fascist, they're tired of being the elite's garbage boy and dream of replacing them at the top, no matter how fallen these institutions are: the kings of the open graveyard, standing on the neoliberals midden of disguised, canonized corpse fields (what Queen called "[The Princes of the Universe](#)" [1986]: "We've come to be the rulers of you all!"). As these fields and their zombie monarchs awaken, they become fresh killing fields; those inside the seemingly benign colonized spheres find themselves besieged by those they hate and fear—themselves, turned into abject monsters and raiders under this "new" world order who "[want it all, want it now!](#)" (also Queen, 1989).

Note: For more close-reads of the [Myth](#) franchise, refer to "[A Lesson in Humility](#)" from Volume Two. —Perse, 5/2/2025



(exhibit 84a2: Top: war pastiche exhibits of the hauntological past, all directly from *Myth: the Fallen Lords* [[source](#): *Myth Journals*] except for the middle-left picture of the mighty warrior-wizard, Rabican [artist: [Fabio Di Castro](#)]. Bottom: art of my alter-ego Revana, [including an old illustration redone for the cover](#) and [one done for Christmas last year](#).

The game is a curious fossil—reassembled from the low-res CDs images of a pre-Halo, less-privatized Bungie, whose LOTR-meets-Lovecraft-meets-He-Man-and-the-Masters-of-the-Universe has sexist, "idiot hero" vibes on par with Ash from *Evil Dead* chopping off the hag's head with his chainsaw—with Rabican doing the same to Shiver, Bungie's proverbial hag [fun fact: my alter-ego/persona, Revana, actually comes from a misspelling [of Shiver's original name, Ravana](#) [Mythipedia]. Doing so was my gradual, increasingly trans attempt to reclaim her from Bungie's Raimi-esque treatment of the character—i.e., "Honey, you got real ugly!" I wanted to, in a gradual, liminal-trans sense, the gender-troubling proposition, "imagine Conan with a pussy," slowly reclaiming the heteronormative language from its sexist histories in my own praxis; I also draw her as having optional genitals and breasts]. The fun

with Myth lies in the Promethean overtones of the chronotopic power exchange and hereditary rites, which ultimately return to the Imperium and the "watering" of the altar of the status quo with fresh manly blood. My twin and I both loved this game.

In particular, we had grown up on Braveheart, 1995, which clearly inspired the game's mythical berserks—to such a degree that my own video demos of the game have titles of me overcoming the Greater Evils of the Dark with only one sole surviving member of my own war party.

As a teenage girl in the closet, I pointedly called this short-lived video series "Braveheart"; even if teenage me didn't fully understand why Shiver was bad or had to be killed, I still valued the heroic, glorious sacrifice of my soldiers as an extension of me. Eventually I took the fantasy language of the '90s—looted from games like Myth; Diablo 1, 1996; and Everquest, 1999—and spent the rest of my life transmuting them in xenophilic ways; i.e., among the usual racialized language Tolkien populated evolving into future variations, like barbarians, haunting Rome's perceived fall into future campaigns to buttress the gates:



[source: [Fandom](#)]

Also, side note: Everquest was one of the first MMORPGs that, while online, was released in the dial-up era, thus heavily reliant on keyboard typing and socializing in ways where players had to congregate and organizing in large, open, forum-like spaces and town squares; i.e., "chatroom MMOs." It was surprisingly educational in ways that videogames of today in the AAA industry aren't really recognized for.

Instead, later games become far more cherished by corporations, who turned players into data/commodities through enforced live-service/FOMO models with subscriptions and microtransactions that serve only to milk players of their money

beyond what the product's gameplay can be reasonably expected to last. It has become entirely exploitative in this day and age, but also portable; i.e., mobile/phone games.)



(exhibit 84b: Artist: [Keith Parkinson](#). Fantasy tropes in older videogames tended to be heteronormative, especially in D&D [whose portrayal in Stranger Things, season 4, basically told the Satanic Panic narrative from the POV of privileged white, cis-het boys—and token characters—feeling oppressed for being associated with Satan by conservative groups]. D&D wasn't merely the precursor to '90s fantasy videogames; it was the palimpsest, offering both the rule set [dice rolls] and aesthetic that was often incredibly heteronormative, thus Male Gaze. As I write in "Borrowed Robes":

Characters, though especially their clothes, ostensibly appeal to player optics—how they want to be seen. Traditional female characters have little to do with female desires in this regard. Instead, these characters are "visual treats" for a male player-audience to enjoy. This logic applies to female game events more generally. The more substantial an event or character is, the more sexualized they tend to be (see: [the "best" ending for Strife](#), when Blackbird, a female operative, is offered to the male hero as a sexual reward).

The problem is, female players have to exist in the same gameworld. Their own desires are either ignored, or inaccurately portrayed. Either through her own avatar or the NPCs she encounters (see: [the Dagger witch](#)

[covens](#)), a female player is forced to see how men want her to appear. This goes beyond escaping the traditional, passive roles like the damsel-in-distress. Female heroes are invariably sexualized no matter the type. The women who play them must put on the girdle, or see other women fetishized for men. Any sense of autonomy is bridled [[source](#)].

Indeed, games like *Elder Scrolls II: Daggerfall* [1996] were very sexualized for the period, allowing players to entirely disrobe to reveal their bare, naked bodies, but largely for white, cis-het boys and men fetishizing women. Even so, this eroticizing of anthropomorphic/stigma characters like Argonians or Khajit [xenophobic furies] melded into paganized xenophobia; i.e., a fear-fascination with witches [and crosses between these ideations]. Ideally this xenophobia can be subverted into xenophilia, transmuting the sexualized elements in ways that lead to adoration for the oppressed groups.

For example, I used to play *Elder Scrolls III: Skyrim* [2009] for years, modding the game tirelessly [a practice whose parent company, Bethesda, made nearly impossible through the efficient-profit, cost-cutting practices of using outdated softwares, while also relying on players to "patch" their games for them—a service they would undermine with every single developer patch they released]. I went so far as to make "Nick's Skyrim Improvement Guide" in 2012, featuring a list of cosmetic/gameplay improvements:

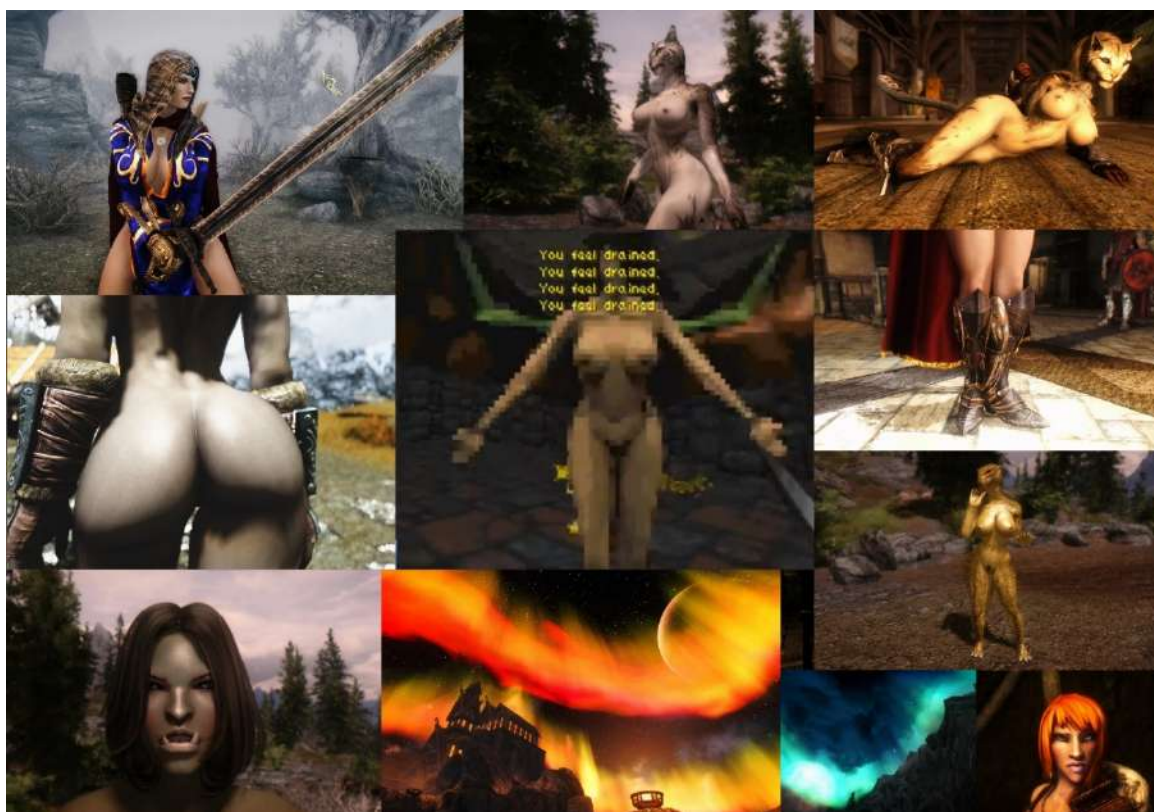
Greetings, fellow Skyrim users! I made this guide with the intention of educating people who like to use mods; in other words, it isn't in any shape or form a guide on how to make mods. Before I begin, I just wanted to say thanks to all of the people, the creators of these mods, software, and guides. Skyrim is a much better game for me thanks to you! :)

Disclaimer: I am not a modder — i.e., someone that creates mods. I merely use them. I have spent many sleepless nights trying to get this damn game to work correctly with all of the mods on this list. Now that I finally have, I present to you a list of all the mods that I use (and a few handy tips) to deliver to you a version of Skyrim I consider to be far superior to the original, vanilla one.

Again, this is simply the way I play Skyrim. I downloaded all the mods in this guide off of the Nexus and recommend that you do the same. These people work hard on these, so make sure you respect their wishes. Don't be shy about dropping by and endorsing their hard work! This includes my guide. If you like it, endorse it [source: Nexus Mods, "[Nick's Skyrim Improvement Guide NSFW Version](#)"].

Apart from the guide, I also made various early YouTube videos promoting the guide, which are still up on my old channel; e.g., Nicholas van der Waard's "[Nick's](#)

[Skyrim Improvement Guide: Enhanced Character Edit](#), " 2013. The idea of modding the game was partly gameplay-oriented, but just as focused on an honest interest in sexuality and gender expression. I loved playing beautiful characters with strong, curvy bodies, generous endowments and scanty clothing—i.e., a very '70s-'80s Amazonian swords-and-sorcery fantasy revival, but sex-positive in its inclusion and celebration of the go-to "furry" races as fully nude [versus ascribing "nudity" on the surface of clothing in the Gothic tradition; re: Sedgwick] alongside Amazons and witches practicing nudism without fear of punishment. By taking the shame out of the equation of sex as "profane," xenophiles address how canonical monster sex is nevertheless sold to the universal clientele as a kind of profitable "forbidden fruit" the elite could [and can] exploit into the present. Said exploitation occupies the same place liberation does, and they use the same language in duality.



My xenophilic approach subverting canon included sexualizing orcs in ways that made me feel pretty and strong; e.g., having curves, muscle and on-point makeup. I loved to play dress up, putting on different outfits and makeup before venturing forth to kill some bandits while listening to the OST from Goldenaxe [1989] or Annihilator songs; I also enjoyed the ability—much like Second Life [2003]—to be able to disable the HUD [heads-up display] and manipulate the camera however I wanted. Like sex work in general, this was useful for photography as a larger, holistic process—one that involved models, sets, and costumes, but also nature

something to simulate and inhabit through one's avatar as "photographed" through screencaps. To that, nothing was more satisfying than getting the perfect body angle, lighting and outfit; it became an artform divorced from the core gameplay experience, devoted solely to sex-positive expression.)

This anthropocentric nightmare is at once an appeal to isolation and simultaneously a call to war to bring them out of the woodwork. It's Peter Pan syndrome, with a promise to reclaim "what's rightfully theirs" (settler colonialism turned in on itself to defend the elite as Capitalism decays). The resultant wish fulfillment is liminal and complex: a tomboy's wet dream, the modern man's desire to be savage, the survivalist prepping for the literal zombie apocalypse. Any of them wants to put their skills to the test, to—in capitalist terms—feel useful in a privatized way. The conspiracy theories and conspiratorial, Quanon-level mercenaries come to the fore, the inmates running the asylum as the elite retreat and watch the world burn from their hiding spots (the greatest trick the elite ever pulled was to convince the world they were dead/didn't exist). It's all fear and dogma, an elaborate canonical misdirection that leads to yet-another-grim-harvest, a fetid "Thanksgiving" of unburied death and wanton destruction.

In short, the actual genocide is materialized, no longer a ghost of the counterfeit by waved in front of workers to scare them accordingly. Fear immigrants, free lunches and Communists! Kick your survival instincts into overdrive! Invoke the shooter's fantasy and solve "your" problems! Meanwhile, all workers are made into witch cops (class traitors) or criminals, each exploited accordingly.

Capitalism makes you hungry and then exploits it. The problem with manufactured scarcity is it can backfire spectacularly. "Everything tastes good when you're starving!" says Frank, babying his new pet with fresh lamb. Having someone to sit at his table, he feels love and slowly comes out of the closet. In this case, the touching part is how this isn't "prison sex" at all. We have two ideal revolutionaries from different walks who are both a good fit for the other. It only took the end of the world to bring them together.

The sad truth is, for gay people and other witch targets under the state of exception, the end of the world is simply Tuesday. To borrow from Kyle Reese, they never see the war that brought about their present calamities. They grow up after it, are always in the ruins, "starving and hiding from HKs." Kyle described these hunter-killers as patrol machines built in automated factories. Such a chain of consumption evokes the manufactured consent and military industrial complex of the early 20th century that has become what it presently is, in love with its own past self as canonical nostalgia: It kills everything but saves Americans for last, on a descending rung of preferential mistreatment.



(exhibit 85: Left, artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#); right: screencaps from *The Terminator*. My drawing is the unknown female soldier from *The Terminator*. In the novelization, she's called Corporal Ferro; in the movie, she was played by Linda Hamilton's stunt double, Jean Malahni [[which went uncredited](#); Facebook: [Tech-Com: 2029](#) - A Terminator Game, 2020]. She was the soldier woman Kyle failed to save. After re-dreaming her death, Kyle dreams to live on and meet the legend; his dream comes true, with him living on to teach Sarah to fend for herself in the face of Capitalism run amok: her dream-like warrior from another time.

At first, Kyle barks "bad BDSM" at her ["Do what I say! Exactly! Don't move unless I say, don't make a sound unless I say! Do you understand? Do you understand?"], but eventually learns to be more gentle and open up about his feelings. He tells Sarah that he loves her like he never did with Ferro; Sarah, in turn, is able to be braver and stronger, "loving a lifetime's worth" with someone special and standing up for herself in ways her own victimized roommate, Ginger, could not. Sarah escapes her immediate doom, but in the face of a bigger calamity finds something to live for and pass on: her son, who teaches Kyle "how to fight, how storm the wire of the camps and smash those metal mother fuckers into junk!"

I've made Ferro more motherly and sweet, but still sexy and strong in ways that stress her Communist role as a mascot/role model for organized revolt; she's a parody of the canonical Amazon meant to cause gender trouble. My own gender-troubling legacy involves me playing around with gender and sexuality by illustrating liminal heroes/heroines in trans/sex-positive ways—to apply "imagining Conan with a pussy" [exhibit 112] to Kyle through Sarah as his female double: a postcolonialist, but still on the poster.)

Under this xenophobic pall, gay men are hunted and killed, forced to fight under reactive abuse when the raiders return. Stranger danger and worker exploitation becomes disguised as highway robbery in a displaced, dissociative American wasteland. Pro-state isolationists are pitted against Communists and

other pro-labor enemies of the state, whose community defense is pitted against "defense" of the state's fortress.

Under these fear-and-dogma circumstances, there is no woman to love. Instead, our two bears in the forest invoke a de-alienated form of homoeroticism; divorced from "prison sex," they reunite with the very things that Capitalism alienates us from: each other, our labor, our bodies, our language, our sexuality and our bond with nature. They are buried for it, re: the homonormative "bury your gays" trope being the only way that many Americans can even think about homosexual men at all. However, they consciously die on their own terms, unbowed and proud and with each other. It's a relatively long life spent between two partners who protect and love the other, then pass on their implements of protection to those they respect. O, Commie zombie bears! "Adieu! Adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades!"

Personally I'd like an ode to the queers that doesn't automatically condemn us to death, but with such a confederacy against us, the truth must also be exposed in liminal ways. So why not both? "I'm no unicorn, no magical creature! I'm human and I love you!" said Amalthea; and Schmendrick, in an aside, replies, "There are no happy endings because nothing ends." The idea is to rub off onto others, I think. Indeed, as my friend Mavis and I watched this show, they told me how they were made of sterner stuff and how their partners (the non-abusive ones) were generally "big softies."

To it, meeting those who cried helped Mavis learn how to cry by loving and protecting in ways beyond the heteronormative order of things—to love and protect as Bill and Frank did, to connect with each other and help the world do the same. Mavis and I both wept watching this. There were no shameful tears for the dead; crying processes trauma and emotions, through which the Gothic imagination can be reclaimed—how people talk and create and think as something closer to the heart. No violent chauffeurs in service of false heroes, like Guts was to Griffith from *Berserk* (1996); no more lies, no more false consciousness. Or, as Sarah Connor put it, "If a machine can learn the value of human life, maybe we can, too" (minus the whole "salvage the nuclear family model" thing that Cameron really leaned into for *T2*—learn to cry, men!). That's xenophilia with *potentially* the right amount of irony to aid in universal liberation (which Cameron abandoned; re: the Avatar franchise, exhibit 8b2, "[Predators as Amazons](#)").

The opposite of that is criminogenic per dogma and economics leading to fear of the unknown; i.e., as something to fetishize and attack, which we'll look at, next.

Ruling through Fear: Dogma and Economics

"Once, men turned their thinking over to machines in the hope that this would set them free. But that only permitted other men with machines to enslave them."

—Reverend Mother (evil space nun written by homophobic author⁸⁹) Gaius Helen Mohiam, *Dune*

Now that we've outlined the underlying ideological structure of witch hunts and witch cops—and looked at something xenophilic as haunting those graveyards, in cop-like ways—let's further investigate the fetishizing mentality they promote (under neoliberal Capitalism) through intersecting dogma and economics: a culture of fear and toxic love centered around the *automatic* criminalization of descriptive sexuality. So is neoliberalism an economic model built around fear *through* toxic love!



First, dogma. Prescriptive punishment relies on dogma made within *relative institutional language* (whose guilty pleasure per the Protestant ethic we'll introduce here and examine more, in "Gothic Ambivalence"). Just as organized religion

⁸⁹ As a footnote from "They Hunger" reads:

With Frank Herbert, again, being a massive homophobe who abjects queerness onto a kind of Nazi vampire that's somehow anti-Semitic (re: "[Frank Herbert's Dug-up Homophobia](#)"); i.e., Nazis and Communists occupy the same theatrical shadow zone as BDSM and vampires, exploitation and liberation: the Harkonnens are basically a post-fascist regression to a cartoon, overly Freudian medieval. It's tacky but par for the course, as far as the monomyth goes (which is heteronormative) [[source](#)].

cryptonymically employs religious scripture to push descriptive sexuality into taboo spheres, secular canon uses secularized, bad-faith cryptonyms inside its own morality arguments. The hauntological consequence, in either case, is criminal sexuality. By publicly condemning sex-positive BDSM, kink and fetish as coercively romanticized, the elite force people to see, thus think, in black-and-white. This makes them easier to control, thus command in xenophobic language.

In material terms, toxic love and criminal sexuality arrest mainstream society's cultural development and class character, preventing the activation and growth of sex-positive imagination through artist, art and consumer alike. Under these carceral conditions, sex-positivity cannot exist and mutual consent becomes a myth; BDSM, kink and fetishes become perverted, twisted by sexist canon whose carceral hauntology faithful consumers refuse to question. Instead, they regard its hidden (or not-so-hidden) atrocities with unironic fascination and fearful, repressed lust.

Kinky demon sex, for example, remains paradoxically common under purity culture. Rather than exorcize them, legions of the "forbidden" materialize as fearsome images of violent, coercive demonic sex. Automatically gendered and rapacious, they furtively illustrate patriarchal dominance through ubiquitous scenes of rape: masculine demons, visibly bigger and stronger than their female "victim," punishing the wanton and disobedient for their transgressions against male power. The elite tolerate such hauntological perversions because they rob the submissive party of catharsis and rapture, but also xenophilic imagination.

The point, here, is not only does this promote female enslavement; it abolishes sex-positive variants that actually empower cis women (and other marginalized groups; re: nature as monstrous-feminine) through sex-positive demonic language. Sex-positive imagination—as a liberatory device—suitably becomes tokenized, hence anathema beyond its toxic doubles; i.e., papered over by generations of violent sexual threats turned into banal-yet-sacred media that pacified audiences dumbly consume: heteronormative canon as forever inside, and expressive towards, moral panic's guilty pleasures and wish fulfillment.

To it, the ghost of the counterfeit is still there, but it furthers the abjection process (thus profit motive); i.e., through the middle class as conditioned through liminal expression to serve the elite through a police mentality that is internalized through externalized symbols; e.g., demon sex and women unironically raped by demons (which becomes a guilty pleasure during mirror syndrome): "death" makes the sex better but also compels unironic dominion (re: dynastic primacy and hereditary rites, Bakhtin) and moral panic when consent is didactically *absent* from the lesson!



(exhibit 86a1: Artist: [Cristóbal López](#). Baldrick notes the backwards-looking gaze of the fascinated domestic will always view the medieval period as a site of fear and harm. This tracks with '80s moral panic as invoking a regressive demonology that promises actual rape of disobedient women, or the desecration of them through sodomy by queer demon lovers—i.e., Virgin/Whore syndrome as seemingly enacted by someone other than the patriarchal husband. In truth, queer men and women aren't inclined to rape straight women, the woman's husband is.)

Canonical demons lack empathetic context, offering a voyeurism of peril that promises unironic rape through, at best, a Radcliffean demonic lover. For example,

any woman who refuses to have sex with her husband (or can't bear children for one reason or another) finds herself surrounded by hyperbolic images of demonic torture and rape—*not* through mutually consensual enjoyment, but *compulsory punishment* for "failing" to reproduce (ignoring the fact that many people who give birth cannot conceive due to health complications). Reserved for those who threaten the status quo, its conspicuous-yet-veiled threats dispute their moral character as tied to their biology. Disobedience is an inability for women to serve what Capitalism expects of them.

As such, the accused *must* be fucking the devil, a prescriptively evil act; the devil cannot be good because *that* privilege belongs automatically to cis-het men (all quiet parts that speak over an ever-quieter part: Capitalism). As the sole agents of compelled good, white cis-het male privilege intersects with knee-jerk, self-righteous retribution—conducted not by the invented demon, but the inventor making displaced, cryptonymic threats towards the women they aim to control by scaring them in highly specific ways: "You're a witch, a heretic, a problematic lover, a sodomite, a *devil*-worshipper, a xenophile; you practice the love *that dare not speak its name!*" (re: "[Understanding Vampires](#)").

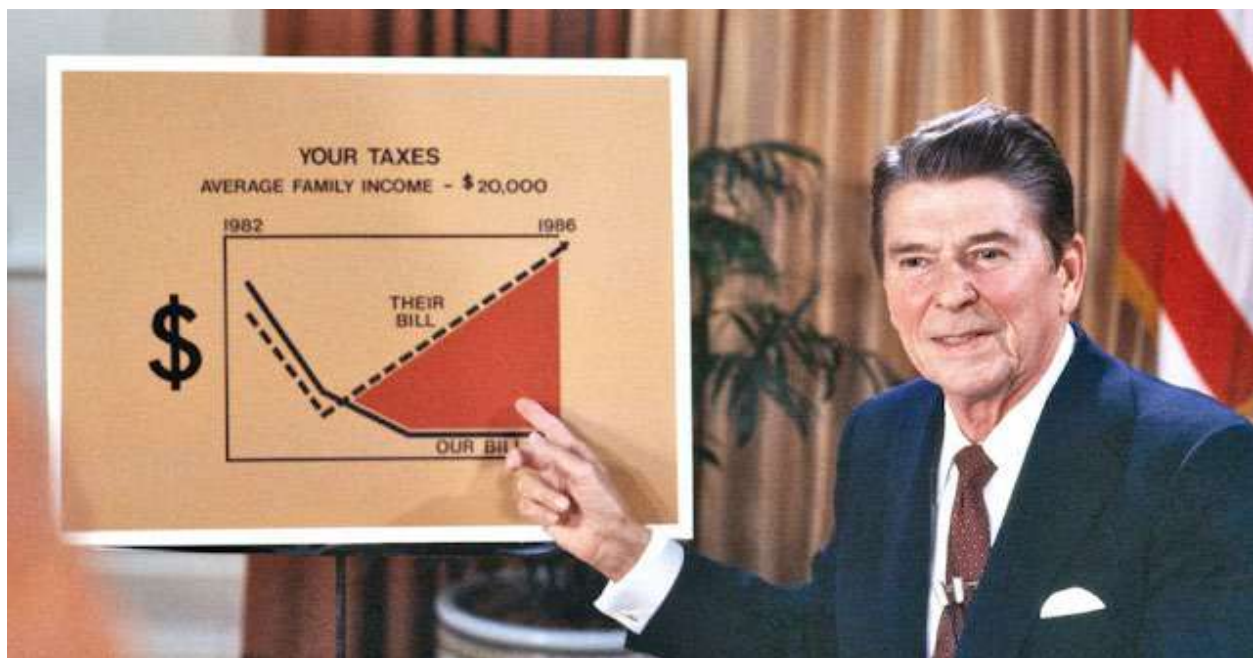
As purity culture dominates women (and people forced to identify as women) by surrounding them complicit ghostly cryptonyms—exclusively coercive demons and rituals of social-sexual violence—these hauntological implements become "guilty pleasures" secretly and hypocritically cherished by people with relative privilege. We'll examine this phenomenon more in the "Gothic Ambivalence" section. For now, let's continue investigating the material conditions responsible: the economic history that leads to sex-positive demons being criminalized, and how those policing them become more violent through prejudicial material advantage.

The point, here, is that coercive demonization controls thoughts by branding them as sinful under capital. In turn, canon fetishizes witch hunts through *ostensibly* secularized witch hunter language. I say "ostensibly" because organized religion was never abolished in America; it merely lies dormant to varying degrees (depending on where you live).

For example, American Puritanism, a Mayflower transplant and evil stowaway, offered numerous virtuous end-goals that continue to thrive in present-day America: sexual purity, the sanctity of marriage, and rigid, nostalgic gender roles. Carryovers from England, all were married by Reagan—a Hollywood professional during the 1950s—to neoliberalism, which, long after he died, continues to turn out "bad" ghosts and bad witches (the latter of which we'll examine more in Chapter Four) that keep people stupidly afraid; i.e., revolutionarily unimaginative and passive, but obedient consumers who prefer the neoliberal ghost as "cool," trustworthy. This is basically tantamount to a sort of imagined reversal: liking the weird old principal from *The Monster Squad* when he tells you that he actually *likes* monsters and ghosts, gleefully saying "I dig it, man!" while lamely giving you an awkward thumbs-up.

In the Protestant ethical tradition, Reagan was an openly Christian, neoliberal plutocrat who *didn't* do that himself (nearly all American presidents have been Christians, specifically *non-Catholic* denominations; re: [Sandstrom](#)). However, he had many powerful corporate friends who did, making stories just like *The Monster Squad* (or stories that movie talked about) that framed hauntology as "totally rad" under a neoliberal consumer model. This model remained oddly mistrustful of outsiders that might contest its grander pacifying aim for universally ethical reasons (degrowth, in other words). Thanks to Reagan's corporate know-how and religious theatrics, "virtue" became synonymous with economic prosperity (code for "elite hegemony") communicated by heteronormative popular stories nevertheless fearful of, yet fascinated with monstrous-feminine love/sodomy (manufactured by corporations with lateral ties to the state).

Meanwhile, austerity politics and personal responsibility offered the elite an effective ideological tool for consolidating state power and wealth around dishonest corporate messaging with a Christian *neighbor*, not direct overseer. As Margaret Thatcher put it, "Economics are the method: the object is to change the soul." True to form, their collective approach ushered in a return to tradition, setting its sights on theocratic state control by gradually replacing intelligent workers with obedient consumers. This process is reflected by a neoliberal shift at the state-political level, with American politician Bill Clinton mirroring Tony Blair just as Reagan and Thatcher bear their own similarities—socio-materially present in the widespread canonical attitudes accreting from their respective tenures, included horror stories as evocations of those times: when monsters were "totally cool" and no one was politically active!



In the meantime, carceral hauntology's sexual caution and modesty became something to cherish and protect from all manner of alien forces, including emancipatory variants threatening *the beyond*. The emergence of a Christian executive with direct ties to the means of production (through his corporate buddies) allowed these cultural attitudes to materialize, thus be repeatedly exposed to American families using mass media/personal property as a proxy for state power. Cheap, popular stories became sex-coercive through carceral-complicit horror as financially incentivized; "think of the children!" became a regular, widespread appeal, generating waves of terror (a totalitarian tactic) that reliably led to moral panic *en masse* but also *ad infinitum* against xenophilic activists.

Enforced through neoliberal economics, a glut of cautionary, dogmatic romances helped dislocate and divorce descriptive sexuality from everyday experience. In turn, mass media promoted unvirtuous or immodest love (namely sex outside of marriage) as increasingly sinful or dangerous—something connected to society's "moral decay" as attached to crime, but especially sensationalized, *depraved* crime. This includes

- singular, fetishized acts of sexual violence (re: the knife strap-on from *Se7en*)
- targeted assault occurring through complex abuse, which conditions victims through unequal, nonconsensual power exchange and abuse of unequal power over time—capture, torture and rape; [but also grooming interactions, be they targeted or parasocial](#) (Essence of Thought's "Lily Orchard Sexted A 16 Year Old," 2022).
- performers of any of these things: sexual deviants, mass murderers, or serial killers, but also groups demonically scapegoated as such by canonical media and its reactionary defenders

These toxic variables mirror the real-life abuses committed by various self-proclaimed "defenders of (cis-white) women," "protecting" them from various alien forces: those pesky queers. Taught by those at the top, fascists do not protect women like they insist; they use their relative socio-material means to deprive them of their basic human rights and bodily autonomy. This makes women terminally reliant on men, who then exploit, shame and deceive them through power abuse, sex-coercive language and bad-faith rhetoric Capitalism, as a structure, constantly downplays but encourages. In the process, the "defenders" covet, seek and hunt women—to transform them into ideal victims, while killing or alienating anything that might make this task more difficult (they also chase and fetishize queer people, a concept we'll examine more in Chapter Three).

Clad in the outwardly holy attire or truthful personas of relative institutional language, sexist men like Matt Walsh amount to *perfidious defenders*. Not only do they abuse cis women (and those seen as lesser than cis women, which again, we'll

explore more in Chapters Three and Four) [by lying to women and feminist proponents every chance they get](#) (Jessie Gender's "Debunking Matt Walsh's 'What is a Woman?' 2022; timestamp: 2:52:55); they abject their hypocrisy onto various scapegoats already punished by a system of demonic, coercively fetishizing canon: "Evil is out there, and we must protect (white, cis-het) women's purity from its malign influence." Based on real life scenarios, fictional media foments conservative attitudes with a heightened confirmation bias—presenting crime as something to identify by sight. In this fashion, assigned punishers may root out and destroy essentialized targets with impunity. They literally can't imagine anything else, nor realize how the elite-cultivated Superstructure has trapped them inside their own killer mindset.

Note: I go on to write about [The Darkest Dungeon](#) elsewhere in my book series; e.g., the Countess, in "[The World Is a Vampire](#)." —Perse, 5/2/2025



To keep systemic abuse from being scrutinized, totalitarian rhetoric demands the existence of demons *from elsewhere*. Meanwhile, those in power [downplay systemic violence by scapegoating mental illness](#) (Some More News' "Mental Health

And Mass Shootings," 2022; timestamp: 10:24). Women, for example, are gaslit by default, while powerful anti-Semitic men like Kayne West are given the benefit of the doubt. The fact remains that anyone, regardless of their state of mind, can be afflicted with such a code—one that enables them to become coercively sexual and brutally sadistic. In this manner, Adolf Eichmann (the architect of the Holocaust) was only *outwardly* banal. Hardly a neutral "desk murderer," Eichmann's fervent belief in the just slaughter of a natural enemy made his displacement and apathy thoroughly sadistic in non-consensual ways. Re (from the thesis): As Meghna Chakrabarti in

60 years later, the banality of evil has been so oft repeated, it's been reduced to cliché. Just yesterday, a guest on this show used the phrase when trying to explain why so many [Republican operatives quickly abandoned their principles](#) in support of the authoritarian slide that led to the Capitol insurrection. So the banality of evil has become a comforting myth we tell ourselves.

Arendt's idea that evil comes from a failure to think is a popular and powerful way to comprehend how anyone could willingly participate in the unthinkable. But in the case of Adolf Eichmann, we now know that Hannah

Arendt was wrong. Because Eichmann said so himself. This is Adolf Eichmann, his actual voice, speaking in recordings made in Argentina in 1957, four years before he went on trial in Jerusalem. And in the recordings, he says, I regret nothing.

Every fiber in me resists that we did something wrong. I must tell you honestly, had we killed 10.3 million Jews, then I would be satisfied and say, good, we have exterminated an enemy ... that is the truth. Why should I deny it?

Eichmann's evil is not a failure to think. Eichmann's evil is the product of deliberate thinking that made him proud to orchestrate a genocide. So it may be time for us to drop our belief in the banality of evil ([source](#): "The Eichmann Tapes," 2022).

Sexual coercion through xenophobic is fundamental to bourgeois hegemony. From a material standpoint, hegemony amounts to an ongoing relationship between consumers and media that men like Eichmann habitually exploit using hauntological, cryptonymic propaganda. Furtively appealing to the fears of the working class, such persons maintain the status quo through a larger structure, one whose material configurations of power control the Base as a means of limiting open, honestly xenophilic discussions about sexuality (and other taboo subjects).

Instead, the elite's inherent dishonesty materializes through canonical media as a social construct: the fetishized witch hunt as something to endorse until the end of time. This relationship reflects widespread cultural attitudes that reliably lead to sexist abuse through the canonical depiction, and unironic enjoyment, of toxic love; as well as a ceaseless fascination with, and exploitation of, criminal sexuality through guilty pleasures, including serial killers, but also coercive BDSM, kinks and fetishization with a quasi-religious-but-still-deeply-spiritual flavor to experiencing them, and which can be acted out; i.e., through "[Psychosexual Martyrdom](#)"; e.g., the *convulsionnaires* of yesterday echoing future cryptomimesis chasing the ghost of the counterfeit for similar palliative-Numinous, rapturous effects during ludo-Gothic BDSM(re: "[Healing through Rape](#)").

Now that we've explored the basic ideological structure that fetishizes hauntological scapegoats and witch hunters (monsters from the "past," defenders of past "glory"), as well as dogma and economics' canonical role in centralizing toxic love and criminalizing descriptive sexuality within this cryptonymic Superstructure, let's move onto to the media cycle itself. Before we move onto the more demonically outlandish examples (succubae, vampires, etc), we'll look into real-life and its apocryphal offshoots. In doing so, we'll examine how true crime certifies criminal sexuality and toxic love as sensational-yet-"real" events begot from liminal scenarios during oppositional praxis: criminal hauntology.

"Real Life": Toxic Love and Criminal Sexuality in True Crime (feat. *Killing Stalking*, Jeffery Dahmer Ted Bundy)

"You can't send us out there with that gay bat flying around!" ([source](#)).

—Kevin Nealon to John Travolta; "Gay Dracula skit," on SNL (1994)



Note: This piece was originally made in response to the James Somerton videos, "[Killing Stalking and the Romancing of Abuse](#)" and "[The Troubling Thirst for Jeffery Dahmer](#)" (2023). Said videos are reuploads, as Somerton—now self-described as [James of Telos](#) in connection to his now-defunct film company/scam enterprise, [Telos Pictures](#)—removed them from his YouTube channel ([also defunct](#)). In other words, I wrote this piece in early-to-mid-2023, before James was exposed as a giant plagiarist (which I responded to after it happened; re: "[James Somerton: A Guy Who Sucked, But So Does Capitalism](#)," 2024). Also, from what I understand, the above essays that I cite were actually written not by James but by his editor/co-writer and former friend, [Nicholas Hergott](#), who wasn't involved in James' bullshit ([source](#): Reddit, r/hbombguy).

Also, there will be allusions to ludo-Gothic BDSM, here, but more in regards to its forebear, demon BDSM, as what ludo-Gothic BDSM evolved into [any quotes here on ludo-Gothic BDSM being added in 2025]. —Perse, 5/2/2025

As discussed in Volume One (re: exhibit 11b2, "[Challenging the State](#)") and Two (re: exhibit 47a1/2, "[Radcliffe's Refrain](#)"), criminal hauntology relishes in the commodified suffering of the buried, the gays as automatic criminals, fugitives,

unironic closet monsters and perpetual victims. Heteronormative media's punitive nature materializes through recycled, consecutive iterations: true crime and its forces-of-darkness scapegoats selecting selling the punishment and celebration of the wicked as queer but also heteronormative (the black knight, penitent, rake or demon lover as the exclusive ultimate rapist/predator of white women).

To it, criminal hauntology is the reflection on past, dated iterations of criminal activity that continue to shape the public's social-sexual imagination in a variety of linguo-material ways. Originally popularized by Ann Radcliffe and future authors like Agatha Christie, Sir Arthur Canon Doyle and Edgar Allan Poe, the "murder mystery" genre survives in more modern, canonical forms: TV shows, movies and the 24-hour news circuit. All fixate on awesome, sexy killers or horrific, alien scapegoats; i.e., the male sodomite or vampire as a splendid fake. In a bid to preserve societal order as "threatened," true crime argues for us-versus-them xenophobia inside the relative privilege of target demographics: white, cis-het men and women. Their perennial support results from manufactured consent, which the elite attain through cultivated fascinations with various popular tropes—"realistic" writing devices that frequently delve into sensationalized, supernatural, and romantic spheres.

In fictional canon, the avatars of true crime aren't simply criminal; they're coercively alien and demonic. Regardless, their hauntologies employs the same didactic function as non-fictional variants: to emblemize and scapegoat societal unrest that threatens the established order. However, the top only punches down, making its emotional appeals highly exploitative. Through true crime, the elite project assigned qualities onto symbolic criminals or victims, oscillating between them as needed. Powerful authors reify sexy killers and deranged victims, appealing to a kind of dynamic scapegoating—one that uses sexist, bigoted stereotypes to keep the middle class horny and afraid. As usual, they chase after us to delight in our suffering.

The consequence is universal predation. By dieting on eroticized fear, privileged clients grow increasingly apathetic, fetishistic and bloodthirsty towards marginalized groups at any social register—i.e., not just serial killers and crime with whites xenophobic towards people of color, but within the domestic encounters of single ethnic groups.

This includes perceived offenses before crimes even happen, wherein cultural bias before, during and after any social exchange is heavily lopsided in the more privileged group's favor. While men of color are scapegoated, white men are given the benefit of the doubt despite being conditioned to "hunt" women like prey (e.g., weird canonical nerds). All the while, mainstream hauntology normalize canonical abuse against historical victims, whose fictionalized iterations are lauded as "essential" inside tales of unspeakable victimhood. Despite parallels to real-life cases, this abuse becomes a vital ingredient that consumers crave—a nightly ritual they refuse to part with. Instead, they resent its absence, demanding routine

sacrifices to sate their harmfully vampiric appetites. They want their "protectors," even when it's proven these persons are often the most violent, deceitful and destructive (making their "turned" fans the most apathetic, vindictive and callous).

As we'll see repeatedly moving forward, the elite routinely introduce, cultivate and exploit these appetites to distract workers from bourgeois abuse—exploiting workers for their labor, their bodies and their emotions.



(artist: Koogi)

[Killing Stalking \(2016\), for example](#) (James Somerton's "'Killing Stalking' and The Romancing of Abuse," 2021), extends the privileged fascination with toxic love and criminal sexuality to gay men as criminalized under xenophobic exhibits. Historically portrayed as carriers of disease and pedophilic tendencies, Koogi's narrative treats gay men in the usual ways: reprobate and sinister, but oddly delicious according to cis-het girls,

women and chasers (a trope popularized by the neoliberal appropriation of gay sex crime, [prioritizing white "thirst" for gay killers over genuine, appreciative empathy for gay victims](#); James Somerton's "The Troubling Thirst for Jeffrey Dahmer," 2022)?

Despite the homophobic subtext of fetishistic gay murder and rape, predatory audiences—predominantly white, cis-het women (and chasers)—defend queer/female exploitation* purely for its surface level tropes, most notably the physically attractive killer as *nostalgic*. Tied to past stories of coercively romanticized violence, *criminal hauntology* needn't delve into blatant make-believe to lock up consumer brains; it often keeps things more grounded, albeit in relation to recuperated ironies about everyday stories.

**Note: Problematic love is a theme tied to homosexual exploitation dating back to Ancient Greece and the ancient canonical codes surviving into the medieval, Gothic and Neo-Gothic periods; i.e., when Jewish blood libel, witchcraft and sodomy accusations were being made against homosexual men as the most-visible legal subjects of the time period the state would have attacked (versus women as chattel who were also abused, and Jewish people, followed by people of color from the Enlightenment period, onwards). A good summary of it is contained within [my](#)*

["Hailing Hellions" interview](#) with Vera Dominus⁹⁰; the "They Hunger" chapter from my *Undead Module* goes into the topic of problematic love (and vampires) at length; re: "the love that dare not speak its name" commonly being associated with criminals (read: serial killers) and disease becoming scapegoats for capital, as time went on. —Perse, 5/2/2025

For example, stemming from normalized attitudes exposed to them by heteronormative canon, the largely female, teenage audience recognize Koogi's markers from famous "romances" like *Romeo and Juliet*. Never mind that Shakespeare's satire flies right over Koogi's fans' heads; merely the killer's handsome appearance demands redemption through radical endorsement—of those browbeaten to Pavlovian extremes or neophytes canonically acclimated towards forgiving his mental imperfections and hyperbolic violence until then.

⁹⁰ As I respond to Vera in the original interview:

Fun fact, but the original inspiration for Ursula from The Little Mermaid (1991) was Divine ([source](#): Laura Zornosa's "Once Upon a Time, Ursula Was a Drag Queen," 2023); i.e., the "bury your gays" trope further combined with medieval theatre's vice character tropes in 1960s and '70s camp (e.g., Rocky Horror, 1975). Borrowed hauntologically from the imaginary performative past (as all Gothic is), all originate from a former time where only boys and men—but commonly homosexual men (e.g., Shakespeare)—were allowed to act onstage (most 20th century drag queens are historically cis-het, with terms like "trans" being formally introduced in 1965; re: "[What Is Problematic Love?](#)"). Furthermore, Horace Walpole—the father of the Gothic novel, hence mode—was arguably gay, as was Matthew Lewis (re: "[Prey as Liberators](#)").

*Beyond cis gay men as the go-to scapegoats of the medieval and neo-medieval periods, the fact remains that trans, non-binary and intersex people have existed alongside them; i.e., since the dawn of time. Yet the West has commonly demonized them through the abjection process, too; i.e., historically through homosexual men as the most legally visible of the bunch. This includes well before the term "homosexual" existed (e.g., sodomy accusations and prosecuting them in the 1700s, vis-à-vis Colin Broadmoor's "[Camping the Canon](#)," 2021), and well into capital, after "homosexual" existed and men outed as such were being prosecuted medically (re: from 1872 onwards, vis-à-vis Foucault's *A History of Sexuality*, 1980): alongside other persecuted minorities, from Oscar Wilde onwards (re: the first public trial of homosexuality, "[Making Marx Gay](#)"); i.e., as capital and the bourgeoisie evolved to abuse such modular persecution language under new, increasingly diverse, flexible and inclusive models of intersectional exploitation (re: witch hunts, sodomy, Orientalism and blood libel, vis-à-vis my "[Tide Hands](#)" chapter, "[Policing the Whore](#)" and "[A Vampire History Primer](#)," etc).*

All in all, capital commodifies marginalized exploitation, effectively controlling opposition through the tokenized language of alienation; i.e., as only going up in its usage through a swelling profit motive under neoliberalism (a freeing of the market). We must expand in opposition to such bad-faith usage, camping what has become canon on the Aegis; e.g., Divine is fine, to my knowledge, but RuPaul is transphobic ([source](#): Michael Cuby's "These Trans and Cis Female Drag Queens Have Some WORDS for RuPaul," 2018); re: "gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss" applying to any group assimilating inside the Man Box (see: [Mark Greene](#)); i.e., acting like a white straight man under the Protestant ethic, as many second wave feminists and drag queens (from the 1960s, '70s and '80s) have historically done into the present space and time ([source](#)).

Such things, from the 18th century into the 21st, remain gays to bury through different flavors and degrees of mistreatment within imbricating (and modular/arbitrary) persecution networks.

Worse still, this clemency mirrors the mentality of actual victims, hoping their tormentors can change mid-abuse when there's no clear evidence for it. Not only does this larger structure invite abuse apologetics through manufactured drama that prioritizes the rehabilitation of obvious monsters; their unearned clemency supersedes actual victim testimony. However, real-world atrocities inflame differently per register, incited by stigmas and fearful biases that keep marginalized groups fighting amongst themselves. Meanwhile, the authors of their collective phobias—the elite—become invisible, the intimations of their abusive, xenophobic Superstructure discarded in favor of unironic hero worship. Radcliffian demon lovers are as good-as-it-gets.

Scoundrel's bias remains a common defense for the status quo, one that perpetuates harmful stereotypes about descriptive sexuality and abusive relationships in canonical stories. On one hand, canon condemns descriptive, xenophilic sexuality as inherently criminal, a kind of "dangerous game" that invariably requires the players themselves to be horribly flawed; on the other, it upholds toxic relationships by normalizing their abuse, expecting readers to not merely tolerate it, but *forgive* the abusers each and every time (rape apologia). Presumably these flaws are cosmetic—a mask for the healer to remove, revealing the hero's wounded, but ultimately human visage.

Confirming the abuser's humanity leads to forgiveness, followed swiftly by marriage: "Reader, I married *him*." This isn't the twist; it's the point. Boy meets girl; bury your gays. In truth, the key to survival is revealing the one "mask" they can't take off—the one that gives the game away: their concealed, deceitful nature as fascists-in-disguise. Fascists fear being exposed because it exposes all of their images as false; to do so is to break the spell, destroying the enemy's illusion of strength. They will run and hide every time.



After centuries of prescribed love in canonical stories, the redeemable killer trope has been mythologized by American society to pathological extremes. This legacy of enforced forgiveness remains even when the mask-removal scenario inverts—i.e., no *physical* mask, merely a persona worn by perfidious, heteronormative sex criminals seeking prey (disguise pastiche). These patient monsters look human, but pretend to be *humane*, a ruse less reliant on brute, vampiric hypnosis than outright deception and cultural exploitation as concentric: an identity crisis amid the gobstopper masks and *mise-en-abyme* (a crisis of masculinity but also of Capitalism itself as breaking down) While the killer's charms can appear as ordinary, boring and harmless, they often interact with vulnerable, even predatory *viewers*. Raised on darkly romantic, hauntological caricatures that trivialize mental illness, sexual assault and domestic abuse, an increasingly indifferent audience detaches from the

killer's would-be victims—themselves, but also people *different* from them (xenophobes) on an ideo-ontological level (xenophiles). In either case, they project their own disadvantage or anxieties onto someone else, often a fictionalized counterpart or scapegoat as something to cherish, fear and sacrifice in highly exploitative ways.

For this reason, anyone reclaiming a fetishized demon like Sangwoo or a toxic love like Yoonbum's must first contend with normalized fixations surrounding either character—i.e., not just penitent "monsters," but more surface-level readings of genuine abuse hidden behind superficial, jaded tropes: Killers are handsome, smart, and powerful; victims are beautiful, enthralled, and stupid (especially twink). These become a form of reader apathy—an enabler's interpretation of the text performed largely for selfish reasons.

For instance, despite Sangwoo concealing his homicidal nature by pretending to act human, his callous, horny fans will quickly forgive and lust after him anyways. In doing so, they accept Yoonbum's victimization as part of the manufactured drama that "true love" requires. It's *supposed* to be toxic, even deadly. Forgiveness requires trespass, a manufactured clemency narrative committed by women (and token minorities) that not only pardons, but venerates society's most privileged members: abusive white men. This happens in duality through DARVO and obscurantism muddying the waters but also missing the point ("I have nipples, Greg; could you milk me?").

Without textual ironies—be they diegetic, paratextual or metatextual—to distinguish fatal romance as satire, the true crime genre's assigned roles have become heavily coercive—a kind of storied order that teaches privileged consumers how to mock, mistreat and ignore domestic-sexual abuse. Its very existence proves how sex coercion doesn't appear *ex nihilo*, nor does it come from a single source. Rather, it appears through fiction and real life interacting back and forth over time, imitating each other *amid a total absence of sex-positive, xenophilic imagination*. This oscillation must be investigated carefully, for to break its contract—i.e., defy the Symbolic Order of what is taboo, but still paraded about in popular stories—reliably generates ambivalence and pushback from passive, uncritical consumers used to preferential treatment (we'll cover this more in Chapter Five).

For these persons, the socio-material arrangement of a hierarchy of control—quite literally law and order, but also dominance and submission as reified through material crime and punishment—invokes manufactured consent as a xenophobic enterprise. As tolerance becomes worship through commercial endorsement, entitled consumers view the abusive lover as someone to rescue; they worship literal serial killers as apex predators of psychosexual crime—a "top performer/earner" in said crimes' veneration as something to recreate and sell back to a stupefied audience fascinated with "the love that dare not speak its name!" They synonymize rape with queerness, often inside mundane, "courtroom"

hauntologies that pass off heteronormative symptoms as demonic, thus "queer" in a sex-positive, intersectionally solidarized and universally liberatory sense.

This punitive, disingenuous mindset demands sacrifice, callously selected by consumers with varying degrees of privilege. By defending victimization as integral to true crime media, they treat abuse against women and target minorities as run-of-the-mill; e.g., the veneration of someone as indefensible as Sangwoo violating



someone as vulnerable as Yoonbum happening in fictional cases, but also real-life examples that play out like extraordinary fiction (minus the Gothic window-dressing of ghosts, mist and literal demons that counterfeit their non-supernatural counterparts):

(exhibit 86a2: [Source](#). Elizabeth Kloepfer survived a six-year relationship with Bundy despite knowing who he actually was—indeed because of it; i.e., she was previously abused and suffering from alcoholism, hence fell prey to the same kinds of isolation-style tactics

any toxic lover inflicts on their victims. We need to recognize how she acknowledged this abuse, writing about it after Bundy died and, in effect, releasing her from his curse; i.e., as a "Bride of Dracula" [a metaphor less for literal marriage and more for living in sin, Kloepfer never actually marrying Bundy]:

Elizabeth "Liz" Kloepfer, [Ted Bundy](#)'s longtime girlfriend and former fiancé, disappeared from the public eye nearly 40 years ago.

Before she did, she wrote a book, [The Phantom Prince: My Life with Ted Bundy](#), detailing her turbulent, six-year relationship with the infamous serial killer, who had led a double life as a loving partner and a heinous serial killer. (Bundy eventually admitted to killing 36 women across several states in the 1970s, although experts and people close to him speculate his actual number of [victims was closer to 100](#).) [...]

In her book, Kloepfer says she was trying to escape a creepy guy in the bar when she saw Bundy sitting alone and approached him. Thinking he looked sad, she said to him, "You look like your best friend just died." The two began to talk. Conversation flowed naturally, and the chemistry was instant. Bundy ended up spending a platonic night at her house, but they became a couple a short time later.

"I handed Ted my life and said, 'Here. Take care of me.' He did in a lot of ways, but I became more and more dependent upon him. When I felt his love, I was on top of the world; when I felt nothing from Ted, I felt that I was

nothing," she said in the book [[source](#): James Bartosch's "Meet Elizabeth Kloefer, Ted Bundy's Former Girlfriend," 2020].

Battered spouses lie to themselves, and I can certainly understand that; i.e., having a hand in my own abduction by ignoring red flags in my rapist, Jadis [re: "[Meeting Jadis](#)"]. Weird attracts weird, and abusers feed off that, making you feel things you never felt before: security. Such forgeries unfold through bad courtship; i.e., as a survivor of trauma is drawn to another often-bigger-and-stronger [at least in appearance] survivor who can seemingly protect the searching party from harm... which they then use to manipulate and control the victim[s] with; re: as Jadis did to me, weird attracting weird through similar abuses suffered—with them abused by their own mother until they tokenized to harm me, just as my mother had been abused by her own bad-faith partners, in the past.

In short, "like mother, like daughter" in both cases. Jadis' mother abused Jadis, and Jadis abused others, raping me to feel in control; i.e., from the abuse they survived having a lasting impact on them [and me] long after their mother was dead [thus impacting me when I fell into their orbit]:

...learn from my paradoxical joys, during the painful [re]conception, birth and afterbirth; i.e., the fact that it wasn't all bad, just messy and intense: the sex was good, and Jadis was funny [all qualities I took and put in my book to spite them, but also to love their better half that eventually gave into greed and pride]! God they made me laugh and cum like mad! But they also terrified me and couldn't control themselves/gave us both more than we agreed to; re: we had a contract, one they didn't follow while dragging me through a portal into their idea of Hell as they envisioned it—where they were master/victim and I their unwilling slave/abuser! What I say is the

truth, insofar as the historical events are concerned, but it nonetheless revives in/mixes with Gothic poetics' shadows and lies; e.g., Jadis wasn't a black knight, as much as I wanted them to be. Instead, the truth of them was far more banal:



Jadis was always a person at war with themselves/ruled by their past. In short, they were kinder when they were poor/only began to change once their father died and they inherited a small fortune/dividends [extra emphasis on "small," but it was

enough to immediately change our lives during Covid: to get a new car and home at the drop of a hat and still be able to live comfortably for the rest of our lives]. Faced with that, Jadis' desires for assimilation and dominion over a partner they could control ["the devil you know" and all that] began to surface—i.e., they had an empty room they could build whatever they wanted inside; instead of making a world together with me, they chose to push me out and orchestrate their ex, Tim, moving in with us [which originally was my idea, but one Jadis gently encouraged by constantly prodding me to mend fences with a former victim they presented as having abused Jadis first; i.e., Jadis was always the only victim].

Due to visual similarities unfolding mid-relationship, though, rape is always a matter of context under dialectical-material scrutiny. Jadis' and my courtship, being like many others were and are, started through sex [[source](#): "Showing Jadis' Face while Doubling Them"].

Trauma lives in the body and victims of abuse often have damage that leads other victims of abuse towards them. It's how the master/slave dynamic classically operates and one, under capital, that has become romanticized by people of varying privilege and oppression hugging the alien as sold to them.

To it, victims of capital can either become cops or criminals, the distinction seldom neat or clean. Furthermore, such abuses [and behaviors tied to said abuses] are alien to those outside their regular spheres, which popular media [and consumers of said media] romanticize in turn: the myth of the "chosen" spouse conveniently omitting how marriage classically never was a choice i.e., for women, whose choices we make under present circumstances being informed by a lack of agency and bad decisions: made while trying to meet other good workers capital has divided from us; re: I met Jadis during Covid/as I was coming out of the closet after my ex, Zeuhl, left me for their own secret husband, in England:



[models: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl; [source](#): "Non-Magical Detectives"]

But also, such things echo in shadowy likeness that, like dolls, exist as half-real, between stories and real-life as relating cryptomimetically back and forth, mid-haunting:

The Gothic castle, then, serves as a kind of dollhouse unto itself—a playful means of aesthetically expressing the organic and circuitous relationship

between all of these things. It does so in a relatable, easy-to-comprehend form; i.e., that children might communicate when talking about their own lived abuse: the undead home as alien, barbaric, and prison-like, but also



demonic in doll-like forms that express/rarefy torture and unequal, harmful power exchange: Lovecraft's "horror in clay" from "Call of Cthulhu."

To that, the monster in The Night House is preceded by a doll-like abstraction to the husband's crimes hidden inside-outside himself as abjecting

BDSM. It isn't overtly undead, then, but still has an undead function when played with: a ludo-Gothic, BDSM-style negotiation of the heroine's personal trauma as made into things that are essentially dolls. These would interact with my own dolls in a meta sense—but also my abuser abusing me with dolls—that informed my scholarship about dolls as forever a work-in-progress vis-à-vis historical materialism; i.e., as a dialectical-material process, one predicated on rape as a matter of profit expressed through dolls for or against the state on different registers. I want to explore that for the rest of the Night House close-reading.

With any and all BDSM, there's the fantasy and the reality. Sex workers work between them as half-real, which is where the Gothic comes in; re: the rememory of personal trauma through dolls during ludo-Gothic BDSM as undead. There will be demons and power abuse, of course, but our focus is still trauma when looking at The Night House. To that, the problem with any contract is you ultimately have to rely on the dominant holding themselves accountable when things aren't materially equal or socially transparent. No contract is perfect. As Jadis shows us, people lie, exploiting their positions to police others to feel in control at someone else's expense, forcing them to be the doll by exploiting their desire to play with the idea of rememory at all. The same goes for the characters in The Night House; i.e., as things to relate to and learn from when dealing with abusers seeking to dominate a given rape play by bullying its execution in search of total permanent control.

Of course, hindsight isn't foresight, but it can change history as something we make ourselves when confronting trauma in socio-material ways. Trauma lives in the body but also around it—in the chronotope, the family space—as divided, disintegrating and regenerating through rememory and decay as part of the same imbricating loop. In turn, the Gothic is written in liminality and grey area, oscillating between the world of the living and the land of the dead, the big and the small, the genuine and the fake, good faith

and bad, etc; i.e., the past and the present as one in the same, which *The Night House* demonstrates quietly but exceptionally well through its spatio-temporal elements: the castle as—like with *Alien*—remains told between the space of one doubled by the other as a dark twin [[source](#): "One Foot out the Door"]].



[artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#); source: "[Healing from Rape](#)"]

Over the years, I've written about rape as a survivor would—both to understand its occurrence regarding myself, and to instruct its historical-material replication and subversion in a dialectical-material way. The trick to having the whore's revenge against capital, then, is relating to each other through our asymmetrical trauma finding common ground during ludo-Gothic BDSM/calculated risk [re: Cuwu and I both rape

victims who connected through our trauma, above].

Let's not stand on ceremony to mince words, here: we victims are not drawn to trauma because we want to be raped; we want to heal from it, and that only happens by facing your fears in ways we can control that aren't toxic—i.e., by chasing Medusa's ghost [of the counterfeit] and playing with it to learn from the past-in-counterfeit-small. As such, there's a learning curve to Gothic—one loaded with ghosts of older abusers who not only look like their former selves, but us, too—mirrored in canon's alien media darlings, during criminal hauntology! *Phenomenology* is the maze we're ultimately navigating through criminogenesis; i.e., to subvert inside itself, thus break the curse; re: by camping paradoxically it through holistic study during the cryptonymy process taking such things—sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll—back. Ambiguity isn't something to omit, but embrace while showing what is alien to many the monsters we lived with; i.e., as monsters, ourselves; re: society as conditioned to blame the whore, whose revenge against profit happens by speaking out. See what gives us poor over our enemies—our survival in ways the state's useful idiots are ignorant towards, save through canon

as something that makes them weak, apathetic and stupid [so-called "pawns on the board"]! We thrive where they can scare imagine!)

For example, Ted Bundy's paradoxical sex criminal hero worship comes, in part, from society's overblown treatment of (white, cis-het) men like him as celebrities—famous faces that move merchandise, be it movies, videogames, or trading cards; crimino-hauntological forms seen in the slasher subgenre; and the outer margins of Gothic retro-future like the *Alien* franchise (e.g., David the Android [re: exhibit 51a, "[Making Demons](#)"] as the outwardly attractive killer of women, from a second wave feminist point of view) or *The Terminator* as the killer of a white *female* savior. The worship itself often comes from those historically treated as victims, but also the submissive recipients and givers of prescribed love in popular stories: white women as fascinated with romanticized, ideal form of the white man as rapist (which they project onto state abusers like the T-1000, but also state victims that cops attack, which subjugated *Amazons* (and other monstrous-



feminine) attack during mirror syndrome; re: "[Escaping Jadis](#)"; re: "death" makes the sex better *through* police action tokenizing activism with scapegoat narratives (which *T2* is, displacing Silicon Valley's crimes onto "Skynet"; re: "[Healing from Rape](#)").

Per Radcliffe, rape and police abuse is a potent aphrodisiac (re: "[Radcliffe's Refrain](#)"), hence where shadows are both invented and power is found by demasking such fiends; i.e., what canonical Gothic

uses to hint at police abuse, only to tokenize us through the same gaslight (with discrediting victims as "hysterical" because of their abuse being one of the oldest tricks in the book). In seeing his case publicized all over mass media, Bundy's female admirers (re: Kloepper among others) would have known the kind of power he represented through society at large—the unequal, coercively masculine kind. Bundy's trial resonated most strongly with those already conditioned to receive violence from male authority figures, coming to Bundy's defense as part of an implied social contract: the one between abusive, domineering men controlling victimized, susceptible women who—through the usual pyramid-tier abuse structures—tokenize just as often; re: Jadis was GNC, but identified publicly as a woman who, in turn, raped me as a trans woman. Kill capital's darlings lest they kill us! Consume vampires/werewolves (and other metaphors for toxic love) to learn from them, opening your minds versus closing them!

By normalizing the master/slave dichotomy as something *to sell*, American society would have denied men and women the opportunity and information needed to pursue healthier alternatives (furries and other kinds of monster-fucker xenophilia, in Volume Two; or sex-positive BDSM through dark mommy doms, exhibit 102b). Exacted upon familiar proxies or codified scapegoats, these stereotypical interactions actually highlight the disjointed, messy fears of a middle class incensed by various control factors: the mythical killer in their midst, or a convenient scapegoat to pin those fears on. Both reify the socio-material treatment of various marginalized groups present within the "lived experience" of popular horror stories: the true crime circuit.

Biased towards cis-het, white people, true crime compels heteronormative relationships between men and women to be overshadowed by canonical slayers of either (e.g., Charlotte Dacre's amoral "destroyer" of the household, Count Ardolf, representing male homewreckers in the 18th century's "15th century"). White, cis-het men protect white, cis-het women, which popular stories valorize and infantilize respectively through *relative privilege*. Portrayed as perpetual victims, women exist in stories that disempower them in hauntological ways; the Gothic heroine as someone to blame for her own mistreatment by exceptionally evil men, who goes on to be weaponized by the status quo (e.g., Victoria as conditioned by Ardolf to attack weak femininity in *Zofloya*, exhibit 100b2).

Though similar abuse happens to anyone who isn't normal—isn't white, straight, male and Christian—white, cis-het women have just that: white, cis-het privilege. This protects them from the additional prejudices levied against gay men, people of color, trans people, immigrants, Jews, etc; and their various, domestic intersections. It also weaponizes them against so-called forms of sex-positive sodomy or "free love," blaming out-groups for the failings of heteronormativity and marriage by attacking them instead of the institution as forcing women to marry abusers or otherwise be exposed to their harmful games (we'll examine various examples in Chapters Three and Four when we look at weird canonical nerds and TERFs).



([source](#): Santa Cruz Diversity Center's "Black History Is Queer History, And Queer History Is Black History")

Despite how the status quo disempowers white women compared to white men, it still values white women more than men, women or non-binary people from increasingly

marginalized groups. White media historically objectifies these groups, treating them as disposable symbols of white fear, including the fears of white women. Canon links gay men to disease like the AIDS crisis; black men, to rape and violence; immigrants, to labor theft and increased crime; etc. Killers and victims from these groups frequently become one in the same—especially if a crime involves someone wealthy and/or white. For example, if queer victims are killed by someone white and straight versus someone white and gay or someone black of either orientation, the general emotions invoked from white audiences will be neglect, disgust or hatred towards the marginalized side.

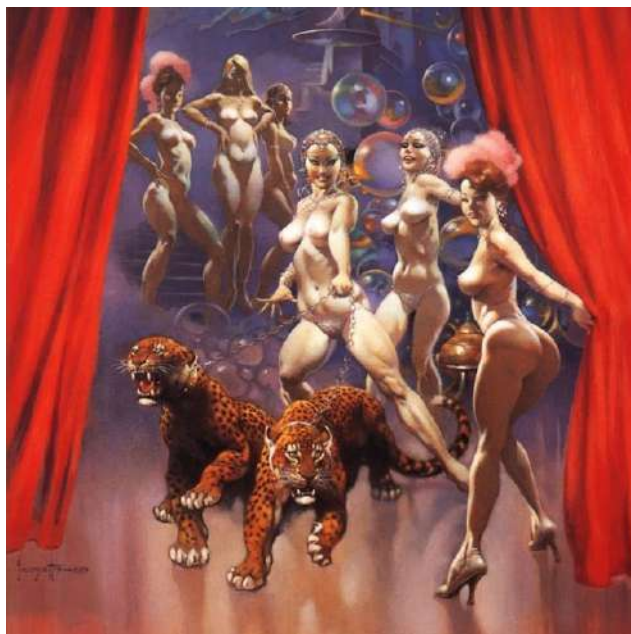
True crime illustrates preferential treatment at a socio-material level. The more Bundy abused white women, the more their value went up as precious objects in the eyes of a white public; they weren't likened to the killer as Dahmer's victims were (or Albert Fish⁹¹, who primarily ate children after living abroad in China during a famine). Dahmer primarily killed homosexual black men. Immortalized for his heinous crimes, fans of true crime often overlook the socio-political reasons behind Dahmer's "success": racial and sexual prejudices exploited by Dahmer to help him kill as many people as possible. He—like Bundy and Dracula—were just more whores (re: demon lovers) to pimp, or pimps to further the whoring of the usual monstrous-feminine parties through said toxic, oft-tokenized demon love (re: Amazons) lacking irony or direct, active educational value of any kind (which we must camp to learn from) while the women ape the men to rape nature as usual; i.e., in Plato's cave as wrought *with* shadows (re: "[The World Is a Vampire](#)").

It bears repeating that those people were already victims of systemic discrimination, itself part of a longstanding commercial process: a continuous pipeline of serial killers and victims geared towards already-terrified white women. Made to scare them further, criminal hauntology treats white women as the liminal subject, growing self-absorbed from examining a violent, reimagined past until they become deathly afraid of anything that isn't "their" idea of the self; they grow apathetic, if not downright hostile towards queer persons, people of color, and other minorities, but especially these groups attempts at revolutionary xenophilia. "Can't have those under us voicing their own oppression; that wouldn't be right!"

⁹¹ The serial killer is romanced by white, cis-het women as a kind of aesthete/apex predator who only kills the rude. Hannibal Lecter or Dexter are, themselves, fetishized, queer-coded vigilantes that apologize for the system by killing deplorable cis-het white men (scapegoating them after the twist) or demasking a popular "bury your gays" twist: the meta comparison of the deranged cis-het crossdresser with the queer people of the times; e.g., Norman Bates from *Psycho* (1960) revealing a very old and annoying twist for queer people in criminal-hauntologies: the killer was a "fag" all along! These killings are problem because they aren't attempts at fixing the system, but assigning scapegoats within it. The revenge is an arbitrary and palliative band-aid, but also a regressive assimilation fantasy: Clarice, a female cop, marries Hannibal in the end, essentially becoming yet another Bride of Dracula; i.e., she's absconding with him because he's an apex predator and stupid intelligent and wealthy. It's very shallow and entitled white-woman readership behavior.

Alongside Bundy's preferential treatment as a serial killer rockstar, Dahmer's depravity and longevity postmortem demonstrate how popular media focuses on the bigoted, oft-racialized, demonic qualities of male killers targeting straight white women. It celebrates white killers for their "lady-killer" looks and abilities; fears black men for their violent, rapacious natures; and ogles gay men for their depraved sexualities, etc. However, although American canon commonly celebrates sexual violence through an assortment of abusers/victims that privileges white female victims, it also traps white women inside a spotlight. In the mind's eye of a sexist, they endure heavy scrutiny by sanctimonious onlookers determined to "protect" them, even from themselves.

This includes not just men scolding women, but women self-policing activism should they dare speak out against their (often white, cis-het) male abusers: their boyfriends, fathers, husbands, employers, etc. Time and time again, everything assembles into a fatal portrait, one where women's role inside a hauntological past becomes coercively "great" (fascist). The smiles are numerous—some might even be genuine; they're still part of a Patriarchal circus that treats *cis* women like sex objects (say nothing of queer people):



(artist: Frank Frazetta)

The portrait is fatal because obedience to Capitalism only guarantees abuse. American society loves to blame victims, especially when "they're asking for it." This includes white women putting on a show. Dialectically they aren't being openly sexual to debase themselves and invite criticism; they're trying to survive inside a system that historically controls every material aspect of their lives: "Smile more; show some skin; be nice."

Similar to segregation, female submission only guarantees subjugation, *not* safety from male authorities post-assimilation. Women will always be outsiders to men to preserve the status quo. By sexually objectifying women and forcing them into sex work, the system reliably leads to worker abuse; worker abuse leads to societal blame towards workers by workers, ignoring the system as the obvious root cause. This goes beyond the killers themselves, involving the complex social interactions that happen before, during and after highly publicized trials that fuel the public's imagination (and their copies, and copies of those copies; maybe throw in an actual vampire for flavor).

Worker abuse also varies tremendously depending on one's race and class. Bundy's trial was the first to be publicized on live national television for its entirety. Had his victims been black, conservative media would have profiled them as masculine, hard-working and sexually aggressive. Because the women were white, the media presented them as

- unemployed, forgetting that women's work often goes unpaid—sex, marriage, childbirth and housework
- infantile deviants, emphasizing their youthful attractiveness as corrupted, misled
- mentally ill, focusing on their misguided lust for a bonafide slayer of white women

Despite how common sexism dismissed these women as shameless, nutty layabouts, a closer, empathic look can humanize them: While some were undoubtedly horny for Bundy and manipulated by him, there's also the system itself to critique.

Furthermore, by showcasing atypical docility and submissiveness towards a perceived superman, these girls would have been advertising these qualities to more average American men tuning in. However, some were arguably suing for personal agency by using the prison system to guarantee their safety from Bundy. Argues Kristin Canning in "Why So Many Women Were Obsessed With Ted Bundy" (2019):

Hybristophilia is one of countless paraphilias, or abnormal and/or extreme sexual desires. "Basically, it's a sexual attraction to someone who's committed some sort of outrageous and extraordinary crime,: says Jeffrey Ian Ross, PhD, criminologist and professor at the University of Baltimore. Think: mass murderers, sexual murderers, and cult leaders. [...] While hybristophilia is technically a sexual attraction, what's behind it isn't necessarily sexual in nature (like, thoughts of having sex with someone violent like a serial killer). The sexual attraction is brought on by other

characteristics the criminal might have and/or components of their life that make them appealing partners, says Schlesinger.

"Criminals can make the 'perfect' boyfriend in a way," says [Louis] Schlesinger. "These women know where their boyfriend is at all times, and they only have to share positive encounters with him." Weirdly, it's a controllable and "safe" relationship option.

Think about it: Most of these women only see these men for occasional visits in their prison, during which, the man is on his best behavior, says Ross. If he's not, she may never come back again. "They also don't have to deal with any of the disappointments that can come up in day-to-day in relationships, like cleaning up after a boyfriend or getting annoyed by drug or alcohol use," Ross notes ([source](#)).

These outlier motives and pathologies can also be gleaned intertextually. Just as parallel erotica sexualizes the Big Bad Wolf and Little Red Riding Hood, Renaissance thought codifies serial killers as lycanthropic. Something of a "werewolf" for these women to court, Bundy's subsequent fandom intimates a patriarchal structure of sexist trauma. Despite high odds of pre-existing sexual abuse, playful courtship at the seat of power yields formerly abused women various forms of performative release. For Bundy's women, they become *incorrectly*



marketed as "Brides of Dracula" as past and perceived victims. Indeed, they achieved cathartic proximity with actual power as an intimate exhibit—one for all the world to see on national television. So common as to be cliché, the audience of the trial (then and now) can immediately recognize the juxtaposition in other forms of unequal, fetishized power, be they fairy tales, camp, or stock photos touching on the same alienation and fetishization, outside looking in:

([source](#))

So while hardly ideal—and certainly privileged relative to other, less fortunate groups—these troubled "brides" still attained something unusual:

the *relative* power to engage with traditional avenues of sexist violence, but also heal⁹² by finding control over their own bodies and relationships during the exchange. As victims of circumstance coping with daily abuse, none of this would

⁹² The *need* to heal exists among groups who are more likely to be abused and ignored under the status quo, leading to various self-abuse fantasies including captivity and rape fantasies. While this can be for people have actually been abused, it also includes those who are made to feel like they might be abused when sensing canonical/appropriative peril.

even be necessary if not for the power centers that broadcast their own sovereignty through systems of control. By constantly appropriating popular symbols of sexual violence in media at large—which includes not just the singular event of a trial, but all aspects leading up to it as a mode of existence; i.e., a structure of toxic love—the elite rely on prescriptive canon to bake recursive, xenophobic bias into a popularized reactionary mindset they can weaponize against workers and xenophilic activists.

Now that we've outlined the xenophobic ideology of witch hunts, explored the economic relationship that drives its prejudices, and examined the outcome of those prejudices through examples of toxic love and criminal sexuality in popular "true crime" media, let's examine one last concept before moving on: the ambivalence of Gothic hauntologies and how—while emancipatory variants allow future media to become potentially sex-positive in a counterculture sense—carceral defaults lead to the "bad play" of canonical torture and coercive, demonic BDSM transfusing harm through toxic wish fulfillment (the secret wish of conservative societies materially conditioned to reject positive sex and the social conditions, mentalities and materials that lead to it; but want it in coercive arrangements of these same factors: the medieval equivalent brought back to life in cliché, unironically carceral forms, like the handcuffs or torture dungeon, below).



Gothic Ambivalence: Canonical Torture in the Internet Age; or the Wish Fulfillment of Guilty Pleasure, Bad Play and Sex-Coercive Demon BDSM (feat. *Hellraiser*)

*Ooh, somethin's got a hold on me now
It's a feelin', burnin' like a lover on fire
Hold me tight, baby
Don't leave me by myself tonight
'Cause I don't think I can make it through the night* ([source](#)).

—Eddie Money; "I Think I'm in Love," on Eddie Money's *No Control* (1982)

As we explored in Volume Two, Gothic canon—especially Neo-Gothic, classical forms—is rife with otherworldly sex demons linked to canonical torture (commonly of women by men): unironically torturous demon lovers. Yet, these ambivalent, occult metaphors point to a more grounded medievalized sexism we shall explore now: the abuses that occur through real-life arrangements of power that imitate the pre-fascist variables of Ann Radcliffe (and other Gothic participants since her novels came and went; e.g., Lewis, Shelley or Scott). The last section already explored "true crime" in that respect; *this* section examines how reactionaries respond to a particular set of carceral-hauntological instructions, taught through the personal ownership of cheap consumer "goods": women and other subjects of settle-colonial abuse as BDSM-coded; i.e., coercive demonic BDSM, *Hellraiser*'s Cenobites, what have you, as the monstrous-feminine ghost of the counterfeit to literally fuck with (the marquee whore).



(artist: [Midna Ash](#))

Note: Outside of Volume Three, I don't examine Barker's *Hellraiser* franchise at any considerable length. For a close-

read of something very close to the Cenobites, read my close-read of *Mandy* (re: "[Futile Revenge](#)"), my critiques of Angela Carter (re: "[Reclaiming Amazons](#)"), or my subchapter of demonic abductions (re: "[I'll See You in Hell](#)"); the entire idea of Radcliffe's *Black Veil*, demon lover and exquisite torture is vital, as well, which the *Demon Module* delves into at length (re: "[Exploring the Derelict Past](#)"). Also, consider any mention of the xenomorph (re: "[Giger's Xenomorph](#)"), the vampiric/queer (sodomitic) hyphenation of pleasure/pain and confusion of predator/prey vaso vagal fear responses merging with strictly "ecclesiastical" mommy-type domination/submission power dynamics (re: "[Psychosexual](#)")

[Martyrdom](#)"), camp/the palliative Numinous (re: "[The Quest for Power](#)"), informed consent during rape play (re: "[Healing through 'Rape'](#)"), and so on.

The Gothic, as something to camp or not, remains very much about power exchange during alien sex of a black/red, phallic, barbaric, "of nature/dark fallen civilization" character or at least guise (of the Medusa/death whore of revenge) that is nonetheless negotiated; i.e., of the master/slave argument as something to play out with hauntological cops-and-robbers elements—to play with power itself as unequal conducive to different wishes to grant through play.

To all of that, the aesthetics of power and death are highly dualistic and not conducive to harm, in and of themselves; re: are dialectical-material in ways that flow power anisotropically towards or away from the state by furthering or reversing abjection through cryptonymy and hauntology/chronotope arguments (re: mirror syndrome, "[Always a Victim](#)").

Moreover, These dialogs include pain as its own paradoxically pleasurable thing that can include sexual feelings, but just as often fall back onto euphoria sensations commonly and mistakenly viewed as sexual from the outside in. The whore's revenge can support or dismantle those confusions during the cryptonymy process; it all depends on the lesson being taught, on the Aegis—e.g., live burial, the murderous womb, so-called "Iron Maiden" vibes, and so on: escape from Castle Wolfenstein that... we keep escaping back towards for so good-ol'-fashioned calculated risk, said risk (and its darkness visible's forbidden sight) dressed up as



memento-mori ultraviolence and Freudian-grade rape hysteria freed from Pygmalion as normally pimping Medusa: "You've been bad, and you need to be punished! Come to Mommy, little ones!"

(artist: [Steff Morganzzi](#))

By looking at the non-consensual, harmful side of said poetics in practice, then, this whole section remains an early precursor for what ludo-Gothic BDSM ultimately became and what I researched extensively through Metroidvania, Tolkien and Amazons—everything about Medusa's revenge (re: acting out her own rape, "[Policing the Whore](#)") coming out of something I refer to as "demon BDSM"; re:

"Demon BDSM" is essentially what I call "BDSM with monsters" (even though "demon" is only one class of monster, their class specializes in forbidden knowledge and power exchange); "ludo-Gothic BDSM" stresses the playful, campy nature of iconoclastic BDSM when using ironic Gothic poetics and performance, including not just demons but also animal language (e.g., puppy play) and undead components; re: "rape play" but also labor

exchange in half-real, cryptomimetic forms ([source](#): "Prey as Liberators by Camping Prey-like BDSM").

Before I wrote my PhD and coined "ludo-Gothic BDSM," then—or even wrote my manifesto in its earliest forms—Volume Three merely concerned "demon BDSM" as something to play with; i.e., vis-à-vis Radcliffe's ideas of exquisite torture without irony. "Gothic Ambivalence" was the start of the process insofar as Sex Positivity was concerned, leading towards Medusa's grand guignol. "Pleasure and pain become one in the same in the eyes of a wounded child" (Pat Benatar's "[Hell Is for Children](#)," 1980; re: exhibit 41g1a1b1, "[Leaving the Closet](#)").

So does rape always haunt actual camp, because actual rape is canon, thus capital, as founded on rape to camp by us; i.e., feeding into dark nostalgia as ours to paradoxically take back (similar to land or labor through monsters; re: "[Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)"). We camp canon because we must, and Medusa was a bad bitch/dark priestess/ruler of pandemonium demanding heavy-metal worship and earnestly genuine tribute—your blood to rinse Hell clean of unbelievers! "Suffer the little children unto me!" Her wet dream is a bloody one, revolution being gallons upon gallons of pussy Kool-Aid we're standing up to our waists in (wasted blood that Vampire Capitalism cannot ingest). Rape revenge results from rape in ways the state will try to pimp in patriarchal forms; re: Freud obscuring Marx ("[Ghosts of Freud](#)"), but also Marx not being gay enough ("[Making Marx Gay](#)"). —Perse, 4/17/2025 (two years to the day after writing the original Volume Three manifesto).



(artist: Loretta Vampz)

Canon being an extension of a bourgeoisie-cultivated Superstructure, knowledge becomes owned—a commercial demonstration of moral superiority through personal ownership by privileged members inside a punitive hierarchy. By selling these stories, the elite funnel power through a sexist mode of consumption, citing abusive sex and demonic BDSM as a guilty ritual of "bad play." Tying into the ludic social function under Capitalism, bad play's function in popular media is sacred, but also immutable—a means of signifying moral order through binary exchanges inside a society incessantly preoccupied with consuming psychosexual violence (the image above is from the 2019 remake of Steven King's *Gerald's Game*). Shameful sex suddenly becomes appropriate when viewed as demonic, criminal, and forbidden, but also commodified in a *ludic* fashion; normally denied, the guilty pleasures of abject pastiche serve as canonical "junk food," one whose whispered "aphrodisiac" qualities become a strange carrot to dangle before would-be

supplicants: wish fulfillment. Play the game, get the treat; just don't humanize the state of exception (as we do; re: by humanizing the harvest, "Nature as Food").

If fetishized-witch hunts supply the ideological language to demonically scapegoat marginalized groups, wish fulfillment drives the viral hauntology behind it. Though not strictly "evil," the satisfying of unconscious desires in dreams or fantasies can be easily manipulated by those in power. Beforehand, sex and sex education are denied, making someone ignorant but also desperate, lacking discipline and control in the face of anything that isn't modest, but also subservient. Then, if canon codes a subject as outwardly evil, expectations not only allow but *demand* their unadulterated prurience; if it is prurient, the righteous virgin may punish it brutally (or celebrate it, in fascist strongmen cases).

In Gothic, libidinous personas (the whore, per virgin/whore) generally fall in two⁹³ basic categories: temptress (monstrous-feminine) or rapist (masculine, which includes the monstrous-feminine). The cliché, candy-like personas of cartoonishly wicked women despoil virtuous men by leading them towards cheap, easy temptation; male demons rape women to keep onlookers in their place, sampling ultimate temptation before resisting it through force. Both scenarios justify physical



violence and sexual control against women, buttressing whatever misogynistic double standards occur within the bad play of coercively demonic BDSM.

(exhibit 86a3: Artist, bottom: unknown. The succubus or incubus is canonically queer-coded and treated like a bad dream: the rape of the victim in their bed but also wanting it. Obviously this can be subverted but heteronormative is unironically rapacious—i.e., of the woman by the husband.)

For example, demonic rapists are displaced shows of force, so-called "demon lovers" threatening good girls with heinous punishment should they misbehave (e.g., Griffith raping Casca for being a tomboy knight, forcing her to be his bride and commenting on the forced nature of marriage under fascist conditions—47b2). This isn't an exercise in sex-positive, thus countercultural BDSM; it's an ultimatum; violence, normally discouraged in polite society, becomes a wish to fulfill if the conditions call for it. In turn, wish fulfillment may also reverse the overtly punitive function, making it

⁹³ Variations include: the femme-fatale, succubus, or unfaithful wife, which *Masters of Horror* (shown below, exhibit 86) combined with the hag persona; or the rake, incubus, or lothario for male demons.

something to play with through *coerced* guilt: "You were good, now you get rewarded with sex that *I* enjoy—i.e., you are the slave who gets to pleasure me, the master."

Despite their guilt, those with relative privilege may enjoy the secret function of coercive sex, a linguo-material double standard that skirts the boundaries of legitimate punishment by granting them power over others without any sense of earnest negotiation or empathy. This also grants the middle class a curious alternative/outlet: the means to reverse roles in an enjoyable sense (say nothing of the elite), whereupon punishment becomes roleplay through the private exploration of guilty pleasures: playing at (or with) coercive demons and criminal hauntology mashed together. Provided the broader hegemony remains intact, middle-class wives may avoid punishment, while husbands may "spare" or even "submit" to their wives for a moment (only in the bedroom; re: Foucault).

The fact remains, such play is a luxury inside a vindictive system that reliably sacrifices the majority (workers) and potential dissidents (non-heteronormative workers) through brutal violence and thought control. Made possible by eternal strangleholds on the press and media at large, those at the top hoard the majority of devilish play for themselves, using their vast material advantages and social authority to keep it secret behind neoliberal illusions. All the while, they privatize Bald Mountain, leading reactionaries away from their source of continued plunder with supernatural-themed deceptions: demonic scapegoats. Free from criticism, the holy and the powerful monopolize the language of sin, including its consequent violence and pleasure; they partake in amoral hedonism, enjoying whatever they want—avarice, but also sex with the coercively demonized and animalized: slaves.

Amorality, in this case, amounts to negative freedom for the elite. Conversely, the act—of "monster-fucking" werewolves [like Rob Zombie's "Superbeast"](#) (1998) and other commodified, "rock 'n roll" symbols of fearsome, attractive power (e.g., "[Vampires and Claymation](#)" and "[Knife Dicks](#)")—is entirely possible as a positive freedom (re: the singing werewolf and other animal-themed forms of sex-positive BDSM, kink and fetishes). However, for oppressed workers to liberate themselves, they require intelligent performers to delegate good-faith roles through *responsible* play. By injecting ironic empathy and consent into Gothic ambivalence, they transform hauntological canon's carceral role into ludic, xenophilic fun—to enjoy historically "forbidden" pleasures without exploiting anyone at all. This can be a spice, but also a vice-character balm (the bandit whore) that addresses systemic bigotry present within groups of intersecting privilege and oppression.

Either way the sex becomes meaningful by elevating it beyond the simply mechanical actions; it can be kinky, fetishized, and unequal, but in mutually consensual ways that avoid actual violence and power abuse. In turn, these xenophilic qualities of "good play" and voyeuristic/exhibited peril and exquisite

torture can be appreciated, savored, and cultivated by all parties involved as a sex-positive hauntological mode.

This includes our aforementioned "zombie unicorns" (exhibit 87a, below) who fuck to metal and have otherworldly bodies because Capitalism presents them as abject and mythical (and weird gamer nerds gatekeep, covet and drool over, but wet their pants in confused rage if the owner of the body says no to them; more on this towards the end of Chapter Three). We're all unicorns under Communism, you see—all special and worthy workers of freedom and love. All the flowers are beautiful, all the pussies, asses and cocks; all fuzzy bodies an artwork of iconoclastic praxis; all the ace people, too; all the peril appreciative as something to play with and enjoy as we reflect on more barbaric times, when dumbasses *didn't* know how to BDSM because Capitalism made them all stupid, bad players who fulfill the wish of genuine rape to stave off their own fears and reality of exploitation.



(exhibit 87a: Artist, left: [Persephone van der Waard](#). Originally drawn [as Lady Death](#) to correct [the Hawkeye Initiative \[2013\] example of that character](#) [bottom-right], I studied models like [Soon2BSalty](#) [top-right] to draw a zombie-unicorn breeding kink exhibit renovated for my book. "Breeding" kink is not about getting pregnant or exploiting a "unicorn"—re: a bisexual woman for a couple to sleep with, no strings attached—but abjuring heteronormative forms and assimilated/compelled chattel-rape fantasies in pursuit of sex-positive, xenophilic forms that are closer to nature, often through "furry" spirit animals/totems and worker-friendly monsters and BDSM. Again, "animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp through demonic and undead forms"; monster are often animalized, and the BDSM of stigma animals can help address trauma living in the body as a result of systemic issues its linguo-material reminders; i.e., colonial violence and the use of terms like "stud" or "bitch" to dehumanize local populations in a systemic and purely vindictive way tied to the profit motive and settler-colonialism.

Human pets, [like their non-human counterparts](#) [Girl with the Dogs' "Spicy Cat Gets the Hazard Helmet," 2023], require tender love and care despite our fears [acquired from our time and space, the natural-material environments therein, and whatever we manage to absorb with our little human brains]. We, as people, don't like to think of ourselves as conditioned or as food, as animal products. Capitalism does this to us, turning us into private property for the elite, who condition us to be violent for their profit. They do so in ways that alienate us from our animal side by turning those animal personas/spirit animals [furry or otherwise] into abject gargoyles—canonical doubles whose appropriated peril conditions use to fear anything of the animal side except its mass-produced phobias: "Animal is other. Now invoke it like a good little dog when our cultivated Superstructure triggers you to."

In this sense, good training is effectively retraining, with instructors from the female/queer alienized side of things teaching their male/straight counterparts to resist their bourgeois, xenophobic coding to learn how to have good forms of play—re: Trent Reznor's "sex you can smell" that breaks down our Cartesian, Enlightenment modes of thought as harmfully binarized. Be good to that liminal, anthropomorphic, zombie-puppy unicorn thing! Stroke her fur, feel every bit of her with your senses in ways that respect her agency as she teaches you how through iconoclastic praxis—with your bodies, your labor, your art, your genitals, your genders, your appreciative, ritualized, Gothic peril; your succulent reverse-abjection and naughty-naughty anthro cum—your quasi-bestial "breeding kinks" et al. And as always, please refer to exhibit 38c2's Harkness/monster-fucker guide to avoid pedophilia and actual bestiality in your own iconoclastic praxis/artwork; re: ["One Foot Out the Door."](#) Neither human children nor non-human/non-sentient animals [non-homo sapiens] can consent to sexual activity, making any sexual activity with them tantamount to rape/sexual assault.)

Let's return to the idea of demonic fetishization. We discussed the general cycle of abuse between witch hunters and their victims in the "Dogma and Economics" subsection; now let's investigate the fetishized states as a socio-material consequence of wish fulfillment through the bad play of coercively demonic BDSM and kink (itself a kind of *de facto* bad education):

- how sexist people—primarily white, cis-het Christian men—are transformed into fetishized objects of monstrous violence
- how their targets are isolated, disempowered through bondage and discipline abuse, then discredited and sexualized to objectifying extremes (sadism and masochism).

"Good play" and the iconoclastic wish fulfillment rape fantasy of wanting to not be raped during the Gothicized ritual—this appreciative peril and its subversive powers

remain wholly useless for those who exact institutional violence against others through canonical praxis' appropriated peril.

Representing a public role tied to common attitudes of sexual punishment, these jailers emphasize "bad play" as universal: "Boundaries for me, not for thee," with women generally shamed and powerful men protected through various double standards than enable future abuse (with people of color, non-Christians and queer persons pushed to the margins—more on this in Chapter Three). Designed to advertise and prolong abuse as a means of social-sexual control through material means, the structure that enables this abuse not only tolerates sexual violence, but economically encourages its recreation through perverse rewards: *de*



facto education whose Pavlovian "dog treats" repeatedly turn future generations into badly educated sex pests with zero imagination *beyond what Capitalism historically-materially allows*.

([source](#))

Here, manufactured scarcity deprives sexist performers of safe, nurturing sex (not just condoms or birth control, but consensual sex, too). They become sex-starved and information-deprived—killer virgins embroiled within a prolonged state of fearful ignorance beset by "evil" as instructed by formal institutions of power. On par with Ambrosio from *The Monk* (1796), such persons revel in bad play through violent fantasies geared towards achieving sexual control through coercive dominance by a secret whore (re: "angel in the streets, freak in the sheets"; see: "New Eyes, Forbidden Sight (and 'Religious' Concerns)" from "[Of Darkness and the Forbidden](#)"). Indeed, Matthew Lewis cemented these within Ambrosio himself, a religious man obsessed with raping Antonia, a woman he barely knew (and his penis frequently being compared to a dagger or vice versa). Hidden virtuously behind a veil, her impeccable modesty bore no protection against the perfidious cleric (assisted on his horny quest by a crossdressing, devil-worshipping woman named Matilda⁹⁴).

Note: Lewis Matilda is someone we've constantly alluded to, but never really dedicated a chapter towards; i.e., as a seductive matter of crossdress (which

⁹⁴ And whose exposing of the whore to demask/scapegoat them and restore society to working order *Radcliffe* would repeatedly stress to attack Lewis' work with her own (re: "[Radcliffe's Refrain](#)"); i.e., for followers of the Lewis tradition to dissect, in hauntological reply (re: "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)"). Secrets unravel through cryptonymy as half-secret, the theatrical depravities seemingly woven from whole cloth, but in truth testifying to Western atrocities by fabricating them (re: "[Healing from Rape](#)" highlighting Walpole's so-called "secret sin" [from *The Mysterious Mother*] as big and ominous as a Gothic castle to traipse around inside, Dorothy-Gale-style): to voice the unspeakable, come hell or highwater!

Chapter Three will touch on more than the other volumes have); e.g., exhibit 1a1a1h6b1 in Volume Zero (re: "[Shining a Light on Things](#)") or repeatedly throughout the Demon Module (re: "[Of Darkness and the Forbidden](#)").



(artist: [Giovanni Maria Benzoni](#))

For Lewis, these opposites—Ambrosio's nefarious aspirations and Antonia's besieged virtue—were less imagined hypotheticals re: [and more Lewis satirizing England's social-sexual climate within displaced and outrageous, but also queer language](#). Moreover, its patently Gothic nature gave him the means to speak on

taboo themes: rape as a material byproduct of violent culture attitudes, *not* isolated nut jobs misled by the metaphysical devil. Ambrosio even blames Antonia for tempting him *and* Matilda for setting it all up, fulfilling the binary of temptress and rapist working in tandem while dumping his own blame fully onto women, not himself. This works as a pre-cursor to the whole "no fap" thing that many sexist religious men today endorse: blaming women for taking away the "essence" of their strength: their semen, but also their control; cumming is a sign of spiritual, physical and mental weakness.

For example, Gandhi—a cryptonymic symbol of peace—actually believed that cumming was a sign of spiritual weakness. After the death of his wife, he started "testing" himself regularly by having young naked women lie in bed with him. According to the Guardian, Gandhi not only hadn't had sex in forty years; he blamed himself and his own "failings" for religious violence happening throughout India:

For several decades after his death, this episode was not widely known. Popular accounts of Gandhi's life, including Richard Attenborough's biopic, never mentioned it. The facts are that after his wife, Kasturba, died in 1944, Gandhi began the habit of sharing his bed with naked young women: his personal doctor, Sushila Nayar, and his grandnieces Abha and Manu, who were then in their late teens and about 60 years younger than him.

Gandhi hadn't had a sexual relationship with a woman for 40 years. Nor, in any obvious way and so far as anyone can tell, did he begin one now. His conscious purpose in inviting naked women to share his bed was, paradoxically, to avoid having sex with them. They were there as a temptation: if he wasn't aroused by their presence, he could be reassured he'd achieved *brahmacharya*, a Hindu concept of celibate self-control. According to Gandhi, a person who had such control was "one who never has any lustful intention, who by constant attendance upon God has become proof against conscious or unconscious emissions, who is capable of lying naked with naked women, however beautiful they may be, without being in any manner sexually excited." Such a person, Gandhi wrote, would be incapable of lying or harming anyone ([source](#): Ian Jack, 2018).

This "Great Man of History" fallacy aggrandizes him, blames women, ignores the geopolitical factors, and shames sex—so, not exactly great dialectical-material analysis. Moreover, Jack's sentence, "Popular accounts of Gandhi's life, including Richard Attenborough's biopic, never mentioned it," seems to gloss over a suspicious cone of silence tied to a male symbol of peace and sexual purity that still found ways to harm women. "No fap" is also popular among the Alt-Right, [who somehow found a way to insert austerity politics and manufactured scarcity into an compelled abstinence narrative](#) (The Kavernacle's "Why The Far-Right LOVE the No

Fap Movement - Proud Boys, No Nut November and Cultural Marxism," 2022); this checks with weaponized abstinence in conservative circles, training young men to push sex away while simultaneously worshiping and craving it—abjection, in other words. Capital begets harm as a matter of revenge, that in the wrong hands, threatens the worst possible outcomes many will (understandably) joke about:



Long before Gandhi ([nuclear or otherwise](#); The Salt Factory's "Chasing Bugs - Why Gandhi Went Nuclear (Civilization)," 2019) or MAGA, though, criminal hauntology was already common when Lewis wrote *The Monk*. Littered with fragments of older stories, his reverse-abject "archaeologies" (mimicking Walpole's claims of *Otranto* being a historical document) showing the importance of countering sex-coercive hauntology with sex-positive opposition—[humanizing tutelage from reformed individuals who proactively disarm potential sex abusers before they cross the line](#) (re: Macabre Storytelling). However, it's equally vital to recognize where generational violence originates: from the Base and Superstructure according to bourgeois interference. Sex pests don't blip into being. Popular media is coercively sexual, the violence inherent to coercive sexuality manifesting through guilty forms of bad play that compel future abuse—genuine material control for the elite, and manufactured control for, and consent from, a middle-class audience seeking wish fulfillment in coercively demonic BDSM.

As we'll explore in the next section, sex-positive play reverses this effect, helping participants escape the harmful legacy of sexist norms by playing outside their criminalizing influence. This broadening of one's horizons doesn't descend into

madness, but escape from it. It *must*, lest society overflow with idiotic rapists like Ambrosio—manufactured criminals whose delusional, xenophobic self-entitlement leads to violent fantasies about bad play as its own guilty pleasure. Some activities—like anal sex or consensual voyeurism—even become conflated with hauntology crime, polluting the public's understanding of regular, healthy sexual



activities by associating with fictional sites of canonical decay (we'll explore how sex-positive hauntology challenges this phenomenon in Chapter Three): the Gothic castle or kangaroo court, as already established, but just as likely the noir-themed voyeurism of Edward Hooper's starkly-lit cityscapes:

(artist: Edward Hooper)

As discussed in Chapter One, guilty pleasures (e.g., like voyeurism; re: Hooper, above) aren't inherently unethical; they *become* unethical when employed in a sex-coercive fashion. Canon's carceral effect on the public imagination leads to social-sexual violence through a plethora of real-life outcomes influenced by corporate hauntology. Social-sexual violence can

- be physical, mental, sexual, or all three
- be familial (child, spousal, parental, etc) or extra-familial (curricular, extra-curricular or workplace)
- happen during an event, but also before/after the primarily violence

This last point addresses *peripheral* violence, a phenomenon that involves: direct abusers through general gaslighting or DARVO; direct enablers, who know about the abuse but keep it secret; and proxy abusers—apathetic, even hostile witnesses or authority figures who blame, shame, or neglect the victim along the way. When those in power plead ignorance, their collective inaction defends the status quo as an *ongoing* material arrangement whose guilty pleasures compel future atrocities. Drafted along ideological lines, this Superstructure formulates quixotic delusions about sex begot from hauntological entertainment. In turn, these lend society structure through the Base—canon as something to produce, which prescribes sex-coercive norms that disguise, enable, or downplay social-sexual

violence. Whereas all canon demands consumer worship, *Gothic* canon promotes the reverence of social-sexual bad play present in coercive BDSM, kink, and fetishization.

A kind of generational "curse," canonical bad play reinforces dangerous myths, fulfilling the Patriarchy's wishes through the minds of subservient workers who can't imagine anything else. Women, for example, are entirely mythologized—a lie that treats cis-white women (or beings perceived⁹⁵ as cis-white women) as inherently submissive, entirely sexual beings that require pain to experience romantic bliss and physical pleasure. Not only this, but current or potential wives or girlfriends, especially horny ones, are "bad girls" who need pain though disempowerment, humiliation and isolation—administered by patriarchal authorities entirely concerned with gratifying their own sexual urges through sincere power abuse (mirrored by canonical forms in carceral-hauntological media).



(artist: William-Adolphe Bouguereau, as shown in Broadmoor's "[Camping the Canon](#)" and our "[Scouting the Field](#)" from Volume Zero)

Fear and dogma persist within canonical bad play and social-sexual myths. While some involve paid performers in Gothic media, others incriminate their audiences as (oft-)willing accomplices. By ingesting and imitating bad play in their own social-sex lives, sexist consumers assimilate a variety of lionized behaviors. Unironically celebrated and widely consumed by the larger public, predatory acts—of male hunters stalking and coveting female prey—have become more than

⁹⁵ While this applies to AFAB persons across the board, heteronormativity conflates certain homosexual women—generally the "lipstick lesbian" stereotype—with heterosexual "performers" catering to the cis-het male gaze; i.e., "acting" gay for straight men.

mainstream; they've become nostalgic, often through the very sex, drugs and rock 'n roll capital pimps for profit.

"[Every Breath You Take](#)" (1983), for example, details the musings of a stalker inside a somber, yearning ballad. Penned by a trio of rakish blondes purposefully exploiting the hearts of teenage girls "hot for teacher"

"I wanted to write a song about sexuality in the classroom," the rocker explained in the 1981 book *L'Historia Bandido*. Sting then admitted his previous profession influenced the song. "I'd done teaching practice at secondary schools and been through the business of having 15-year-old girls fancying me - and me really fancying them! How I kept my hands off them I don't know." Still, the singer has made it clear on multiple occasions that he remained completely professional while teaching. "I never had a relationship with any of my pupils - I wouldn't want to," he declared to Q in 1993. "You have to remember we were blond bombshells at the time and most of our fans were young girls, so I started role playing a bit. Let's exploit that" ([source](#): Corey Irwin's "Is the Police's 'Don't Stand So Close to Me' Autobiographical?" 2020).

the band sold coercive love and *Lolita*-grade power imbalance hypnotically *back* to kids: something to export, to demand, to owe—not just once, in the past, but again in future media like *Stranger Things* (2016): Known for resurrecting yesterday's musical hits, the show unironically marries ageless, sexist chart-toppers to the next generation, including "Every Breath You Take"; i.e., as couched inside prescriptively terrifying scenarios, these re-licensed songs join a larger chronotope, one the old guard may look back on with fondness, but also younger people who "missed out." Rape and its hauntologies become nostalgia to future children saddled with Capitalist Realism⁹⁶; i.e., during the usual cryptomimesis occupied by state victims in duality. It's only a mode of open thought through cryptonymy aiming to accomplish that as a matter of function through flow.

Unfortunately neoliberal fables treat the past as a formula; i.e., something to reinvent by constantly depicting it as a special time, a legendary place that once was and could be again. However, the ghost of the counterfeit is always a tyrant, one whose sexual violence haunts future copies *ad infinitum*. Neoliberalism cheats scrutiny by celebrating Gothic reinvention as critically blind, reviving the monstrous force lurking behind their glossy curtain: the power (and class character) of old, dead kings. They repackage this return to tradition (an ideological rejection of modernity and modern Western values, itself a false revolution that "returns" to feudalism, which is really just a more violent state of affairs where more people can

⁹⁶ With the Duffer brothers of *Stranger Things* fame being Zionists/sex pests (re: "A Song Written in Decay").

climb to the top through violent in-fighting) with halcyon reverence; re: "Look on my Works, ye Mighty!" Medusa has a stormy for a pussy and its wet as hell!

Inside its withered Shadow of Pygmalion (re: the infernal concentric pattern as haunted by Ozymandias and Medusa; see: "[She Fucks Back](#)"), the present becomes something to escape, a casualty of the mind under Zombie Capitalism retreating backward into fascist hauntology as Promethean (the hauntology-as-Promethean a doomsday prophecy to embrace, following a visual formula so regularized that an AI can replicate it based on past media as a series for it to study, then copy and combine into other things; the neoliberal variant a "puncher's fantasy" whose sanctioned ultraviolence envisions the fated triumph of the good team despite all the evidence to an insurmountable problem).



Conversely, Gothic stories *critical* of Capitalism still fear the tyrannical past's return as having already arrived, but also having never quite left (the Medusa is in the house because the house is Medusa, *mis-en-abyme* as "[castle in the flesh](#)"; re: the xenomorph in *Alien*, above, changing the home itself into something inhospitable to the colonizers sleepwalking through

space).

Furthermore, these can take on different forms depending on the hauntology (and media) being used: the Skeleton King from Blizzard's Gothic fantasy dungeon-crawler, *Diablo* (1996); or the Engineer waking up in Ridley Scott's retro-future revival from his own canon, *Prometheus* (which, as we discussed in Volume Two, is a more overt, posthuman nod to Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*—aka *The Modern Prometheus* during perceived slave revolt [re: "[Making Demons](#)"]—than *Alien* had been; i.e., the mad scientist is the Creature after being made by his own bad father/mother, conman and Wizard of Oz offshoot, Peter Weyland).

Whatever the form, Gothic artifacts present dread and fear relative to a "king of terrors," but also something to *relish* in a safe, packed form (which includes the Medusa during the ghost of the counterfeit furthering abjection). The safety can be a cryptonym that disguises the product's allegory from those in power, but also those *with* power—the uncritical, incarcerated, and complicit audience. The friendly ghost, in this case, is the allegory buried in either story. Xenophilia isn't always out in the open, being written by cis-het people (or those posturing as such).

Regardless, as Capitalism decays, neoliberal chronotopes decay with them. Mid-rot, the moral virtues they personify peel back, exposing a sexist hierarchy but

also a corpse—the dead king, his tomb, the other subjects as buried alive, as mindless zombies, as bloodthirsty werewolves (a desperate Nazi trope towards the end of WW2), as possessed, drugged or lobotomized. Tied to a perfidious hauntology of the once-and-never-were, "greatness" becomes a new kind of cryptonym—a fascist pantheon of majestic kings, dutiful maidens, manly warriors, sniveling weaklings (intellectuals/queer people), etc. As part of this "new" order, reactionary customers embody these archetypes by continuously purchasing demonic *sacrifices*, watching sex workers (actors, artists, prostitutes, dancers, etc) perform stereotypical abuse against historically fetishized groups. Spellbound, they gaze longingly towards a reimagined past, foregoing anything that clashes with their idealized masculine image.



(artist: Henry Fuseli)

Like Hamlet, masculinity under fascism becomes something to converse with; also like Hamlet, it corrupts who fascists are—slowly driving them mad by disintegrating them mid-reverie:

Hamlet begins the play as a possible tragic hero, but as he interacts with corrupt characters, his traits become increasingly tainted until his potential for heroism disintegrates completely. Although Hamlet is depicted at first as a seemingly normal, depressed man, he is influenced by his relationships with Claudius, the ghost, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern until his old virtues are no longer recognizable. His evil actions, whether with Polonius, Gertrude, or Ophelia, further ingrain his corruption. Horatio's steady, honorable personality emphasizes the demoralization of Hamlet's character. By the end of the play, Hamlet no longer has any traits of a hero but seems more of a

villain, full of immoral, evil thoughts and devoid of his former inner goodness ([source](#): Reverie Marie's "Hamlet Is Not a Tragic Hero," 2016).

The outcome is Promethean—the complete annihilation of individual and bloodline alike, generally through ignominious slaughter backed by xenophobic madness. Collateral and carceral damage are commonplace as well. During the reactionaries' descent into madness, those who play at demons through un(der)paid, stigmatized sex work become trapped—pinned between these ambivalent, taboo symbols' punitive usage and whatever empowering variants that iconoclasts strive to install; re: through power as performance to bear out by bearing it all in all the usual "death whore" ways: "Hear me roar!" (and watch me freeze you, beat you, eat you alive during the usual revenge fantasies performed with genuine irony insofar as they subvert the profit motive). The Gothic marries



excitement to peril, sex to demons that, back then and now, have had harm on their minds (a dark appetite to curb but also pimp, which the whore takes back through poetically "dietary" means; re: "the cake is a lie!").

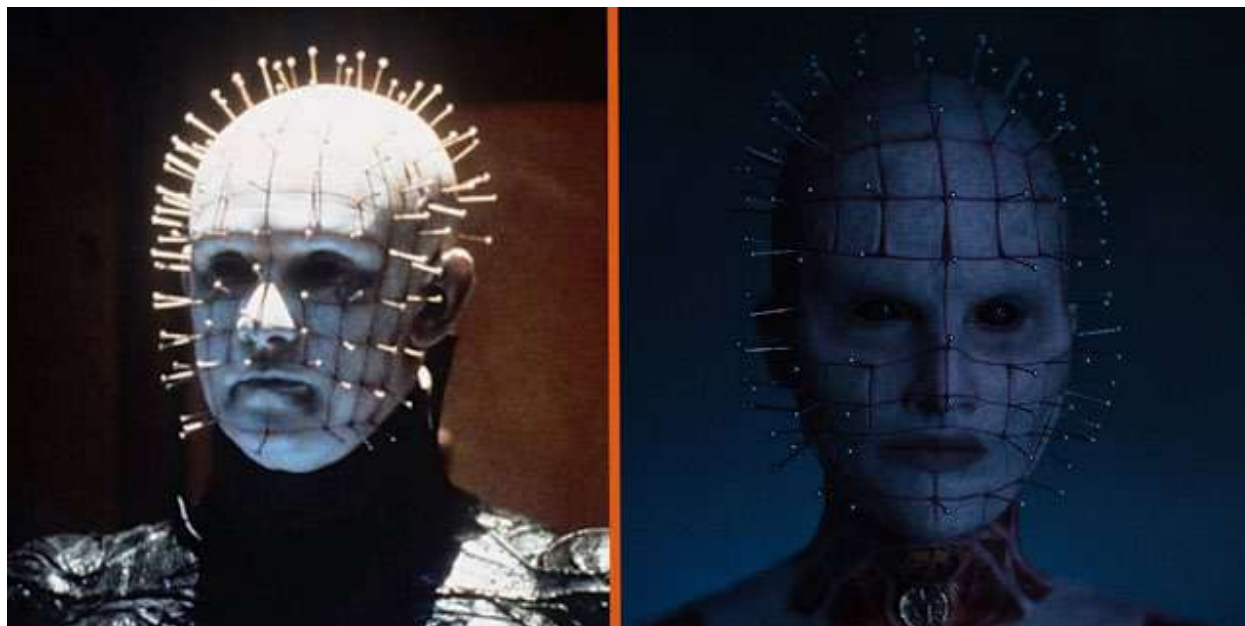
(*artist: Loretta Vampz*)

The challenge in executing successful, internalized xenophilia (re: the whore's revenge) lies less in seriously altering the appearance of famous demonic symbols, BDSM rituals and prurient costumes, and more in changing how they're perceived—as ambivalent paradoxical things to appreciate, not appropriate during subversive liminal expression. This appreciative irony lends the demonized a voice, a pedagogy of the oppressed that comes through underlying

context—i.e., the coercive norms historically communicated by imagery during a given sex-positive performance and how these inform the latter as supportive, or transgressive of, the former. To infer these subtextual connections, the imagery must be dialectically-materially analyzed. While this might seem daunting at first glance, release dates make for effective timestamps.

For example, when considering 1987 *Hellraiser* versus its 2022 variant, we can examine how either performance might support or resist the status quo using the same basic costume as something to perform, but also respond to. Neither xenophobia spells anything out in concrete terms, but the reactions to what's presented (diegetic or otherwise) can be especially telling. The 1987 text argues for a pure, cis-het damsel-in-distress—a middle-class princess/maiden who must

survive temptation from a closeted cabal of psychosexual demons. Normally they exist outside decent society. Clive Barker teases their much-feted arrival before finally trotting them out—all to make a larger point about sexual purity and familial relations commonplace during Reagan's presidential tenure.

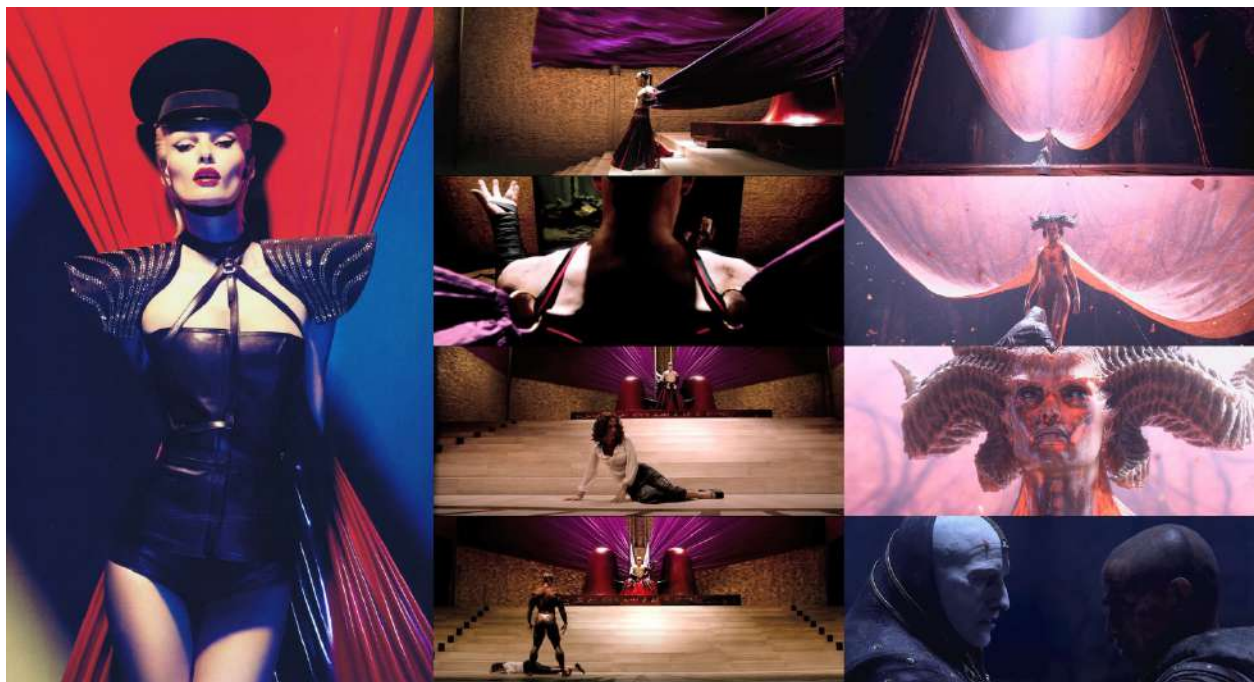


Despite their outlandish appearance, Barker's coercively fetishistic, criminalized BDSM demons make a very conservative argument: "Good girls must be defended from dark forces that threaten to corrupt their virginal status." Whether the protagonist *was* actually a virgin is beside the point; she looks and acts like one according to the basic visual formula: a somewhat-spunky daddy's girl with a pure-white persona—one whose greatest rebellions (namely pre-marital sex) occur entirely off-screen. In this sense, the destruction of her house and family stem from a "false" stepmother and evil uncle, their combined deviancy cuckolding the honest, hardworking husband as part of an overarching moral plea: "Be a good girl" (e.g., Ellen Ripley to her estranged and wayward daughter, Amanda).

In response, the bereaved heroine dutifully returns to tradition, rejecting the Cenobites as the ultimate, underlying cause for her familial decay. These reactionary theatrics align with horror canon, whose entire productions historically abject demonic BDSM. Barker gave this abjection a household name, familiarizing consumers with an unequal power exchange he'd obviously demonized in coercive ways. Reactionaries tolerated Barker's brand because it didn't challenge the status quo; in turn, his tutelage demonically scapegoats BDSM as a pure, alien menace. There's no room for anything else.

Barker's abject BDSM tracks with [Susan Sontag, whose re: "Fascinating Fascism" had already described its unequal power distribution](#) (from our PhD, exhibit 1a1a1g2c):

as a "master scenario" ten years prior—a purely sexual, Nazi-as-alien experience "severed from personhood, from relationships, from love." It's worth noting, however, that not only does Sontag leave out healthy forms of sadomasochism (as well as bondage or domination); her examples of *coercive* sadomasochism are conveyed through torturous acts of sexist violence committed by executors of a particular look: "The color is black, the material is leather, the seduction is beauty, the justification is honesty, the aim is ecstasy, the fantasy is death." In short, they ride on the same stylish aesthetics of death and power that Hugo Boss pioneered for the uniforms of the Nazi regime; re: Yugopnik's ["Aesthetics of Evil"](#) ([source](#): "Overcoming Praxial Inertia").



(exhibit 87b1: Artist: [Camilla Akrans](#). The BDSM arrangement of a Numinous ritual of demonic power exchange and forbidden knowledge survives well into the present. For example, *Diablo IV*'s schtick is very much borrowed from older Nazi aesthetics, but also trippy demon poetics like the 2000 cult film, *The Cell*; i.e., very demon BDSM/*Hellraiser*—with a "strict" Dark Mother that one submits their sanguine/corporeal essence to in exchange for knowledge and power in a dream-like space. As such, Blizzard provide all the usual female persecution/Original Sin arguments in a "chaser" ghost of the counterfeit; i.e., as something to fawn over by a sissy chasing dark mommies demon lovers. Their forbidden heteronormative

desire to submit and surrender power in exchange for guilty pleasures, while treating the usual mother of demons as a Faustian trickster who throws her weight around. On one hand, a girl's gotta survive and Capitalism demonizes women and makes them compete for power against their will, but she's canonically presented as a woman of unfathomable age and power who uses people like pawns and toys. The fantasy is the standard cis-het idea of the man of power [or faith] being topped by an imaginary female demon to suit their kinks, not hers. That's not outright xenophilia because it schedules the Amazon/Medusa to be slain, as usual. Second, the servant of color is presented, in her case, as false: the pale enchanter-in-disguise (a nod to vampires and Eastern Europe) but also the person of color as an underling in service for the demon king. In The Cell, this servant is willing and powerfully built; in Diablo 4, the servant of color is secretly willing and quick to betray his faith when pressed; i.e., the false preacher/devil worshiper-in-disguise. It's basically the plot to Zofloya, but inspired by more recent reinventions like Isaac from Netflix' Castlevania, as well.

Third, the usual Freudian pastiche and birth trauma are on full display, but in coded forms—with the tissue of the sacrifices forming a uterine membrane for the reborn female death god to push through, her skin transparent like a fetus in the womb; post-birth, her "cape" resembles the tip of a male penis, "ejaculating" her into world as something to make into her womb space. To these, I'll make my usual argument: whether erotic pareidolia is intentional or not is far less important than



recognizing the basic historical-material pattern that really should be considered in dialectical-material queries: is something for or against the status quo? In Diablo IV, how appreciative or empowering is fantasy of a female Destroyer-Creator like Lilith if she serves merely as the usual suspect/scapegoat in yet another monomyth? Feel free to enjoy xenophobia so long as you do not endorse its pernicious elements. Better yet, strive to make them more sex-positive in your own xenophilic praxis.)

(exhibit 87b2: Artist: [Kanthesis](#). Their commission—of a girl called Asma—strongly resembles the Marvel superheroine personification of female rage, Jean Grey as Dark Phoenix [re: the rabid "dark" Amazon]. Similar to other female Great Destroyers like Evil Lyn or

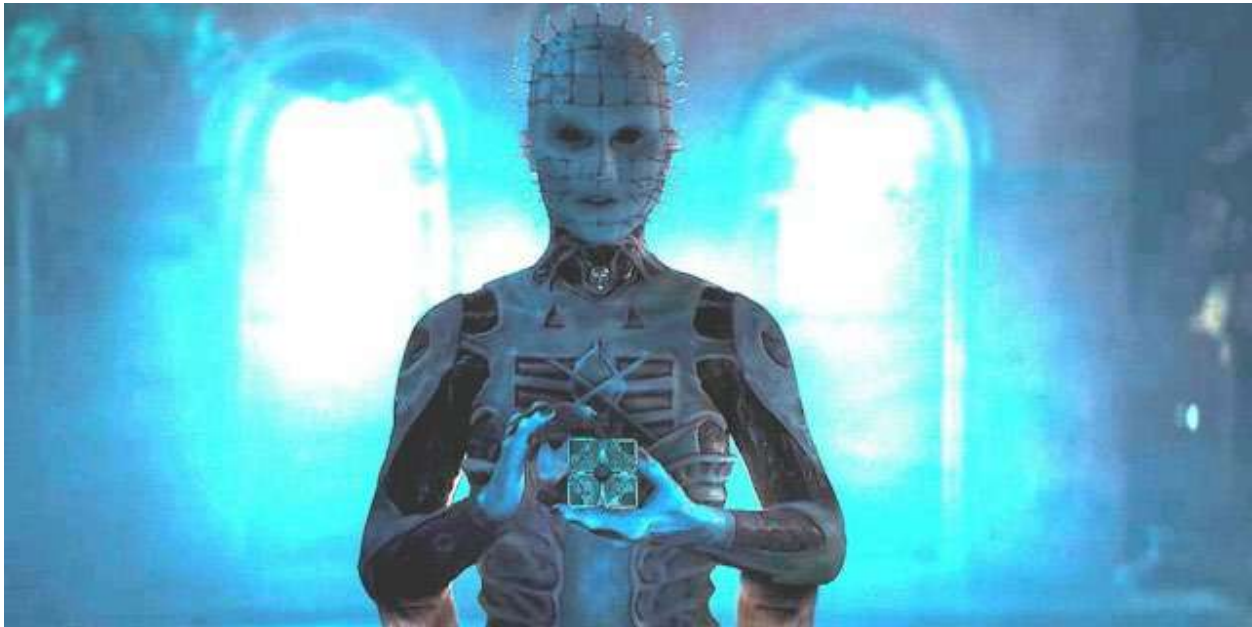
Carmilla [re: exhibit 7a, "[The Nation-State](#)"] or TERF [fascist] Medusas and Dark Hippolyta, Jean must be "tamed" by a cabal of superheroes united in defense of the status quo in times of decay; i.e., put to heel, cowed, or euthanized if she's "too far gone." In short, the privileges of token groups are suspending during times of extreme crisis, whereupon the openly rebellious Amazon war boss becomes a war bride "or else"; i.e., the disobedient cur must be killed, or at the very least the fearsome image of her destructive, monstrous-feminine power must be subjugated through the optics of capital punishment looming over her head. Its TERF-grade conversion therapy.)

Though ambivalent, these performative materials aren't intrinsically fascist—i.e., built on coercive fear and dogma. Sex-positive BDSM occurs through ironic context within historical standards: boundaries of play informed by mutual consent, which genuine abusers (cis-het men) abject. Through the continuation of coercive, demonic BDSM, their fearful, dogmatic teachings amount to "bad play" as something to teach, but also codify inside canon. Examples of Sontag's master scenario become celebrated and feared, granting abusers an unfair, unethical advantage over their victims by keeping the latter preoccupied with invented dangers; in the process, hierarchal norms become essentialized, compelling social-sexual violence in perpetuity.

While real abusers celebrate this coercive arrangement of social-sexual power relations, they forget that fascism fetishizes its perpetrators *and* its victims. Self-fetishization makes no difference to a rapist, provided *they're* the destroyer—i.e., the phallic object that seemingly has perceived agency through eroticized violence. Historically this agency is fleeting outside of their own mind. Boiled down to a blind, self-destructive pursuit of outlandish, one-sided power-exchanges, the killer's inability to stop renders their quest an almost Quixotic-Faustian vibe (the fatal pursuit of forbidden knowledge). They're not powerful, they're pathetic. Barker's evil uncle from *Hellraiser* fulfilled this aim, chased by vice personified: the Cenobites.

In the 2022 remake, however, the BDSM is more neutral, a teaching of exchange ("Restraint is a myth!"). While not strictly "good," our female Cenobite grants the orphaned heroine a xenophilic means of negotiation: the ability to choose through contracted behaviors (the idea is largely oral, here, but the same basic idea applies to written contracts, too). Having power within the exchange, she gains the upper hand against a perfidious male lover working for the movie's ultimate male villain. Whilst the Cenobites gut the henchman and skin the boss alive, they're still following the heroine's instructions—instructions they taught her as *de facto* educators. Updated from Barker's 1987 approach, the 2022 lesson transforms abject BDSM into a more sex-positive variant: a *relative* means of escape, empowerment and personal monomythic growth for the heroine. Such

things are couched within the monster-feminine as a kind of "BDSM governess" for a modern-day "bildungsroman from Hell": "Reader, I stabbed him!"



Whether object or reverse-object, BDSM flows through Neo-Gothic stories, while their ambiguous, material fascination with unspeakable depravity and crime recycles taboo social-sexual violence to oscillating extremes. Indeed, these would play out through a gendered game of Gothic "show and tell":

The two primary exponents of gothic fiction in England were Ann Radcliffe (1764 – 1823) and Matthew "Monk" Lewis (1775 – 1818). Their work was at once similar and totally different, and these divergent approaches illustrate the conceptual split in the gothic as a literary genre. In short, it was a question of suspense versus horror. [...] Lewis' immediate critical legacy as a weak and sensational writer was in stark contrast to the posthumous reputation of the "Mistress of Romance." Radcliffe was admired and cited as an influence by not only Scott but Poe, Balzac, Hugo, Dumas and Baudelaire, while her equivalent in cinema is almost certainly Hitchcock. Lewis's reputation as a master of horror took longer to recover, although *The Monk* was never out of print. In modern gothic studies, however, it is unthinkable to cite Radcliffe without a comparison with Lewis. They are both sides of the same coin, a matched pair. And like the devil, there's a little bit of *The Monk* in every horror story and film that ever embraced shock over suspense, and didn't shy away from sex and violence. Hammer Films, EC Comics, Stephen King and George A. Romero would all be unthinkable without *The Monk*, and you can judge any scholar of the genre by what they

have to say about both these Georgian pioneers of gothic fiction ([source](#): Carver's "The Rise of the Gothic Novel").

Through these polarized extremes, Gothic Canon and counterculture depict BDSM, kinks and fetishes very differently. One promotes real historical atrocities (aka true crime; e.g., Matt Orchard's "[The Strange Psychology of Russell Williams](#)," 2022) as normalized; the other dislocates the recycled tropes to take on exquisite new life: "inside the Gothic butt castle, cave, burrow or void, twilight zone," what-have-you, as Medusa-in-small, but also in-the-flesh! It's a brothel, a casino, made demonic in duality!

Furthermore, this Gothic counterculture extends to sex-positivity as a means of expressing mutual consent through so-called "gothic" language, while still enjoying the mode's fabled, visceral, graphic and polarizing auto-erotic sensations (the paradox of the succubus torturing the priest or the nun—with the terror of their own forbidden desires, the so-called "Black Mass" turning the Protestant ethic on its head if and only if profit is challenged through oppositional praxis, mid-

unheimlich)! "Bades, we don't need no stinkin' badges!"

(artist: Loretta Vampz)



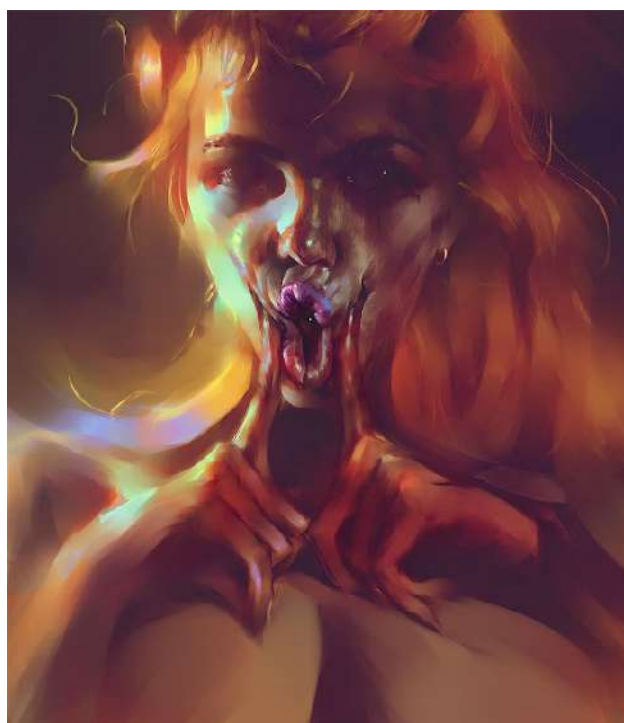
Gothic narratives generally operate through *compound* fear of the bandit in the church (one loaded with various xenophobic markers pimped out, but also whored out). Through sedimentary complement, their infamous hoardings of dead symbols routinely intimate an imagined barbaric past, one that denotes special feelings unique to a given iteration. Sex-positive stories showcase how these needn't be a strict endorsement of sexual control, but a continuous demonstration of the

search for new meaning among dated, outmoded language: the quest for *sex-positive* feelings, passion and significance inside ambivalent, historically demonized locales, practices and personas. Praxis is peril controlled, but undeniably Numinous in its stamp.

For example, *frisson* (re: the "[skin orgasm](#)" felt in terrifying narratives like Radcliffe's fiction) can be enjoyed sex-positively while enticing a heightened awareness for older sex-coercive variants. Because these variants continuously haunt the narrative, *de facto* educators should fashion iconoclastic replicas

that discourage older tyrannies in favor of something new through deeper context: sex positivity as pushing towards universal liberation; i.e., through intersectional solidarity as a holistic pedagogy of the oppressed, mid-development; re: lots of sexy aliens under Gothic Communism but no Omelas children.

This positivity and its xenophilic context materialize variably per medium. For instance, videogames include [feeling trapped inside Metroidvania](#) embroiled [within the complex hauntology of the horror-themed FPS](#) ("Why I Submit"), or [animating the miniatures of Gothic pastiche](#) (e.g., *Scorn*, 2022; a theme lifted from Walpole's 1764 novella, *The Castle of Otranto*). However, the Gothic mode, for good or for ill, is one of constant reinvention. Gothic art more generally allows any performers to play with monstrous language—allowing more than players to hold controllers, but models to control their own bodies when making reverse-able, sex-positive statements. This creative gradient is not simply chaotic, but legion, offering an endless variation of nightmarish-heavenly delights: Medusa cannot die, and waits for you before, during and after *your* death! It's snuff-film vibes, minus the harm:



(artist: [Low-Polydragon](#))

Regardless of the exact feelings produced—and whether in pure BDSM scenarios, Gothic media, or some in-between variant—the iconoclasts ironically appreciating mutual consent face a massive challenge: Not only must they deal with the advanced cultural anxieties surrounding either of these things; they must contend with duplicitous reactionaries seeking to control the complex, fearful attitudes that result. Using outrage as a cloak, reactionaries prevent sex positivity as an open discussion. By keeping playful sexuality on a short leash—one held by the elite, the traditional, and the

strong—they use xenophobic fear and dogma to discourage deviations from their harmful notions of "playful" sex; in doing so, these bullies normalize fringe psychosexual violence—and its dated, toxic treatment of gender—pushing both into the mainstream and xenophobic *back* into the shadows not just of a closet, but an oubliette (meaning "to forget").

Traditional power arrangements aren't simply manipulative, insofar as they wed automatic, normalized violence to coercive BDSM/Gothic practices announced by dogmatized aesthetics (treated as fascist when they don't need to be); they

target vulnerable parties drawn to power and regression as a healing technique, leading to future abuse in bad-faith examples. To end the cycle of harm, sex-positive professionals and amateurs must rescue BDSM (and its historical victims) from the fetishized Nazi, encouraging an empathetic understanding of the practice. Empathy occurs through appreciative irony used by good-faith performers. While sex and pain can still be on the table, they shouldn't be automatically supplied nor harmfully violent (as historical examples often are):

[I've shared](#) a lot of thoughts lately about kink and [intimacy](#) and [energy](#) **without** sex. So what about the intersection of kink and sex? When is this appropriate and what are the guidelines?

It's a tricky topic. I remember telling a friend who is pretty vanilla but curious how kink scenes are distinct activities. She said, "so, wait, there's no sex?" And I remember struggling to answer this. For me, most kink scenes are *separate* from sexual encounters, even if sex may follow a scene. This is very partner dependent, but for me, a kink scene requires aftercare before there is sex. And so far this was almost always the case for me – negotiation, scene, aftercare, *possibility of sex* ([source](#): Victor's "Intersection of Kink and Sex," 2019).

This fact alone should be valued, in part because it goes against the status quo's tendency to abject anything sexually descriptive—not just BDSM, but kinks and fetishes more broadly.

In "Why I Submit," I explore this very issue:

Non-traditional alternatives should also be made available to the public. This includes the aforementioned cat and fem boys, but also the male variant of a Gothic heroine. "The greatest anxiety for the woman reader was the Gothic heroine's lack of agency," [writes Avril Horner](#). Postmodernity makes the role performative, letting cis women/trans persons consent to submission ([source](#)).

Maintaining that trend, appreciative irony in Gothic counterculture aims to maintain visual ambivalence while simultaneously venerating sex-positive social-sexual behaviors, positions and personas that subvert canonical BDSM aesthetics and their fascist origins: "In space, no one can hear you scream... with the whore's paradoxically pleasure as your ass is smacked!"

To it, power is performed through any aesthetic, but so aesthetics (and their revenge) *demand* it in ways we can camp; i.e., during the ensuring ambiguity's rituals of power routinely playing out under capital, "distress" and things to perceive as haunted not just by rape outside of quotes, but the canon that takes said quotes away as a matter of fear and dogma. Like lovers in their beds,

liberation and exploitation share the same half-real stages, which we grapple with during cryptonymy's holistic study decolonizing sex, drugs and rock 'n roll—as dualistic and liminal, themselves!



For example, is the above example sex-positive or -coercive? It has no monsters, blood, nor overt Nazi imagery—just an aesthetic of

torture and death that imitates the plight of the Radcliffean Gothic heroine in *potentially* subversive ways. There are no sinister-looking men to pore over, no shoddy backgrounds or implements of torture to suggest a lack of consent, forced sex and automatic violence. Yet even if there were, few images can say whether they meet the criteria when presented inside a vacuum (those that do generally veer into exploitation, even snuff photography or infamous "last photos" taken by the killers of their victims—e.g., [the polaroid of Regina Kay Walters](#)⁹⁷; source: Reddit).

The fact remains, mutual consent *isn't* self-explanatory and neither is BDSM; nor are kinks, fetishes or Gothic counterculture at large. Instead, the missing context of their appreciative, xenophilic irony and ambivalent visuals must be explored like any other media—materially-dialectically and by empathetic, actively informed consumers, creators, and/or producers serving as *de facto* educators of "good play" as something to endorse and "bad play" as something to reject; i.e., while fucking to metal and monsters, ourselves (or fucking with them, in any event). Not only must these iconoclastic persons be sex-positive in a canonical mode loaded with sex-coercive stereotypes; they must contend with perfidious reactionaries looking to abject social-sexual activism, including its praxial outcomes; i.e., the idea of payment—and psychosexual worship *vis-à-vis* the Medusa as death goddess—going far beyond neoliberal having pimping the whore to death. We bring her back from the brink, but she takes us to the edge!

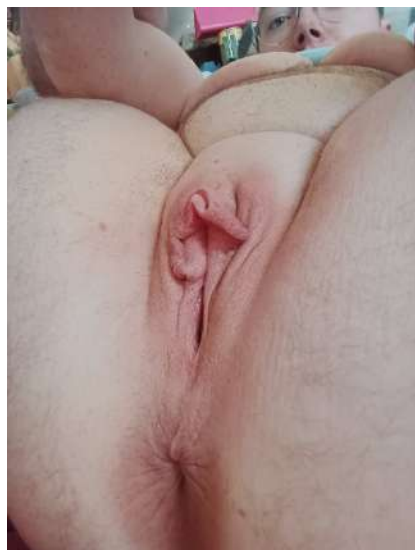
The outcomes for ludo-Gothic BDSM include active empathy, informed consumption, and descriptive sexuality, which Chapter One has already examined. Moving into Chapter Three, we'll explore the final aspect of proletarian praxis: cultural appreciation—specifically the appreciative irony of sex-positive performance art, including how Gothic counterculture actively resists canonical praxis' etiology

⁹⁷ The eyes of the victims, like the Gorgon herself, can haunt onlookers. To that, Mom once asked me, in the mid-2010s, to paint Walter's last photograph. When I complied (listening to Saxon's "[Strangers in the Night](#)" as I brought her fear to life), Mom then hung it on the wall of her shop. When customers complained, she said, "Then don't come in; this is *my* shop and this is my child's art *I* asked them to paint." In short, Mom *wanted* Regina to be seen, acknowledging how those with trauma (often women) are drawn to trauma as drawn in likenesses thereof; i.e., not just "safe" to behold, but indicative of the sorts of systemic harm that sex, drugs and rock 'n roll rebel *against* (however allegorically). Weird attracts weird as a means of trauma to negotiate through testimonies less wholly "fake," then, and more echoing the voices of the dead, mid-*cryptomimesis*.

and various historical-material norms outlined in the previous subsections: abject moral panic, fetishized witch hunts, true crime, and the "bad play" of coercive BDSM demons as begot from, and trapping consumers [within canon's monopolies](#) (and their synthesis in daily life; re: "[The Basics](#)").

Across space and time, Gothic develops Communism during struggle as part of cryptonymy's fatal-portrait assemblage. Nature as monstrous-feminine commonly presents as dark whore, but frankly needn't be dark in appearance; e.g., my Māori partner Bay having pale skin by identifying as "non-white" (versus "black," as Aboriginal cultures often do). We whores show our asses during preferential code as subversive equation; i.e., to communicate different things, versus our enemies showing *their* asses, in kind. They see a dark temple to invade through ghosts of itself—e.g., Karl Jobst aping Bacon, Descartes or Columbus through his antics in and out of videogames ([source](#): "Karl Jobst: Still Racist (and Fash), in 2025")—whereas I see fat adorable puppy boy to fuck: to relate *through the dialectic of the alien*, its call of the void a Black-Veil skirt to hike up or panties to pull aside and show you Medusa's "black hole." Capital pimps all workers; per the infernal concentric pattern, we only have arguments for or against our own exploitation, mid-calculus: a semblance of control as "lost" that, in truth, is actually negotiated and healthy with a healthy emphasis on community care. It's what monsters poetically are—arguments for violence and terror as something to cease or (re)direct in different ways and forms.

Regardless of which, teamwork makes the dream work. Such is Gothic Communism, meaning the way my friends and I conceived it; i.e., [an uphill battle](#) where capital's pyramid scheme hoards power for itself: by raping nature as monstrous-feminine to death. Fighting back against extermination is, at its most basic level, about cooperation (not competition) informing survival—one whose



mere act of existing through negotiated labor remains concomitant/reliant on to said existence; i.e., living proof, which my writing—described by Bay as "gonzo journalism" when they got involved—mutating into something *more*. I did it for them and they for me, "all for one and one for all." The caterpillar and the wasp, we radicalized together.

(artist: [Bay](#))

In doing so, one incontrovertible fact remains: to interrogate power is to develop Communism through *intuited* coordination, meaning solidarity as second-nature (re: "[Scouting the Field](#)") across a network of friendship for strangers the elite and their servants can never divide and police. So you must go where power is and camp its canonical elements, taking the

ambiguities and confusions in stride—to weaponize state harm against them. *This* happens by playing with peril, "play" being to reify power in liminal ways; i.e., parading its symbols and roles being paradoxically exposed but armored during the cryptonymy process as half-real, stochastic, anarchistic! Treat the alien/criminal as human, the state/cop as inhumane.

The eternal struggle, in dialectical-material terms, is private versus public interests, instability and alienation versus stability and humanization, the singular monomythic maw of the state versus labor's disparate, decentralized hydra during asymmetrical warfare consolidating imperfectly. Scatter us, and we interfere as pollen, choking the lungs of the state. Contributions are idiosyncratic, but all have value because all life has value; the state is the opposite of life, which it divides destroys for profit, without constraint. It cheapens life so profit can exist, and can only exist through raping nature as monstrous-feminine alien. To break profit is to listen to Medusa for a change, shocking the system (versus resetting it) to mutate capital *towards* Communism through us. Together!

It is what it is; *make* Communism Gothic and gay by taking your power back on the Aegis! Mommy likes an eager student; generations of future whores haunted by dead ones—i.e., the master/apprenticeship of an imaginary dark empress (and her body as fat dark peach)—confront *generational* trauma, onstage and off. In doing so, *they* become the mistress—the Gorgon's *de facto* operatic educators winning an awesome power to set *all* whores free while weather state scorn, shame



and stigma; i.e., wherever we find ourselves and whatever taboos we emphasize through torturous "past," mid-cryptonymy! Silence is genocide; "rape" is our voice to [survive](#), [solidarize and speak out](#) with "when in Rome"! A death rattle from a dark star across the Internet Age, the whore like a siren calls and waits; i.e., wherever the colonizer goes, disrupting Ozymandias' fragile illusion of peace and delusions of grandeur! "Mortal, after all"; Medusa dances on capital's grave! Power, not peace! Rest in it as yours for the taking!

(artist: [xposures](#))

Chapter Three: Liminality. "A Zone... of Danger!"—Fifty Shades of Gay (Area)

"I'm Bad Ash! You're Good Ash. You're goody-little-two-shoes!"

—Bad Ash, *Army of Darkness* (1993)

The spirit of the Gothic mode is liminal expression, which invokes the crossing of various boundaries into uncertain, alien territories. As such, there are many shades of grey area to consider during culturally appreciative performance art as a form of oppositional praxis whose complex, liminal xenophilia challenges a xenophobic status quo. This chapter examines these iconoclastic ambiguities along various gradients that often intersect, including: Gothic counterculture, paid/un(der)paid sex work, asexual culture and transgender persons, intersexuality and crossdressing.



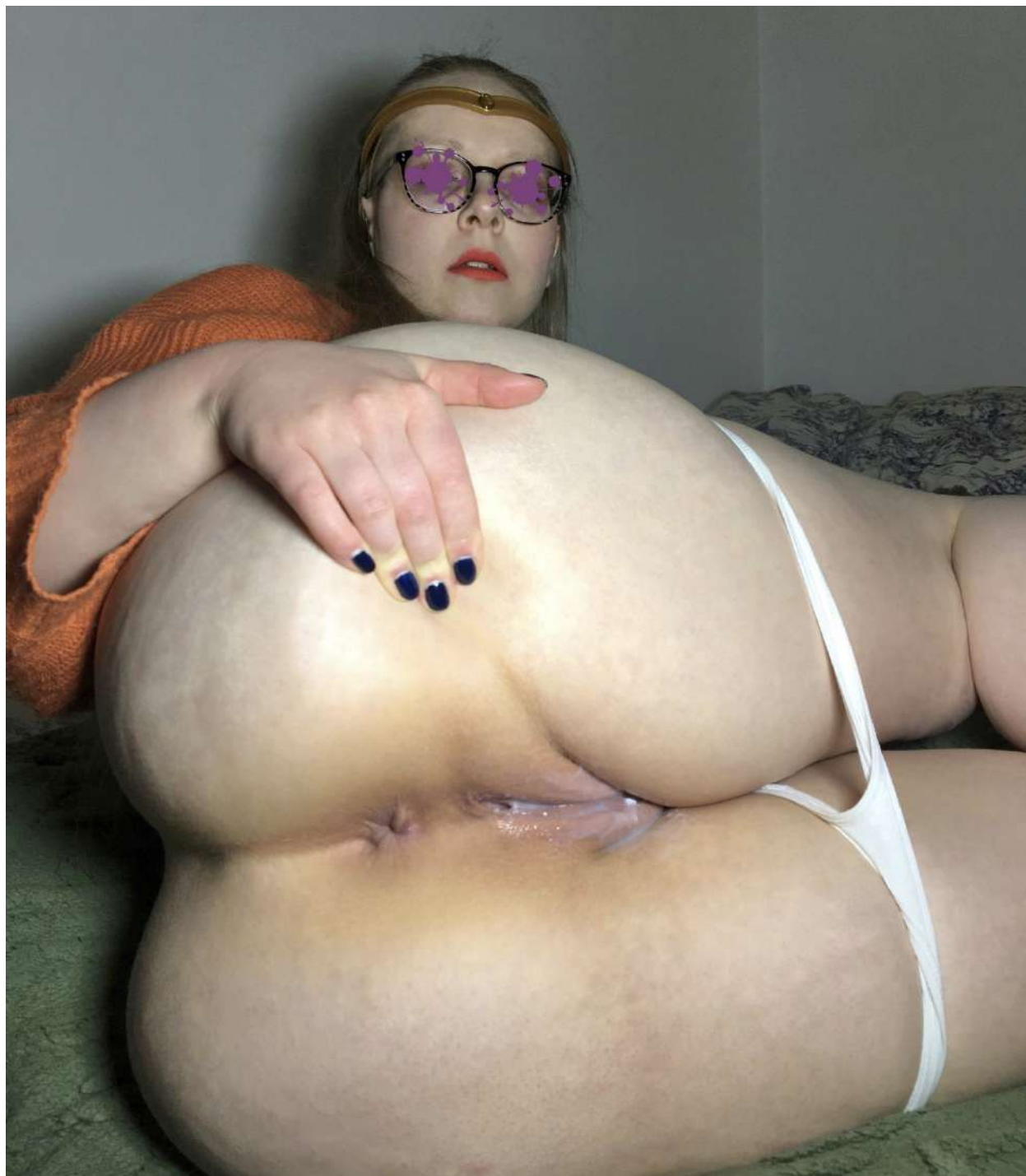
(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

- **"Exquisite Torture in the Internet Age: The Appreciative Irony of Gothic Iconoclasm; or, the Subversive Power of Good Play and Sex-Positive Demon BDSM during Counterculture Performance"**

Art: Explores playing with demon BDSM iconoclastically for the first time in this book series, eventually evolving into ludo-Gothic BDSM (re: from my PhD, onwards; see: ["Concerning Rape Play"](#)).

- **"Selling Sex, SWERFs and Un(der)paid Sex Work" (feat. Art Frahm)**: Explores the basic mechanisms of selling sex (as something to play with and perform, using Gothic poetics); i.e., *vis-à-vis* SWERFs and the generally underpaid nature of said activities and how art portrays them as automatically sexual despite there being an ace component; re: public nudism as often coming out of canon as something to camp; e.g., [Art Frahm](#).
- **"Crash Course: An Introduction to Asexuality and Demisexuality"**: Having introduced an "ace" potential during Gothic poetics merged with public nudism/sex work at large, we'll now unpack asexuality and demisexuality versus sexual expression; i.e., on the same larger gradient.
- **"Queer-/Homonormativity in Sex-Centric Canon" (feat. *The Matrix*, *Sense8*, *Sherlock*, etc)**: Explores the normative elements to queer-coded stories in popular media.
- **"Sexualized Queerness and Ace Voices in Sex-Normalized (Fan/Meta)Fiction"**: Considers queer normativity as sexualized, with ace voices navigating said sexualization in various kinds of fan/meta fiction (e.g., *Harry Potter*).
- **"Defined Through Sex: Sex Normativity in Popular Media"**: Considers the amatonormative side to sex as normalized in popular media; e.g., *Wentworth* (2013), *Heartbreak High* (2022), or *Game of Thrones* (2009).
- **"Pigtail Power and Crossdressing: Sex Repulsion in Gothic/Queer Narratives" (feat. *Wednesday* and *Barbarian*)**: A close-read, one that considers the "ace" ability of pigtailed Radcliffian Gothic heroines; i.e., to explore psychosexual trauma while navigating its homely perils from the outside, in; re: during the liminal hauntology of war.
- **"Artistic Nudity and Asexual Bodies/Relationships in Art; Gay Artists" (feat. *It's Perfectly Normal*, *As Good as It Gets*, and Tilda Swinton)**: Considers how artistic nudity and asexual bodies/relationships help form special bonds between workers; i.e., between (historically gay) men and feminine/female models.
- **"Inside the Man Box; or, Patriarchal, Nerdy Hatred Against Transgender/Non-binary People, Intersexuality and Drag" (feat. Caleb Hart, She-Hulk, twink/femboys, goblins, and more)**: Takes the above ideas and considers the etiology (causes) of GNC genocide under Capitalism as something to interrogate through our relationships; e.g., trans, enby and intersex people/drag performers, whose monstrous-feminine relationships (re: twink/femboys, etc) are informed by medieval art and Gothic fiction; i.e., under capital as a system that sexualizes its victims,

teaching future police agents to neglect, attack or otherwise abuse those parties for profit: within the Man Box and "prison sex" mentality furthering the Shadow of Pygmalion's patriarchal influence to harm nature as monstrous-feminine.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Exquisite Torture in the Internet Age: The Appreciative Irony of Gothic Iconoclasm; or, the Subversive Power of Good Play and Sex-Positive Demon BDSM during Counterculture Performance Art

Two hundred years ago Ann Radcliffe introduced Gothic conventions into the mainstream of English fiction. For the first time the process of feminine sexual initiation found respectable, secular expression. Yet the terms of this expression were ultimately limiting. It is important to recognize and acknowledge the heritage of Ann Radcliffe's Gothic tradition; it is even more important now to move on and invent other, less mutilating conventions for the rendering of feminine sexual desire ([source](#)).

—Cynthia Wolff, "The Radcliffean Gothic Model"

Note: This chapter effectively concerns playing with demon BDSM in ways that are increasingly iconoclastic, but also fixated on play as iconoclastic; re: what would eventually become "ludo-Gothic BDSM" in my PhD, and later what the Demon Module would consider camping through Radcliffe's exquisite "torture" in "[Exploring the Derelict Past](#)." We don't have time to focus on that evolution, here, but it is something to bear in mind: the earliest instances of what ludo-Gothic BDSM evolved into started here. —Perse, 4/20/2025

In Volume Two we outlined exquisite torture as an older form of, if not outright xenophilia, then at least queer-curious "good play" and demon BDSM pioneered by Ann Radcliffe as an admittedly milquetoast kick-starter (whose novels are incredibly violent in ways channel the harm of canonical bondage as politely obscured but nevertheless meant to threaten readers with canonized rape, bondage, misdirection and death).



(artist: [Rizdraws](#))

Whereas the end of last chapter touched on canonical torture, the first section of this chapter explores appreciative irony in Gothic iconoclasm per exquisite torture (which this book treats as synonymous with Gothic

counterculture, reverse abjection, monstrous-feminine xenophilia and mutually consensual voyeurism unless specified otherwise); i.e. counterculture performance art and how it re-empowers the Gothic imaginations of historically oppressed groups and their artists through *emancipatory hauntology* of a *sex-positive* demon BDSM that is, if not totally pain-free, then *harm-free* for those looking in/performing the roles in question (not an inability to imagine the future beyond past forms, *vis-à-vis* Fisher, but Derrida's linguo-material, spectral sense of pastness that opens the way to *future liberation* from carceral forms).

Furthermore, the discipline of sex-positive engagement is the point; i.e., a bolstering of societal good faith in torturous cultural markers that denote unequal power and master/slave deathly aesthetics, but teach the performers to respect the rights of each other when performed and viewed: our *ironically* safe police-like whips and chains, knives and batons, handcuffs and collars, commands and deference, stations of power and lack thereof, leather and lace, angels and demons, etc—i.e., not "the real thing" but a substitution of the status quo variant for what will, over time, become the norm: informed consent.

Note: What follows is a brief introduction to what has been discussed extensively over five prior volumes; re: Gothic theatre and the sediment it was built on. Here, such things are strictly conversational regarding informed consent during appreciative irony. In keeping with the rest of the volume, there's no dedicated topic beyond introducing the basic idea. The subjects I picked, here, are The Boys and Northanger Abbey as well as Lady Dimitrescu and Lil Nas X, but informed consent/appreciative irony can apply to any examples per holistic study. —Perse, 5/4/2025

Performance art is anything that requires performance, with general performativity including social-sexual roles illustrated by art of all kinds: illustrations, photographs, video, and live performance. Though actively sex-positive, Gothic⁹⁸ counterculture performance relies on appreciative irony towards historically exciting-but forbidden activities: BDSM, kink and fetishes, which are themselves historically wedded to ambivalent, xenophobic imagery and rituals historically associated with brutal torture, outright rape, coercive sodomy and general criminalized behavior (e.g., Radcliffe's *Confessional of the Black Penitents*).

There is no immediate visual difference between sex-positive or sex-coercive examples (the couple having sex and "dying" in the slasher film's criminal hauntology vs the horror-happy Goth couple fucking in performance art that demands a willing voyeur to their eager JO-crystal-style exhibitionism). Instead, context differentiates them—namely the presence of xenophilia irony as something

⁹⁸ Gothic, here, includes more than "goth" subculture and its various musical and clothing styles; it also includes the myriad stories told through movies, videogames, novels, etc.

to hauntologically perform, power's flow something *to* perform by workers by virtue of dialectical-material context; i.e., differentiating the violence, terror and monsters for state monopolies, profit and abjection, upholding and maintaining them, or changing the flow.

Delayed resolution is the name of the game, in Gothic, as well as crippling lust and warring emotions on the surface of things (what critics call "atmosphere"). So roll with the punches! Adapt within the usual conventions to warp them, hence the world; i.e., the world as barbaric, with dated perversions and systems of thought as the lever to move it; e.g., the humors, in theatre. What do you think sanguine is, for vampires? We live in Gothic times, dueling in a variety of ways.

From shadows on walls, masks/costumes, sports, *Amazonomachia* and kayfabe of oral traditions to medieval staged and increasingly written, mirror-like varieties (not just sanguine, but black bile's dark passions and "bad blood" bastard inclinations to betray and make trouble/exact brutal petty revenge), play and theatre are ancient forms of learning and communication that have become "ancient," hauntological. During the cryptonymy process furthering abjection (scapegoating nature by blaming the whore), we regress towards them in times of state predation and decay to joust in all the usual places, onstage and off.



(artist: [Black Salander](#))

So forget concealed weapons; our weapons *are* concealment—i.e., as staged, exhilarating and mercurial, on the surface of things (re: Segewick). Less tragic, in the Greco-Roman sense, and more reinvented to be abandoned and found by others, in the

Neo-Gothic, we become the barbarians that never were—the destroyers of so-called "Rome" finishing the job while Medusa smiles up on us from Hell as trash. The whore is trash, history her weapon to avenge through fabrications so many don't take seriously yet consume as opiates. Therein lies our Trojan Horse, Zofloya's ampule of poison administered less by Victoria to chase her absurd desires and more our own minus the token Amazon. We nullify such nonsense through our own shadows of state rule; forced contrition, we hand them a poison chalice, ruining their reputation while keeping up appearances: the chameleon ghosts of all dead generations haunting the relic, the leering gargoyle decolonizing the church as prey-turned-hunter making the hunter the hunted (re: corruption *is* the data—exhibit 37b1a, "[Healing through 'Rape'](#)").

By appreciating mutual consent, descriptive sexuality and informed consumption as things that sexism historically abjects, sex-positive performativity becomes ironic *in opposition to* sexist, unironically xenophobic norms. This includes hauntology as carceral under normalized circumstances; i.e., weaponized under normalizing circumstances, which counterculture abjures through emancipatory hauntology (we'll introduce these ideas here, then return to them again in Chapter Five when we examine non-Western kinks and fetish demons).

While we won't talk about ludo-Gothic BDSM itself much more in the rest of this volume, the rest of this subchapter explores appreciative irony in the professional and amateur art of Gothic counterculture pointing to what ludo-Gothic BDSM ultimately became (re: "[Concerning Rape Play](#)"). We'll start with professional examples, but first need to consider professional art's troublesome relationship to corporate production and how this limits its potential to be fully ironic in a



Gothically appreciative sense. The workers of Gothic counterculture are human, but bound to the complex (and coercive) material conditions present within capital:

(artist: [Susu and Sinnocent](#))

Corporate shareholders dictate cultural production as something to advertise, generally through

scripted performances loaded with sexist stereotypes. Even when it lacks strictly "Gothic" visuals, canonical BDSM displays the same sex-coercive bias normalized in Gothic canon: abusive female doms.

Even *The Boys* does this, for example; i.e., showcasing an evil, Russian dominatrix conspicuously subjugating "Frenchy," the subby French boy she coerces into performing serialized murder. He's not bad; she made him do it, all while making him wear a collar to mirror his childhood abuse. Not only does this appropriation play off geopolitical stereotypes—the docile, prurient Frenchman and the Russian/German she-wolf (a conflation of fascism and Communism)—it's showered in abject gore and checked by an American "paragon": the alcoholic, self-serving Queen Maeve (itself a stereotype of Irish people).

Unquestionably off-brand, Maeve's irony remains curiously unappreciative: For one, she likes to flaunt her power against smaller, nonconsenting people. To the writers' credit, Maeve never physically abuses her lovers; she still remains unattractively pushy towards her human, female ex, and loves emasculating Hughie every chance she gets: 'You really need a neon sign, one that says, "I'm a sub; rawdog me."' Eventually the story emasculates Maeve, blinding her in one eye like Mr. Rochester from *Jane Eyre* before reducing her to a vulnerable, non-superhero state. Here, Maeve doesn't learn to use her unequal power so much as it's taken away from her entirely. She only changes when the show forces her to, ejecting her from the narrative in the same breath.

Prior to exile, Maeve's irony lacks sex-positive appreciation because it centers peripheral, self-depreciation around countless implied failures. She's a fuck-up side character who drowns her woes in booze and boys, entirely without merit or joy. Even so, her disgruntled, tough-girl performance lacks much of the Gothic ambivalence of *Castlevania*'s Lenore, who openly deceives Hector to imprison and emasculate him; or *50 Shades of Grey*'s (2011) titular lothario, who continuously violates his negotiations with his BDSM partner (and was originally conceived as *Twilight* [2005] fan fiction). In short, she's a surly herbo/disgraced Irish cop with a drinking problem who learns to get a better person, but remains a top who enjoys being the dom against twinks: "It's like you have a neon-lit sign that says, 'Rawdog me!'" Amazons are sex demons, remember (re: including magical ones, "[I'll See You in Hell](#)").



While Lenore and Christian Grey feature positive, protector-based elements, their central relationships remain conspicuously toxic, built on lies and broken trust. By comparison, Maeve doesn't lie. However, she also doesn't relate to anyone

in a romantic sense. A perpetual loner, her story starts after the romance is dead, *en medias res*. So while appreciative stories highlight genuine trust as vital to healthy BDSM, Maeve barely shows what healthy BDSM looks like. Instead, she lacks appreciative irony as a functioning dom with one or more healthy relationships: She's physically strong and masculine, thus accustomed to getting what she wants from other women. Yet, Maeve's connective paucity intimates the broader material relationship present between professional media and sexual appropriation: critical restraint and praxial inertia (re: the false rebel dressed up as classic victim/white Indian). Akin to classic *Simpsons* episodes biting FOX's hand, *The Boys* can only chew so hard until Amazon reins them in. This substantially limits whatever irony they can perform in regards to BDSM, kink and fetishes (within Gothic language or not); re: Pygmalion syndrome.

Far more common is the "safe" method: the default manufacturing of coercive variants on a massive scale—cheap, dangerous knockoffs that encourage manufactured *consent* towards sexist ideas about gender and sexuality. Composed of popular tropes and symbols that survive into 2022, these larger misconceptions originate from unironic interpretations of famous ironies; e.g., Shakespeare's infamous tale of woe in *Romeo and Juliet* or later, Austen's satirical voice in her 1813 novel, *Pride and Prejudice* ("It is a truth universally acknowledged..."). Over time, *these interpretations have become canonized, eclipsing the original satire*; as such, they treat toxic love as something to uncritically devour. By swooning over romanticized abuse, their readers fail to grasp how Shakespeare or Austen needled dated, abusive standards in their own eras: prescriptive, surface-level appeals towards love as spontaneous, but also fixated on physical beauty or extreme wealth—where death following one's separation from raw passion is normalized inside the minds of impressionable, horny youths, be they girls of marrying age or eligible bachelors expected to propose.

As something to perform, xenophilic irony exists within a lengthy historio-material process of authors embroiled within sexist consumer culture. *The Boys* was hardly the first, but the latest in a longstanding Western tradition that normalizes the celebration of romantic abuse in professional media. For example, Shakespeare and his contemporaries' 16th century works coincided with a rising English identity structured around toxic love. By the late 1700s, mounting pressure to feed the British market with fresh suitors and debutantes all but exploded; artifice became something to embrace by large groups of young middle-class people thirsty for "correct," heteronormative knowledge on manners, modesty and love. It wasn't transcendental, but it *was* code inside a burgeoning system of oppression; i.e., one whose inheritance anxiety and subsequent fear of replacement (re: "[Toxic Schlock Syndrome](#)") would eventually span the entire globe.

Note: Northanger Abbey was Austen's 1803 critique of Ann Radcliffe, published posthumously in 1817. In Volume Zero, I critique Radcliffe myself in "[Pieces of the](#)

[Camp Map](#)," but also discuss her relationship to Austen and *Northanger Abbey* in ["Shining a Light on Things."](#) —Perse, 5/4/2025



Consuming blind pastiche from various popular genres, hungry English readers soaked up information wherever they could; i.e., gazing into it voyeuristically in ways that felt guilty (for fear of punishment by the state) but nevertheless were encouraged because it, like the 1980s porn business centuries later, was profitable for the elite in ways they could condition superstitious, lonely and horny audiences with. This included appropriative material centered on sexism themes, which informed the real world and vice versa: the moral panic of Neo-Gothic novels. So popular and sudden was this "Gothic craze" that Austen parodied it in *Northanger Abbey* (written in 1803 but published after her death in 1817)—a story written about Catherine Morland, a girl whose curious life mirrors the very Gothic novels she ravenously devours (sweet, delicious "terrorist literature").

As we've established, this rising consumption lacked universal appeal and was generally rejected by the more serious (and pretentious) Romantics. Regardless, peak Victorian abjection helped these novels flourish under a growing middle-class expected to repress whatever prurient activities were regularly happening between cis-het persons. In the face of mounting tensions, sexist canon manufactured consent through prescriptive ideas, codifying an immutable gender binary whose various roles fed back into the practice in ways whose hegemony did not always survive. Indeed, Morland's story plays out much like a Gothic novel—a direct consequence of those books affecting her life in parallel

ways: making the formulaic promise of sex and danger seem delicious to a "princess" who views them as mysterious and intoxicating. It's only a matter of time before xenophilia as a pedagogy of the oppressed begins to solidarize workers in opposition to the state.

As we also explored in Volume Two, the Neo-Gothic Revival was hardly unified, with many schools and strains emerging in the following decades [besides the ones I've mentioned or cited](#). Nor did it stop, leading Angela Carter to write, "We are living in Gothic times" nearly two centuries later (and nearly 50 years ago). Regardless, many BDSM scenarios in canonical literature stem from Gothic horror and terror, which famously injected the Ancient Romance into commonplace, "novel" (quotidian) formats and situations: heteronormative marriage and property disputes. Morland's peril is basically spoof, the nosy heroine consigned to a solo carriage ride—at night, without protection(!)—back to her family. More earnest examples generally pitted their moral positions on sex and love against settings of extreme terror, horror, abject sexuality and numinous sensations—i.e., often tied to various qualities and locational markers of the Gothic chronotope: murder, ancient castles, black magic, and spectral burial sites.



(artist: [F. Bedford](#))

While [the Graveyard Poets](#) would have enchanted these time-spaces with an unshakable feeling of supernatural otherworldliness, exact cultural attitudes are a deeper context that carries imperfectly into newer generations—re: Marx's nightmare as idiosyncratic per generation as pulverized into a plurality of dissident,

even seditious fragments. Usually only the tropes survive—ghastly predicaments like live burial, cannibalism, infanticide or ritual sacrifice; but also taboo sexual themes like incest, rape or necrophilia as a theatrical voice for the oppressed. While these notions can seem dated, superstitious and absurd, they endure remarkably well through Gothic pastiche, which tends to slap them together devil-may-care. Modern conservatism exploits these Old-World variables, crafting cheap horror stories that draft *carceral chronotopes*, arresting viewer imaginations by coding them along sexist-reactionary lines; the same dialogic imagination affords xenophiles a Trojan horse to wheel backward at our would-be invaders, on the Aegis as contested.

As we've established, Gothic canon fetishizes unequal power exchange and descriptive sexuality to stereotypical, rapacious extremes—not simply power, but power *abuse* tied to sacred coercive demons. Their cheap construction makes them easy to produce; their scandalous, fear-mongering proliferation makes them (and their respective myths) hard to avoid or ignore. So marginalized professionals and amateurs must reclaim them through active, informed irony that appreciates sex-positive examples of unequal power exchange during furtive rebellions. In turn, appreciative irony becomes a force to challenge its own absence inside the Gothic mode, offering up ironic liberators within Gothic hauntology retailored for sex-positive imagination as one of concealment.

First, you have the scream queens—ostensibly cis-het (often white) women who play the sexy heroine under attack, surviving sexism in fairly conventional ways (with the perils of the middle class, cis-het white woman being a centrist position reinforced by Gothic pastiche). However, performative irony extends to increasingly persecuted/scapegoated positions. Practicing witches; trans, intersex, and non-binary people, and other social outsiders/targets—once reliable objects of abject ridicule, fear and punishment—suddenly become cool, fun, and sexy within hauntological positions. Through their newfound xenophilic appreciation, these reverse-abjections remain haunted by their historical function: as sex-coercive symbols of fear (which more recently has become token exploitation under neoliberal Capitalism, promoting the same-old biases dressed up as false hope).

However, inside parallel spaces, performative irony allows sex-positive performers activists to reclaim their use through parody and pastiche (a concept we'll continue to explore throughout the remainder of this book): the imperfect recreation of old things reinfused with new, sex-positive meaning. To this, we've discussed in Volume Two how ironic performers of canonical monsters like Medusa and the xenomorph frame *sex empowerment* as a legitimate-if-liminal position—reclaiming the agency of their marginalized users by presenting as something sex-positive for society-at-large to emulate but also empathize with by making fun of old classics in ways that bring out their sex-positive elements through perceptive pastiche:

Note: Ridley Scott is far less problematic than James Cameron (re: "[Military Optimism](#)") but remains a man whose career was demonstrably sexist; i.e., in the '70s and '80s (re: "[Half-Real: Recognizing And Performing Empathy](#)") into more recent times. He's a man paradoxically weighed down by neoliberalism (re: "[The Roots of Enlightenment Persecution](#)") while, in the same breath, camping Cameron (re: "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)") and giving *Alien* a curiously neoliberal critique—one with its own ethnocentric baggage (re: "[Giger's Xenomorph](#)"). To it, *Alien* isn't just one of the most important Gothic works of the 20th century but of all time, and one wedded to Radcliffe, Lewis and the classic Neo-Gothic as revived by Scott and friends in a more sex-positive and liberatory way from the 1970s onwards (re: "[A Vampire History Primer](#)"). Ergo, while I discuss and reference *Alien* as much as I do *Aliens* (too many to count), I hold it in a far more positive light (versus *Aliens*' shameless Vietnam revenge fantasy going on to fuel neo-colonialism under neoliberalism and its most popular media form: videogames and the entire shooter genre raping nature-in-small by simulating war bleeding back into the natural world; re: "[Nature versus the State](#)"). —Perse, 5/4/2025



(exhibit 87c: Artist, left: [Kathy of the Bog](#); middle: Ridley Scott; right, [source](#): "Brett's Original Death," 2016. Kathy's quick-and-dirty inking style curiously resembles Scott's famous "[Ridleygrams](#)" that he made to storyboard *Alien* with. But her depiction of the monsters is one of posthuman/queer harmony versus Scott's liminal framing as more phobic towards the alien unknown. In any of his "Gothic seafaring" stories, Scott does not divorce queer sexuality and homosexual/-social themes from psychosexual voice. While its vital to recognize the existence of violent bias and stigma against queer people, it's equally important not to synonymize the two or essentialize the future as dead in ways that capitalists want; i.e., the future is dead like the medieval past as something to regress toward in apocalyptic fashion. Kathy demonstrates how queerness needs to move beyond carceral

hauntological symbols of queerness that are useful to capitalist hegemony [scapegoats] and arrive at emancipatory portrayals that humanize gender-non-conforming people as liminal beings under capital as an exploitative system.)

Proletarian witches—be they figurative or literal—shouldn't be burned at the stake like village scapegoating revived in the present sphere; the kinky sex and asexual, pagan relations they have and BDSM they perform should be mutually consensual and their testimony regarding their own victimization shouldn't be dismissed automatically. Likewise, the specialized hauntology they offer doesn't compel these horrors; it leads to the freeing of sex workers on the road to Communism by opening the open through sex-positive dialogs about where worker abuse comes from: the state.

Appreciative emulation isn't homogenous; it's performative and, like a Halloween costume, occurs according to varying degrees of commitment. Furthermore, whether professional-grade or amateur, these performances inevitably fall under various levels of scrutiny. Not only does canon already exist; the elite employ a variety of tactics to keep canon relevant. We've already discussed

- how moral panic operates through prescribed (xeno)phobias
- how abjection can be reversed through descriptive sexuality as xenophilic (acknowledging the biases that queer people and other minorities continue to face under Capitalism)
- the historical context inside Gothic canon that sex-positive irony grapples with—regarding BDSM, kink and fetishes, but also the dialectical constraints imposed on performative irony in canonized forms

I want to continue examining irony as something to perform. Ironic performers reverse abjection, undermining patriarchal hegemony through the bourgeois fear of socio-material change. Regardless if they're divided on how best to do this,



professionals and amateurs replace bad-faith, sex-coercive symbols with sex-positive counterparts. In doing so, their relative disobedience fosters a countercultural artistic trend, one that helps minorities improve their material conditions through increased cultural appreciation—the treatment of performers and their real-life counterparts as human, normalizing their basic human rights in neo-medieval language:

(artist: [Axel Sauerwald](#))

So while Gothic canon is historically fetishized—systemically appropriating marginalized bodies for profit—performer irony allows for active, personal engagement inside a system designed to materially benefit the elite. Workers who become ironic performers can self-fetishize to materially benefit themselves, thus gain the potential to challenge the current social order through cultural appreciation as something to personify using demonic poetics and undead voicings. Even if their creative output is visually ambiguous—i.e., doesn't spell out mutual consent at first glance—the context needed to infer its existence can be identified by the sexist backlash (and ironic adoration) it receives: the so-called "gag reflex."

If we're dealing with Gothic symbols, this backlash may present as confused; the attackers will oscillate, not quite knowing what to think or how to behave. Consider how reactionaries paradoxically worship the loved-feared monster mom from *Resident Evil*, Lady Dimitrescu. By extension, they cannot help but worship the many professional and amateur sex workers who bring Lady Dimitrescu to life—most notably cosplayers as dark figures to peep at and worship.



(artist: [Danielle DeNicola](#))

Note: Lady Dimitrescu is another character I elude to throughout my book series, but have never written a dedicated chapter towards; i.e., a phallic woman/female demon lover with a calm and furious form, but also giant figure; e.g., exhibit 0a1b2a1b from Volume Zero's "[Notes on Power](#)" and exhibits 43e2a and 49 from the Demon Module's "[Of Darkness and the Forbidden](#)" and

"[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)," respectively. She's not just an Amazon mommy domme, but a dark vampiric avenger the monomythic hero must canonically de-mask and castrate before she returns the favor! —Perse, 5/4/2025

An already-complicated character, Lady Dimitrescu threatens patriarchal norms created by abject, volcanic *Amazonomachia* while simultaneously empowering marginalized groups through reverse-abjection as an eruption; i.e., as much likened to a force of nature as giant castle (a common monstrous-feminine gimmick), advanced in its age but paradoxically de-aged through force. This complicated duality leaves hauntology feeling embattled, troubling reactionaries with a curious paradox as they try to weaponize the mode: a vampire Amazon queen/giant Hippolyta whose "uppity" trespasses must be checked by masculine force, while simultaneously nurturing and gratifying her would-be attackers'

repressed sexual urges: the kinks and fetishes of cis-het boys and men (fascist lost boys). What's more, their gratification occurs through ironic performers who receive an unusual amount of socio-material power during the exchange and after.

In postmodern language, this theatre plays out "inside the text." Abjection occurs through in-game action, our Bond-like protagonist suffering the evil queen's fetishizing abuse before destroying her bloodline and exposing her "true" ugly form: the Archaic Mother as the ultimate Dark Mother to sacrifice, thus pave the canonically masculine hero's way forward to Great Success. To counteract this, reverse abjection and xenophilia occur in the real world in relation to the text, cosplayers *de facto* educators who

- return Lady Dimitrescu to a human shape
- restore her power within the social-sexual exchange
- present the ambivalent imagery and demonic BDSM activities in a sex-positive, appreciative light

The half-real power relations can stay lopsided, kinky and fetishized, provided they grant our queen perceived authority over a very thirsty audience. The sex-positive power she holds over them isn't abusive, but nurturing and mollifying towards the audience's pre-coded, abuser tendencies. With it, cosplayers restore balance through a different kind of gaze; not one of fear, but love, using it to pacify viewers into realms of total, emasculating worship: "Step on me, queen!" became less of a command, and more of an eagerness to please and serve her highness as someone to relate to through sex-positive BDSM. Such reverence must be conditioned—i.e., taught over time by sex-positive instructors rewriting canonical norms through appreciative irony.

In this sense, Lady Dimitrescu isn't simply the in-game character at all, but a motherly persona adopted by professional and amateur cosplayers looking to advance their own sphere of influence in the material world. By dressing up as someone feared and loved in an Oedipal sense, female cosplayers carried a sense of Gothic power inside the smitten gaze of their male admirers. Female cosplayers rode the wave, but also extended it, creating a rising tide that raised all ships. Meanwhile, Capcom returned their investment long before the game hit shelves, recuperating sex-positive ideas to turn a profit: Monsters sell; sexy (female) monsters sell better.



(artist: [Lil Nas](#))

Granted, there's definitely a market for sexy male monsters, too (*Lucifer*, *Lucifer*, 2016; Alcide Herveuax, *True Blood*, 2008; and Sephiroth, *FF7*, 1997). However, such roles quickly

run the risk of feminizing men in a non-heteronormative way(!)—not only visually (especially Sephiroth), but performatively. The latter happens when a story—instead of centralizing men as universal clients with "full-grown, manly appetites"—decides to make them servants servicing *unusual* clients: women, homosexuals, trans people, even demons. This needn't be overt sex work, but generally functions like sex work through abjected content; the "feeding" of the sex worker comes through service, the pleasures of being the bottom that cis-het "alpha males" won't understand in the slightest; Capitalism has alienated them from this kind of xenophilic work, but also the fruits of its labor shucked off as dated cultural perversions to pimp all over again.

As something that conceptualizes queer persons within boundaries of enforced constraint, gay abjection is less about queerness being monstrous in a *physically dangerous* sense, and more that it challenges the current order of things through humanizing appeals—an ideological threat to the status quo. It's the primary reason [someone as terrible](#) (J. Aubrey's "The Decay of Andrew Tate," 2022) and [as ironically fake as "real man" Andrew Tate](#) (Shaun's "Andrew Tate: How to be a Real Man," 2023) can continue his grift (or at least plead is self-victimhood complex from a Romanian prison because he pissed off the wrong people). Provided he tows the conservative line, he doesn't need to be rhetorically intelligent because the status quo doesn't require him to; he just needs to dogwhistle (a tool used by useful idiots, ideologues, and downright stupid persons⁹⁹ alike, even when they fight amongst each other). By condemning Lil Nas [for ostensibly receiving anal sex from the devil during a music video](#) (update: Tate's "response" video-in-question was removed for hate speech), Tate is dogwhistling to

⁹⁹ Marjorie Taylor Greene is so dumb it hurts, but still manages to dogwhistle [even when fighting with fellow alt-righter \(and gender envious rapist\) Nick Fuentes](#) (The Rational National, "MTG & Crowder Fans Turn On Them After They Denounce Nazis," 2023). Both are victims of the state and its propaganda—class traitors with a shortage of courage, brains and heart *after* killing the Wicked Witch of the West for Oz.

sexist, racist homophobes through a moral purity argument—literally crying "Think of the children!" while condemning male-on-male anal sex. This homophobic rhetoric intersects with racism through abject heteronormative standards about androphilic anal sex—i.e., sex "with the actual devil" as an overt, immoral stance.

Tate's xenophobic attack on Nas is heteronormative because it conflates the anus—specifically the male anus as penetrated by a male object—with abject devilry. Double standards regarding anal sex demand that Tate condemn Nas, who very clearly isn't female. This is because heteronormativity venerates sexual reproduction centered around male pleasure. For this reason, it appropriates lesbian sex and female anal sex, conflating them with PIV sex by proximity with the vagina (and female anus/sex organs) as owned by men, *a priori*. Said ownership ensures that sexual reproduction is always an option, while also framing any rejection of it as a kind of guilty pleasure: temporary male disempowerment by avoiding one's reproductive duties, versus female empowerment through bodily autonomy as something to take back from men.



(artist: [Coil](#))

However, because androphilic anal sex belongs to male bodies where no vagina or reproductive organs are present, any androphilic sex act that is mutually consensual occurs entirely for physical pleasure *not owned or controlled by heteronormative men*. Heteronormativity stresses the feminine paradox of gay men as automatically hysterical. Imposturous and broken, their alien, dirty anuses are entirely incompatible with sexual reproduction, thus

heteronormative male pleasure. As such, androphilic anal sex becomes something to deny in any artistic statement, hiding it from children and adults by coercively demonizing it. Meanwhile, these same gatekeepers embrace submissive female anal sex as an acceptable trespass; e.g., Garfunkel and Oat's "The Loophole" (2013) singing about [a guilty pleasure that won't threaten the heterosexual cycle of arranged marriage](#): PIV sex, childbirth and nuclear parenthood as inextricably

linked to heteronormative (often religious) values; or Peach PRC's "God is a Freak" (2022) [noting the hypocritical and controlling nature of the Christian God](#).

Tate's xenophobia becomes racist through the content of the video itself—i.e., the actual devil, not simply as a dark figure, but literal man of color. In Gothic canon like *Zofloya* and *Rosemary's Baby* (1967), white authors classically depict Satan as a threatening agent, despoiling women and steering them from virtue. Stories like these intersect with the broad racist trope of the rapacious black man, which has demonized men of color in real-life (re: [the Wilmington Massacre of 1898](#), Luckhurst) and in historical fiction outside of Gothic media (re: *Birth of a Nation*) for centuries. Unanchored from a particular approach, Andrew Tate dogwhistles to a racist crowd through basic moral statements, puffing up his "virtue" while abjecting homosexual men of color through dated, popular tropes. Exploitation and liberation exist side-by-side, using the same monstrous language in duality.



(artist: [Lil Nas](#))

By comparison, Lil Nas' music video appreciates black kink through a transgressive, counterculture response. By having two gay men consent to anal dry-humping (as opposed to oral, which would be harder to show in a music video where both actor's faces need to be showing), Nas' celebrates homosexuality amongst black men dressed up in devilish attire, rescuing the trope of the devilish black man as a rapist of white women. Combining his rap-star status' material advantage with the overnight exposure of a smash-hit music video, Nas tips the

scales in a sex-positive direction, humanizing multiple, intersecting scapegoats in the process: black men, Satanism, anal sex, sex workers, BDSM and homosexuality as modular but often intersecting in idiosyncratic ways (also note his *non*-fascist usage of the black-and-red color scheme, evolving [Sontag's dated argumentation](#) into ironically xenophilic territories); e.g., AFAB anal signifies its own qualities versus queer men of color, and so on, having the whore's revenge by existing in undeniably positive ways:



(artist: [Ruby Soho](#))

Culture war through moral panic generally manifests in a lopsided treatment of feminine, servile gender and sexuality—with sex-positive variants becoming unimaginable in the hauntological shadow of old pejorative stereotypes. Even when they're not explicitly queer, forays into unconventional male servitude under Patriarchal sexism become queer-coded caricatures by the elite, framed as fantastical (meaning "non-existent make-believe"; e.g., James Somerton's argument of queer people historically-materially being viewed

similar to fairies or unicorns in Tolkien's canon as something to enjoy if not fully endorse: "[The Diversity of The Rings of Power](#)," 2022) Or fatal; i.e., so-called "realistic" fantasy endorses status quo heteronormativity by violently murdering its token queer standouts in short order during Goldilocks Imperialism. Often before they're killed, the parading of so much disposable man flesh is generally played for laughs—callously supplied to thirsty straight women for whom queerness is merely something to appropriate (re: *Killing Stalking*).

Regardless of which, canon transmisia and homophobia uphold minority abuse through appropriated queerness, passing it off as genuine representation in the process. "Genuine" examples only prolong harmful stereotypes in media that keep minority groups oppressed, usually according to a hierarchy of relative privilege inside an incredibly recent market. Slow to expand, said market originally focused on cis women, which it barred from expressing sexual desire and unprompted romantic affection well into the 20th century. Women in classic gothic novels, for instance, weren't simply cis-het; they were generally passive, compelled into roles of dark imagination (the Radcliffean School of Terror), but also painful modesty and emotional fragility when facing the so-called "dreaded evil" (which, like the woman's mute, faint-hearted response to it, would've been highly exaggerated and overhyped; re: the "swooning" chart, exhibit 30c from "[Rape Culture](#)"):



(exhibit 87d: In classic, Neo-Gothic novels, "swooning" was a formulaic [and sexist] way for Gothic heroines to preserve their "virtue"; i.e., their modesty as virgins within the Virgin/Whore dynamic. Ann Radcliffe specifically referred to this procedure as "armoring." However, in vampiric language, this "sleepy" quality portrays women as perpetually delicate somnambulists by virtue of fainting around

dangerous, powerful, attractive men; i.e., exposed to danger as "sexy" and sex as dangerous, their brains overheat and they inexplicably faint. As Lynne Lumsden Green writes in "Fainting and Swooning – the Degrees of Syncope in the Victorian Era" [2017]:

In literature, there is a difference between a faint and a swoon. A faint is something that occurs when a person gets a terrible shock – a mother reading of the death of her child – or the person is suffering from blood loss – a wounded gentleman can faint and not seem unmanly. Women swoon. They see an old lover ... and swoon. A rogue tries to make love to them ... and they swoon. Their father asked them a hard question ... and they swoon. A swoon seems to be more 'convenient' [[source](#)].

In other words, the convenience of the narrative-as-patriarchal assists in perpetuating dated, sexist stereotypes about women's "natural" weaknesses in Gothic canon, but also prescribed sex as inherently coercive, forceful and disempowering through cryptonyms of or about sex. There is a sexually descriptive element, of course. To swoon is to be involuntarily powerless, under an erotic, sleep-like spell spoken in code about the orgasm as "sleeping" under a little death; i.e., to temporarily lose control. This can enshrined in ways other than problematic canon, but often occurs in liminal, silly forms like [ahegao](#) [exhibit 104d]. But sleepiness is, itself, a literal and very physical side effect of cumming—to which Gothic canon and its "wilting" inexperienced damsels have it backwards: you get sleepy after sex, not before it. There's also sleep sex in a literal sense [re: exhibit 11b2, "[Challenging the State](#)"] and exhibitions of "sleep-like" sex [exhibit 101c2] with doll-like or drugged components that induce, evoke or otherwise symbolize such conditions [scarecrow].

*Returning to the idea of cryptonyms as disjointed markers of trauma, vampiric paralysis presents a disguised element of disassociation, the already-abused "checking out" to avoid the bodily anticipation of sexual peril. These victims historically would have been women tied to sex work as an ancient profession, though male sex workers have existed for arguably as long [exhibit 87e] and into the present—e.g., Rivers Phoenix in *My Own Private Idaho*, 1991: a sex worker who falls asleep before the sex starts. Whether through the body's natural functions, or through the taking of drugs to block out the dreadful experience, such "armoring" is not done to protect the victims' virtue from rape, but their sanity.)*



(artist: Henri Gervex)

Nowadays the market has moved beyond cis women to include trans, intersex and non-binary people. However, they have only just begun to appear in mainstream Gothic narratives as something other than the monster, token queer, or perpetual victim. But even in these cases, the characters don't exclusively appreciate queer people descriptively (*Cyberpunk: 2027*, *Ghost in the Shell*, *Terminator: Dark Fate*); they're also fetishized—appropriated for cis-het men (and various other chasers) by cis-het male (or girl bosses). There's also TERF logic regarding queer appropriation, whose sex-coercive methods (and weaponized hauntologies) we'll examine in Chapter Four.

Now that we've examined appreciative irony in professional and amateur Gothic art, let's quickly look at some everyday examples—not sex cosplayers using kinks, fetishes, or BDSM inside a social-social exchange, but everyday people dressing for themselves.

Despite canonical/countercultural worship of various powerful female beings, sexism rejects the general principles behind sex-positive fashion statements. This includes those made by everyday people, regardless if they're professional artists or goth (though perhaps being inspired by either of these things). Regardless of whom, fashion statements are still gender roles. Moreover, when they aren't canonical—that is, aren't directly catering to sexist consumers in a globally

prescriptive sense—their performers will invariably experience sexism far more hostile and open from reactionaries' moral panic.



(artist: [Axel Sauerwald](#))

This hostility proliferates because the status quo invariably treats women—or people perceived as women—as constant performers. This means that any woman (cis-het or queer) who appears in public will always have an audience with expectations and entitlement, *sans* respite. Her clothes don't need to be goth/monster mom cosplay to garner unwanted attention; in fact, [they don't need to be sexy at all](#) (Key & Peele's "Karim and Jahar," 2013). She will be watched regardless—by sexist men, but also by sexist women. This happens because women, unlike men, are sexualized by default—in real life as informed by material examples of popular conventions. Incumbent reactionary women will defend these rules regardless of the harm they cause, reliant on the lie of protection instead of genuine, sex-positive forms.

By comparison, class emancipators (women or otherwise) will strive to expose the harm as symptomatic, then cure it through cryptonymy as the desired effect. For example, the cis-female performer's agency stems from her choosing to perform for herself, an amateur who loves makeup or pretty clothes despite the threat of sexist control (therefore violence). These decisions are ironic because they are informed, deliberately setting a precedent beyond the status quo. By facing inevitable risk in emancipatory fashion, the performer is choosing to actively rebel over the passive victimhood guaranteed by the status quo (Gothic heroines are historically passive). Like the Medusa, this "prickly" counterculture resistance can be something to appreciate—sass, essentially! Women are classically blamed, whore or no, because capital pimps all women to *tone* police them; i.e., outside the household kitchen or bedroom: to be seen, not heard. Their revenge, then, is to be heard, "loud and proud."

In turn, from the Medusa to us, sass is a means of solidarity and speaking out to survive, during the cryptonymy process; i.e., girls talk to *survive* (re: "[The Basics](#)"), itself a thing to *celebrate* because it feels as good as sex does (which girls *will* celebrate, because good sex is rarer than it should be: "His dick is huge!" "OMG! Spill the tea, you slut!"); re: (from the Undead Module):

e.g., me—even when still inside the closet—gabbing with my girlfriends about who was dating who, and furthermore, our various techniques acting as a matter of pride but also learning through each other. Girls take pride in the head they give, but also the power said giving grants them over the cuties in

their lives; this, in exchange, becomes instructional: suck dick, survive, but also thrive and have fun by cluing other people, AFAB or not, in on the means of doing so! Girls talk, and share as a means of survival and praxial enrichment through sex—to feel excited when one of our number meets someone cool [and starts to fuck]. This isn't a trade secret, then, but a social-sexual means of Gothic-Communist development; i.e., by establishing shared trust in mutual action across communities that challenge heteronormative forces [versus tokenizing for them, as TERFs do] ([source](#): "Bad Dreams").

Community is euphoric, so get it, girl!



In this manner, live performers become iconoclastic images. Easily divorced from context (see: above), the performer's underlying decision only becomes clear when she is visibly confronted, thus forced to defend her position as a monster in the eyes of sexist men. [In this street interview](#) (Noah Samsen, "Incel Street

Interviews," 2022; timestamp: 23:02), the person being questioned declares that no one told her to dress the way she does. Instead, she proudly tells the interviewer she wears these clothes for herself despite sexist people *telling her not to*. Her performance is iconoclastic because it consciously engages with a sexist audience to demonstrate positive freedom not just for herself, but anyone exploited by sexism. Conversely, "true intent" is largely irrelevant from a historical-material standpoint, as Capitalism—whether fascist or neoliberal—is incumbent on bad-faith performances to function; e.g., acting tough, scared, or like you own people, places or things, like someone died and made *you* boss (dynastic primacy and its lineal power exchange, hereditary rights).

The interviewee demonstrates social-sexual freedom in several appreciative ways. She appreciates or assigns positive value to

- make the money required to buy nice clothes.
- wear nice clothes to showcase her wealth.
- like nice clothes and how they look, wearing them for herself.
- advertise sexiness as a choice by choosing to display herself in an openly sexy manner.

None of this might be clear before the interview takes place. However, the moment sexist people criticize her behavior, she vocally defends her sex-positive position, making it an open, articulated act of defiance. Not only does she refuse to be modest; she self-expresses in ways that make her feel good despite how others

(sexist people) want to control her. She self-appreciates despite the elite and society appropriating and abjecting her appearance and behaviors, making her a kind of witch that loves herself xenophillically (which extends to one's abject, bodily responses and animal side; re: anal and that area of the female/feminine body policed and patrolled but also embraced by the asshole-havers¹⁰⁰, below). Any aspect of women, biological or not, is controlled; any unsanctioned displays of said thing = speaking out, hence the whore's revenge!

The patriarchal, sexist control the interview fights against extends to the sale of actual sex: fucking. There's nothing inherently sexist about selling sex, nor the people doing it. This includes buying and selling sex, whether one is the consumer, the product, or the producer (or all three). Marginalized peoples and privileged dissidents love sex/the whore, including a Gothic Communist like yours truly (I'm a total slut, your Honor); i.e., nature as monstrous-feminine, out in the open; i.e., as barter through "pussy (or buttohole) exchange," putting *either* on the chainwax, mid-camp (re: "[Shining a Light on Things](#)"). Free the anus on the Aegis as the Aegis during the cryptonym process!

To see what *is* potentially sexist/sex-positive about selling sex as open, we'll have to go in for a closer look...



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

¹⁰⁰ Anal being not just a terror weapon (re: "[Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)") but a classic contraceptive—the sex of whores avoiding pregnancy out of revenge as much as a not.

Selling Sex, SWERFs and Un(der)paid Sex Work (feat. Art Frahm)

While women are not considered full subjects, society itself could not function without their contributions. [...] As is, Irigaray believes that men are subjects (e.g., self-conscious, self-same entities) and women are "the other" of these subjects (e.g., the non-subjective, supporting matter). Only one form of subjectivity exists in Western culture and it is male ([source](#)).

—Sarah K. Donovan, *Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (1995)

Note: This section delves into the problem sex work as both underpaid/not paid and demonized, which I later address in "[Paid Labor](#)" from Volume One. —5/3/2025



(exhibit 87e1: Left: [source](#) and model: [Glasses GF](#); right, model: [Glasses GF](#). In Gothic, whores are monsters. Catherine Mackinnon writes, "Sexual objectification is the primary process of the subjection of women. It unites act with word, construction with expression, perception with enforcement, myth with reality. Man fucks woman; subject verb object." However, in "[A Gender Analysis of Global Sex Work](#)" from [Selling Sex in the City: A Global History of Prostitution, 1600s-2000s](#), Elise van Nederveen Meerkerk argues, "While most of the chapters do not provide much information about male or transgender/transvestite sex work (and in most historical [legal] contexts prostitution has been defined as "female"), some countries such as China and the Ottoman Empire had a rich tradition of prostitution by men or boys."

In other words, much of sex work is historically AFAB since ancient times but includes AMABs from as far back who are treated in a traditionally feminine sense

under the current colonial model [whose exploitation under Capitalism we will examine in Chapter Three when we cover discrimination against femboys, "traps" and twink in the "Patriarchal Hatred Against Transgender Persons, Intersexuality and Drag" section]. Regardless of sex or gender, all sex workers are heteronormatively slighted to varying degrees. Among them, men expect women [or beings forced to identify and perform as women] to labor in various ways that appeal to cis-het men as the universal clientele under Capitalism. These expectations objectify women for said gaze, but also treat them like disposable garbage.

To this, Glasses GF sadly falls into the industry standard of women who do sex work. They were abused by someone they trusted, a person called Don [DonDRRR on Twitter] who knew Glasses GF did sex work but tried to force them to keep quiet—after the initial abuse they did against them in 2021 [[source tweet](#): Lex Updog, 2023] but also for years after. Only after Updog/Glasses GF released [a YouTube exposé discussing the abuse at length](#) [Lex Updog's "My Experience With DonDRRR And SuperMega," 2023] did Don release his own statement, wherein he attempts to describe his side of things:

We had been intimate since day 1 but on the 3rd night I had asked her for oral sex she at first said no because she had a cold sore. Later I asked her again and she yes but to be careful not to be too rough. During the intimate act I had pushed down her head, after which she recoiled and told me that I was being too rough. I then profusely apologized and we ended up watching TV and going to bed after. Things were normal for the rest of the week until the trip was over and we went back home. During this time I was under no impression that anything traumatizing had occurred, however I realize now this was extremely upsetting for her [[source tweet](#): DonDRRR, 2023].

The source of the trauma wasn't just Don, but with Matt and Ryan from SuperMega trying to sweep everything under the rug:

I called them before I got there to tell them what happened so I could avoid being around Don, but they gave me mixed messages; Ryan one of support and two days later Matt, a phone call where he went into lawyer mode and promptly explained to me that "technically Don isn't an employee so we don't have to do anything," how SuperMega is his "magnum opus" and how this would be very bad for them if anyone found out [[source tweet](#): Lex Updog, 2023].

After the initial confrontation, Matt and Ryan—despite Don having a history of grooming [[source tweet](#): whitemagemain, 2023]—kicked Updog and a friend of theirs [[iamRav](#)] out of their office where they had been staying. Afterward, the two

were not only robbed while living in their car and moving between hotels; they were unable to get what belonging of theirs that were still at Matt Ryan's office because the two weren't talking to Updog. In short, SuperMega's material advantage and "dude bro" brand concerns [[their Twitter bio](#) literally reads "Pick-up artists"] put them in a position to lie and manipulate people around them, throwing Updog and their friend under the bus.



[source: [Wikitubia](#)]

Claiming ignorance to defend powerful higher-ups is not uncommon; it happened with Harvey Weinstein in Hollywood, but also happens in YouTube. For example, Blair Zoñ aka [iilluminaughtii](#)'s own abuses as a highly manipulative grifter have recently come to light, exposing her as someone unafraid to use her material advantage to content farm, build a company town, force people into abusive contracts, and share someone's suicide note to shame them into silence [[source](#): Swoop's "The

END of iilluminaughtii: She Has ALWAYS Been This Way," 2023]. In Matt and Ryan's case, they were formerly the editors of Arin and Dan, the Game Grumps; they were [and remain to this point] industry fellows whose abuse towards Updog happened years ago. In other words, you can't just rely on the better angels of peoples' nature or assume they must be good because of who they know; rape and other forms of exploitation happen because people hide behind their connections, banking on society keeping quiet in order to protect the brand, name or reputation as more valuable than workers are but especially those who are habitually exploited: by men in the larger, male-dominated industry that turns said men into violent killer babies, next page.

To it, capital is founded on rape, hence begets abuse as [a culture of rape](#); i.e., one that dutifully polices nature as monstrous-feminine on all registers; re: "[Nature Is Food](#)." Denial and self-pity for the abuser becomes yet-another-means of predation on state victims [which whores classically are]. Male or not, white or not, out abusers to challenge profit, having the whore's revenge—one classically of testimony that immiserates the rapist[s] in question!)



(exhibit 87e2: Artist, left: [Glasses GF](#); right: [SuperMega](#). "Woman is other." Heteronormative cultural standards lead to common assumptions that are sexually dimorphic regarding body exposure. Female workers are judged far more for their bodies, while heteronormative, gender-conforming male bodies are allowed to look however and still be treated like kings; i.e., persons with privilege whose fans will worship them despite them being demonstrably awful persons; re: Ashley Williams in "[Valorizing the Idiot Hero](#)" or his arguable palimpsest, Donald Trump [a notorious rapist whose crimes are well-documented; e.g., Renegade Cut's "[Donald Trump is a R*pist](#)," 2023]—in short, men that Matt and Ryan emulate and who are defended by their own legion of vampiric, lobotomized imitators and nepotistic parasite-fans. Apathy is a socio-material structure and event that requires constant participation to function, including xenophobic neglect, scorn and denial; the same degree of participation if not more is required to combat these abuses during oppositional praxis. Even Updog kept quiet for as long as they did because, according to them, they felt like they owed it to people they "needed" to protect—Don, but also Matt and Ryan. Keeping silent is a form of giving abusers what they want, which only guarantees that abuse will continue on an individual and systemic level.)

Thanks to its own ambiguities, the sale of sex remains a hotly-debated issue. So-called "working girls," for instance, were historically owned as personal property by men, leading 2nd wave feminists—specifically SWERFs (which TERFs are)—to weaponize their own trauma; i.e., through xenophobic rhetoric, thereby treating

sex work globally as enslavement and coercively exhibitionist and voyeuristic in their eyes; e.g., the Alien Queen was a Communist madame/abject brothel whore; and Jane Eyre "triumphed" when she got rid of Anne Cosway and married Rochester, etc. Under the proper conditions, however—conditions that admittedly didn't exist in the West on a wide scale in the 1970s (or before)—the sale of sex can actually

- provide freedom of sexual and gender expression, including mutually (albeit relative) consensual fetishization; i.e., xenophilia
- liberate sex workers by letting them claim ownership over their bodies. By doing so, they seize the means of individual sexual image production (much of the world's sex work today is conducted online), generating wealth to improve their own material conditions. Yes, companies take a static, 20% cut, but the terms are dictated individually by sex workers who can set their own rates in a larger market. This success is relative, of course, workers being incentivized by OnlyFans to earn more (with those who do so often marketing their success—i.e., the top "1% on OF" status).

So while it's a truth universally acknowledged that sex sells, it's not enough (for a Gothic Communist) to say that most people "just enjoy sex." Rather, the heightened reliability of sex-as-lucrative is enforced through compulsory means, fetishizing sex workers to make them as profitable as possible under heteronormative conditions. Sex work doesn't disappear during moral panics; it just becomes stigmatized and chased after (either to kill, exploit or both).

Canon as a means of control stems from the Patriarchy—specifically sexist norms ratified during the Enlightenment through the emergence of Cartesian thought: dualism, or the separation of the body and the mind. Dualism has had many sexist consequences. Chief among them is that men are framed as rational and women are not. Men know best, men *deserve* best; they are the universal client among the worker and owner classes. This sexist division (re: "[the creation of sexual difference](#)" by Luce Irigaray) is inherently exploitative and xenophobic—a lopsided, colonial binary that conflates sex and gender to specifically benefit the elite. The binary exploits women—or people forced¹⁰¹ to identify as women/the monstrous-feminine—privatizing their sexual labor and siphoning the socio-economic benefits directly to the owner class.

To achieve social activism and defend worker rights, one must resist capital. This xenophilic process happens in steps, with earlier steps being taken by those with relative means. The cis-white women of yesterday certainly had more means than more marginalized groups did, but tended to make arguments that only took

¹⁰¹ The cis-gender binary treats the man-male-masculine:woman-female-feminine dichotomy as the sole, universal state of affairs (elevating it to a natural order). Anything else is anathema, alien, worthy of attack.

things so far. 2nd wave feminists not only prioritized white cis women over other women; they generally critiqued sexist mediums or institutions that represented white cis women as a target commodity/audience. Conversations pertaining to trans women or women of color generally had to come from elsewhere, let alone individuals existing outside the binary altogether.



As a result, 2nd wave feminists didn't routinely stress queer distinctions towards individuals they themselves called "women." Simone Beauvoir famously wrote "Woman is other" in 1949, leaving others to put in the legwork for trans, intersex and non-binary persons. For example, in the 2014 essay "Gender Identity and Expression and Simone de Beauvoir" from Northern Michigan University, an unnamed author writes:

"One is not born, but rather becomes, woman." This is perhaps the line most often quoted from Simone de Beauvoir's groundbreaking work *The Second Sex*, and as such has raised some interesting questions. Because Beauvoir first published the book in 1949, her biological interpretations and social commentary are somewhat constrained by the information that was available at the time. I do not think that this weakens her arguments, but do find that some important questions about her work can only be answered by evaluating her ethical arguments and seeing what conclusions they lead to. One example of such a question involves what her attitude would have been

towards people who are now considered “transgender”- that is those who decide to live as a gender different than the one assigned at birth. In this paper, I will argue that Simone de Beauvoir's ethics and concept of gender roles would commit her to the acceptance of transgender individuals. Thus, this compels her second-wave feminist followers to the same commitment, which should lead to an environment of transgender-inclusivity in these feminist circles ([source](#)).

The essay's filename says it was submitted in 2014, approximately three years before the rise of TERF culture online.

Unlike Beauvoir, Laura Mulvey (another second wave feminist) describes the definition specifically through the act of looking: the male gaze, illustrated not just by icons, but the cinematic gaze showing viewers what to look at (the female body as woman) and how (voyeuristically). While a good first step towards addressing sexism in general, the rhetoric of either remains grossly inadequate regarding racism, transphobia and material inequality. The idea has since been revisited; re:

The male gaze describes a way of portraying and looking at women that empowers men while sexualizing and diminishing women. [...] first popularized in relation to the depiction of female characters in film as inactive, often overtly sexualized objects of male desire. However, the influence of the male gaze is not limited to how women and girls are featured in the movies. Rather, it extends to the experience of being seen in this way, both for the female figures on screen, the viewers, and by extension, to all girls and women at large. Naturally, the influence of the male gaze seeps into female self-perception and [self-esteem](#). It's as much about the impact of seeing other women relegated to these supporting roles as it is about the way women are conditioned to fill them in real life. The pressure to conform to this patriarchal view (or to simply accept or humor it) and endure being seen in this way shapes how women think about [their own bodies](#), capabilities, and place in the world—and that of other women.

In essence, the male gaze [discourages female empowerment](#) and self-advocacy while encouraging [self-objectification](#) and deference to men and the patriarchy at large ([source](#): Vanbuskirk).

Whether biologically female or not, those dubbed "women" are treated as the non-subject, the xenophobic sex object in heteronormative canon, which extends to the monsters of Gothic canon. Said media tends to exclude trans, intersex and non-binary people by treating them as "women" (which we'll explore more in the "Discrimination and Ambiguity" subsection/Chapter Four):

- making them invisible by ignoring their existence or conflating them with cis women
- making them conspicuous by inaccurately portraying them as inhuman, often as criminals or demons

Queer or not, women are fetishized against their will, turned into sexual property. However, the same condition is applied to anyone who exhibits traditionally *feminine* characteristics within the colonial binary: AMAB/AFAB (assigned male/female at birth) homosexuals, intersex people, ace persons, crossdressers, and yes, sex workers whose so-called "female" or "feminine" nudity is seen as vulnerable, thus deserving of exploitation within the status quo; or whose xenophilic interpretations are outed as impostors deserving of moderate/reactionary intolerance.

Sellers of sex can be workers-as-owners (of their bodies) or workers owned bodily by an owner class. To this, it's not the sale of sex that's bad, but the means of selling sex in ways that are unethical. The marketing of sex—vanilla, as well as



kinks, fetishes and BDSM—as sold and controlled by the owner class *is* unethical because it takes control away from the owner of the body by making that worker's body—or images of their body—as property owned by someone else. Xenophobic canon.

(artist: [The Doll Channel](#))

For example, if a cis/trans woman makes an OnlyFans account to own her labor, she's one step closer to owning her own body. To this, a model, photographer and artist are generally one in the same. This rationale extends to all aspects of production from a labor standpoint: diet, clothes, sets, lighting, filming and marketing. Such control is *relatively ethical* because the woman, even

when catering to fetishists, is still vying for equality and ownership over her own body (and the labor profit it affords) within an inherently unequal system.

Conversely, if a banking company denies OnlyFans the right to process credit card transactions, the elite are effectively monopolizing the means of production through the banking system, fiscally gatekeeping the woman's body and all the money she can generate with it; re:

So why did OnlyFans (briefly) decide to ban the kind of content which had come to characterize its platform? "The short answer is banks," said Tim Stokely, the site's British founder and chief executive.

Banks, he claimed, are refusing to process payments associated with adult content. In an interview with the [FT](#), Stokely singled out BNY Mellon, Metro Bank, and JPMorgan Chase for blocking intermediary payments, preventing sex workers from receiving their earnings, and penalizing businesses which support sex workers. He declined to reveal OnlyFans' current banking partners. This follows similar behavior by payment service providers which have begun to dissociate from the porn industry. After a New York Times [investigation](#) found images of rape and child sex abuse on Pornhub, Mastercard and Visa prohibited the use of their cards on the site in Dec. 2020.

In response, Pornhub removed all content produced by unverified partners and implemented a verification program for users. In April this year, [Mastercard](#) announced tighter control on transactions of adult content to clamp down on illegal material. The requirements included that platforms verify ages and identities of their users ([source](#): Eloise Berry's "Why OnlyFans Suddenly Reversed Its Decision to Ban Sexual Content," 2021).

Under such circumstances, consensually ambiguous activities (re: fetishes, kink, BDSM) become non-consensual through unequal power relations the worker did not agree to (called "negotiation" in BDSM language). When workers do not consent to being sexually exploited by the elite, this forces them into coercively humiliating positions. The only option is collective worker action, generally an organized/unorganized walk-out—a strike, and if that fails, an exodus lead by xenophilic, "Satanic" personas.

Sex workers go where they feel the least threatened or exploited, but aren't always spoilt for choice. As Electric Frontier Foundation notes:

Tumblr's ban on "adult content" is a treasure trove of problems: filtering technology that doesn't work, a law that forces companies to make decisions that make others unsafe, and the problems that arise when one company has outsized influence on speech. It's also the story of how people at the margins find themselves pushed out of the places where they had built communities. And so Tumblr is also a perfect microcosm of the problems plaguing people

on every platform ([source](#): "What Tumblr's Ban on 'Adult Content' Actually Did," 2018).

Indeed, when Tumblr panned porn in 2018, sex workers left to a new social media platform because one was conveniently available. However, as Twitter becomes increasingly conservative under new ownership, the lack of a larger safe space for sex workers and minorities has yet to materialize, leaving them waiting under dangerous, coercive conditions until a new space opens up; [BlueSky is invitation-only thus hard to get into, and Facebook's Threads, though already quite new, is already rife with extreme bigotry from corner to corner](#) (Renegade Cut's "Republican Twitter," 2023).

The difference between privatization and mutual consent is not visually immediate. Certainly the existence of non-traditional variants in sexual media affords sex workers the means to express themselves sex-positively through historically sexist language. The sexism, here, is less about content and more about a lack of mutual consent when content is created: Some people like to be humiliated, if it's their choice.

However, a monopoly over the means of production is more than forcing workers to do sex work, then stealing their labor as profit; it includes body theft and image theft, too (re: AI). It's no different, in concept, than Disney recursively treating Mickey Mouse (and other canon) as their intellectual property in perpetuity. This is called privatization, and capitalists (thus TERFs) do it by design; i.e., "This is *our* feminism!" They're (witch) cops, thus colonizers of former activism having gentrified and decayed into unironically toxic forms (more on this tokenism in Chapter Four). Not all guerrillas are good—a fact that goes beyond TERFS, even, and extends into Americans victims; e.g., the Khmer Rouge following the Cambodia bombings (re: "[Police States](#)"); i.e., radicalizing the Marxist-Leninist peasants enacting fascist Buddhism out of revenge against local enemies when American



bombers (and the bourgeoisie) were absent (Behind the Bastards' "Part Three: The Pol Pot Episodes: How A Nice, Quiet Kid Murdered His Country"; [timestamp](#): 11:45). Bombs or no, genocide leads to genocide, though bombs seek to *destabilize* areas, not depopulate them; re: "[Cryptomimesis](#)"). Pimps serve a similar role. A cop is a cop, a traitor a traitor (which TERFs are; re: subjugated Amazons).

(*artist: unknown*)

As we'll see moving forward, SWERFs aren't against all sex work. Most reject unethical sex work in the abstract (sex trafficking as a criminal concept).

But many more will defend heteronormative sex roles commonly expressed through gendered language (even fetishes)—i.e., those present within mass media/personal property—while also abjuring *emancipatory* sex work. This double standard (and its DARVO/obscurantist arguments) stems from how SWERFs function, operating as centrists who value the *order* of Capitalism over positive social-sexual justice for the *victims* of Capitalism. Rather than critique Capitalism, they centralize it by becoming the arbiters of reason, the moral team for which any action that preserves order is allowed. Partly they can't help it, unable to imagine anything



better as they worship the limited, cis-white supremacist feminists of the past, but also the whore of the past as something to abject in service to profit: jungle bunnies, PAWGs, etc.

(artist: [The Doll Channel](#))

In the process, SWERF attacks against obvious, coded enemies—the feminist versus the chauvinist—become hollow and performative while punching down at whores. However, they'll

aggregate with sworn enemies to combat a *common* foe: anyone who threatens Capitalism, including whores as the original and oldest form of labor as policed. The traitor feminist, then, instates moral panic, demonizing erotic sex workers *en masse* by globally scapegoating their entire profession. By fearfully positing the "re-enslavement" of women, SWERFs reject intersectionality in favor of dated, carceral-hauntological feminism: posters of women as entirely "liberated" from *all* erotic sex work (and in a grand, sex-negative paradox, slaying anything that might even suggest free love and sexual labor as a positive alternative to amatonormative models; re: the Alien Queen). In doing so, SWERFs fail to see the empowering qualities of sex work: a genuine means of self-expression, personal enrichment and material change through the rapid accumulation of personal wealth and veneration of the female form (we'll examine the male body more at the end of the chapter).

Instead, SWERFs denounce the whole process. Trusting sexuality as privately enjoyed, they reject the possibility that sex work can be realistically perceived and actualized as gainful employment. For them, the public payment of sex work and its wider acceptance by the common public amounts to a massive betrayal, a return to bondage. However, by denying cis women the choice for paid sex work and excoriating sex-positive depictions thereof, SWERFs only ensure a lack of wages and choice for *all* female sex workers. SWERFs aren't preventing sex work nor sex abuse; they're keeping sex work privatized and un(der)paid, celebrating their

moderate, centrist "victories" in glamorous, hauntological parades that conceal systemic abuse. Privatization, from a material standpoint, enslaves everyone, including SWERFs. On par with a prison warden giving a particular gang protection from his guards, the status quo grants SWERFs special rights for defending canon by attacking ideological enemies of the state (and conceals the structure of state sexism and its nature as a prison).



(artist: [Art Frahm](#))

Compelled privatization discourages iconoclasts by design, turning marginalized groups into conspicuous targets that can be readily treated as sexual property during canonical sex work. A SWERF might reject open prostitution or the coercive nostalgia of female exploitation media (see above); they realistically deny women the means to do anything but resort to *ignominious* forms of sex work in times of crisis. In other words, besides punching down at minorities, SWERFs only *ensure* the sexual disempowerment of white straight female sex

workers, too; i.e., *their* material deprivation, continued shaming and inevitable regression towards compelled objectification for all *but* the privileged few. Nothing meaningful changes; the ability to imagine anything beyond Capitalism is hampered by hauntological depictions of the imaginary past—specifically feminism's second wave—that hamper progress indefinitely. The reimagined past becomes "as good as it gets," a tacit compromise with the elite that prosecutes gender-non-conforming people in defense of the colonial binary.

Meanwhile, sexist conditions make sex work "easier" for women, in the sense that it's expected of them and they have a large customer base. It also gives SWERFs something to reliably attack, albeit unevenly. AFABs who conform as cis-het women, for example, face less prejudice than those who don't—identifying and

performing standardized social-sexual roles through compelled, prescribed labor. In this way, sexism very much allows for sex work that upholds the status quo. However, prejudice under the status quo compounds intersectionally—with queer, secular and non-white AFAB workers being targeted differently than cis-het, religious, white ones. While either group is imprisoned and abused during sex work, only members of the out-group *reliably* experience open persecution during moral panics. Though shaming women is nigh-universal, reactionaries "protect" in-group women from out-group women (and their various xenophilic associates) by branding the latter as wicked degenerates who threaten decent society.

In turn, "decent" women (maidens) are shamed for associating with "shameful" women (whores, or "scarlet/false women," concerning GNC persons), whereupon further deviations from in-group standards—skin color, class, religion, etc—invite greater and greater discrimination, but also factionalization. Sex work, as with other forms of compelled labor, promotes *preferential* mistreatment. This leads to a variety of assimilation fantasies by historically oppressed groups. By trying to fit in, including doing *acceptable* sex work (marriage, children, housework, etc), a poisonous desire to conform emerges—working to please one's master, not oneself.

As we've already discussed in Chapter Two of this volume (and previously in this series; e.g., "[Policing the Whore](#)" and "[Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)"), pleasing the state includes policing one's own minority group to coercively fetishizing extremes; i.e., employing DARVO to hamstringing activist movements by portraying *them*, not fascists, as the "real" terrorists: the state is always right, and faggots must die. It's not uncommon, then, for queer people to hate themselves, wanting to wear a mask to blend in with their conquerors (re: Fanon); re: Amazons being the oldest token in Western civilization.

Often, this conformity mimics an idealized, perfected form of servitude/personal property tied to carceral hauntologies versus criminal opposites: the obedient, "high-maintenance" woman; white, cis and heterosexual (which becomes something to enforce in reactionary or moderate ways, as we'll see in Chapter Four) versus the criminalized slut, the homewrecker, the witch, the Medusa, etc.

Furthermore, these aren't simply old ideas; they're viewed in nostalgic ways that reactionaries and moderates reinvent and return to, over and over. Sure, moderates will wag their fingers to admonish fascists *in times of relative freedom*; but once fascism returns, SWERFs (normally white, materially advantaged cis women) will either flee if they're able; or surrender their rights and become "kept," with persons like Kellie-Jay Keen-Minshull playing the part of the zombie-vampire Stepford Wife while teaming up with fascists (thus becoming fascist themselves) to combat a collective scapegoat: *Communist* zombie-vampires! Instead of extinguishing monsters, xenophobia demands their proliferation within a sex-coercive content to maintain the state in perpetuity within inherently bad-faith

rhetoric (a "gender-critical" trademark: "Why do fascists keep showing up at your rallies. Yeah, well why do anti-fascists keep showing up at yours?!" [source tweet](#): Katy's Cartoons, 2023).



(exhibit 87f: Artist, left: Ernest Chiriaka; middle: [Sveta Shubina](#); right: [Art Frahm](#). Shubina's nostalgic leanings, if not entirely consciously, still demonstrate mimesis through the nostalgia of artists who were, themselves, already nostalgic in

their own time periods. Cryptomimesis challenges this nostalgia in ways that see past canonical nostalgia as "rose-tinted.")

White women are a marginalized group. However, assimilation/emulation fantasies occurs differently *per* marginalized group: black skin, white masks; the closeted trans or non-heterosexual; the subservient white woman who polices them, but also competes with other white women for coveted positions—i.e., the privileged to not be raped by the state. All experience various forms of dysphoria, dysmorphia, and racialized angst in pursuit of something that SWERFs will reject in the abstract, but enable through a deliberate failure to move beyond moderate concessions (more on these in Chapter Four, when we examine TERFs): submission and class betrayal sublimated as "concessions."

It's also worth noting that marginalized persons can appreciate the *objective* qualities of sexualized art featuring privileged models. Art Frahm's voyeuristic art easily lends itself to camp (exhibit 87f, above)

This certainly happens every day, doesn't it? This fine picture has all the classic elements of an Art Frahm underwear vs. gravity battle: public humiliation, hand in the crotch, a uniformed working man in close proximity, the open fallen purse (consult Freud for the actual meaning of that one), and, of course, *celery*.

It has a brilliant invention worthy of the Northern European Renaissance: a mirror that adds an ironic twist. Note how Frahm places the mirror and the driver's eyes so that the driver is simultaneously able to look at the maiden's crotch and breasts ([source](#): Lilek's "A Fare Loser" from "The Art of Frahm: An Artistic Study of the Effects of Celery on Loose Elastic," 2022).

and Chiriaka's pin-ups are expertly made, chic and tasteful (if that's your thing). Provided the viewer endorses model agency instead of canonical disempowerment, there isn't anything intrinsically carceral or sexist about wearing red lipstick, high

heels and one's birthday suit and enjoying these things for oneself (or creating it in one's art; re: Shubina, above): camping the canon with "violent," exquisitely torturous language; e.g., "stab my muffin!" below. MUFFIN STABBED!

Rather, doing so can become sex-positive *provided* the display—as something to view, perform or sell—doesn't automatically promote institutionalized, coercive variants and social attitudes. This occurs relative to informed consumers, whereupon *de facto* educators help people synthesize and transmute their guilty pleasures while staying true to a better political self. In turn, their radicalized values favor basic human rights over corporate profit and state power disempowering everyday workers, while still appreciating objective sexuality in art; re: through voy/ex dialogs of appreciative fear (which the Numinous ultimately is, in liberatory hands): tongue-in-cheek calculated risk.



(artist: [Tyler and Husband](#))

Across a gradient of outcomes, then, the material reality of canonical sex work remains constant: manufactured scarcity as something for xenophiles to challenge. AFAB persons frequently resort to sex work (rather than do it for disposable income, fulfillment or both) because they're poor and trying to survive; i.e., incumbent on either the "generosity" of privileged, entitled men, or the dubious mercies of people who share and uphold said men's tyrannical views (with there being room to operate campily in such spaces by GNC sex workers, above; see: "[An Interview with Tyler and Husband](#)"). Moreover, much of this bias is complicated by the natal and gender-performative ambiguity of the human body and its overarching signifiers: camping state-corporate (fascist) cheapening and liquidation of nature *into* toxic waste (re: similar to blood, black bile, or anything else standing in/for capital at work; see: "[The World Is a Vampire](#)").

We'll examine these ambiguities relative to trans/intersex people and crossdressers, exploring the unique discriminations they face at the end of the chapter. First, I want to highlight asexual "ace" persons and the parallel gradient they occupy under Capitalism—specifically its *general cryptonymic effect* on ace artistry as part of a queer imagination that normalizes sex (shortcuts to sex as a liberatory coded act, mid-interface). For non-assholes, games are fun on equal terms (despite the unequal distribution of power in BDSM scenarios/Gothic poetics).

Please note: The following subsections are less about examining specific hauntological examples and more about interpreting art in non-heteronormative ways, which then can be used to recognize heteronormativity as something that frequently attaches to carceral-hauntological/complicit-cryptonymic forms; i.e., that must then be resisted, often covertly through cryptonymy in duality (Chapters Four and Five are entirely devoted to this concept). —Perse, back in 2023

Crash Course: An Introduction to Asexuality and Demisexuality

Here is a list of things I like more than having sex: Reading. Lying flat on my back staring at the ceiling. Peeling back the skin of a grapefruit. [...] Riding my bike away from parties. How the night swallows me like a dragon. The wet heat of one body alone. Love is a girl who slept beside me barely touching for two years. Love is whatever kept us fed. And this is how we knew that we belonged to it. If orgasm is really what makes the body sacred then the best love I have ever known was sin or sacrilege ([source](#)).

—Cameron Awkward-Rich, "A Prude's Manifesto" (2015)

The following epigrams—specifically those of Cameron Awkward-Rich and Ela Przybylo—were recommended to me by [Dr. Sam Hirst](#) (re: author of "[Zofloya and the Female Gothic](#)," a piece I've cited repeatedly throughout this series); i.e., after our own conversations on asexuality and the Gothic. —Perse, 5/3/2025



As stated in Chapter One, empathy is a mindfulness towards trauma, be that one's own or that of other people. Asexual people are often traumatized or overwhelmed by sex as foisted onto them, as something that negates who they

are; or they view it as traumatic, having suffered trauma themselves (to which the heteronormative Symbolic Order sublimates rape through the ghost of the counterfeit and its various cryptonyms). While no one wants to be raped, the experience for ace people often involves a recipient who would find the act of *consensual* sex incredibly unpleasant, unremarkable or insipid under the best of circumstances (controlled regression, as with age play and "Bigs"/ "Littles," is often nonsexual in nature—invokes agency by deliberately choosing *not* to have sex as a form of cathartic agency with a dominant, good-sport/-faith partner).

Some ace people are shaped by their trauma; some are neurodivergent in ways that lead them to experience personality disorders and mental conditions that historically are abused/pathologized by societies that often scapegoat, gaslight or neglect the mentally ill, neurodivergent or genderqueer. Even if we orient sexually ourselves, we must think on our feet (and our toes, when caution calls for it in relation to Capitalism as something to protect others from) for others who *don't* orient sexually. Because art is an expression of the artist and their own gender and orientations, it's not strictly up to artists to curate their own galleries to suit the needs of other people; but it does behoove one to be considerate and respectful when someone *has* made their boundaries plain (not all sex-repulsed people do, mind you, and there are reasons for that shouldn't be held against them; e.g., the comorbidity of neurodivergence and histories of abuse).

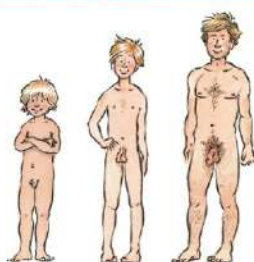
Before we delve into asexuality and demisexuality more deeply, this chapter section will define them in relation to heteronormativity. Heteronormativity is canonical, thus capitalist (as are its relative terms); it compels erotic/reproductive sex, a process that alienates anyone who isn't a white, cis-het Christian male *in relation to the future—what will be as tied to past images and arguments*. For example, Beauvoir's infamous expression, "Woman is other," frames otherness within *female* sexuality. However, heteronormativity also alienates queer people. By likening them to sex, it anchors queerness to normalized, compulsory roles of sexual reproduction that affect the public's general/Gothic imagination (and subsequent image production) moving forward.

While I want to be thorough and focus on the general imagination for a bit, I promise we'll return to the Gothic imagination and its monsters, lairs/parallel space and phobias before long. —Perse, back in 2023

For queer people, escaping these roles has become a fight to be heard, a "loudness war" during sexual discourse. As noisy bigots control discussions about sex, the act of *having* sex and feeling *euphoric* about it dominates sex-positive proceedings—so much so that many authors of sexuality, myself included—often forget about the *other* aspects of sex-positivity and queerness: the asexual side; i.e., *not* having sex, or having it despite feeling *indifferent* about it.

PART THREE Puberty

10 Changes and Messages Puberty and Hormones



Our bodies change from the moment we are born and keep on changing all through our lives. They change because everything that's alive grows and changes.

There is a time when girls and boys do more than just

grow taller and bigger as they have done since birth. Girls start to grow into young women sometime between the ages of eight or nine and fifteen. Boys start to grow into young men sometime between the ages of nine or ten and fifteen.

Puberty is one of the names given to this span of time. The word puberty comes from the Latin word *pubescere*, which means *grows-up or adult*. When people use the word *puberty*, they are usually talking about all the physical changes that

take place in kids' bodies during this time. Most of these changes make it physically possible for a female and a male to make a baby.

The other word that is used to describe the span of time between childhood and adulthood is *adolescence*. The word *adolescence* comes from the Latin word *adolescere*, which means *to grow up*. When people use the word *adolescence*, they are usually talking not only about the physical changes that take place during puberty, but also about all the new thoughts, feelings, relationships, and responsibilities kids have as they become young adults.

Even though the words *adolescence* and *puberty* have somewhat different meanings, people often use them interchangeably.

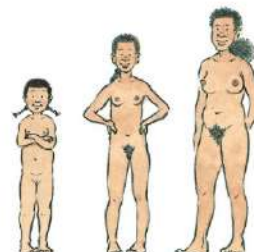
Puberty, or adolescence, is an in-between time—when a boy or girl is not a child anymore but is not yet an adult.

Girls often start puberty when they are nine or ten or eleven years old. Boys often start puberty a year or so later—when they are ten or eleven or twelve. For most kids, puberty takes place over a stretch of time—over a few years. This usually gives kids time to get used to their adult bodies.



The many changes that take place in our bodies during puberty are caused by hormones. Hormones are chemicals that are produced in many different places in our bodies. Hormones travel through the body's bloodstream from the place where they are made to other places in the body where they do their work.

The word *hormone* comes from the Greek word *hormao*, meaning *to set in motion—to start something working*. There are many kinds of hormones in our bodies.



24 It's Perfectly Normal

Puberty 25

19 A Kind of Sharing Cuddling, Kissing, and Sexual Intercourse



Sexual intercourse, or as it is often called, "making love," is a kind of sharing between two people. The very beginnings of a new human being—a baby—can form, immediately after sexual intercourse, if a sperm cell joins with an egg cell.

Touching, caressing, kissing, and hugging—often called "making out" or "petting"—

are other kinds of sharing that can make two people feel very close and loving and excited about one another. People can and do become sexually excited without having sexual intercourse. Choosing to wait until one is older or feels more responsible is called "postponement." Choosing not to

have sexual intercourse is called "abstinence."

When two people feel they are too young to have sexual intercourse, do not know each other well enough, or do not want to have sexual intercourse for any other reason, they may decide just to hold hands, cuddle, dance, kiss, or make out.



menstruating, even if she does not have an orgasm.

A girl or woman can also become pregnant even if the boy or man pulls out before he ejaculates. If sperm are ejaculated close to the opening of the vagina—or even if just a few sperm squirt out before ejaculation—it is possible for them to swim up the vagina and join with an egg. This can also happen even when a female and a male do not have vaginal intercourse, if sperm are ejaculated close to the opening of the vagina.



Waiting to have sex until one is old enough to take good care of a baby makes good sense. The safest way not to become pregnant is to abstain

from—not have—vaginal sex.

However, if a female and a male decide to have sexual intercourse, there are ways—called birth control—that can help protect them from becoming pregnant and having a baby. And a couple can help protect each other from getting infections such as HIV, HPV, and gonorrhea that are spread by sexual contact if they use a new condom correctly and every time they have sex. This is one way of practicing "safe sex." There are other ways people

50 It's Perfectly Normal

52 It's Perfectly Normal

(exhibit 87h: More examples of Michael Emberley's artwork. Many of the book's illustrations have stayed the same since 1994. However, several have been updated in recent additions. The book seeks to raise awareness about sexuality [and gender, in the 2019 version] to help children and parents understand issues that are both commonly misunderstood but also deliberately kept out of public/private schools by conservative lawmakers and their proponents.)

For example, even the sex-positive milestone, *It's Perfectly Normal*, frames sexual attraction and activity as normal. [Though continuously banned throughout the past three decades](#) (even being featured on Matt Walsh's hateful polemic *What is a Woman?* in 2022), the book barely-if-at-all delves into people who feel sex-repulsed. Even so, it remains challenged and seen as heretical by concerned parents resisting the idea of children being educated on sex at all:

Author Robie Harris says she always knew the book could be controversial. "I was warned by several people not to do this book, that it would ruin my career," she remembers. "But I really didn't care. To me it wasn't controversial. It's what every child has a right to know." Now in its fourth edition, the book has sold more than a million copies. Harris asks experts like pediatricians, biologists and even lawyers to fact-check each edition, to make sure updates to AIDS prevention information or birth control laws are accurate. Michael Emberley's illustrations, like this one showing an egg traveling through a fallopian tube, make sexual health information accessible to an elementary and middle school audience. But elements of the art, including naked bodies, make some parents uncomfortable. Candlewick Press Internet safety and sexting are new topics in this edition. "There can be a lot of inappropriate, weird, confusing, uncomfortable, creepy, scary or even dangerous websites that you can end up on when you're looking for information," she writes.

Harris also updated her explanations of gender and sexual abuse, and includes information about and for transgender youth. A lot of parents say they don't want their kids learning about that kind of sensitive information without supervision. Carey Fritz of Culver City, Calif., has two children in elementary school. He says he'd rather his kids not see the illustrations in the book without him present. "If they saw this without me, I'd probably feel a little frustrated," he said, referring to a page with illustrations of various birth control methods and how to use them. "It's talking about sexual activity, which I don't think a 10-year-old needs to worry about," he explains. Over the years, many parents who share this sentiment have asked for the book to be put in a restricted section of the library. It's not a ban — parents just don't want young children to come across it accidentally. Author Robie Harris doesn't think that's a good solution. "No child's going to go up to a librarian and say, 'You know, I'm going through puberty, I'm having these changes, I seem to have these pubic hairs, and could you recommend something to me?'" she says. "If a book is in a special section of the library, maybe the kids who need it the most are not going to get it" ([source](#): Rebecca Hersher's "It May Be 'Perfectly Normal', But It's Also Frequently Banned," 2014).



(exhibit 87i: The artwork of Stephen Gammell [[source](#): J. Meyer's "The Dark Illustrations of Stephen Gammell," 2020] may have terrified many other children of my generation, but for me was something that I happily read; the artwork appealed my trauma as a young girl, I think—one who was already experiencing child abuse at home, but also being one of three or four divorced families in my grade. I found my home-away-from home in forbidden places and texts.)

To that, when I was in the fifth grade, I was exposed to a sex-ed talk in school. Curious, I wanted to read about sex, but *It's Perfect Normal* not at my elementary

school library [though *Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark* was, another banned book that, in light of its 2019 revival, I decided to write about in "Gothic Themes in *Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark*, the trailer," 2019:

I would know. I grew up in Chelsea, Michigan, a small American town. The town itself was, and is, innocuous, insipid. We had (and still have) dime stores, gas stations and post offices; there was (and is) a graveyard and a clock tower (no bullshit). In 1991, I was a first-grader at North School, one of Chelsea's two (at the time) elementary schools. It featured a small, private library hosted by Mrs. Locks, the librarian. A stout, smiling woman with long, mousy hair, she loved telling horror stories. As the children gathered 'round, a great horned owl would loom overhead, stuffed and standing inside a glass case ("He'd flown into some power lines," Mrs. Locks promised us). I loved the owl, but the stories more. And on the shelf sat one of my favorites: *Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark* (1981).

By the time I was old enough to read, the books were already banned in many public libraries. Yet, Mrs. Locks had a penchant for ghastly things, and the library was a private one. Under her care, the books were allowed a home. For all I know, they're still there. Outside of private libraries and private ownership, however, the book's public distribution was ardently stymied. It became something of a legend in its own right, a relic out of the past. I easily imagine it a collector's item, stashed far from prying eyes. M. R. James' ghost stories leap to mind. Concerning antiquarians beckoned to haunted curios, their discovery was always unfortunate ([source](#)).]

but I *was* able to go to the local library, [the McKune Memorial Library](#), to acquire books on sexuality. Shortly after that I discovered *It's Perfectly Normal* sitting my grandparent's bookshelf, as if just waiting for me like magic; the book would have new at the time, with me being in the fifth grade in 1995 (as for the Memorial Library, it was expanded upon—going from a single building to be emptied of most of its more interesting orthographic material in exchange for cheap, forgetful paperbacks.)

Heteronormativity stems from compelled ignorance. As something to foster into the Internet Age, it tends to compel erotic sexuality inside a ludic, audio-visual scheme, so much so that American canon describes the path to sex in literal baseball terms. "Scoring" amounts to PIV sex between traditional cis-het "players" (which often results in pregnancy). For traditional "players" of American "baseball," snuggling isn't even on the board. 1st base is kissing and touching. What's more, their existence on a numbered list heavily implies progression towards increasingly sexual activities: kissing to heavy petting to straight-up fucking.



([source](#): Leah Stark's "Stanford Scholar Blazes Pathway for Academic Study of Asexuality," 2015)

For some ace persons, though, cuddles aren't "just" a surrogate for 1st base; they're *home* base. This happens because many ace/semi-ace (aka demisexual or "grey ace") people prioritize gender performance¹⁰² and emotional intimacy over compulsory erotic sexuality. This extends to non-normative queer persons who reject the heteronormative tropes of reproductive sexuality in canonical *and* countercultural stories—i.e., the neoliberal, homonormative appropriation of the "two moms/two dads" trope as an alternative parenting scheme: gay parents raising straight children (so basic and overused as to become stereotypical "queer bait" in popular shows like [The Dark Crystal: Age of Resistance](#), 2019, or *Wednesday*, 2022).

¹⁰² In theatrical terms, performance is often thought of as "acting," denoting a fake or forced quality. However, in terms of gender, performances amount to genuine expression of one's legitimate, authentic self—their chosen gender and orientation through various coded behaviors; i.e., gender performance, including *performance* as identity.

However, before we discuss [asexuality](#) and [demisexuality](#) in terms of queernormative media (media that frames queerness in a sexual light), I want to outline their basic distinctions. Both are *orientations*, denoting entire or partial *asexual attraction/sexual repulsion*. Conversely heteronormativity canonizes *sexual attraction*, reifying sexual orientations to diminishing degrees of normality. A homosexual cis-man's orientation, for example, is *semi-typical* because, despite being attracted to other men, the attraction is *still sexual*. Sexual attraction—its tension, build-up and eventual release—are legion in popular narratives, many couching queer sexuality within normative, even nostalgic scenarios: the marriage, the affair, the coming-of-age kiss, etc.



Call Me By Your Name (2017) contains all of these things. When a younger man falls for his father's older pupil, the two fall in love, kiss, and eventually have sex. At the end of the movie, the older man marries a woman and leaves the younger man behind. The tragedy of the movie is heteronormative because the older man closets himself on purpose (explaining why over the phone). Moving forward, I want to examine normativity in queer cases that *aren't* closeted, including how they override ace potential in canonical stories and how to resist this effect in queer counterculture.

Queer-/Homonormativity in Sex-Centric Canon (feat. *The Matrix*, *Sense8*, *Sherlock*, etc)

Sedgwick, in particular, questioned what gets condensed into sexual identities, providing a dynamic list ranging from one's own gender identity, the gender of the recipient of one's attraction, sexual acts, fantasies, emotional bonds, power, and community. Thus, sexual identities are formulaic labels that exist within the modern regime of sexuality and glaze over most aspects of relating, including the many possible manners of attraction and the practices they generate. Yet, because of the central role that sex has played within determining sexual identity, sexual identity has been understood as based on sexual attraction ([source](#)).

—Ela Przybylo, *Asexual Erotics: Intimate Readings of Compulsory Sexuality* (2019)



Note: The Matrix is a very important piece of GNC media, one whose philosophical merger with action-hero tropes it camps in critique of Capitalism. While "[The World Is a Vampire](#)" close-reads The Matrix' GNC an-Com legacy (and adoration of Plato's famous allegory of the cave) at length, here is where I starting flirting with that idea. —Perse, 5/5/2025

Although *Call Me By Your Name*'s heteronormativity prioritizes sexual orientation, reproductive sexuality and formulaic love take equal precedence in many openly queer narratives, often restricting their ace potential. In this section, I'll cite *The Matrix* (1999) as an example. Then, I'll examine how *Black Butler* showcases sexualized gender performance and dialog that are visibly divorced from sexual consummation (which historically would have been to legitimize marriage and its *patriarchal* bloodline). The next section will examine the broader ways that queer canon and counterculture alienate asexuality by

normalizing sexuality in popular stories, including fan fiction written by ace persons. In the two sections after that, I'll explore ways in which sex-positive Gothic media repels these advances and how asexuality manifests in nude art.



Many queer narratives radicalize sexuality through a sexually queer stance: "Don't listen to these hypocrites, Neo," says Mouse from *The Matrix*. "To deny our own impulses is to deny the very thing that makes us human." By arguing that sexual impulses are intrinsically human, the speaker inadvertently dehumanizes ace people—

either entirely for individuals who don't experience sexual desire at all, and partially for those who feel sexual attraction, albeit to an atypically lesser degree, or only in one particular way but not another. Put another way, *The Matrix* is, at best, queernormative; at worst, heteronormative, predominantly sex-centric and laden with cliché themes that define queerness through the pursuit of heteronormative sex. It's less the film outwardly repressing its queerness through open rejection, devoting much of the screen time towards potentially queer individuals doing visibly heteronormative activities. Neo is a man, Trinity is a woman, and they *gotta* kiss before the credits roll.

Until the Oracle intervenes, however, sex is barely discussed. Ridiculing Neo for missing Trinity's muted signals, the Oracle shoves him in a sexual direction. This is significant, as Neo didn't care about sex before her interference. He ignored the girl with the rabbit tattoo (a symbol of fertility) and everyone at the dance club; he also didn't accept Mouse's offer to bang the woman in the red dress. By the time he and Trinity kiss, however, the script has practically reversed, making everything about true, heteronormative love *retrospectively*. Trinity *always* loved Neo and vice versa; they just needed an old sage to spell things out, letting the hero enjoy his reward: the kiss from a princess that wakes *him* from an enchanted slumber. This concentric dream-inside-a-dream has retro-future elements that have ironically become franchised; i.e., not just Jean Baudrillard's idea of "hyperreal," but a *desert* of the real as alluded to diegetically by the movie pointedly synthesizing the concept (the liquidated dead being fed to plugged-in newborns an apt, ouroborotic metaphor for the cycle of war and the treat of the Global South). As Abigail Lister writes in their free article for those who sign up to *The Companion*, "*The Matrix* | Explaining Jean Baudrillard and the Desert of the Real" (2023; exhibits, theirs):

The Matrix is also a fulfillment of the ideas of one influential French philosopher: Jean Baudrillard. In his 1981 philosophical treatise [Simulacra](#)

[and Simulation](#), Baudrillard examined popular culture and argued that in the new technological world—and I say this in the simplest way—reality has ceased to exist.

Baudrillard's ideas are so entrenched in *The Matrix* that fans couldn't fail to recognize them, even if they've never read a word of Baudrillard. He stipulates that in the postmodern age (he's talking about the 1970s and 80s, but his words still ring true in the internet age), our world has become so entrenched in signs and symbols—in part down to our saturated media culture—that we've lost all connection with the real, and instead live in the world of the hyperreal. Reality no longer exists; we aren't connected to the real world; we live in a simulation. In a strange coincidence, my translated copy of Baudrillard's *Simulations* from 1983 even has a black-and-green cover eerily reminiscent of how the matrix itself is rendered in the films.



Neo (Keanu Reeves) stores his illicit floppy discs in a copy of Jean Baudrillard's *Simulacra and Simulation* in *The Matrix* (1999).

We know that the Wachowskis were interested in Baudrillard's work. The cover of *Simulacra and Simulations* even appears in the

first *Matrix* film—Neo (Keanu Reeves) keeps his floppy discs for clients in a box stamped with the treatise's title on it. When he opens the box, the interior is turned to an essay from *Simulacra* titled "On Nihilism," in which Baudrillard argues that "the universe, and all of us, have entered live into simulation." Humanity's nihilism (and isn't Neo the archetypal nihilist human?) "has been entirely realized no longer through destruction but through simulation and deterrence." The irony here is that if Neo had bothered to read this, he would have had an inkling of what Morpheus (Laurence Fishburne) will reveal to him later.

In fact, it's Morpheus who delivers one of the most significant lines in the entire film. When he invites Neo into Nebuchadnezzar's simulation system to reveal the secrets of the real world, he says "welcome to the desert of the real." This line comes directly from Baudrillard, back in his explanation of Borges' 1:1 map:

"It is the real, and not the map, whose vestiges subsist here and there, in the desert which are no longer those of the Empire, but our own. The desert of the real itself" ([source](#)).



and later expounded on by thinkers like Slavoj Žižek's Lacanian, Marxist analysis to the September 11th attacks, [Welcome to the Desert of the Real: Five Essays on September 11](#) (2002); his own stance is an appeal to Americans who—unlike Ward Churchill—were white, extends to more thinkers and artists commenting on an

illusion that's meant to conceal the lived experiences for many behind illusions that, in the hands of minority directors like the Wachowski sisters, can direct an audience towards a particular point of view shaped by their axes of oppression recognized in a popular allegory. The thing to remember moving forward is iconoclastic praxis: emancipate "game" workers through hauntologies that always have the potential to become canonical while various people fumble around for the truth in semi-obfuscating pedagogies.

To be fair, I wouldn't call Zizek entirely "chickenshit," just an old fuzzy racoon stuck in his ways. He can be frustratingly circuitous sometimes, which stems from his general lack of a Gothic-Marxist fluency—i.e., an express and lucid ability to talk about Gothic things in actual Gothic and openly dialectical-material language. Like, lose the psychoanalytical models, my dude! I get what you're hinting at, but for the love of Gay Marx, call a spade a spade, not the "Big Other" when talking about David Lynch, the Wachowskis or John Carpenter! Why learn about these lateral, generalized dialectical models that occasionally dabble in material things when you could just talk about material things directly and in material-dialectical language designed to keep things as clear as possible and safeguard workers in the process?



Moving on. Neo and Trinity's union is a simple reversal within the same, overarching formula: prescribed sex, specifically *modest* sex (threatened by robot squid demons with glowing red eyes, no less). This changes radically in the sequel, when the writers have Trinity and Neo bone in an incredibly forced and

overlong sex scene. Though pushing things away from a modesty narrative, it still feels like compelled heteronormative sex. Any queerness is implied at best, though largely lost in the hippie-like orgy that ensues.

I wouldn't attribute strict malice to the directors—two trans women outwardly presenting as cis men when the first film released. However, they still materialized a heavily conventional story sprinkled with queer potential they deliberately sexualized when they didn't have to (no doubt pressured by Hollywood, a legacy the directors would fight to undermine decades later). Likewise, while the Wachowskis' transness was and always is valid, a difference nonetheless exists between them as individuals and how they visibly appear through their work. Despite having changed noticeably over time, both sisters appeared as men when *The Matrix* released, were credited as men, and helped materialize various heteronormative and homonormative themes in their movie. In her own words, the process was closeted, relying on limited-yet-vital imagination:

The character Switch - who didn't make it past the first film - shows "where our headspaces were," Lilly says in a Netflix video. "The Matrix stuff was all about the desire for transformation but it was all coming from a closeted point of view. We had the character of Switch - who was a character who would be a man in the real world and then a woman in the Matrix." Lilly doesn't know "how present my transness was in the background of my brain as we were writing" *The Matrix*. "But it all came from the same sort of fire that I'm talking about." She was always drawn to science fiction because "we were existing in a space where the words didn't exist, so we were always living in a world of imagination" ([source](#): Newsbeat, "*The Matrix* is a 'trans metaphor,' Lilly Wachowski says," 2020).

Even though the Wachowskis are and were trans, the hatching of their trans "egg" wasn't materially obvious inside a queernormative *magnum opus* whose approach would change radically by 2022 when the fourth film came out (Renegade Cut's "[The Matrix Resurrections Is Absolutely Beautiful](#)," 2022). The sex-centrism of their heroic story remains textually apparent despite Lana calling *The Matrix* a trans metaphor *post hoc* (saying what fans had already determined years prior). Despite this rejection of old compromises with Hollywood, her movie decidedly lacks an asexual focus, making heteronormative sexual arguments onscreen in monomythic language: Neo and Trinity's destined love story, sealed with a kiss (and later consummated in the sequel very erotically) through a larger hero's journey stuffed with action clichés.

Also, while officially "out" as trans thanks to Lana, *The Matrix* trilogy's call-to-action visualizes in thoroughly sexual language. So does its enduring legacy as queer canon. Inspired, no doubt, by *The Matrix Reloaded*'s (2003) infamous rave scene, future efforts like *Sense8* celebrate queer existence and rebellion as united

through overtly sexual displays. Over and over, the queernormative message remains constant: "Queer rebels love sex." Often, group sex, apparently.



(*exhibit 88: The rebels of The Matrix evoke a kind of retro-future Free Love facing off against cybernetic squid Nazis and state-corporate panopticons.*)



To *Sense8*'s credit, it focuses on erotic sex as part of a larger whole—a community of queer people who have sex sometimes—but there is no one among them who identifies openly as ace and rejects the act of group sex (which much of the feature-length slow-mo birthday bash is dedicated to). For one, the rejection of immodest or casual sex is generally regarded as a homophobic stereotype in heteronormative canon. Tropes aside, the show's lengthy metaphysical union requires sex—specifically group sex—to

take part in. Ostentatious, collective eroticism become a kind of "glue" that binds everyone together in queernormative ways (which straight people can partially understand; i.e., the heteronormative myth that *everyone* likes sex).

Nevertheless, no attempt is made to discuss the *asymmetrical* relationship of sexual and asexual persons within this larger commune. While group/solo sexual activity and rebellion is entirely valid (this whole book is about it), popular stories like *The Matrix* and *Sense8* focus on sex as a selling point for their rebellions. In turn, these propositions shape the material world that asexual persons belong to, prescribing social-sexual norms through queernormative/potentially appropriative stories. By attempting to explore their stories as part of, or against, these norms, the rest of this section and the next few sections will argue asexuality and demisexuality as groups historically alienated by queer canon and counterculture alike; re: "art is love made public" and love exists on a social-sexual gradient.

Asexual orientation (e.g., *heteroasexuality*) is rarely acknowledged or explored in academia, let alone as central to adult-themed narratives. Although it's possible to depict asexuality using the same basic body/social language of sexual spheres, I think the focus remains on sexuality in popular stories, even when challenged through queer counterculture. For either, "adult" means "nubile," *of age/related to adult sexuality activity*. For example, my dialectical-material analysis concerns sex positivity and coercion, but refers to variables of either in "social-

sexual" terms. Because ace people exist inside sexually-dominant societies, I want to discuss asexuality in relation to social-sexual terms—less through a pure lack of sexual markers, however, and more according to what makes asexuality its own thing regarding these markers: the reclaiming of one's body through agency as a choice to have sex or not *if that's what one needs to feel empowered*.

The Reapers from *Black Butler* (2008) illustrate how this choice is commonly interpreted, even by ace persons wrestling with queernormativity—as sexual. For Grell Sutcliffe, though, empowerment arguably comes from dressing snazzily and performing in queer ways through the thrill of sexual tension, *not sexual consummation*. Yes, the chainsaw is visibly phallic. However, Grell predominantly teases our heroes with it. What if doing so is entirely the point—to flirt, not to fuck? To make their performance entirely about physical sex is to stymie asexual potential within queer narratives, foisting fucking onto the narrative when it should be up to the viewer to interpret the imagined outcome to all that sassy, fabulous sword-crossing.



(artist: [Vermeille Rose](#))

Grell shows us that sexual empowerment isn't exclusively about having sex; it's about choosing whether to have sex or not when the idea is being discussed. All the same, assumptions of them orienting sexually is not uncommon, even among ace people (who are often forced to look at compelled sexuality in queernormative stories).

These widespread assumptions emerge from a deeper understanding of sexuality in media as being automatic. Queer movements often stress the reclaiming of sexuality from the Patriarchy as a means of liberation. While reclaiming the body as an asexual site is perfectly legitimate within these discussions, asexual theory also remains relatively new and misunderstood within the Humanities, let alone in popular media. This leads to general misconceptions in either sphere: i.e., ace persons don't have appetites, don't experience sexual pleasure at all, or are somehow sex-negative (against the idea of mutually consensual sex). Quite the contrary, they have appetites, but experience them within a gradient that allows them to orient along divergent lines.

I would go a step further and call ace categories *neurodivergent*—a robust orientation that, while certainly subject to potential change, isn't automatically going to. Rather, it manifests through self-discovery and experimentation amid changing circumstances, including the brain as neuroplastic. The aim, here, is to highlight *compatibility*. Normally the expression is "sexual compatibility," but

asexuality is equally present in this equation, if not more so. Asexuality—like sexuality—pertains to fluid bodies and brains that change over time yet have more fixed characteristics like hereditary components, fetishes, and trauma markers. Therefore, it would be a mistake (and tremendous insult) to default to social-sexual norms—including academic or queer ones—that infantilize or pathologize ace people for "not liking sex."

Not only do sexual impulses canonically manifest as childlike and violent (re: Ambrosio), but ace persons are as adult and healthy as anyone; they just don't prescribe universally to standard "adult" material every waking moment. They certainly don't want to be automatically demonized or excluded for who they are and expected to change because they don't demand, devour or identify with erotic sex from dusk till dawn, refusing to adhere to various queer stereotypes that normalize sex.



([source](#): *Geeky Fanboy's "Discussing Asexual Characters In Fiction," 2021*)

Straight/queer stereotypes automate sex. However, fights against this automation become complicated by the unique manifestations of

individual asexual persons. My friend Mavis (as mentioned in Volume One and Two; re: "[Healing from Rape](#)" and "[Vampires and Claymation](#)"), for example, is grey ace/cis-heteroasexual. They avoid sex given the choice, partly because they associate it with violence—something to do to survive; and yet, they're almost vampirically allergic to cuddling as a display of affection, and use it to get their way (this includes fucking for attention, as invisibility invokes a paradox of desiring to be seen by one's protector and unseen by one's abuser, itself a liminal proposition on the surface of the image of the same kinds of bodies and genders a damsel might be attracted to).

For Marvis, the end result is violent sex with cis-het male strangers, which feels the best in terms of erotic pleasure, and a total rejection of sex with people they know and care about intimately. For them, the scenarios are night-and-day, but afford them relative agency based on what they know about themselves. They don't feel the need to change in regards to how they feel about themselves; it's simply who they are and they're cool with that. All the same, they feel broken *in*

relation to canonical media because post-coital affection is so often sold to the public as a universal love language. Their tastes and habits clearly diverge with this habit, leading to the informed consumption of media with problematic elements: guilty pleasures that cover rape and degradation as something they can consume—not because they condone abuse, but because they attain agency by revisiting trauma through fictionalized variants.

In their case, an entire genre (exploitation) allows someone whose asexuality stems from trauma to make empowering decisions about what they *privately* consume. *It parallels their ability to decline sex through the asexual aspects of their orientation.*

Not all ace people are even traumatized in the criminal sense, however. Some are natally neurodivergent, born literally with different brains that place them on the autistic spectrum. While existing here can be intense and differentiates them from non-autistic people, it's not an illness; it's a neurodivergent condition. So is asexuality in this context. They shouldn't have to change just to fit into heteronormative society's neat little box (especially since this box materially functions like a prison that exploits workers for their labor). So while sex is important for a great many people, it isn't transcendental. To argue otherwise is to compel sex, which leads to violence against unwilling participants.

We'll explore these effects next, including how canonical media and paratextual "fan" fiction cater to the visibly queer, social-sexual appetites of ace persons, which, while not always openly erotic, often lead to sexualized canonical myths about the broader queer community. In other words, the symptoms of ace

authorship sometimes become *collateral* canonical praxis regardless of authorial intent; i.e., reactionaries will be livid regardless of why the ace person made Harry Potter gay with Draco in their personal head canon (to literally make Harry Potter gay in spite of Rowling's extreme and ongoing queerphobia).

(artist: [Nedjemmm](#))



Sexualized Queerness and Ace Voices in Sex-Normalized (Fan/Meta)Fiction

He started putting his penis near her vagina. It was BIG. His penis, that is. Not her vagina. THAT was small. Anyways, so his penis is starting to get near her vagina." [...] Her tits were there ([source](#)).

—a tweet from Patti Harrison, who quotes "her sexy kinky book," 2019

"He said he wanted to fuck me. I said he shouldn't, but he forced the head of his prick into the mouth of my cunt. Then giving a great heave he drove it up. It smarted me a good deal at first, but when it got in altogether, and he commenced to work it in and out, the pleasure was so great that I could not help telling him, when he asked me, that I liked his fucking very much, and that his prick felt very nice in my cunt" ([source](#)).



—May, "My Grandmother's Tale, or May's Account of Her Introduction to the Art of Love" (c. 1797) from *The Pearl: A Journal of Voluptuous Reading* [as] *The Underground Magazine of Victorian England* (1968; originally published in 1879)

(artist: [Edouard Chimot](#))

Note: The second epigram, above, comes from a book given to me by Alexandra "Sandy" Norton. Sandy was a professor I wrote for as an undergrad (re: "[Beneath the Church-Isle Stone: Posthumous Liberties](#)," 2015), but also whose work—

specifically their essay "[The Imperialism of Theory](#)" (1994)—I've cited multiple times (re: "[Preface: Gothic \(gay-anarcho\) Communism](#)"). Said citation includes, all the same, *The Pearl*, including its opening (re: "[Rape Reprise](#)"). —Perse, 5/5/2025

Fan fiction, aka "head canon" or paratextual media, is often conspicuously sexualized, but also penned by ironic sources. In this chapter section, we'll explore the existence of sexuality and asexuality side-by-side regarding literal fan fiction. We'll also examine the canonical media that inspires fan fiction—not just the texts themselves, but the meta/para relationship between consumers, performers and

producers that encourages various canonical myths about sexuality in spite of a story's ace potential or author's orientation.

The creation of sexualized fan fiction displays a curious paradox among ace persons: Many experience sexual fantasies with fictional characters, not real people (many ace people are xenophiles: monster-fuckers; re: "[Dark Xenophilia](#)"). However, the degree of this sexuality varies tremendously, allowing for a variety of sexual activities beyond penetration, orgasm, marriage or babies (not always in this order). Despite being "tame" in the eyes of regular sexual consumers, snuggling and emotional intimacy are often the order-of-the-day for ace persons. Likewise,



the orientations of the characters become open-to-debate, the playful attitudes of the authors extremely liberating for those who wish to experiment without a real, physical partner. This goes for ace people, but also outwardly sexual people trying something different—a "bit of strange" having infinite forms when hugging the alien!

(artist: [butchtats](#))

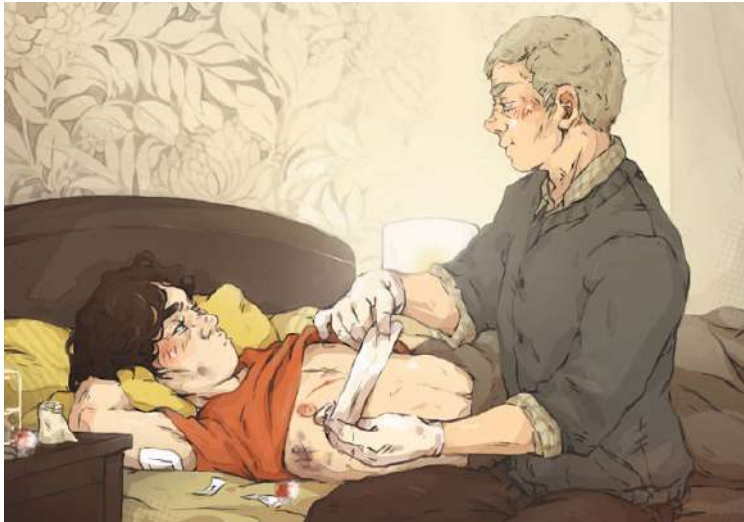
In either case, the deeper context separating them is not immediately apparent. Nor is the fanfic meta-goal always masturbatory. If it is, the sexual activities occur "off-screen," happening when online dialogs are paused or while the individual is not present

within them. Even so, what people do in private doesn't survive through public record. Rather, a collective break from convention is immortalized through:

- epic sagas: [Msscribe](#) (Eldena Doubleca5t's "Msscribe: The Harry Potter Fandom's Greatest Con-Artist," 2020)
- hilariously ironic fanart (re: [Nedjemmm](#)'s gay Harry and Draco piece)
- and surreal camp (seriousness that fails): [Snapewives](#) (STRANGE ÆONS' "The Story Of Snapewives," 2022)

Anything goes in *Harry Potter* fanfics, the curious case of Snapewives or Msscribe demonstrating a *social* desire to play with fictionalized sex. The same goes for Sherlock, whose collective, hidden thirst among fans flows out into the public sphere through saucy paratexts. The authors may or may not orient sexually at all—might be in it purely for the laughs ([this 2013 Edward "Eddie Snowjob" Snowden fanfic by Andrew Schaffer is especially glorious](#)). If so, their underlying irony and parody must be investigated; the sexual immediacy of their imagery

largely speaks for itself. Moreover, an author's fun in writing an erotic scenario is enjoyed very differently by them than by consumers who often relish in the sexual irony through their own specific orientations.



(artist: [Sweetlittlekitty](#))

The authorship of fictionalized sex is nothing new, any more than murder or marriage are. Austen did not marry; Poe, Radcliffe and Dacre did not kidnap maidens, bury them alive or stab them to death; Stephanie Meijer does not sparkle in sunlight; Laurel K. Hamilton doesn't fuck werewolves, sidhe or goblins.

These were/are ordinary human beings with large imaginations, catering to a public fascination with BDSM and signifiers of queer sexuality, *not things they necessarily experienced or did themselves*. This extends to ace persons exploring sexuality in their own creative performances. Divorced from the physical acts that occur between two (or more) people, this creativity helps them flirt with sensations they cannot wholly or partially experience with others (it's not unheard of for monster-fuckers and "service tops" to be ace, for example).

The fact remains, many fanfic authors are inexperienced. But the reasons for their "thirst" still vary considerably. Some are indisputably young. However, many more are not. Of the latter, a bored housewife's repressed sexual fantasies might seem a likely culprit. Equally probable, though, are the sexual incompatibilities of ace persons, whose lingering desire to explore sexuality in their own creative output *despite knowing their own sexual incompatibilities* is often mistaken as compulsory sexuality. This accidental outcome leads to an oversaturated legacy of "thirsty" taboos eclipsing a given author's deeper ironies and general know-how in the process.

Less contested is the overall presence of sex. Whether canon or counterculture, sex is sold everywhere and endlessly experimented with/talked about. As part of these grander dialogs, the blatant pan-eroticism of fanfics supports underlying presumptions of sexual consumption/orientation that become near-universal in popular stories *regardless of where or how the popularity comes about*. Those seeking confirmation will generally point to fan fiction, gleefully highlighting the prolific sexual variety on display. In fan fiction, the havers-of-sex try seemingly everything there is to try purely for its own sake, serially exploring sexual ironies and curiosities as wide and diverse as the world can afford.

Orientation bias leads to a series of canonical, sex-prescriptive myths in oft-collateral ways—i.e., in canonical fiction but also fan-fiction and countercultural fiction, continually pushed onstage or onscreen by a throng of disparate performers, including older/ace fanfic authors:

1. Potentially ace people are assumed sexual unless explicitly stated otherwise (the "celibate" or closeted nerd/bachelor).
2. People with genitals must want to use them.
3. Sex is universally enjoyable once experienced (e.g., male ejaculation/erections are always enjoyable).
4. Everyone enjoys sex the same way.
5. Everyone *wants* sex the same way.
6. Queer people aren't simply sexual; they're *hypersexual*.

We'll explore the first four for the remainder of this section and the second two in the next section; in the two sections after that, we'll explore how—as time goes on—ace authors find ways to openly identify as ace by rejecting these myths (and by extension sex) through Gothic iconoclasm: Gothic counterculture conventions and the asexual treatment of nudity in general artistic life studies (that extends to the monstrous examples we've already talked about in Volumes One and Two, and will talk about more in this volume).



Our first sexual myth is the closeted bachelor or castrated nerd, which tries to sexualize potentially ace intellectuals (often with queer overtones). Though famous characters like Sherlock Holmes and Varys the Spider aren't explicitly stated as ace, the possibility is no less likely than them being gay or straight (so-called homo- or queernormativity

enforcing a heteronormative role onto queer and ace characters). Sex isn't the end-all, be-all for Sherlock and Varys, who choose to devote their lives towards what actually interests them: mysteries, puzzles, espionage; etc.

It's not that either *cannot* be queer/ace. However, they're often assumed to be straight, or at the very least, sexual, because heteronormativity normalizes sexuality. It either sexualizes everything or focuses on sex as something that's missing or incorrect within outliers and exceptions. The fact remains, some canonical heroes *feel* more ace, regardless of what's said about them officially.

While coding the perpetual bachelor or old maid as gay is undoubtedly standard behavior even inside queer circles, exclusively doing so denies ace people some semblance of representation. Intersectionally it makes far more sense to investigate, "Does this character actually care about sex at all?" than try to forcefully pin a sexual relationship onto them. In situations where both interpretations work, vying entirely for one over the other risks breaking into unnecessary in-fighting.

These interpretations are challenged by the gradient between sexual and asexual persons (and the sexual creative output of either). While I want to examine predominantly asexual persons, I also want to inspect "grey" or demisexual persons. My goal in doing so isn't to survey each and every variant, but introduce a parallel gradient that, while being interwoven like a helix into sexual norms and counterculture, frequently goes unnoticed in either circle. Their mutual alienation of asexuality comes from work within or around social-sexual dramas with eroticized and romanticized components. This includes the paratextual contributions of ace people, writing sexualized fanfiction instead of focusing on their ace-ness (a habit that is slowly starting to change as ace awareness increases).



As bigots sexualize queer people, queer people—including ace people—seek to liberate themselves through ironic sexualized variants. However, sexualized queerness leads

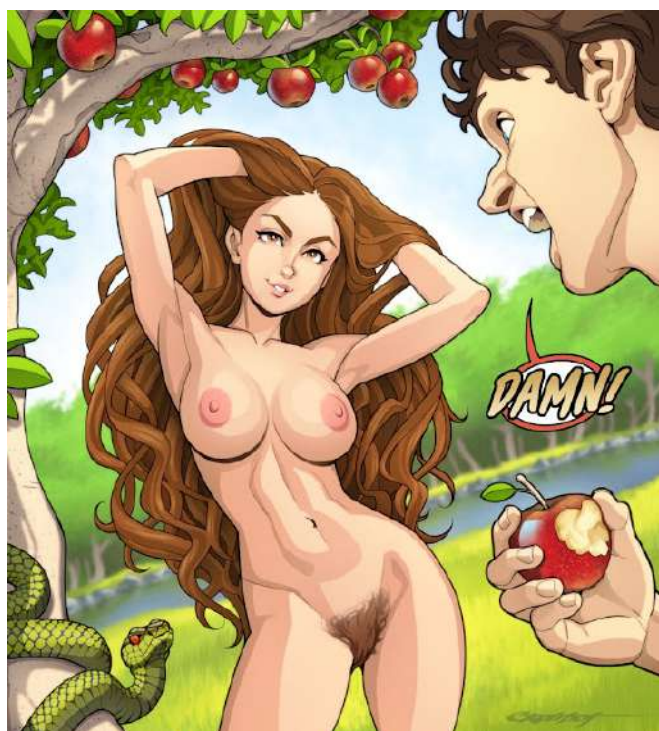
asexual persons to be seen as anomalous within both groups: a lack of something that is popularized by both forces as "best in life"—sex. Even Monty Python called sex "the meaning of life," its own satire echoing a regressive form of reactionary politics: tying everything to biological sites and markers, including sexual reproduction (the joke, the plot, the drama—all of these things have to be about sex; we'll see TERFs doing this in Chapter Four). Yet even satirizing this trend tends to focus on sex, ironically ignoring the fact that many in the queer community would rather focus on things *other* than sex and genitals, if only part of the time.

This brings us to our second myth: genitals must be used/those who have them want to use them. In truth, many queer people (especially younger queer people) despise being branded with/defined by their sexual orientation—i.e., having their identities decided for them by others according to their birth sex as something to publicly announce: their genitals and how to use them. Not only is this assignment made entirely without their consent; it gatekeeps queerness as sexually

dependent and genital-centric, when in fact (a)sexual orientation, gender performance/identity combine to denote someone's gender expression more broadly. However, nor are public discussions about explicit genital ownership or preference the default queer approach. Often made in opposition to a status quo that forces queer people to justify their own existence, queerness allows genital-centric language to exist, but seldom employs it save when coerced by those in power.

*Note: Paradise Lost and Original Sin come up extensively in this book series; i.e., as a campy agent; e.g., starting with "[Notes on Power](#)" and extending into "Food for Thought" (re: "[Of Darkness and the Forbidden](#)"), and frankly involving anything discussing the character Satan, including offshoots; e.g., exhibit 0a1b2b (re: "[Notes on Power](#)") and exhibits 7c/d (re: "[The Nation-State](#)"), but also Jamal Nafi's essay, "[Milton's Portrayal of Satan in Paradise Lost and the Notion of Heroism](#)" (2015), which we repeatedly cite—among other things—*vis-à-vis* Frankenstein and David the Android from Alien: Covenant (re: "[Making Demons](#)"); i.e., whores give birth to monsters, Eve a maiden that is corrupted versus Lilith the Jewish-coded whore being the mother of demons previously made from clay. —Perse, 5/5/2025*

A note about this language before we proceed onto other heteronormative myths, as it leads to their continuation along linguo-material lines that queer people tend to avoid. This includes unironic sexualized art, whereupon the ironic variants



of queer artists giddily celebrate the consumption of sexualized media. By venerating sexual consumption as ironic and informed, genderqueer iconoclasts dismantle ancient heteronormative dogma like Original Sin (if the artist below is ace, then the image, as usual, fails to communicate this deeper context):

(exhibit 89a: Artist: [Erotibot](#). The usual Gothic stereotypes about body hair and "flashing" extend to a legend largely denuded of obvious monsters. The canonical monster here isn't the snake, it's Eve. "Abashed the Devil stood, And felt how awful goodness is, and saw Virtue in her shape how lovely" [[source](#)] is Milton finding a

way in Paradise Lost to comment on the Devil's shame at seeing Eve nude, while

later demonizing Eve and blaming her, not the devil or God, for tempting Adam. Despite Blake going to bat for Milton by saying he was "of the devil's party and didn't know it"—and despite and others partially decolonizing Paradise Lost by calling Satan a revolutionary—Milton's praxis was patriarchal and xenophobic towards women, thus canonical to some degree: An old blind dude having his daughters transcribe Paradise Lost from his dreams and into Latin, day after day:

Milton was raised to assume a place in the Anglican Church but chose instead to write in every major literary genre of the Renaissance: elegy and epic, ode and sonnet, drama and pastoral. Milton went completely blind in 1651 and, until his death in 1674, he lived with his three daughters who transcribed Paradise Lost while secretly selling off volumes from his library [re: Lapham's Quarterly's "[Misspent Youth](#)"].

This took literal years. Call this daughterly servitude to their father "staying in a woman's lane." However—much like widower Patrick Brontë and his three novelist/poet daughters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne called themselves "neutral," male-sounding names like Currer, Eliot and Anton to get their works published [largely through Charlotte's game persistence despite being subservient to canon in their own ways; even so Charlotte Brontë would be a TERF by today's standards; re: exhibit 21c1, "[The Basics](#)"]—Milton's children were still living in a man's world that allowed their privileged dad to lord over them in the first place. Simply put, he "knew best," but so did society—i.e., seeing the Milton daughters as dumb, unthinking property to be married off.)

Beyond Adam and Eve, heteronormative myths more broadly flow from canonical linguistic habits. When skirting these habits, a curious quality of queer discourse lies in how people's genitals generally aren't implied or stated in everyday gendered language/media. This includes pronouns, orientations and gender roles; or canonical stories that famously promote these things. If you're a cis-het man and say you're heterosexual, by extension you've already implied that you're into female genitalia; there's no need to make a concrete distinction because heteronormative discourse denies anything beyond the colonial binary. Whether subtle or overt, the distinction as part of a larger socio-material structure is very clearly in place.

Conversely queer discourse detaches gender from an *automatic* connection to biological sex—with terms like *pansexual* denoting an (a)sexual attraction to someone *regardless* of either parties' gender or biological sex (whereas terms like "hetero-" and "homosexual" are historically binarized *and* denote an explicitly sexual attraction to biological sex). Queerness views gender and biological sex as distinct, modular categories that often intersect. To this, queer people use the same general diction that cis-het people do when emphasizing sexual

attraction; they just don't *imply* the genitals involved. However, to spell things out would also require unusual genital-centric words for both groups: "androphile" and "gynephile." Uncommon for being genital-specific language that stipulates erotic preference, both go unused by either sphere, albeit for different reasons.

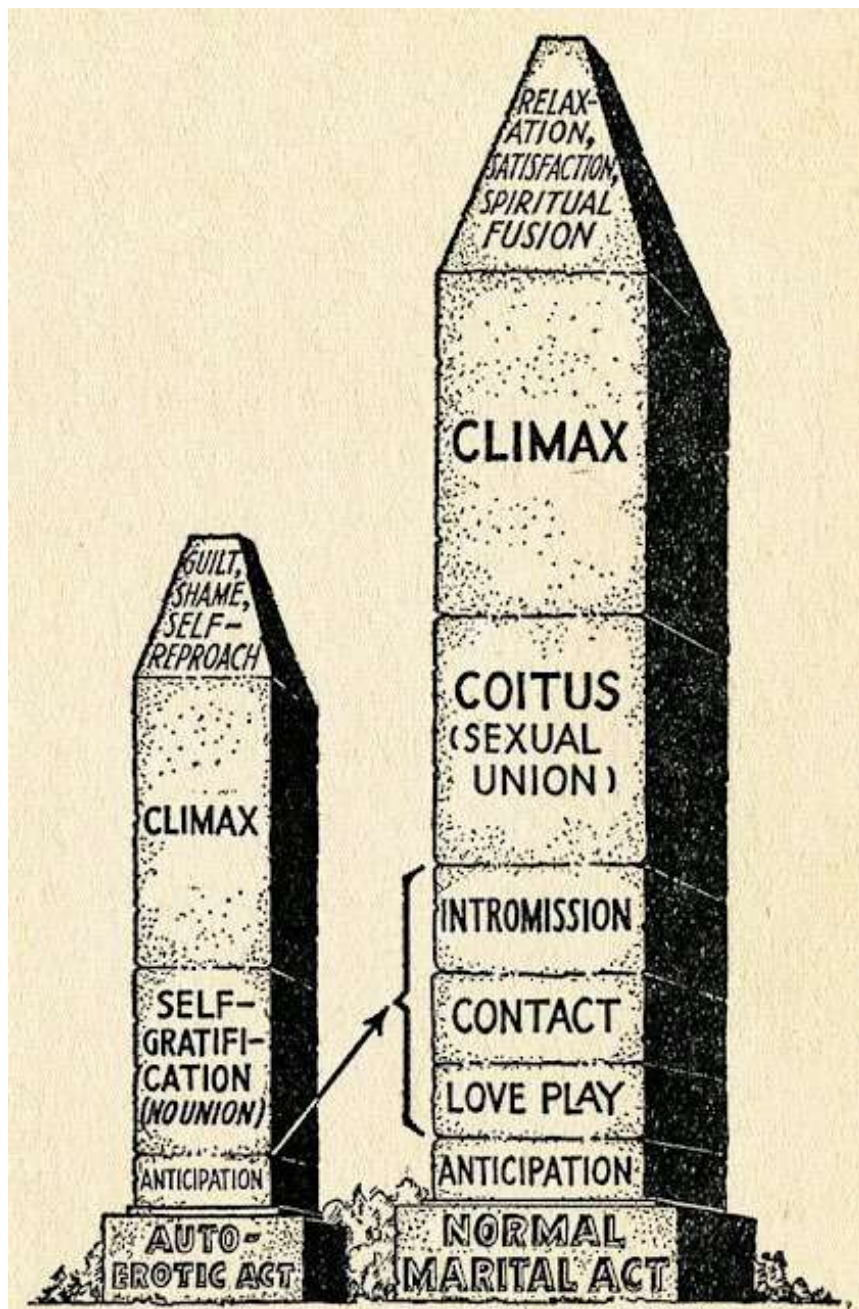
First, in heteronormative spheres. As we'll see more of in the "Hatred Against Transgender Persons, Intersexuality and Drag" section/Chapter Four, cis-het language essentializes an *automatic* connection between gender and biological sex, defaulting to enforced dichotomies that operate in rigid conjunction through compelled unions announced by heteronormative language.

Furthermore, said language treats gender and sexuality as tied to and defined by biological sex, implying genitals, gender and various sexual activities associated with either through a colonial binary that valorizes sanctioned reproductive sex: the institution of marriage and the linguo-material connection between consumers and canon. This relationship leads to some truly bizarre Latin jargon (with Latin being the language of power and historically sexist institutions like the STEM fields, next page), but also associative behaviors and myths whose sodomy double standards can be camped to Hell and back; e.g., "[Save your spunk for marriage, boys](#) (re: Monty Python's "Every Sperm is Sacred"); [girls, your maidenheads; and only have unprotected PIV sex!](#)" (re: Garfunkel and Oates' "The Loophole"):



Although specific terms illustrate the sacred hierarchy of sanctioned sex, defaulting to them says the quiet part out loud. While this already sounds weird as hell, it nevertheless outlines a socio-material structure that can be inferred

regardless if the language is explicitly stated or not; or if the distributors, authors or consumers are overtly religious/secular or somewhere in between. Being



heteronormative, the free market allows for all of the above, but some will undoubtedly be louder in support of the status quo.

(unknown—originally known to me by Zeuhl, in grad school, as a joke)

Unlike their straight counterparts, queer interlocutors tend to favor sexual attraction as happening towards *gender* and leave out taboo mentions of genitals or heteronormative prescription. There's still room to imply—you can have cis-gendered homonormative gay men, for instance. You can also have an attraction towards trans-men or trans-women, which generally denotes a starting position (AFAB/AMAB) that binary trans people

deviate from on their own paths of self-identity and -discovery. But attraction isn't binary for bisexual/pansexual orientations; nor is it for people who identify as non-binary or those born as intersex. In fact, the casual usage of words like "gay" or "trans" tend to supersede specific definitions unless someone has something specific they wish to impart ("I feel gay"; i.e., "I feel [gender]queer/trans, etc"). However, the *explicit public* mention of genital ownership or preference remains rare in queer circles for all parties involved. I think this largely has to do with such

things being taboo, thus private—i.e., *private* parts. But terms like *androphile* or *gynephile* at least attempt to articulate the sexual attraction towards a person's sexual equipment independent of their gender or marital inclinations.

While genitals being the instruments of erotic sex can certainly be something to think about inside larger sex-positive discussions, queer iconoclasts avoid *automatically* baking them into public sexual discourse, including sex-positive artwork or the labor exchanges that produce them. From a dialectical-material standpoint, everything hinges on context: who's using it, how, and why. Personally I would simply state my preference for something directly—i.e., I am into androgyne AFABs and vaginal sex (re: Zeuhl, "[Non-Magical Detectives](#)"). But the open usage of genital-explicit language is tremendously discouraged outside patently frank/sex-centric dating scenarios: "Hi, I'm Persephone and this is my dating profile; I like vaginal sex." For cis-het people this will sound redundant and crude; for queer people, it's less about crudeness and more that many queer people don't like being reduced to genitals, or known purely through *sexual* attraction in either direction. Instead, the sharing of this information becomes a *privilege* one merits under specific *situations* (itself a kind of agency that grants the speaker autonomy within public/private discourse about gender identity/performance and [a]sexual orientation/activity).

In other words, terms like *androphile* and *gynephile* are specific and granular, emphasizing a physio-erotic aspect of someone versus the sum of their existence. It's also something that generally doesn't need to be said outside the company of people you want to fuck (in which case, stating that one prefers AMABs/AFABs or phallic/vaginal sex is more likely anyways; yet all preclude *asexual* scenarios of non-sexual affection due to a *sexual* emphasis on genital ownership being reflected in/informed by popular language/media). Regardless, unless you're an exhibitionist or a loudmouth, you're not going to announce your erotic preferences to everyone in public spaces where dating isn't expected. However, even *on* dating websites, these kinds of details tend to be limited to one's dating profile—concentrically arranged in how they're *publicly* available on *private* websites for inquiring minds to investigate. Even here, though, people tend to avoid sharing out of an instilled sense of heteronormative shame.

Returning to the idea of sexual/asexual consensus, the phenomenon varies within canon and counterculture. Canon tends to frame asexuality as being inherently dishonest, but also clueless. Ace people become canonically "confused," depicted as painfully out-of-touch with their own bodies (though especially their genitals)—to the point that being ace amounts to simply lying about not liking sex. *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* (2005), for example, reinforces virginal status as a mark of shame that must be overwritten with marriage and sex. It treats the

revelation as tragically stalled, but obvious after the fact, resulting in two more myths: Sex feels good and feels equally awesome for everyone.



Unfortunately sex *doesn't* always feel good. Even if it's consensual, the activities that transpire between two incompatible persons will be, at best, unmemorable; at worst, disastrous. Moreover, even if they are compatible, sex is often asymmetrically experienced and enjoyed; i.e., doesn't feel the same for both sides (simultaneous orgasms can happen, but remain tremendously oversold in canonical media). This is doubly true for asymmetrically compatible couples where one side is ace, the other not (or one is an exhibitionist and the other isn't, wanting to "share" their activists with a third party who likes to watch, etc; we'll return to this idea in Chapter Five during the "Transgressive Nudism" subchapter). Even if both parties are experienced, comfortable and on good terms, the ace side will still experience sex differently than the non-ace side. This goes for cuddles, foreplay and the act itself.

While perfectly valid, such asymmetricities remain largely unexplored in romantic canon *and* queer counterculture. Responding to romantic canon, queer circles sometimes identify too strongly with transgressive sexuality as a countercultural lever. Doing so tends to favor the expression of queer people's *sexual* activities (invented or otherwise), simultaneously ignoring *asexuality* as a legitimate form of self-expression within the sex-positive mode: one's personal right to decline sex, including by choosing *not* to write about it in fan fiction.

This sexual bias leads us to our second pair of heteronormative myths: One, everyone wants sex; two, queer people are hypersexual monsters. In the next section, we'll explore how these xenophobic myths inform the false notion that asexual people "aren't as queer" as sexual people, aren't *actively* queer as a means of societal change unless they're clearly being transgressive—i.e., performing in a clearly hypersexual way—or at the very least being sexual in some shape or form that violates conventional boundaries. It's Medusa's pledge to do so—her sacred honor to defile canonical norms: a gorgon, a dark angel, a gender slide ruler (with Harmony being agender, for example; see: "[An Interview with Harmony Corrupted](#)," 2025).



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Defined Through Sex: Sex Normativity in Popular Media

Reader, I married him.

—Jane Eyre, *Jane Eyre* (1847)

Note: When I say "sex normativity" in this section, it attaches to heteronormativity through the neoliberal monomyth model; e.g., the hero faces the monster in Hell, kills it, and either returns to pastoral bliss or dies from contacting a toxifying¹⁰³

¹⁰³ "Toxification" being a process "often seen in genocide, whereby groups of people are depicted as inherently poisonous to the well-being of the body politic" (re: Behind the Bastard's "Part Three: The Pol Pot Episodes: How A Nice, Quiet Kid Murdered His Country"; [timestamp](#): 34:53). It's something we've touched on poetically through the symbolism of toxic waste and replacement rhetoric per a structure of invasion that repeatedly goes toxic (re: "[Toxic Schlock Syndrome](#)"). However, the same basic idea—of genocide through markers of persecution; e.g., blood libel, witchcraft, sodomy and Orientalism (re: "[Idle Hands](#)")—embodies a similar state of exception that comes home to roost during different apocalypse-scenario arguments; e.g., zombies (re: "[Police States](#)"). People—and by extension, all of nature—must be antagonized as monstrous-feminine as cheaply as possible for profit to occur *repeatedly* to enrich the state: "antagonize nature and put it cheaply to work" by pimping it as dark, alien, other, but also Nazi *and* Communist during centrist kayfabe refrains (e.g., Nazi werewolves; re: "[Hell Hath No Fury](#)"). The whore's revenge vocalizes said antagonism while reclaiming such things "on the Aegis"; i.e., during the cryptonymy process to *reverse* abjection, thus profit (re: "[Rape Reprise](#)"), weakening police influence pimping monster language to *normally* abuse it.



(artist: [Matt Smith](#))

Moreover, this includes various forms of self-destruction within fascism on a gradient; i.e., Eco's "cult of death" point from "[Ur-Fascism](#)"; e.g., the "death before dishonor" mentality of the Nazi SS and mirror syndrome versus the Khmer Rouge's more literal "auto-genocide" approach—the former toxifying Socialist argumentation and aesthetics versus Cultural Marxism, and the latter toxifying Marxist-Leninist rhetoric with Stalinist paranoia and French noble-savage argumentation: to push for Final Victory in one, and the other for a Year-Zero *erasure* of the present world; i.e., out of the same-old revenge arguments in either case pushing towards post-Rubicon desperation whenever the leader might otherwise appear to be mistaken; re: "the leader is always right" being a fascist principle, both

element from Hell, mid-genocide (re: exhibit 1a1a1h2a1 from "[Scouting the Field](#)" or exhibit 30a from "[Rape Culture](#)"). However, their focus is heteronormativity insofar as Capitalism sexualizes everything" (re: "[Thesis Body](#)"), which would come after writing Volume Three.

Here in this subchapter, I would focus on sex normativity as amatonormative, insofar as marriage is normalized, and whose subsequent

regimes being sick with genocide as something to exact: [military optimism](#) becomes a cult of death (often a mechanical one, if industry is preserved, or an inhumane and primitive one, if not; re: insect politics," regardless).

Except the latter example literally cannibalized its own population, doing so for ideological *and* material reasons: they had destroyed their country's food production and declared everyone inside an Enemy Within; i.e., fascism is a disguise that eats itself for the state to the state's detriment because the state relies on inherent us-versus-them paradoxes to alienate, fetishize and pimp nature with. So while the Nazis ate themselves alive on the Eastern front, the Khmer Rouge literally did it at home (and lied about it to hold onto power). It weakens itself to then feed on the *already*-vulnerable: a horrific *self*-lie as you immolate, then eat your own children, calling them "brood (mirror syndrome reaching delusionally inwards).



(artist: [Francisco Goya](#))

This is why I'm an anarchist, kids (re: "[Preface](#)"); Marxist-Leninism "horseshoes" into fascism because the state, Marxist or not, always decays to protect itself *by* eating itself through lies that hijack its own war/persecution mechanisms; re: punching the alien as a disease to purify through military optimism devolving into persecution mania and finally death. This isn't a "bug" but a feature of the nation-state model, which capital balloons; i.e., from decimation, or one tenth of a population being killed as practiced by the Romans to their victims, to the Khmer Rouge arguably killing over *half* of theirs: "Cambodia's last census before the Khmer Rouge came to power in April 1975 was held in 1962. It counted the country's population at 5.729 million" ([source](#): Ben Kiernan's "The Demography of Genocide in Southeast Asia"); estimates for the genocide range "between 1.5 and 3 million" ([source](#): University of Minnesota's "Cambodia"). This was aided by genocide fervor to be sure, but also *denial*—including from so-called American "leftists" (re: Noam Chomsky and "[How the West Missed the Horrors of Cambodia](#)," which we discuss in "[Police States](#)"). "Leftism" and "Communism" become nominal/fascist when they deny or perpetrate genocide through anti-war obscurantism, causing rape and war pursuant to genocide, *ipso facto*.

normativity toxifying whores subverts in GNC language applied to canon. Revenge is classically blind, but we can make it perceptive (with me camping DBZ in "[Cruisin' for a Brusin](#)" analyzing the himbos of Toriyama's work). —Perse, 5/5/2025



(exhibit 89b1: Artist: [Harry Turney](#). The satire of *Dragon Ball* is that that Goku—ever the himbo—thought "marriage" was something you ate. And when he defeats King Piccolo he weds Chi Chi through an arranged marriage, who he will always come home to when she has a meal for him; i.e., "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.")

The remediation of queer hypersexuality and erasure of asexuality comes from how popular stories historically prioritize sex: something that sells because it is sold a particular way—globally and aggressively.

Whether through courtship, consummation, or scandal, heteronormative stories incessantly prescribe sex to people, especially activities that lead to institutional (reproductive) sex as normative behavior. In turn, canonical proponents grant sex a narrative "weight," cementing sexuality as the "ultimate" love language: the final, oft-implied destination that everyone supposedly wants *because it implies socio-material elevation* (marrying into a castle and becoming a princess). The same notion is seemingly assimilated within many queer stories, whose degree of normativity must be carefully explored: homonormativity within the nuclear family structure, or queernormativity as an attempt to connect general queerness to either the institution of marriage and its outcome of sanctioned sex, or at least something that speaks a similar sexual dialect: premarital sex opposed to *extramarital* sex, or at least the latter in response to the former as something to resist.

Looking in on prescribed marriage or sex in popular stories, asexual audience members are often forced to look at sex even in queer examples. To be fair, ace persons, *despite differing orientations*, can still emotionally invest in resolutions of conflict regarding sexual characters they appreciate (a gay man crying when Adrian tells Rocky she loves him, for instance). However, they must still contend with sex normativity treating anything short of the act of sex or its pursuit as "lesser," including themselves. The linguo-material consequence of sex supremacy is a global draining of ace-inclusive language among commodified queerness, which corporations appropriate for profit. Meanwhile, many queer persons assimilate to varying degrees through queer-normalized roles in these stories or while creating them. Even amongst queer audiences and their own paratextual material, there exists an overwhelming urge to discuss sex, if only to find one's asexual place

amongst a hoard of sexual conventions—e.g., the hypersexual queer person, but also the *closeted* queer person as both lacking the asexual lingo to navigate around, and disentangle from, common portrayals of queer people.

Asexuality is rarely if ever seriously discussed as its own equal thing in relation to sex. *Heartbreak High* (2022) is the unlikely exception, but still leads off with common queer stereotypes it later dismantles, if only partially. Cash, for example, initially comes off as transphobic, rejecting the sexual advances of openly queer person, Darren. Not only does the show hypersexualize Darren's non-binary homosexuality (which, to be fair, communicates the pent-up sexual frustrations of many queer people who struggle to find romantic/sexual partners); but neither Darren nor Cash have the asexual language to counteract common attitudes in relation to queer people: queer persons are hypersexual, and asexual queer persons are "lesser" within this arrangement. *Heartbreak High* reverses/non-binarizes the gender roles within something called the cotton ceiling. Said ceiling is anisotropic, meaning its significance varies depending on the direction it flows in; e.g., how the penis is viewed as a demonic symbol of rape by cis-het women, even when it isn't visible, only presumed based on someone's face, jawline, makeup, shoulders, etc:



(exhibit 89b2a: Maxine Conway from *Wentworth*, a story about an Australian women's prison. In *Wentworth*, Maxine is a trans woman who looks after the main protagonist. From a 2015 interview with the actor who plays Maxine, McKenzie Morrell writes (emphasis, theirs):

Meet Socratis Otto, who plays Maxine Conway, a transgender character who in spite of having undergone gender reassignment surgery prior to her incarceration still looks unequivocally male. Even while exhibiting her true self, wearing a wig and make-up, our beloved Maxine often experiences transphobia, misogyny and unthinkable hardships by inmates and officers just because of her powerful build and height. [...]

MM: When you landed the role of Maxine, you had just finished up on Carlotta. Do you think working on that project helped you prepare for this part?

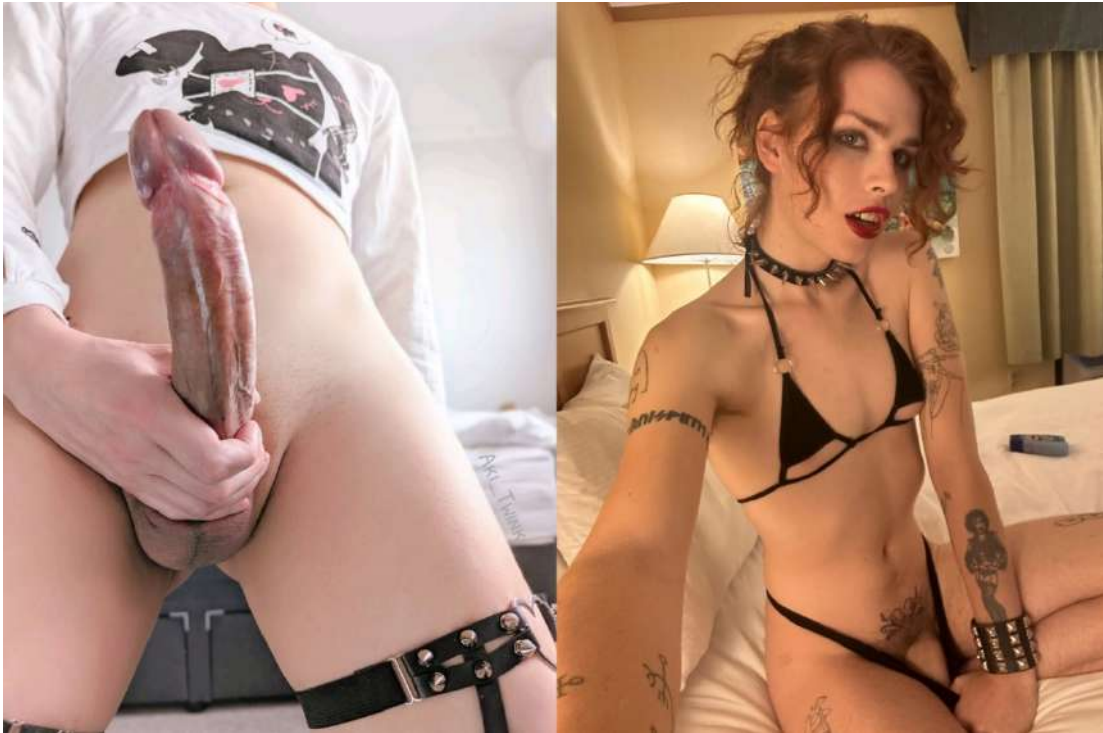
SO: Absolutely it did. Yes, fundamentally. It was quite serendipitous, really. I was kind of—not clueless—but not sure about the intricacies of what being a transgender person meant. We haven't gotten too much information from the media about what being transgender meant. And Carlotta herself was one of the first transgender, male to female transition [persons] back in the very early days of the '50s and '60s in Australia. So she told me that people within the gay and lesbian community just didn't understand what she was trying to do. So even back then she was definitely an outcast in her community. And people still don't understand what it means to be transgender. They kind of think it's a cross-dresser, and still people think—actually, I don't think they know what it means. You can still be transgender without having genital reconstructive surgery. It's very complicated. There are so many intricacies. And it seems to me that everyone wants to define the un-definable. These days there's so many labels on social media; we need to know everything, and we need to know everything specifically, so we can box everything, despite the amount of information these days thanks to all these programs and all these stories coming out about people transitioning. People are kind of treating it like it's a fantastical thing that they don't really understand. So to go back to your question—sorry about that—to me, I kind of got all that information, and I went, "Whoa! I can imagine Carlotta back in the days, back in the '60s, feeling so incredibly lonely." And to me, I thought the character breakdown for Maxine showed such a gentle soul and gentle heart. She's trying to show off in a world telling her that she mustn't, she can't. Basically, I just kept that in mind, preserving her heart in these worlds she's lived in, the outside world and the inside world [[source](#): "Wentworth' star Socratis Otto talks Maxine"].)

Transphobia uses the penis as a queernormative object of fear against the trans community by TERFs. As we have already discussed in Volume Two, then, the penis is a heteronormative symbol of violence that continues to be weaponized by

second wave feminists against trans people using the penis in xenophilic displays. Cassie Brighter addresses how complex it is to acknowledge transphobia, as it butts up against real sexual abuse/dysphoria. In part one of "What Do We Do About Women With A Penis?" (2019), she writes:

We talked about the symbology of the penis. Jimena and I immediately agreed that penis-owners have historically hurt vagina-owners in many ways. Some of these ways have specifically included the penis as a weapon, as an instrument of harm. Some of the women in the circle could be survivors of rape or sexual assault. So, it is really important to start by openly acknowledging that history, and that symbology. And by directly addressing those concerns. The event leader can explain that, while there is an obvious similarity between a trans woman's genitals and those of a man, this person's genitals have received years of female hormones. They respond differently, they carry a different energy. While a man's penis is an object of great pride, a trans woman's member is often a source of dysphoria and shame. A man's penis swaggers and struts, conquers and acquires, penetrates. A trans gal's genitals generally carry none of this energy. Speaking in generalities, a man's sexuality is urgent and assertive, and can be invasive. A trans gal's sexuality is docile, patient, hesitant, fragile. (I'm speaking in broad strokes – each individual is different.) [...]

A common scenario used by trans exclusionists is the women's locker room at the gym. It might be startling or upsetting for a woman to see a naked person in the gym locker room, and to find that person has a penis. One gal recently told me that her first day at her gym she walked into the locker to be immediately confronted by a very naked 70-year-old (cis) woman. And that was startling for her. I asked her what could have made the situation better. She said, "Well, the old woman could have covered up." Then she added, "or, I could have fewer hangups about the naked human body" ([source](#): "Part 1: The Penis in Women's Spaces").



(exhibit 89b2b: Artist, left: [Aki](#); right: [e.streetcar](#). The schlong as canonical Satanic panic/rape epidemical is something to overcome through informed exposure, consumption and consent. Generally a femboy or gender-non-conforming AMAB has to live with, thus subvert male stigma through camping the penis as an automatic and inferred sense of rape [the sexualizing of the surface image to threaten the presence of a penis before it is visible]. This can be thoroughly camped through xenophilic genitals like the dragon dong [re: exhibit 37c1b, "[Back to Jadis' Dollhouse](#)"] or zombie monster cock/"BBC" [re: exhibit 37b1, "[Healing through 'Rape'](#)"]—i.e., as a cathartic form of rape play that "ravishes" the subject as autonomous during consent-non-consent with demon-BDSM, potentially Numinous aesthetics that constitute a profound trust-building exercise between dom and sub. As stated in volume Zero, exhibit 1a1c, the cock doesn't need to be inordinately large [though it often is, exhibit 91b2]:

Regardless of the size or usage—or even if the person is naked or not [exhibits 89b2a/2b]—the ludic-Gothic-BDSM goal stays the same: a chance between two [or more] parties to theatrically interrogate and negotiate, thus regain stolen worship and love that has been denied by Cartesian thought/scientists and their radicalized victims-turned-bad-faith activists; e.g., TERFs having been abused by a cis-het man and repeatedly conflating their former rapist with a trans woman through dogmatic propaganda they help write—i.e., destabilizing gossip/punching down. In response, punching up is generally done against a "Cotton Ceiling" [from Drew DeVeaux; [source](#): Cassie Brighter's "The Often Misunderstood Premise of the Cotton Ceiling"]

2019]. And such rioting absolutely should be allowed; calling it a "stone in a glass house" is to put property before people" [[source](#): "Symposium: Aftercare"].)

In part two, "[The Often Misunderstood Premise of the Cotton Ceiling](#)" (2019), Brighter tackles the complicated reality that trans women are often attacked by transphobes for feeling threatened by them in bad faith:

The term "cotton ceiling" has been viewed as quite the incendiary phrase. It was coined by porn actress and trans activist Drew DeVeaux in 2015. It's been used to refer to the tendency by cisgender lesbians to outwardly include and support trans women, but draw the line at considering ever having sex with them.

Sadly, I've seen at least two YouTube responses from irate vloggers who profoundly (and maliciously) twist Riley's words to connote an obligation to sleep with trans women. If this interpretation has occurred to you, please stick around. The point of such discussion is not, EVER, to exhort anyone to have grudging sex without enthusiastic consent. The point of such discussion is to exhort folks to examine their inherent bigotry. We change, we grow, we learn through familiarity and exposure. We can challenge and re-examine our prejudices and fixed ideas. I wish I could include [Avery Faucette's full article at Queer Feminism](#) here – but I'll just drop this one paragraph (and urge you to read the rest):

I pinned a misogyny that at the time I attributed to almost all men onto trans women, as well. I assumed that sex with a trans woman would be penetrative and violent, that I wouldn't have the camaraderie with a trans woman that I felt at the time with many cis women, that female history was somehow very important. I didn't think about what a trans female experience might be like, or what a trans woman's relationship to her body might be. I was pretty naive about sex. I put a lot of stake in body parts because I was fumbling with my own gender, body, and sexuality. I said that I was against transphobia but knew no openly trans people.

These threats include by the term¹⁰⁴ itself as something to trigger cis women with; i.e., "trans women are dangerous. Such a "threat" has been furthered by old

¹⁰⁴ Cotton ceiling is, like "TERF" itself, treated with disdain by TERFs. Simply put, it is a TERF-critical term referring to the difficulty trans women face when trying to sleep with cis-lesbians who act like TERFs; i.e., to be used when punching up against so-called "gender-critical" persons, often cis-supremacist lesbians who resort to petty DARVO tactics to punch down. For example, [transphobe/transmed Miranda Yardley writes](#):

homophobic stereotypes revived in the 1970s and '80s and later still by J.K., Rowling's latter-day novel writing under *nom de plume* Robert Galbraith, a historically anti-LGBTQ+ conversion therapist:

But after *Troubled Blood* (2016) came under fire earlier this week for a transphobic subplot in which a serial killer hunts his victims while dressed in women's clothing, Rowling denied that the alias is a reference to "ex-gay" therapy. Rowling "wasn't aware of Robert Galbraith Heath" when selecting the name, a representative said. "Any assertion that there is a connection is unfounded and untrue" ([source](#): Nico Lang's "J.K. Rowling Denies Pen Name Is Inspired by Anti-LGBTQ+ Conversion Therapist," 2020).

Whether Rowling "knew" it or not, she still kept the fucking penname after denying a connection between the two after having pointed a big DARVO finger at her would-be detractors through a hired representative: Nico Lang's previous article, "J.K. Rowling Compares Transitioning to 'Conversion Therapy,'" 2020. The second article was written two days previous. Since then, Rowling's unchecked abuses as a TERF billionaire have led her—on Elon Musk's aforementioned conservative bent as Twitter's new ownership—to support known fascist "I'm not a feminist" Kellie-Jay Keen-Minshull's global-trotting hate campaigns against trans people ([source](#): Shaun's "Kellie-Jay & the Neo-Nazis," 2023).

[Compelled trans inclusion] is the antithesis of freedom; this is a new form of fascism through economic coercion, which has cleverly been disguised as a civil rights movement. If the transgender rights movement may be described as a revolution, it is now time for counter-revolution: bring on the backlash [source: the article has since been taken down in violation of Medium's terms and conditions].

all while bragging [about being hosted on AfterEllen.com in 2018](#) (which is still up, and being SEO'd for top spot on Google during a search result of 50,000 hits for "the cotton ceiling").



So while many ace people *are* sex-repulsed from trauma, denying them the linguo-material means and agency to interrogate their own genders and orientation is infantilizing (and spare me the "you can't teach an old dog new tricks" argument; even my fat, stupid cat understands that, when I walk past the stairs, they go up to their "torture spot" on the landing and wait expectantly to be spanked; if she can do that, then humans can learn the difference between unironic torture and "exquisite" forms).

Returning to *Heartbreak High*, its characters lacking the words; neither Cash nor Darren understands that Cash is asexual when he *only* wants hugs and kisses in the bedroom; each misunderstands their own feelings in part of a larger conflict about compelled sexuality often disseminated through popular stories about queer people with overlapping axes of oppression (for those giving and receiving trauma using shared language that often emerge too late): Cash knows what Darren wants (sex) and feels like he should, too. When their true, differing appetites emerge, Cash feels ashamed, while Darren feels confused, even angry with Cash for lacking a similar sex drive. Despite critiquing their own father for writing hypermasculine love stories, Darren assumes that everyone likes sex *as much as they do*. Darren's preconceived ideas don't emerge *ex nihilo*; they come from canon and counterculture relating back and forth inside a larger material dialog about sex.

However, while counterculture actively resists canon, someone's sexual preference—how they feel about sex as a defining character trait—will strongly influence the degree and flavor to which they resist compelled sexuality and its various myths/trope-y stereotypes. Sexuality is fluid, people liking sex however

much they like it—at a given time, with a given partner, during a given mood, inside a given headspace. Through the turbulent drama of a semi-compatible tryst, *Heartbreak High* comments on the common assumptions that queer people regularly make about their own community members, including themselves.

It also highlights the confusion that queer people experience when they feel sexually inadequate according to society's queernormative standards. By having Cash, an ostensibly cis man, asking for less sex from an obvious, willing source, the lovers' individual needs come into conflict. However, neither can easily talk about it because they don't have the words. This inability to neatly voice their distress comments on the larger misconceptions about sexual incompatibility that come from a lack of dialog between ace/non-ace people even within the queer community (which again, thanks to queer normalization, tends to be oversexualized).

Whether through canon or counterculture, popular media informs the positions of people like Darren and Cash: hetero-/queernormative stories that treat sex as a universal commodity necessary for human bonding. Such compulsion denies the potential for

- persons who are capable of profound human interaction/connection despite orientating as asexual, therefore uninterested in commodified erotic sex.
- people, even sexual people, to enjoy sex purely through artistic means—i.e., nudist displays partially or entirely detached from erotic bodily function or notions of courtly love, etc.

Said compulsion can be tremendously invalidating and confusing for those outside the sex-normative model. Cash's lack of desire, for instance, leads Darren to question his commitment within their relationship, but also for Cash to question his own value as a person. Both of them feel wronged, broken, and inhuman in relation to various linguo-material markers—their bodies, their genders, and their genitals as objects to self-authenticate through various humanizing appeals to members of the in-group *and* out-group.



([source](#): "Jonathan Pryce does Shakespeare," 2016)

Note: So-called Jewish revenge ties into any minority revenge fantasy that upends profit; i.e., through Gothic Communism avenging nature as monstrous-feminine into medieval Capitalism evolving into more modern forms (whose calumny still uses, but repurposes, the same dated persecution language used to originally persecute Jews alongside GNC people and Pagan women as controlled opposition; e.g., sodomy and blood libel but also witchcraft; re: "[A Vampire History Primer](#)" or "[Policing the Whore](#)"). We cite Shylock's speech back in Volume Zero (re: "[Doubles, Dark Forces and Paradox](#)"), doing so to evoke the darkness of such revenge: as a collective, potentially solidarized means of giving the oppressed voice to express within Gothic media, onstage and off. All the same, said revenge exists in duality during cryptonymy as black war of mirrors that never ends; i.e., state proponents will abuse and colonize said darkness (re: DARVO and obscurantism) while punching down to pimp it. —Perse, 5/5/2025

Consider the famous line by Shylock, the Jewish moneylender from *The Merchant of Venice*: "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" Just as Jews remain equally human as Christians, ace people are no less human than non-ace people are; nor is their own humanity somehow refuted by lacking eyes, or other senses/organs (in a figurative sense, here, though the same argument applies to ablest considerations). This includes genitals and sexual orientation, which tend to function as humanizing

markers in heteronormative *and* queernormative discourse; by lacking it, the possibility of abjection once again rears its ugly head—from bad-faith "queer" persons, but also legitimate queer circles whose bigotry extends from genuine misunderstandings about genitals and how they're semiotically portrayed in famous stories.

Whereas straight groups tend to link gender to the visible markers of biological sex, queer groups tend to emphasize sexuality through gendered language *minus* an explicit connection between the two. Nevertheless, we've already explored how an emphasis on sexuality remains normalized, including conversations about genitals and sexual activity. Asexual people, meanwhile, are generally defined by others through absence, often materializing through a lack of sexual attraction or feelings, but also a visible lack of *genitals*. Even so, queer-appropriative fiction and metafiction still tend to discuss these factors in sexual terms.

Varys, for example, is both eunuchized and queer-coded. Yet his queer coding often comes off as homocentric in *Game of Thrones*, the (cis-het) writers exacting homophobic tropes they sexualize by default. While "gayness" entails far more than mere orientation (and equipment), gender performance and gender identity are also more idiosyncratic than orientation when orientation is levied through the reductive historical standard: the "instructional manual" approach to one's family jewels, even when the person no longer has them or otherwise doesn't use them "correctly." Describing Varys as "gay" or "queer" is far more common than calling him ace, despite how asexual interpretations would make far more sense within the text. Instead, he's sexually "broken," forced into the role of a



chatty, sexless spymaster due to an *injury to his genitals*, not his orientation.

While Varys' medicalized deviation from sexualization-by-default demonstrates a tendency to sexualize people using their birth gender and

sex, the haunting of one by the other, post-castration, implies a larger pro-sexual bias outside the story:

- the myth of asexuality as manmade: an inherent form of castration

- the heteronormative treatment of potentially ace men, including eunuchs, as gay-through-compelled-service: the castrated¹⁰⁵ protectors of cis-het palaces and their cis-het harems (whereas female castration still allows AFAB persons to sexually reproduce, just not experience sexual pleasure)

Though commonly exuded by the audience, these biases arguably extend to the actor's metatext, a performance that feels stereotypically gay from a visual standpoint—especially Varys' effeminate body language and colorful attire as being historically assigned to gay men by queer-appropriative fiction. Meanwhile, his dialog might explain the lack of genitals; it remains altogether different than stressing his asexuality as an actual presence *regardless* of his visible castration or gender performance.

Disarmingly open about his condition, Varys still *feels* gay according to what others say about him textually *and* paratextually. The dialog of other characters is ultimately written by the screenwriters, who choose the show's focus regarding queerness. Queerness, as a result, feels homo- and genital-centric, is *homosexual* and identified by sight, or conveyed through testimonies that express Varys' neutered status in *visual* terms. While playing doctor is an old means of confirming someone's in-group status or sexual purpose (["expertly" parodied by Jon Jolie's "Show Me Your Genitals,"](#) 2008), Varys revealing "his gash" becomes homophobic by effeminizing his lack of genitals in a sexualizing manner.

The confirmation happens inside and outside the show. Littlefinger likens Varys' "gash" to an exposed vagina, forcing standard homophobic coding onto Varys despite him not having the equipment (or inclination) for sex. However, audiences taught to recognize gayness and identify it as sexual by sight can also recognize this coding. By "claiming" Varys for themselves, even gay viewers can commit possessive, territorial acts of queer acephobia that lead to marginalized in-fighting.

Apart from genitals and homosexual tropes, modular compatibility poses a unique categorical challenge—with some ace persons favoring romance and others casual sex, and others still liking neither but enjoying emotional vulnerability. Some treat sex like a handshake, while others see it as courtly and dear. Others still focus entirely on emotional connections (altruistic) instead of romantic or sexual ones. A lack of any of these interests doesn't cheapen the individual, nor lessen their connections with others. They simply characterize the narrative in neurodivergent ways, even if the story leans more noticeably into Gothically sexualized tropes.

We'll examine some of these tropes next, including how the Gothic (and adjacent stories) allows for distinctly asexual narratives by *rejecting* automatic sexuality in counterculture narratives: the calling of the pigtailed ace detective!

¹⁰⁵ Gender-conforming surgeries are *not* the same thing as state-compelled castration or conversion therapies.

Pigtail Power and Crossdressing: Sex Repulsion in Gothic/Queer Narratives

They say, "Well, she hardly knew the man. Isn't she a cranky old maid?" It is true, I have not married. I never had time to fool with it.

—Mattie Ross, *True Grit* (2010)



Note: This section considers camping the Radcliffian detective/Gothic heroine investigating a queer-coded crossdressing killer/alien imposter to eventually and triumphantly demask them, mid-correspondence. We would unpack this much more thoroughly in "[Exploring the Derelict Past](#)," but

especially "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)." "Pigtail Power" just flirts with the idea, but especially the "ace" notion of interrogating social-psychosexual abuse through Gothic stories that are, at the very least, adjacent to rape; i.e., as a structure to push into from an ace maiden detective interrogating such things. It was inspired by my friendship with Sam Hirst, an ace person who taught me—a highly sexual trans woman—about asexuality through our mutual interest in Gothic. —Perse, 4/24/2025

Though often sexualized, Gothic stories commonly divorce viewers from sexual enjoyment, forcing them to see the world through a sex-repulsed, asexual lens: Sex is stressful, traumatic, and dangerous, and must be weighed accordingly in how it survives in the material world through xenophobic subversion. In therapeutic terms, this can be likened to "clinical detachment"—not a flaw, but a unique perspective about commonplace things (sex and gender) that remains tremendously useful in any social-sexual scenario. I want to examine this phenomenon in Gothic and queer narratives, namely by expanding on the tropes of the sex-repulsed female detective and crossdresser from Volume Two (we'll examine the gay artist in the next section of this chapter): someone alien, thus different, in ways that stand out—not green skin, this time, but pigtails and naughty-yet-nun-like, woman-in-black aceness!

Before I delve into these ideas in more recent texts or suggest how you might foster them yourself, I want to highlight a classic case of the asexual detective, specifically using the nature of asexuality within *amatonormativity*—i.e., narratives and relationships that socially and legally prioritize and valorize central, exclusive, amorous relationships; e.g., Jane Austen.

Despite being a novelist renowned for her amatonormative focus, Austen prioritized sense (reason) and sensibility (emotions) in her titular novel-of-manners, where one could divorce both elements from a story of erotic love-making and still have a profound, impactful narrative. Indeed, Austen's own stories—even her Gothic ones—do this, pointedly revolving around *heteroasexual* romantic courtship and emotional bonds that push physical sex to the purely imagined. *Imagining sex becomes a choice, should the reader want to*. If the reader doesn't, her novels remain utterly *flush* with other goodies: sarcastic *italics*, silly pranks, quaint gambling rituals and free indirect discourse. So while she's a lady-of-letters detective similar to Radcliffe or the Brontë sisters, she's also a liminal domestic detective like those women were. Is she somewhat canonical? Bitch, please, she's *hypercanonical* (a symptom of others taking and colonizing her work, then disseminating those versions instead of the original works. But all the same, much of what Austen did in her own life was novel—that was a pun).

Despite seemingly writing in her own lane, Austen wrote *her* stories, not her daddy's like Milton's daughters did. In doing so, she gamely critiqued her material world in a very Marxist way (as much as an unmarried spinster could writing on two inches of narrow ivory in the dark. Maybe Edward Said famously disagreed, but as our sample essay points out (re: "[Cornholing the Corn Lady](#)"), many others famously disagreed with *him*). Extend the same liberties to pointedly ace or demi persons being "game" in their own works. In a highly sexual world with legions of symbols interpreted in typically sexual ways, how might an ace person detach from these norms and still have something human and profound to say—even if they are sometimes writing "from their own lanes"? Indeed, ace people have relationships; theirs are simply social-sexually divergent from the prescribed behaviors present within heteronormative canon—chiefly marriage, childbirth, and a social-sexual division of labor inside the colonial binary.

Diverging from this arrangement frequently calls for more than the Nancy Drew archetype (white, materially privileged female heroines reaching back to the Neo-Gothic revival); it "Gothicizes" them in frequently ace ways: pigtailed female detectives dressed in black—intensely nun-like, thoroughly profane, and bored to death/repulsed by prescribed love (a cross between the detective nun as virgin, scholar and monstrous-feminine, de-aged by her child-coded pigtails). Whether ace or grey ace (usually walking the line, mid-liminal expression), the female detective ostensibly rejects compulsory sexuality (the societal endorsement of sexual desire as natural, normal and rewarded) on every register, though especially physical appearance: a "dark" spoof of the American Puritanical WASP (re: John the

Duncan's "[A Funhouse Mirror? *The Addams Family* and the Failure of Netflix's *Wednesday*](#)," 2023), haunted by death and rape, serial murder and so on.



I say "ostensibly" because Wednesday Adams from *Wednesday* exemplifies the Gothic female detective as *semi*-xenophilic: a non-white¹⁰⁶ and ace, vocalizing her disdain for sexual love: "I'm not like you, Mother," she says. "I will never fall in love, get married, have children." And yet, despite her solemn vow and funeral, pigtailed appearance, she's comfortably herself, repulsed socially and sexually by others. Meanwhile, her colorful, blonde-roomie (the kitten variant of a lycanthrope, but also the extraverted golden retriever to Wednesday's purrless black cat/killer rabbit: two animals that symbolize a prey status, but also a facially blank quality "at home" to neurodivergent people) is utterly distressed at the prospect of never meeting anyone: "I don't want to die alone!" the girl whines. "We *all* die alone!" Wednesday drones in reply. For our protagonist, tears are useless, compunction a

¹⁰⁶ The praxis, here, is *semi*-canonical. Netflix making Wednesday's parents Latin American largely feels appropriative—i.e., functionally white, blue-blooded do-gooders conspicuously loaded with "old money." While bourgeois Marxism is entirely possible provided it quickly delineates from the status quo, it very much needs to be recognized amid the neoliberal AAA conventions that celebrate ostentatious wealth as the "best" means of achieving social-sexual activism.

To this, *Wednesday*'s biggest failing is the setting itself: a magical boarding school for rich kids, which strongly reeks of assimilation fantasy in both directions (the desire to go to such a school; the entire world is like the school, an ideological site that brands activity for a select group: those who can afford the tuition fees). I much prefer *Andor* (re: "[Marxism in Space](#)") whose widespread *holistic* revolution incorporates working and owner class peoples into a grand collective action against Capitalism).

far worse ally than deft sword hands, scrappy rejoinders or a well-placed scorpion kick.



Wednesday is autistically-coded, rejecting love as a prescriptive device, but still exudes an uncanny ability to bond with others, especially those who feel out of place. She doesn't cry or hug (though eventually learns to); she plays the cello, writes novels, and chews the fat—the perpetual rebel utterly *enamored* with xenophobic Gothic Romance (of the Radcliffean sort) and dressing in black. A lesser story might consummate a conventional relationship down the road, but Wednesday couldn't care less. Indeed, the whole story revolves around her behaviors *while single*, marching clearly and confidently to the beat of her own asexual drum. Despite being functionally white (lacking the original series' parody of WASP culture; re: John the Duncan) and aloof, she remains surprisingly moral behind the amoral veneer, citing chivalry as "a tool for the Patriarchy" and calling the pilgrims "religious fanatics bent on genocide." And while she can't initially comfort her unhappy roommate the way she wants her to, she opts for her own brand of comfort: the brutal honesty of a well-to-do, sex-repulsed ace person.

To be clear, Wednesday's entirely *capable* of performing sex. She just doesn't *except when it suits her—i.e., helps advance her asexual goals, namely the veneration of outcasts' basic human rights* (again, the "boarding school problem": those who present as outcasts under upper-middle-class conditions, a status that Tim Burton has shamelessly commodified over the years; source: Broey Deschanel's "[The Decline of Tim Burton](#)," 2022). And if she did make love in pursuit of these humanitarian goals, she would be totally in control, divorced from erotic

euphoria (not entirely unlike Elphaba Thropp, Gregory Maguire's queer-sexualized variation of an arguably trans character, which we'll explore more in Chapter Five).

In other words, Wednesday's the sort to keep her eyes peeled, even during sex: against the false "queer" love of the mask-wearing lothario/seducer incubus as *ordinary*-looking (an inversion of the Scooby Doo schtick, which Wednesday as ace surveilles through her own alien forms of affection/social engagement). These "play it cool" elements of disguise during oppositional cryptonymy demand Wednesday get down and dirty despite arguably being sex repulsed, or at least "grey ace." All the same, she explores his castle-in-small to hoist him on his own predatory petard (the villain actually a werewolf—a kind of disarmingly sweet and attractive impostor-monster synonymous with vampires; re: "[Call of the Wild](#)"). A girl must keep her wits to survive, mid-sampling!



From an ace point of view, Wednesday is a social-activist sleuth who uses sex to get at the truth. Initially frigid, she ostensibly warms to a local cutie named Tyler. Unbeknownst to us, she's *always* on the case, and treats the school like a perpetual crime scene. This makes her potential "suitors" suspects to be ruled out, including Tyler. Sweet and

innocent, but with a violent past, he's a tough nut to crack. To get close to him, Wednesday accepts his advances, eventually kissing him(!). She wields an excellent poker face, though, being subtly and brutally honest inside a dangerous game-inside-a-game: "You're making a mistake," she tells him, before they smooch.

Wednesday appears to be warning Tyler—to back off, thus avoid getting attached to someone who undoubtedly will break his sweet innocent heart. Only later do we learn the deeper meaning of Wednesday's words: "You're making a mistake, *my enemy*." Tyler isn't innocent, you see; he's the killer. By presenting himself as outwardly banal and romantically distracted, Tyler aims to woo the detective investigating his own crimes. This makes his disguise two-fold and premeditated. He knows Wednesday is trying to find the killer and is using sex to intentionally throw *her* off the scent! Jinkies! Eventually his hesitation to kill her outright leads to his downfall: Wednesday's onto him, using the same deceptions to deceive the deceiver, but also an older audience arguably accustomed to canonical hauntology and a younger audience perhaps discovering it for the first time. Hopelessly cliché for some, others might regard the assemblage more innocently. They might internalize it as something to seek out in other forms.

More to the point, Wednesday—an ace person who physically fights back (unlike Velma)—is using sex to solve the mystery in Gothic masculine panache: fatal attraction amid a lovers' duel, where cooler heads prevail against a perfidious

caller. By staying detached from carnal pleasure, she remains a *better* detective than her sentimental roomie. This helps Wednesday stay one step ahead of Tyler, whose powers of affection Wednesday must visibly resist. She's still human, just capable. By controlling her emotions in the dogged pursuit of truth, she triumphs, saving her own life and a great many others, too. I would say this happens by accident except she's *a/ways* on guard, taught to be by her family since she was young. The fact that her training of her privileged background is worth considering—i.e., its abandonment of the actual poor to be voiced by a tempered Gothic regressive posturing as more progressive than she actually is. The xenophilic pitch is her love for social outcasts while self-labeling as a misfit, herself. She *is* weird, but remains rooted in classical Gothic moderacy. This makes her fairly recuperated/token in the grand scheme of things (a Netflix tradition, mind you).



Though not strictly of the Gothic school, Mattie Ross from *True Grit* conveys similar degrees of sex-repulsion through another formulaic genre: the Western. Frequently regarded as "dead," the genre's own hauntologies often bleed into retro-future and Gothic spheres with just as much iconoclastic potential. While not openly Gothic, Mattie remains a curious iconoclasm from the Cohen brother's reimagined Western (a genre known for historical revisionism and colonial cryptonyms only recently dissected and challenged with iconoclastic blockbusters like *Fury Road*).

Despite being treated like a sex object (one whose sexualization and eventual maturity is assumed and automatic), Mattie frankly couldn't care less about sex or marriage. Yes, she's fourteen and fixated on her father's revenge, but there's plenty of room for pigtails, personality and spunk. Framed as a shrewd, precocious detective, Mattie arms herself with education, money and guns; she rides with the boys and dreams of adventure, even telling them ghost stories 'round the campfire when they each have to play a part (eat your heart out, Rudolph Otto). Again, she's the white, privileged, Protestant-coded girl in a Western, but she isn't mean-spirited (essentially a nice way of saying, "It could be worse!" It could, but it could also be better).

Despite all this, Mattie cares nothing for marriage or sex when the deed is done. Instead, she grows into a spinster, vocally dismissing marriage and fondly

recalling her time spent with aging gun hands and Texas rangers. She loved them like she loved her daddy: with grit, the "grey" side of the law dispatching justice to ruthless highway men. Throughout the film, the trueness of Mattie's grit is questioned, but eventually accepted by the men. Yet, despite proving herself capable in the realms of gun violence and assistant pathfinding, Mattie remains Mattie. She *isn't* Rooster Cogburn, La Boeuf, or any of the other men. However, nor is she patently "manly" in a cowboy sense; in xenophilic terms, she's an oddball, her relative privilege allowing her to undermine Queen Elizabeth's famous idea of the simple gender swap: "I have the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king!"

Whether strictly "Gothic" or not, or canonical or not (a canonical "plateau" being Nancy from *Stranger Things*, a canonical, nostalgic mind prison—the do-gooder white-girl whose dated antics aren't really Marxist at all, but the status-quo re-assignment of Nancy as a tolerable form of rebellion against dated, cartoon-character sexism), the female detective is generally disinterested in sex as something to enjoy, solving its socio-material role as part of a larger puzzle; e.g., Velma Dinkley (re: "[Non-magical Damsels and Detectives](#)"). Like Velma, Wednesday is socially awkward and shrewd, but remains conventionally attractive, like any Radcliffian heroine; Mattie embodies the cold spinster trope as more historically framed in the Western sense: as modest, ostensibly gay or unattractive (Sarah Plain and Tall, Ruby Thewes, [Putter](#), etc) and guided unapologetically by Christian revenge against a homewrecker who killed her daddy. While hardly threats to the reproductive order, the same cannot be said for the crones of "hag horror," often presented as fearsome, ghost-of-the-counterfeit mysteries for the female detective to uncover before barely escaping the wicked sex dungeon with her life.

In Volume Two, we examined Gothic domestic detectives as mastering their emotions while surviving the traumatic past. Let's apply that here (seeing as Wednesday doesn't really have emotions we can see) to asexuality as something to convey through the Gothic mode. Historically men have punished women for not wanting to sleep with them, a hidden barbarity concealed within spaces that treat a reimagined, coercive past as "spellbinding." To facilitate this purge, they create moral panics, declaring their victims a public menace: physically hideous viragos who ate babies, skulking about in special habitats that popped up seemingly out of nowhere.

To this, coercive sexuality and its carceral hauntologies become something to escape altogether, generally in the form of a tyrannical, reimagined copy of the Gothic "castle." Unlike their coercive counterparts, though, sex-*positive* matriarchs teach female detectives (a metaphor for inquiring female minds) to fear or "repulse" reproductive sex, often with masculine, "crossdresser" bodies inside patently cliché predicaments: the Spooky basement of Doom (called "the closed

space" by Ann Radcliffe, and popularized in ludic-Gothic spaces through the *Metroidvania*; see: exhibit 64c).



Barbarian (2022), for example, conveys sex-repulsion by presenting the hag as an Archaic Mother—an infantile, superhuman, coerced "breeding mare" that rages against patriarchal men. The crossdressing elements are metatextual, which we'll examine in a moment. First, we'll examine the dress itself. While the Archaic

Mother trope frames reproductive sexuality as something to fear (re: *Alien*), *Barbarian* specifically portrays it as gruesome inside a seemingly *ordinary* house: a rich dude's rental. Above ground, things appear harmless; below ground, rape and incest extend the patriarch's counterfeit bloodline. Over several generations, the curse wanes, the weakened, dying king unable to control his final bride. Manufactured underground, she wanders the crypt-like halls, warning the next generation against potentially dangerous men.

Leave it to our beleaguered, put-out heroine to solve the case. Rained out in the dead of night, she finds herself in abandoned Detroit (which might as well be a dark forest). Before long she's face-to-face with her double: a fearsome, all-powerful hag.

Here, the monster is also the victim, straining to asexually communicate a deeper horror between daughters and mothers: There is no difference to the killer, who forces teenage girls into surrogate daughterhood-motherhood. Protecting the heroine from men like the patriarch, the old hag cannot tell the difference. She savagely kills one, then another, finally gouging out the eyes of the heroine's perfidious friend: the ostensibly charming homeowner (recently fired from his job for raping a female co-worker). The hag's idiotic violence denotes her as a generational victim under *his* roof, murdering potential threats to warn the heroine of a lateral threat: the serial killer squatting inside the homeowner's basement! By climatically killing the homeowner, *Barbarian* warns how patriarchal abuse turns women into irredeemable monsters, the heroine putting the hag down like a rabid dog. The hauntology concerns the decay of the gentry *to* reveal (and revel in) their imperfect, messy exposure: catching dickheads and, in turn, injecting returning bourgeois crimes onto state victims through token cryptonymy (the Radcliffe scapegoat narrative).

Note: The liminal hauntology of war is a very important concept that I coined; i.e., vis-à-vis Bakhtin and Walpole per my studying of the Neo-Gothic; re (from Volume One):

Such a castle's nightmarish presence denotes potential mayhem tied to one's habitat; i.e., through the liminal hauntology of war colonizing nature and those tied to nature. When such a castle appears, it is time to be afraid; the colonial harvest is at hand. Yet, precisely because the state does not hold a monopoly over violence, terror and morphological expression, a demon or castle needn't spell our end; it can represent our sole means of attack, reclaiming said poetics' endless inventiveness to turn colonizer fears back into their hopelessly scared brains with counterterror. Adjacent to more classic methods of colonial upheaval, the terrifying power of Gothic poetics can serve our counterterrorist ends [cryptonymy or otherwise] ([source](#): "Prey as Liberators").

This connects to Metroidvania, but also Gothic novels; i.e., stories famously explored by modest warrior-maidens and nosy female detectives exploring rape spaces to interrogate their trauma in ace-like ways. —Perse, 5/5/2025.



([source](#))

Before we move onto the metatextual aspect of the hag's performer, a note about liminal hauntologies (which Chapter Four will address further). We've already touched upon its iconoclastic functions in Chapter One (and societal role within moral panics and canonical praxis, in Chapter Two). I want to further suggest the heroic function of the space as something to occupy by iconoclastic *avatars* in Gothic stories. As a hauntological construct, the Gothic castle is generally something that materializes under times of *perceived crisis*—not so much actual cataclysm and more a threshold of chaotic change: revolution. For example, under the light of a full moon, Dracula's castle suddenly appears every century (or two). seemingly by magic. Despite its ridiculous size and uncertain construction, it operates almost like clockwork in response to something bigger than itself.

So while the timely appearance of the castle *could* symbolize the seasonal nature of the harvest tied to cultural anxieties and taboos: the harvest, a blood moon, killing time, the season of the witch, etc—all bleeding together during notions of intense threatened change—I view it as endemic to Capitalism's seasonal decay that threatens not mere collapse, but desired change to a tyrannical, unequal system *that obscures people's imaginations*. Thereupon, the weakened boundaries between the world of the living and the land of the dead allow for a variety of material responses to pass through, moving back and forth: heroes, hunters, witches, vigilantes, survivors, and so on.

There are different ways one can examine this. Barbara Creed examines cis women in horror literature beyond their historical portrayal as universal victims: often, the avenger of past wrongs. This can be grotesque, like the "archaic" hag from *Barbarian* (or the xenomorph from *Alien*); or ghosts who warn the protagonist of danger, waiting to be avenged by them. There's also vigilante variants, which straddle the fence between victim and victimizer (exhibit 71, but also: Brünhilde Blum from *Woman of the Dead*, 2022). And often, like a Count presiding over a castle, there is a Patriarchal overseer. All can potentially represent something different, but understanding if they do or not requires careful holistic, dialectical-material study.

However, like "good" witches and "bad" witches, the matter of female revenge differs not in its visual iterations, but one, in whether it is functionally for or against Capitalism, and two, *who's piloting the avatar*. We'll see this in the *fascist/neoliberal* iterations, which we'll explore more in Chapter Four. For now, let's return to *Barbarian*. The film is certainly over-the-top. Yet, to merely call it "dumb hag horror" would ignore the iconoclastic/campy conversation it has about coercive sexuality—something to escape *from*, Gothically performed in sexual terms through asexual motive. It's a complex performance, one told through "lights, camera, action!" but also crossdressing and makeup. [The character was played by a](#)



[man covered in prosthetics](#) (source: "Matthew Patrick Davis Went 'Ass Out' to Transform Into Horror Film's Creature," 2022):

Indeed, *Barbarian*'s crossdressing meta-narrative mirrors pre-Renaissance art, using male models to represent women's bodies through a kind of Archaic Mother to ultimately euthanize by a vigilante detective. While certainly performative, its liminal threshold allows for various asexual stories to be told through sexual tropes to a traditional audience, thus change how they think about bodies and how they're "supposed to look":

When I give a talk, or run a class that includes work by Michelangelo, generally at some point someone will suggest that Michelangelo's female figures look like "men with breasts." I have to admit, that I sometimes deliberately task students with describing a picture of Michelangelo's "Night" just so I can elicit this reaction – it's a really useful starting point for discussing ideas about what we expect men and women's bodies to look like, whether renaissance art is naturalistic, differing ideals of beauty and so on. Because this has happened so frequently, my title for yesterday's masterclass at Glasgow Uni was "Men With Breasts: Michelangelo's Female Nudes and the Historical Context for Body Image" ([source](#): Jill Burke's "Men

with Breasts [or Why Are Michelangelo's Women So Muscular?] part 1," 2011).

This has all the makings of a profoundly queer-ace narrative celebrating the beauty of the physical form—not the veneration of sexual reproduction, but nude art and crossdressing as asexual by rejecting compelled sexual reproduction (and witch hunts against monstrous-feminine crossdressers). The movie's behind-the-scenes reframes sex repulsion through an asexual meta-narrative—not simply a cautionary, Gothic tale about challenging the established reproductive order or an altered state, but an *alternate* state expressed through liminal art: a neurodivergent mode of being.

Before we move onto trans ambiguity as its own thing to appreciate in sexual and asexual ways through iconoclastic praxis and the cryptonym process (re: masks and cryptonymy as Harmony Corrupted does it, below—see: "[Perceptive Zombie Eyeballs](#)"), I want to briefly outline the metatext of asexuality in nude art; i.e., "artistic" nudes, but also the trope of the gay artist diverging from homonormativity by asexually relating to persons of different genders and orientations. Like the ace/grey ace portions of this chapter, both sections are less an examination of hauntology themselves and more about instructing viewers to interpret art in non-heteronormative (thus non-canonical) ways.

This will prove useful when we dialectically-materially analyze TERFs in neoliberal/fascist media (which are both incredibly perfidious); i.e., in Chapter Four, which explores how canonical praxis—gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss—often owes to reactive abuse based on defense of canon with token, witch-cop elements (which we, as detective-esque workers, will challenge with revolutionary cryptonymy in Chapter Five). While there's value in sex repulsion and "grey ace" detectives like Wednesday interrogating rape trauma in Gothic stories, Gothic heroines are classically ace cops exposing whores in modesty narratives loaded with rape trauma (with Wednesday outsmarting a deadly lothario shapeshifter/crossdresser dating



back to problematic love [re: [vampires](#)] hiding in plain sight); ; whores must turn that on its head—i.e., by hugging Medusa (the Big Sassy Whore) to have *their* naked/crossdresser revenge against profit as Commie detectives baring it all: "butter my muffin if you dare!" This wild survival through exposure (re: segregation is no defense) happens through artistic nudity and ace bodies—to show off in social-sexual, "greyly" queer model/muse relationships (re: Harmony and I, below), whose base premise we'll explore next!

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Artistic Nudity and Asexual Bodies/Relationships in Art; Gay Artists (feat. *It's Perfectly Normal*, *As Good as It Gets*, and Tilda Swinton)

"So many drawings and paintings and sculptures of the human body! Artists must love to draw the human body!"

"Artists love to draw the bee's body."

"I haven't run across a painting of an insect."

"Hold on. We haven't seen everything yet."

—the Bird and the Bee, *It's Perfectly Normal*

Asexuality's neurodivergence from heteronormativity is touched on through *Barbarian's* behind-the-scenes meta-narrative, from last section. Now I wanted to highlight asexuality in textual/metatextual expression using overtly ace/grey ace examples: the idea that nudity isn't inherently or automatically sexual and how this revelation weaves into famous narratives that often leave sexualized nudity out entirely—i.e., artistic/pornographic nudism, but also education materials aimed at children to teach acceptance and love, as much as biology's nuts and bolts; e.g., Michael Emberley's work from various books over the years, though we'll look specifically at his 1994 book, *It's Perfectly Normal*, with sex educator Robie Harris.



(artist: Michael Emberley¹⁰⁷)

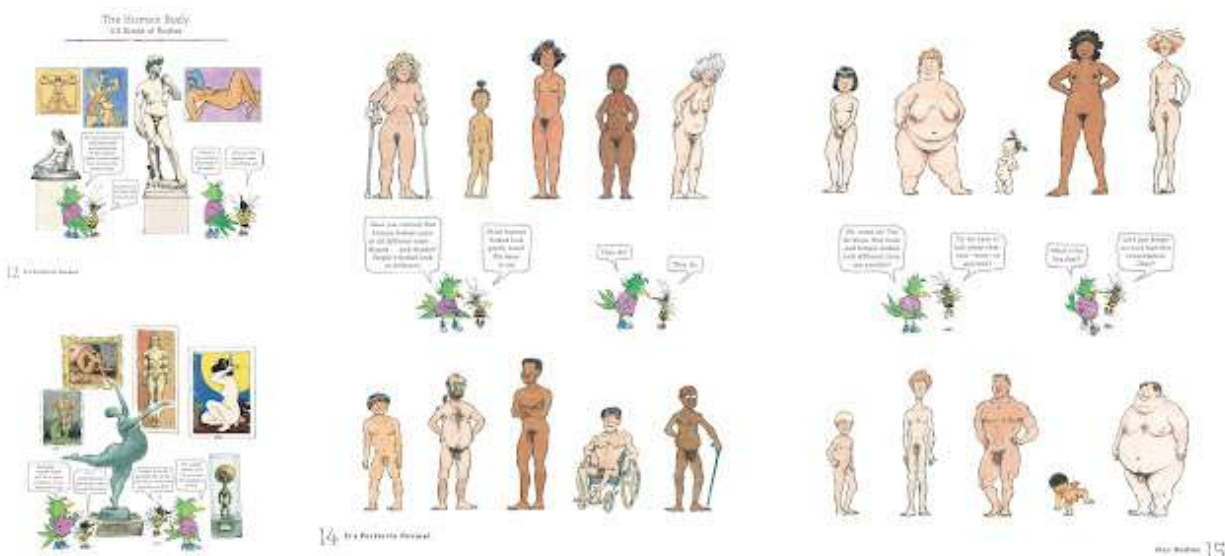
We'll also examine a common trope in heteronormative stories that uses asexuality in art to further sexual agendas: the homonormative trope of the gay artist, usually a gay man painting a female model to help *her* find sexual love (with a cis-het man). We'll introduce the basic idea—e.g., with

the artist/model pairing in *As Good as It Gets* (1997) and Derek Jarman/Tilda Swinton over the years—as well as some broader social concepts tied to these, such

¹⁰⁷ Arrived from The New York Times, in 2005: "An illustration by Michael Emberley from *It's Not the Stork*, by Robie H. Harris, a sex education book for children age[d] 4 and up, to be published in 2006" ([source](#)).

as shadism (racism) and sexism, which the above ace relationships to nudity can either endorse or interrogate to varying degrees.

Note: Here is a 2025 extension on It's Perfectly Normal—one defending its continued publication in light of ongoing censorship by fascist forces. —Perse, 5/6/2025



(exhibit 90a: Artist: Michael Emberley, whose art style remains largely unchanged since 1994, but has expanded to be more racially and culturally diverse; re: with its 2021 re-release, twenty-five years later!

On that, Katie Hintz-Zambrano writes:

There's no question about it, sex education in the U.S. needs an update. And while sex-ed in schools isn't always under a parent's control, what one teaches at home is. Which is why stocking your personal library with age-appropriate sex-ed titles is important.

Enter the best-selling book [It's Perfectly Normal: Changing Bodies, Growing Up, Sex, and Sexual Health](#), which has sold over 1.5 million copies since its debut over 25 years ago. Now the classic family resource, written by Robie H. Harris and illustrated by Michael Emberley, is getting an important update, starting with its cover and title.

The newly named [It's Perfectly Normal: Changing Bodies, Growing Up, Sex, Gender, and Sexual Health](#) (note the addition of "Gender") features a vibrant purple cover with non-binary characters, a subject who uses a wheelchair, and another holding a cellphone, bringing it more firmly into circa 2021.



Of course, the more up-to-date and inclusive aspects don't stop there. The [brand-new edition](#) includes such updates as gender-inclusive information and language throughout; an expansion on LGBTQIA topics, gender identity, sex, and sexuality; the latest on sexual safety and contraception; a sensitive and detailed expansion on the topics of sexual abuse, the

*importance of consent, and destigmatizing HIV/AIDS; a revised section on abortion, including developments in shifting politics and legislation; and resources on how to safely use social media [[source](#): "Best-Selling Sex-Ed Book *It's Perfectly Normal* Gets An Inclusive Update," 2021].*

The point of such works, then, is iconoclastic—to demystify the human body as something the state normally controls; i.e., as canon through ignorance in service to profit [re: the Protestant ethic].)

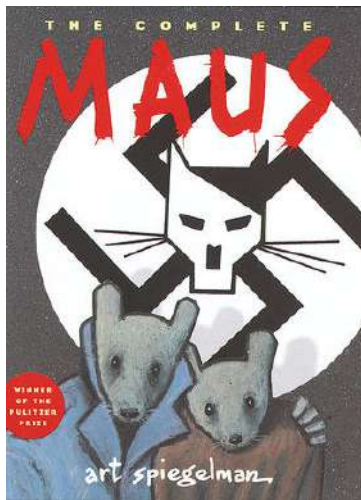
First, a point about nudity in asexual works. Should it appear, ace persons tend to treat nudity in the "artistic" sense; i.e., not inherently sexual. The art in *It's Perfectly Normal*, for example (which we've already examined in Volume Two [re: exhibit 55a, "[Furry Panic](#)"] and earlier in this volume; re: exhibit 87h), artistically celebrates the human body as sexually and morphologically diverse. Nevertheless, the book, despite frequently depicting the human body as a site of sexual reproduction, also illustrates it as something to appreciate unto itself—enjoyed artistically by artists/non-artists alike, regardless of how they orient.

Nothing is more controlled than sex, which the state regulates through force in alienizing language (re: "[Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)"; i.e., the human body—as something to canonize and control by the Church into capital—has been controlled out of Antiquity's ancient canonical laws into a Protestant ethic that polices sexuality and nature-as-whore into the present space and time. Sex back is labor and land back, which the state cannot permit; i.e., faced with the possibility of children being educated about sex, moral panics erupted by fascist families punching down in defense of the nuclear model. And though not immediately comparable to Hirschfeld's Institute of Sexology being burned to the ground, in 1933, the basic idea is very much the same: controlling workers bodies, gender and sexuality through dogma. History doesn't predicate entirely on class struggle, then (re: Marx), but the control of sex through force to police nature; re: as alien monstrous-feminine whore (re: "[Nature as Food](#)"). *Through* that control, a messy

convergence of class, culture and race war results; i.e., one regarding the endless clash of state-corporate rights versus worker/natural rights, warring back and forth until the end of time. ACAB, ASAB, APAB, etc. Push back against them as soon as they *start* to push, trying to control us (re: "[Survive, Solidarize, and Speak Out](#)")!

A huge factor *regarding* said control is education through art—meaning about and with nudity as an asexual vector for education; i.e., regarding the human body (and its various biological and poetic functions) as asexual versus explicitly sexual (the two are *not* mutually exclusive, but there's generally a tendency to divide them when teaching *children* about sex). To that, Emberley's work with Harris was banned—less for the written information inside, all on its own, and more for the *visual* diagrams presented to children tied to various moral panics; re: which fascists like Matt Walsh propagated by treating Emberley's illustrations as anathema, thereby meriting nothing *but* extreme censorship—book bans.

To it, reactionaries reacted predictably to *It's Perfectly Normal*, banning the book publicly around the United States from 1994 onwards (re: exhibit 55a, "[Furry Panic](#)"). Nazis and white/token moderates—thus the capitalists for whom they serve—*want* you stupid and scared, but also complicit when book bans overlap with genocide during the liminal hauntology of war policing nature, gender and sex.



When books burn, the library is the world—the ones who suffer the very animals and children such stories attempt to express *vis-à-vis* the Gothic mode (re: "[Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit](#)"):

Furthermore, fascism is when society grows toxic through the nation-state model merged with corporate bodies to *further* genocide; genocides—and their extermination rhetoric per Cartesian thought, heteronormativity and settler colonialism—rely *on* ignorance to function in *defense* of profit: by hiding said toxicity in plain sight, doing so through the perceived righteousness of the moral panic(s) at play and their subsequent arbitration by crusaders against knowledge as a "corrupting" force. Corruption is the data they want to quell: Capitalism sucks (whose Realism menticides workers to kill themselves for the state; re: "[The Nation-State](#)").

In Gothic, the imperial home and its anxious, faulty inheritance are both false and doomed, hellbent on surviving by eating the resident(s) *and* their neighbors. Education-wise, this nigh-Biblical regression and its monopolies include attacking the book(s) in question

Children's book author Robie H Harris' and artist Michael Emberley's million+ copy bestselling book, *It's Perfectly Normal, A Book About Changing Bodies, Growing Up, Sex, Gender, and Sexual Health*, has been continuously

challenged and/or banned since it was first published in 1994 and continues to be challenged even in recent days. In November of 1994, NCAC supported the book and fought efforts to ban the book from schools, libraries, and bookstores as well as other books on sexual education by those who object to sex education books even for older kids, pre-teens, and teens, who are entering and going through puberty. Harris, a member of the National Coalition Against Censorship (NCAC) board, was pleased when a recent *Book Riot* cartoon story about *It's Perfectly Normal* ignited an outpouring of continuing support on social media ([source](#): NCAC's "Supporters Rally Around *It's Perfectly Normal*," 2023).

but also the authors of such things, themselves—with Harris falling under fire for writing the books to begin with:

Harris and Emberley believe that writing the "truth" with accurate, responsible information and facts can help protect kids, their friends, and families.

Harris went on to say, "I will continue to speak out on the freedom to read and write for kids of all ages, no matter what the perils have been for the creators of children's books and the perils that are continuing to occur at an alarming and even faster pace than in the past few years. Even though my own safety and so many others' safety have been threatened over the years, and pages of my books and others' books have been ripped up and thrown in the trash and/or burned in bonfires with adults and children watching those pages being 'disappeared,' I will not be silenced. Many of you have taken the same stance. We need even more of you to join us. And what about our nation's children? Most children of all ages know about the tragic deaths of their peers, or family members, or friends they have known and those they have not known but know that they have died. And yet, I have hope. Our kids and teens are our hope for the future of our democracy because so many of them have not been silent and are continuing to speak out and protest and petition for the principles of the First Amendment. Even with the threat of being jailed for writing the books I write and for speaking out in defense of free expression, I still will not be silenced. A giant and heartfelt thanks to all those who also will not be silenced and continue to defend free expression and the principles of our nation's First Amendment ([ibid.](#))

Liberation starts with being better stewards of nature; i.e., ourselves and our bodies as represented in asexual ways regarding sexuality and gender as things to teach through nudity of all kinds. "Wokeness" isn't a virus, but *is* something the state will police as such (re: "[Bad Dreams](#)"). Silence is genocide, so make some

fucking noise; i.e., through porn/art as visually "noisy" regardless if it's seen as ace or not!

"Opinion is the wilderness between knowledge and ignorance," Plato once argued. The fact remains, if sex and monsters *weren't* powerful, the state *wouldn't* police them, and sexuality—as something to depict and educate with nudity—is historically brutalized; i.e., as whores have been since Ancient Athens. The policing isn't censored; only the information itself as anything remotely positive—becoming something of a forbidden fruit whose "food for thought" is highly discouraged, but also sold back as cheap junk food workers must demonically subvert in their own work (re: "[Of Darkness and the Forbidden](#)"). The whore's revenge is existing to educate as the iconoclast do!

In Emberley's opinion, then, his world with Harris is among his best *despite* the Puritan censorship occurring towards it—indeed, *because* of it demonizing what amounts to ourselves, but especially women and children sexualized coercively by state forces (who project said abuse onto their abject victims). Specifically regarding his work with Harris, Emberley replies in a 2017 interview with Kathy Temean (to the question, "What do you think is your biggest success?"):



Well, overall I'd have to say my collaboration with author Robie Harris on the series for various age kids on sexuality and puberty. They have been a game-changer for me and for the field of comprehensive sexuality education. The two of us worked at times like one mind, designing and composing the books with the only mantra being, "What's in the best interest of the child?" I must have spent an entire year out of the ten we worked on those books as well as others, in Robie's kitchen, crafting, tinkering, writing, pushing for the best we could do. It was all for a higher cause I guess you could say. The lives of children, their health and well-being, were all that mattered. People say they *like* one of my books, but these books people have *thanked* us for producing. I'll never be thanked like that again, I'm certain. We contributed to a genre of children's non-fiction that is being copied to this day. 20 years and over 30 languages later, they're still going strong ([source](#)).

Divorced from sexual activity, Emberley's figures demonstrate how artistic creations—when viewed independently from erotic displays, or at least erotic mindsets—can separate the human body from an artist's personal

orientation or published work's stated goal. In his case, this happens *even while* communicating the human body with various stereotypical looks, minus the dogmatic messaging (and allergy to gender and sex) that frequently goes along with them:

- Skinny female bodies are less "charged," libidinous or fertile—unable to visually convey sexuality through nubility (which historically has racialized characteristics: the trope of the sexually voracious woman of color—the colonial shaming of such explored by Jean Rys' *Wide Sargasso Sea* [re: exhibit 21c1, "[The Basics](#)"] [still being felt by women of color today](#): "It's almost taboo to talk about sex in the African-American community, especially for women. In the United States, unless we are belting out the lyrics to 'Let's Talk About Sex,' black women discussing sexual liberation are often immediately judged," source: Sharelle Burt's "This Traveling Seminar Promotes Black Sexual Liberation Across The Country," 2018).
- "Thicc," busty, female bodies are likened to fruit, ripe for plunder and fertilization.
- Skinny male bodies "lack" virility, while muscular male bodies are more sexually potent.
- Disabled persons in general lack the desire or the means to have sex.

The fact remains, many stereotypically "sexy" bodies can be owned or drawn by persons who orient asexually to varying degrees (e.g., Cuwu was demi-pan and Blxxd Bunny is ace, below). The inverse can also be true, as well as a great many liminal gradients that serve as conscious ways of thinking about nudity and the human form more broadly.



(artists: Cuwu and [Blxxd Bunny](#))

For example, Jadis, despite knowing I was an erotic artist, would get incredibly jealous if I looked at physically attractive joggers. What Jadis constantly failed to realize was how I could recognize the body as something to artistically appreciate in the asexual sense—i.e., divorced from immediate sexual attraction

despite my pansexual orientation and hypersexual disposition *allowing* for sexual attraction. The primary difference lay in how I chose to interpret the bodies I was looking at. Usually, I would absent-mindedly swap sexual attraction in favor of an asexual appreciation towards physically attractive bodies, on par with a life study.

Simply put, the joggers interested me in an asexual way because I thought about their bodies *asexually*—as an artist actively appreciating the human form in motion or at rest, which comes with a certain bias according to what I find interesting or fun to draw. For instance, I love to draw boobs a lot more than I like to fuck them, actually preferring butts insofar as those stimulate me: "Anyways, this cake is great; it's so delicious and moist!" [Still alive](#), bitches; workers suffer but the Medusa cannot be killed! So we pass forbidden information along upon itself, my own *Sex Positivity* books a logical-and-happy continuation of the same trend that Harris and Emberley demonstrated (and censored [from the start of my website](#) to present circumstances by Google, Facebook and other giant corporations): leaning *is* fun, as is developing Gothic Communism through all manner of social-sexual displays! Survival is victory and victory is success of education to aid *in* our survival; re: when the Man comes around, show him your Aegis!



(artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Cuwu; [source](#): "Goblins, Anti-Semitism, and Monster-Fucking")

In turn, many life-drawing artists like to draw older or heavier bodies without necessarily having a mature/fat fetish. But there is arguably a gradient that oscillates. Reubens arguably did erotically enjoy larger

women, but not always. According to Ian Walker in "Sex, Violence and Big Bums: Rubens and the Birth of Modern Europe" (2017); re (cited in Volume Zero's "[On Giving Birth](#)"):

Rubens was obsessed by flesh; young flesh, old flesh, men's flesh, woman's flesh, dead flesh, damaged flesh, the flesh of children and angels and saints. His paintings are packed with the stuff. [...] This was Rubens's genius. He got in among our basic desires and our raw physicality and he gave them form. In this specific case it is flesh and sexual desire, but this preponderance of flesh in Ruben's art wasn't always erotic. More often than not the flesh was just there, distended and bloated or stripped or lean. We can see the blood coursing through it, we can see its folds and its scars. The painting of the "The Last Judgement in the Alte Pinakothek" is surrounded by other paintings by Rubens full of jowly fat men with distended paunches, muscular naked warriors, fat babies suckling on bloated breasts, sinewy saints, twisted martyrs and dozens and dozens of plump woman with big bums ([source](#)).

The fact remains, had *I* thought about those lovely joggers erotically then it would have had an erotic effect, but it didn't because I didn't. To be transparent, voyeurism *is* a kink of mine, but generally remains a separate activity from those I'm drawing. While I have gotten involved sexually with models before, it's hardly the default. I *do* tend to draw people I find attractive, but drawing someone you deem attractive isn't automatically a courtship ritual, either. It *can* be, but such things must be determined on an individual basis.

For instance, models indicate a profession, whereas someone modeling for you may or may not be a full-time model. Many sex workers aren't even full-time; they moonlight, and there's room to appreciate them as people with attractive bodies *and* wonderful personalities. Nuance allows us to appreciate someone's "hotness" without making them a sexual participant, or bonding within the limited purview of online friendships guided by monetary transactions tied to erotic sex as nudist. Ultimately the relationship between artists and models isn't cut and dry (despite transphobic sex workers trying to tell me—a trans woman artist, writer and sex worker—otherwise; this is an adventure I'll unpack more in Chapter Four).



(model and artist: [Itzel Sparrow](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

While I neither forbid the sexual enjoyment of the human body/art nor separate pornography from art, the feelings I have about my own art remain largely asexual: I have never felt especially aroused in a sexual manner by my own creations; rather, I have always desired through my creations to represent different

kinds of bodies whose nudity may be appreciated in a variety of ways. By that same token, Emberley's work in *It's Perfectly Normal* predominantly portrays human bodies in relation to sexual education and health. Even so, his art invites the viewer to consider the human body as an artistic symbol that conveys nudity whose artistic displays can be appreciated in sexual *and* asexual ways.

In either case, popular media isn't simply a vacuum in which sexual nudity dominates; nudity is something for the audience to relate to in different ways according to what the model and the artist create metatextually. For the remainder of the section, I'd like to explore the complexities of this ongoing relationship as it pertains to various sexual and asexual forms of nudity.

Note: I wrote this piece back in early 2023. Since then, October 7th happened and Loner Box has gone "mask off"; i.e., he's since been thoroughly exposed as a Zionist, therefore genocide apologist who largely uses his leftist aesthetic in bad faith (e.g., Bad Empanada Live's "[Ending Loner Box's Career](#)," 2024). Also, his once-friend Destiny [was exposed as a sex pest](#) (Bad Empanada Live's "Destiny is a Sex Criminal," 2025), the two [going to Israel in the middle of the Gaza genocide](#) (Bad Empanada Live's "Destiny & Loner Box's Deadbeat Dad Journey to Israel," 2024) and only parting ways because Destiny allegedly slept with Loner Box' partner without his permission (alas, poor Yorick, I cucked him, Horatio; Bad Empanada Live's "[Loner Box Sexts With Viewer LEAKED](#)," 2025).

All this being said, I want to keep the link to his video here for two reasons: to have a reason to expose Loner Box, here, but also because the because info in the video about black fetishization seems basically fine (a broken clock). That being said, always defer to artists of color speaking to their own oppression; i.e., the pedagogy of the oppressed; e.g., Anansi Library's "[What The Student Resistance NEEDS to Learn From Ethiopians](#)" (2025). Let past-and-present struggles fuel and reinforce your own! —Perse, 5/5/2025

First, sexual nudity. A common theme of canonical artistic nudity is sexual appetite. For example, white supremacy ties non-white bodies to "gross" (excessive) sexual appetites through racialized Enlightenment tropes, [leading to fat-shaming and black fetishization](#) (source: Loner Box's "Jordan Peterson and Beauty," 2022; timestamp: 6:40). Reverting these tropes requires returning to pre-Enlightenment ways of appreciating nudity in art, but also reinventing carceral hauntology under Capitalism. Avoiding these pitfalls in the artistic expression, and interpretation of, sexual nudity can help non-white/non-skinny bodies become sites of non-sexual enjoyment and (a)sexual pride in their owners' eyes, not sources of taboo sexuality viewed lustily by powerful white men who want to exploit them.

Canonical exploitation leads to intraracial in-fighting through a shameful desire to embody "correctness" in one's own form. By recognizing the ways in which white supremacy shapes our self-image in relation to others through art, we

as viewers, artists, and patrons can help combat symptoms of compelled assimilation as a desire to escape genocide ([shadism](#), tokenism, manufactured sexual difference, etc) through nudity as something to portray appreciatively in sexual and asexual ways. For example, despite black bodies being portrayed as rooted in and indicative of prehistory and pre-civilization, they are no more or less "ancient" than white bodies are, no less savage or brutal. Escaping these dated clichés can help the public imagination see beyond Capitalism, but it has to start where these trammeling attitudes originate: from the Superstructure.



(exhibit 90b: [Source](#), top-left; Reubens, top-right; [Harmonia Rosales](#), bottom.)

However, while asexual nudity is entirely valid as part of this process, the sexual portrayal of nudity remains an incredibly common practice—so much so that asexual stories don't exclude the possibility outright. In fact, few stories are exclusively about ace characters, only increasing the odds that sexual attraction

and nudity will be explored in some shape or form. But from a *phenomenological* perspective, the enjoyment (or repulsion) of sexual



activity/nudity occurs differently per individual. Sometimes, this overlaps, leading to outright conflict or commensal arrangements (where only one party benefits, but neither comes to harm).

(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

Grey ace persons, for example, can have sex with someone for whom sex is profoundly erotic, while they themselves view it more indifferently—like playing cards or watching TV (re: Bunny finds it fun, but definitely has a more ace approach to it, enjoying the public nudism as something to exhibit for other people's pleasure, above). Conversely, asexual stories

might omit sexualized nudity altogether. A hilarious, dialogue-heavy drama like *Stein's Gate* (2011) invokes rich and engaging performances, all without the heavy-handed, heteronormative nostalgia of something as marriage-focused as *Back to the Future* (1985) or *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946). There's still sexual tension between certain characters, and Mayuri Shiina herself works as a busty catgirl hostess at an otaku bar (also, the show was based on a dating phone game). However, whereas the male clientele fawn over Shiina in sexual ways, she herself views the job as simply being cute, divorced from eroticization. Likewise she and Rintaro Okabe have a largely chaste relationship, one that feels incredibly touching despite a total lack of sexual activity or nudity.

Meanwhile, *The Last Unicorn* tells a surprisingly mature and somber tale that *includes* love, but remains primarily engaged with characters unconcerned with romance, sexual nudity or erotic love: Schmendrick cares about magic; Molly, about Robin Hood; the Unicorn, about reunion; Haggard, about unicorns. Only Prince Lear, Haggard's son, cares about romantic love, which he innocently¹⁰⁸ discovers with Amalthea in her human form (with flashes of asexual nudity thrown in). Their combined tragedy involves the swift finding and sudden death of

¹⁰⁸ Historically unicorns are viewed as phallic creatures "tamed" by female virgins (re: "[Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit](#)"). The movie turns this on its head by having an initially passive unicorn "awakened" by a male virgin.

romance—an intense experience, to be sure, but one that ultimately merges inside a potluck of persons relating back and forth about a great number of things.



(artist, left: [Genzoman](#))

Disparate stories like *Stein's Gate*¹⁰⁹ and *The Last Unicorn* demonstrate how easily ace and non-ace people co-exist in situations that promise or promote some form of affection. The struggle lies not in potential, but in reminding audiences that ace experiences are just as valid and worthy of communicating inside popular stories. Forget making love, whatever happened to fucking? What about holding hands? Having one's heart race at feeling seen and understood by someone to whom they feel attracted, including non-sexual examples? Laughing at each other's misfortunes, triumphs, struggles? None of these things are mutually exclusive, but they are unique *per person* when relating to other people. Artistic expression should allow for all of them to exist side-by-side, not in opposition; i.e., just having access to them at all at a young age will allow us to change—specifically for workers to wake up and become more emotionally/Gothically intelligent and aware; re: during class, culture and race war as, at their most basic, battling for *flow* of information.

Take it from me: Being shown these devices—be they fantastical or ordinary (as *The Last Unicorn* or *It's Perfectly Normal* respectively are)—allowed *me* to change and write/illustrate this book series; re: while working with a variety of

¹⁰⁹ Which Cuwu enjoyed; i.e., when they would regress, the show giving them an ace relationship to look at from the outside, in (and which we would watch together as their ex and they have once watched, in the past). This being said, while the *show* was ace, it was actually based off a dating-sim game (a history reflected in the show, whose female character works at a neko bar dressed as a catgirl for predominantly male clients).

models interested in similar means of sex/gender education as a sex-positive *liberatory* force; e.g., [Delilah Gallo](#) being a sex educator and coach [equally passionate about these topics](#) in poetic forms tied to bodies; i.e., whores are monsters possessing great power the state will hunt them for, and we cannot defeat the state by keeping quiet and hiding forever! The Aegis is our greatest weapon, and one that must be seen to work its magic: "Magic, do as you will!" Believe in its power because its power speaks for itself; i.e., as an attractive means of reifying trauma to play with, during ludo-Gothic BDSM's calculated risk!



(model and artist: [Delilah Gallo](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Friendship is magic, and so are sex and education's unicorns punching up against fascism; i.e., at the sex police raping nature *by* pimping it (thus sex workers and by extension *all* workers), mid-DARVO: lying through bad-faith disguise to

steal power *for* the state, in effect being afraid of the state's enemies, which is anything and everything *not* the bourgeoisie; re: fascism is *false* rebellion. As we'll see with Caleb Hart, next—but also TERFs and other token traitors, in Chapter Four—serving the state *will* turn you into a weird horny coward; i.e., one who harms everyone around you cryptonymically while alienating yourself through dogma from any chance at meaningful connection. You'll become a cop, a sex pest, a *rapist*, an unironic vampire. The Aegis, in our hands, exposes what fascism turns workers *into*, but also what they pimp us *as*; i.e., which we reclaim *on* the Aegis through the same cryptonymy process as revolutionary (a topic for Chapter Five). Such education is organic and dynamic, not static and dead; i.e., it compounds through spectres of Marx [gayer than the man himself was](#); re: all the dead *whores* of past generations speaking out through us, having Medusa's sweet revenge!

Furthermore, stories with ace potential invite examination of characters historically examined in a particular way—sexually. However, if Tolkien's hobbits can be viewed as gay in modern times (re: [Molly Ostertag](#)), it's hardly a stretch to see them as ace, including their nudity. The same potential extends to pigtailed girls-in-black solving mysteries; the Archaic Mother trope and various hag personas; the sexually indifferent or sex-repulsed; or even artists drawing women purely for their nude beauty as something to appreciate asexually. Such things don't "cancel out"; they tend to overlap, if anything.

While artists and models needn't be sexually attracted to cooperate, popular media tends to emphasize the heterosexuality of nudity between them. While

Picasso can be blamed for this, a common homonormative example is the trope of the gay artist. In the 1997 film *As Good as It Gets*, we see an asexual scene between artist and model, performed through the gay servant/artist trope: Helen knowing her watcher is an artist who *won't* have sex with her. There's safety and consent amongst a "harmless" observer, the gay man helping her "loosen up" to become more sexual around her future partner, played by notorious real-life womanizer (and rape enabler), Jack Nicholson (re: "[Dark Xenophilia](#)").



Though not conducted through immediate sexual attraction, the scene still feels homonormative whenever the artist—ecstatically sketching Helen's shyly exposed body—effusively pays her cliché compliments like "You're the reason [straight] cavemen painted on cave walls!" The implication is that she—a straight, cis-woman—is where his latent homosexual inspiration erupts from. While it's certainly possible from an asexual standpoint, defaulting to a female muse without explanation remains problematic: It expects straight audiences to intuit the gay artist's asexual point of view, when in reality they'll more than likely project a heteronormative male stance on the woman's body according to the gay artist's bombastic praise. He's a gay proxy for straight eyes.

Furthermore, by making the artist homosexual to start with, the writers don't even broach asexuality as its own unique thing. Plenty of sexually-orientating artists can appreciate the male and female body *without* wanting to have sex with it; and while the trope of the female muse is already incredibly overused in artistic circles, just as many *don't* orient sexually towards the women they feature in their works. For every Pablo Picasso declaring "sex and art are the same thing," you have Derek Jarman celebrating the androgynous wonder of Tilda Swinton (exhibit 90c), and elsewhere though even less known, [ace artists telling their own stories](#).

Doing so isn't always easy but it is important. As James Wenley writes in "Essay on Sunday: Asexuality and the Artist" (2022; emphasis, theirs):

Deeply divided for years between his lack of sexual desire and his longing to connect, James Wenley ultimately used theatre as a means to understand himself as an artist, a sometimes-romantic, a human being, and an ace.

[...]

I don't find asexuality easy to talk about – how do you articulate an experience of absence? What makes me push past my personal discomfort is the importance of ace awareness. Decker argues that "asexuality needs to be in the common consciousness so asexual people... know their feelings have a name – and can stop thinking they're broken if they don't conform." I'm also motivated by the vital need for ace people to stand in solidarity with the wider rainbow community against bigotry, for acespec awareness to play a part in continuing to open people's hearts and minds to the multispectrum of ways of being and expressing that are open to us as humans.

In *Asexual Erotics: Intimate Readings of Compulsory Sexuality*, Ela Przybylo utilises the work of Audre Lorde to argue for an asexual erotics that centres forms of intimacy beyond the sexual, challenging the lingering Freudian notion that sexual attraction is the "benchmark for desire and wanting" and prime motivator of our actions. Western amatonormativity privileges a restrictive and imaginatively-bound form of love and relationships. No matter where you fall on the blurry ace/allo or romantic spectrums, all of us can benefit from more expansive narratives about love, desire, and social connection. As Angela Chen, author of *Ace: What Asexuality Reveals About Desire, Society, and the Meaning of Sex*, explains, "when sex loses its dominance as the most important and intimate thing... more ways of relating and connecting become clear" ([source](#)).

Regardless of where, ace revelations occur through novel interpretation operating as a mode of experience. Be that experience personal or vicarious, opting in or out of sexuality occurs depending on subjective epiphanies: what someone learns about themselves over time. "I'm ace!" is as valid as "I'm gay!" or "I love Steve!" or "Boobs don't turn me on, but they sure look nice!" The journey and discovery therein are entirely the point. Along the way, plenty of opportunities manifest through ambiguous ontological factors—factors that sadly lead to violence from hate groups targeting members of the queer community as gay alien to canonically pimp to Hell and back.

We'll explore some of these complicated ambiguities next, namely among transgender persons, intersexuality and drag as targeted by bigots within nerd culture; i.e., as part of the same fascist groups targeting Robie Harris, Emberley and myself, but also any element of social-sexual education (GNC or not); e.g., Tilda Swinton, a person who, while far from perfect themselves, remains an ace icon unto themselves: Derek Jarman's androgyne muse!



(exhibit 90c: Photographer, top-left, -right and -bottom: [Tim Walker](#). Tilda Swinton originally debuted in Derek Jarman's 1986 *Caravaggio*, but has since made an entire career around androgynous gender performance. Despite her excellent work with Jarman—and the blatant gender-non-conformity present throughout her decades-long work as an actor, artist and model—Tilda defended convicted rapist and Hollywood royalty, Roman Polanski, in 2009. [When interviewed by Variety in 2021](#), Swinton upheld her decision, saying it was "just" for Polanski's extradition from a "neutral country." In other words, she refused to take a hard stance and reject the industry giant [for his notorious and long-known crimes of rape](#) [re: Dreading's "The Case of Roman Polanski"] illustrating the deep connection that exists not simply between abusers and their victims, but also models and artists that goes into a perpetual whitewash of Hollywood sex crimes.)

Inside the Man Box; or, Patriarchal, Nerdy Hatred Against Transgender/Non-binary People, Intersexuality and Drag (feat. Caleb Hart, She-Hulk, twink/femboys, goblins, and more)

Caleb coerced a former sex partner—[Barbie Edge](#)—into having unprotected sex with him (after saying "I'm not a rapist" to her), vampirically gaslit her, then had his parents coerce her into terminating her pregnancy ([source](#): Barbie Edge's 2020 tweet sharing the link to her story about Caleb on Google Docs). This behavior is public record and Caleb has never addressed it at all, let alone in any meaningful sense ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning" (2025).

From rape to grievous bodily harm, the Gothic "slums Nadir" as a means of canon or critique, *vis-à-vis* the troubled Western estate plunged into civil strife, constant shadowy surveillance/paranoia/suspicion/moral panic, wounded trust, and ambiguous unrest; i.e., nadir and revolution as *not* black and white, but again, "grey" per the cryptonymy process exploring various taboos in praxial opposition; e.g., rape, serial murder and demonized mental illness, etc, in neo-medieval forms that fascism enjoys (through state protection) and which Communism rebels against.



(artist, left: [Barbie Edge](#); right: [Caleb Hart](#))

Here, our continual of this iconoclast trend extends [to Greene's Man Box](#); i.e., Patriarchal Capitalism and its broad coalition of unholy defenders funnel humans into rigidly prescriptive gender roles—roles that [fascists will increasingly police through hate, emboldened by opportunistic billionaires making online spaces less safe for queer people](#) (Little Hoots' "Elon Musk Personally Banned Me from Twitter!" 2023). We'll explore the *symptoms* of trans genocide in Chapter Four. For now, we'll examine some of the *causes* in four parts, per popular media and, in particular streamer culture *vis-à-vis* Caleb Hart, goblins, and more:

- **"Ontological Ambiguities":** Examines *some* of the ontological, monstrous-feminine ambiguities that prompt stochastic terrorists to attack the queer community and their representations in popular media (commenting on hauntological, Gothic variants wherever applicable).

- **"Canonical Discrimination in Videogames":** Considers the attackers' problematic, Faustian education that leads to an attacker's mindset: through traditional modes of male education learned by weird canonical nerds like Caleb Hart through sexist (monomythic) videogames and gamer "Man Box" culture, which didactically appropriates twinkies, catboys/femboys, etc.
- **"Poison was the Cure":** Takes a breather from canonical praxis and consider a defense that weird *queer* nerds can adopt when challenging the status quo, specifically my approach to goblins (and videogames) within iconoclastic media as something to synthesize ourselves.
- **"Obliterating Phoebe: In the Shadow of Pygmalion":** Explores how the world of canonical media—but especially e-sports—has informed bigoted attitudes in videogame culture, including how the elite are currently enabling these attacks in the predominantly male world of competitive e-sports; i.e., as "dominated" by sexist men *similar* to Caleb Hart obsessed with making their mark as he has: being "the best" in ways that overwrite the history of everyone else (we'll focus on feminist moderacy and female/queer bigotries in Chapter Four).

There's a lot to cover. I'll try and sign-post as we proceed, if only because we'll jump back and forth between topics (owing to their intersectional nature).

Keeping that in mind onto part one: some of the ambiguities of queer existence that bigots attack (we'll bring up some other factors in parts two through four)!

Note: Similar to William Goldings' Lord of the Flies (1954¹¹⁰), Omelas is policed by children, We'll talk about videogames as the neoliberal medium for fascist argumentation; i.e., as the vector for state dogma, under the Shadow of Pygmalion (an idea I coined for this series). Refer to "[Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning](#)" for a comprehensive look at such dogma; i.e., per my research on it (and which features Caleb Hart—the dubious "star" of this subchapter—in its own pages).



(artist: [palson](#))

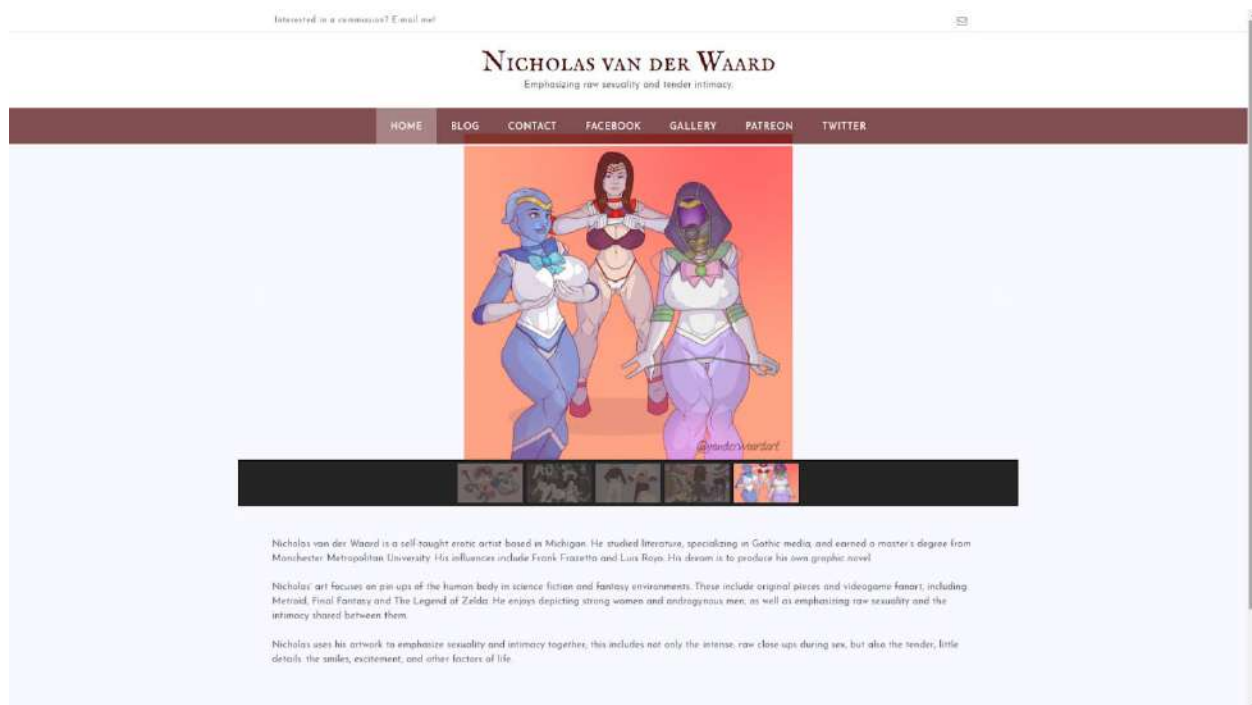
¹¹⁰ The same year as Richard Matteson's *I Am Legend*, oddly enough; re: the precursor for the modern zombie narrative made famous by George Romero, and one speaking to the woke qualities of rebellion as undead, thus sleepwalking in commonly zombie-like ways ("[Police States](#)"). The state *makes* us braindead—including through games and their Shadow of Pygmalion—then pits us against each other!

Inside the Man Box, part one: Ontological Ambiguities (feat. twinks, femboys and shunga)

"Nobody owns a world record [...] Be proud to be a part of your game's history even after your times have been beaten. Because unlike a world record, your legacy could last forever" ([source](#)).

—Summoning Salt, "The Quest to Beat abney317" (2023)

Note: While I openly identify as trans, now (re: "[Coming Out as Trans](#)"), I used to identify as a femboy—meaning for my partner-at-the-time, Jadis (re: exhibit 43d, "[Seeing Dead People](#)"). Furthermore, my art website originally was dedicated to femboys and tomboys, originally reading "he enjoys depicting strong women and androgynous men" ([source](#): "My Art Website Is Live!" 2020); i.e., before I changed the website title, thus brand, to vanderWaardart, in 2021. —Perse, 5/5/2025



When the state and its nerd cop pushes against us, we also must push back as nerds; re: weird canonical nerds vs weird canonical nerds, per state vs worker rights; e.g., Caleb Hart (and similar Pygmalions) pimping trans people like myself, which we'll get to.

Seeing as Gothic Communism explores discrimination in the Internet Age, I want to focus on transgender/non-binary people in *videogames*—with additional emphasis placed on intersex people and several drag queen sub-classes: femboys and catboys (formerly endangered in Gregg Araki and Dennis Cooper's queer

exploitation work)—glancing at the catgirl drag king subclass (exhibit 91a1) and shunga (exhibit 92a) as well, to be holistic.

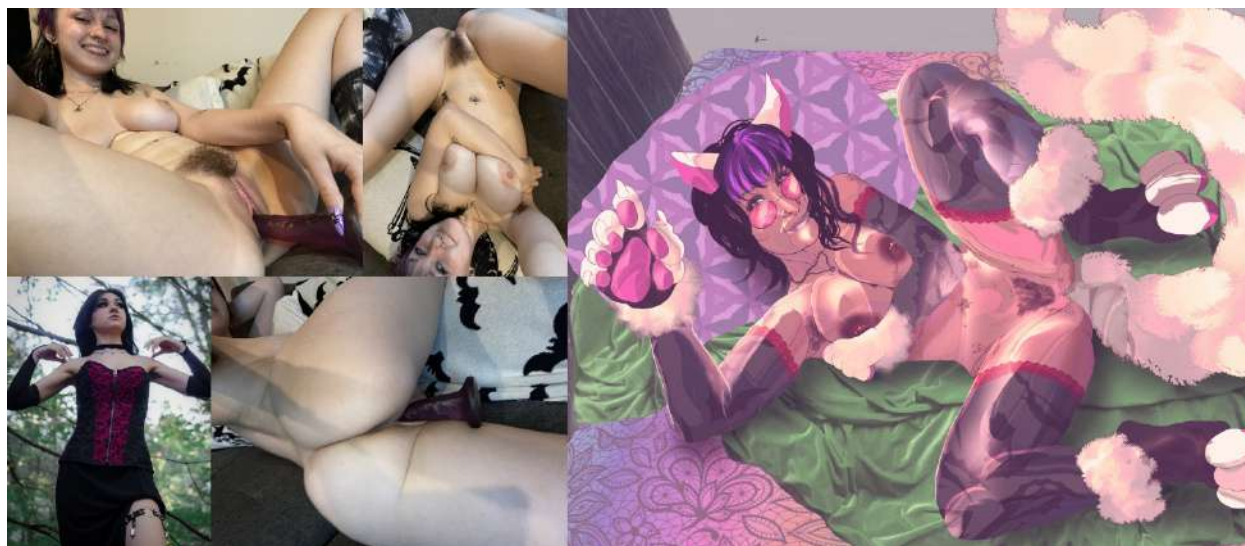
Please note: Terms like "femboy" exist organically in marginalized spheres, which host a plethora of specific and generalized definitions. Unlike reactionaries and moderates, [gender-non-conforming individuals generally allow for a gradient of different usages to co-exist](#) (satenmadpun's "The Philosophy of Femboys," 2022): binary trans, intersex and non-binary femboys, for example (exhibit 91c). This includes paratextual media like videogame fan art, whose own fans go so far as to encourage "femboy" as a unique gender identity while simultaneously discouraging "trap" and various other catch-all slurs [that bigots use to exploit femboys](#) (Professor Lando's "Femboys Explained," 2022; timestamp: 10:14), often condemning them openly and "chasing" them privately as monstrous-feminine sin to indulge in, mid-gay-panic.



However, this can be dramatized in reality TV shows that explore the *open* chasing of femboys, such as *Ladyboys: Inside Thailand's Third Gender* (2014). The show presents the smiling montage of white, cis-het expat men chasing AMAB femboys and bringing them up out of poverty. It seems negotiated equally and fairly but the reality is, the chasers have a material advantage whose unequal material conditions tip the scales in their favor. They are the prince and the ladyboy is the pauper. Under these "sex tourist" conditions, they are pursuing something akin to sodomy through prostitution of AMAB sex workers.

To that, while sodomy with all sex workers functions through the monstrous-feminine desire *not* to have children (and to delegitimize accidental children as bastards), the so-called "trap" is historically an AMAB sex worker who "baits" cis-het men into having sex with an outwardly female/femme appearance but doesn't have any reproductive sex organs. Unlike AFAB laborers, who traditionally are forced to bargain with their ability to have PIV sex and bear children, AMAB sex workers who present as women can make no such offer. So while neither AFAB nor

AMAB sex workers actually want children, AMAB examples are often discriminated against by AFAB workers for not having to bear the "same" risks (which ignores the fact that both are doing sex work—a cruel and dangerous profession under Capitalism—just to try and survive). In short, the male faggot is incorrect within a larger punitive hierarchy.



(exhibit 91a1: Model and artist: [Bubi](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). Catgirls are an identity unto themselves, but one that is canonically supplied to cis women in online streaming circles not so much as drag at all [as the outfit/descriptor "cat" is still quite femme from a hetero standpoint] but meant to cater to heteronormative men in fairly standardized ways; e.g., gamer/e-girls, which come with their own pejorative labels, like e-thots. Catboys, on the other hand, are visibly queer relative to an open sense of non-gender-conformity tied to the coercive emasculation of certain AMAB persons by chaser reactionaries who see "cat" as femme, thus weak [neko/twink being a Japanese word for a gay male bottom—generally someone femme to be dominated by sexist parties, which extends to catboys as neko and cis catgirls across the board; and similar "pet" treatments of fertility animals or servile creatures: bunnies and dogs, too]. In trans, intersex, and non-binary circles, the terms catboy/girl and drag queen/king are obviously fluid depending on how one identifies/performs.)

All sex workers face risk, but these risks vary on traditional notions of sex and gender. AMAB sex workers who present as femme or identity as women face tremendous risks by their customers. If a reactionary cis-het man is expecting a pussy but finds a penis when he and the sex worker go back to the hotel room, he may simply kill the sex worker for having ironic/"incorrect" genitals and invoke the gay panic defense afterward; i.e., he felt "threatened" by the other person's penis, and "coerced" by an outwardly femme appearance having "baited" the customer

into a "dangerous" position: a DARVO grooming accusation that aligns with other recuperated terms like "woke" as a kind of oft-"Satanic" degeneracy or corruption that must be cleansed from society to restore balance (while paradoxically praying on the scapegoat as a compelled fetish, of course; "boundaries for me, not for thee").

Furthermore, sex with prostitutes is not safe for any worker regardless of sex or gender for several reasons. One, it's historically criminalized and the victim has no rights (cops will blame them for doing sex work to try and survive despite their material conditions giving them no choice). Two, sexist/transphobic men aren't interested in a fair exchange; they want to dominate a femme-appearing submissive through violence. PIV sex isn't even the point; performing toxic masculinity is. To that, look no further than Andrew Tate, a known transphobe who makes a common chaser argument; i.e., [that it's preferable to bang Megan Fox with a dick instead of Hulk Hogan with a pussy](#) because the latter will physically fuck you up if you try to get violent with them (in sex-positive circles, the theatrical "violence" isn't harmful, displaying power exchange as a mutually consensual and subversive concept that allows anyone to perform whatever role they want; i.e., what they identify as/with, exhibit 91b/91c).

There's also the stereotype of the affluent homosexual man engaging in pedophilia domestically by "dating from the slums" as the actual, unironic groomers of the cute boys they were predatorily chasing: Brian Singer, Kevin Spacey, Foucault, etc (most predominantly those marginalized with relative privilege: cis-queer white men). Their uneven material conditions parallel men who practice sex tourism to take advantage of an immiserated local population, or slaves who slept with their slaves, etc. It's precisely this material imbalance of conditions and the uneasy negotiations that occur under duress that we have to be mindful of when considering the iconoclastic depictions of ourselves that are chased after or framed as bait—often by cis-het men, but other transphobic groups comprised of TERFs, cis female sex workers or even trans men/women pitted against one another (myself having been the victim of trans-on-trans violence committed by trans men against me; re: "[Setting the Record Straight, Transmisia Experience: 5/26/2023](#)").

Femboys, ladyboys, catboys, twink, etc, aren't "false women" nor groomers. Nor are they automatically AMAB, as proven by binary trans men and trans masc enbys or genderfluid persons subverting roles normally assigned to cis-het men, homosexuals and trans women (exhibit 91c). Regardless of the sex or gender of someone who identifies or performs as a femboy or twink, not everyone approaches these roles sex-positively and their usage remains immediately ambiguous in a visual sense. Iconoclastic depictions of femboys (and the trans, intersex or non-binary people using these labels; exhibit 91b/c) amount to appreciative representation during the *context* of liminal expression—i.e., a right for these groups to call themselves "traps" as an oppressed class in a systemic sense *should*

they choose to (similar to identifying as a witch in relation to an ongoing struggle against heteronormative oppression and persecution).

Under *canonical* praxis, artists—or those who distribute or consume their work—will project onto femboys as disposable, presumed-male commodities that "bait" cis-het men with the temptation of a "forbidden fruit": the "trap" of entirely unproductive (or gender-confused sex, regarding trans men) as a slur assigned by the oppressor towards the oppressed. This is a kind of desperate or coercive queerness whose internalized homophobia bears reactive, heteronormative roots, and its "chasers" should not use the word "trap" to "joke" about femboys, any more than white metal musicians should "joke" about racism by



- putting the Confederate flag on their guitars (with Dimebag Darrell being a privileged, middle-class white boy whose band swapped images over and over until they found their biggest fans: middle-class white boys):

One of the acts most prominently connected to the Confederate flag is Lynyrd Skynyrd, who were known for using the flag as a stage backdrop, on their merchandise and even featured it on the cover of their 1988 live album *Southern by the Grace of God*. It was legitimately a huge part of the band's image.

In 2012, Skynyrd decided to stop using the Confederate flag. The last surviving original member, guitarist Gary Rossington, explained why during a [CNN appearance](#).

"Through the years, people like the KKK and skinheads kinda kidnapped the Dixie or Southern flag from its tradition and the heritage of the soldiers, that's what it was about," Rossington said at the time. "We didn't want that to go to our fans or show the image like we agreed with any of the race stuff or any of the bad things."

Essentially, they acknowledged what the flag represented and they didn't want to be associated with those things. Though I would argue it was never hijacked in the name of white supremacy — it has always been about white supremacy — it's commendable that Skynyrd took a stand even though it meant they'd lose some supporters.

Plenty of other artists have used the imagery including Tom Petty, Ted Nugent and Kid Rock. Pantera's late Dimebag Darrell, Ozzy Osbourne's Zakk Wylde and Poison's Bret Michaels all had Confederate flag guitars. If you're interested in reading more about these artists' use of the flag (most of which have abandoned the use of it) you can check out [this piece](#) diving into the genre's history with the flag by our sister site Ultimate Classic Rock ([source](#): Rabab Al Sharif's "The Confederate Flag Isn't a Symbol of Rebellion — It's a Symbol of Racism," 2020).

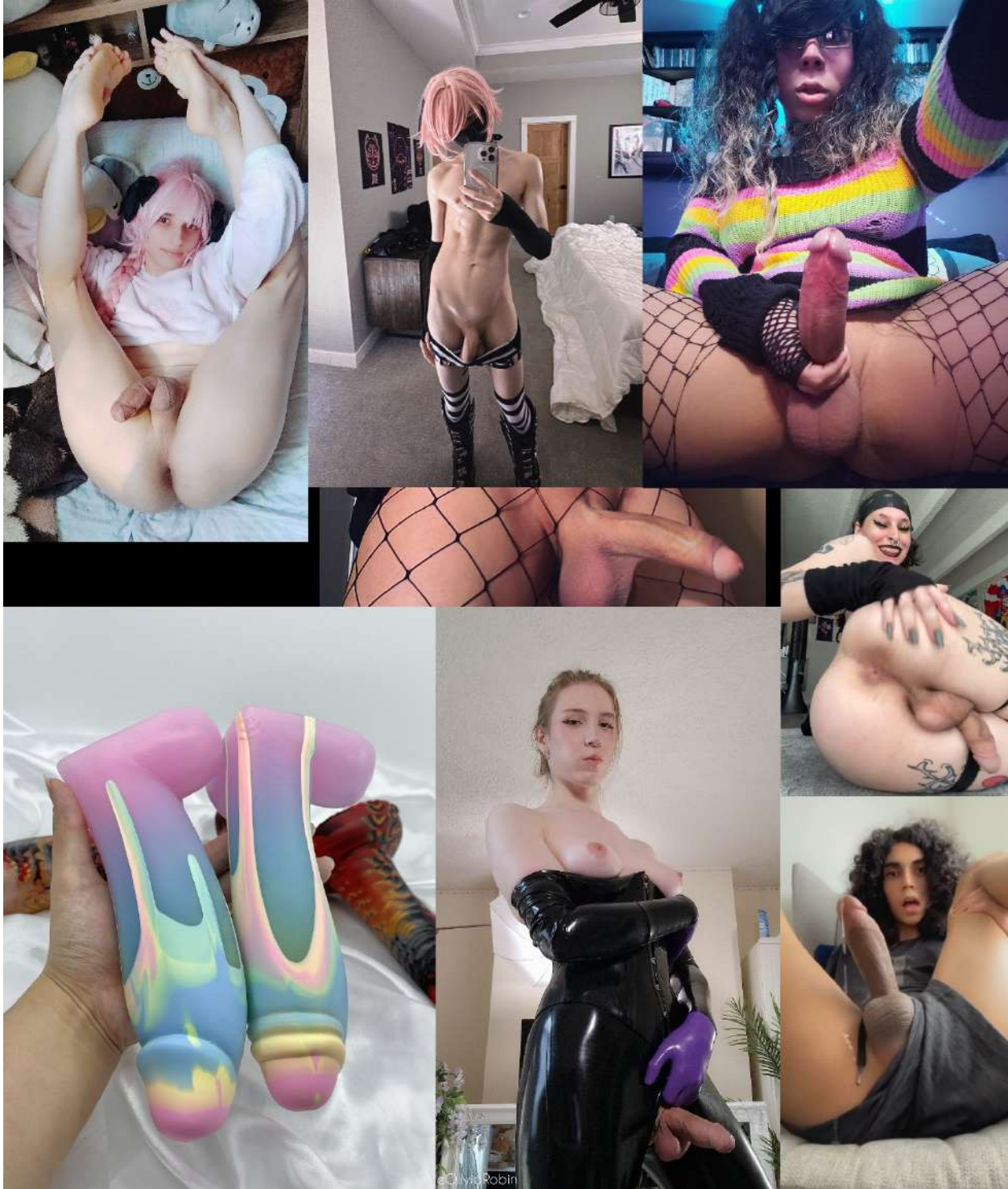
- [using the Nazi salute](#) (Metal Sludge's "Rock Stars who saluted Nazi Sieg Heil; Sixx, Hetfield, Ulrich & Bowie," 2016).

And even musicians of color should be careful using oppressor dogwhistles to code-switch with, lest they become colonizer token puppets/useful fools, canonizing racism on par with Candice Owens, Kayne West or Blair White as "minority police" class traitors; e.g., Kayne's praising of Adolf Hitler—but also encouraging white people to say the n-word; Donald Glover's 2012 recollection of it in "Donald Glover Reveals The One Thing Charlie Sheen Did Right" (2021, [timestamp](#): 3:33).

With all of these, nature is—as always—as monstrous-feminine thing to pimp, including male examples like femboys; i.e., in games like *Zelda*'s famous Amazon fantasies putting Link on the disempowered end of these exchanges, which we can camp in our own media, on and offstage, as much as people like Caleb Hart colonize. In either case, exploitation and liberation exist in duality inside the same contested half-real sphere:



(exhibit 91b1: [Source](#), left; artist, right: [Belka-dog](#). Some people identify with their birth sex, but play with gender. For example, some femboys relate to Link from *The Legend of Zelda* series as AMABs [for proof, [consider this Twitter clip of Link having jiggly balls](#) in *Tears of the Kingdom*, 2023] who feel femme but still have "boy" in their gender label. But they subvert gender expectations by having Link play with the role of the damsel-in-distress in an ironic way: the twink-in-peril rescued and defended by Amazon women "enslaving" him [war brides/collaborators]. This example isn't of cis men playing "dress up" in order to be humiliated by virtue of temporarily surrendering power to female "waifus"; it's an AMAB femboy being shared between female warriors or otherwise those who identify women with power as something to cherish and enjoy—i.e., a unique form of power exchange and non-binary gender expression between non-heteronormative roles and identities. Non-binarized, AFAB persons could also play the role of the femboy and AMABs could play the role of the drag king in trans/enby circles.)



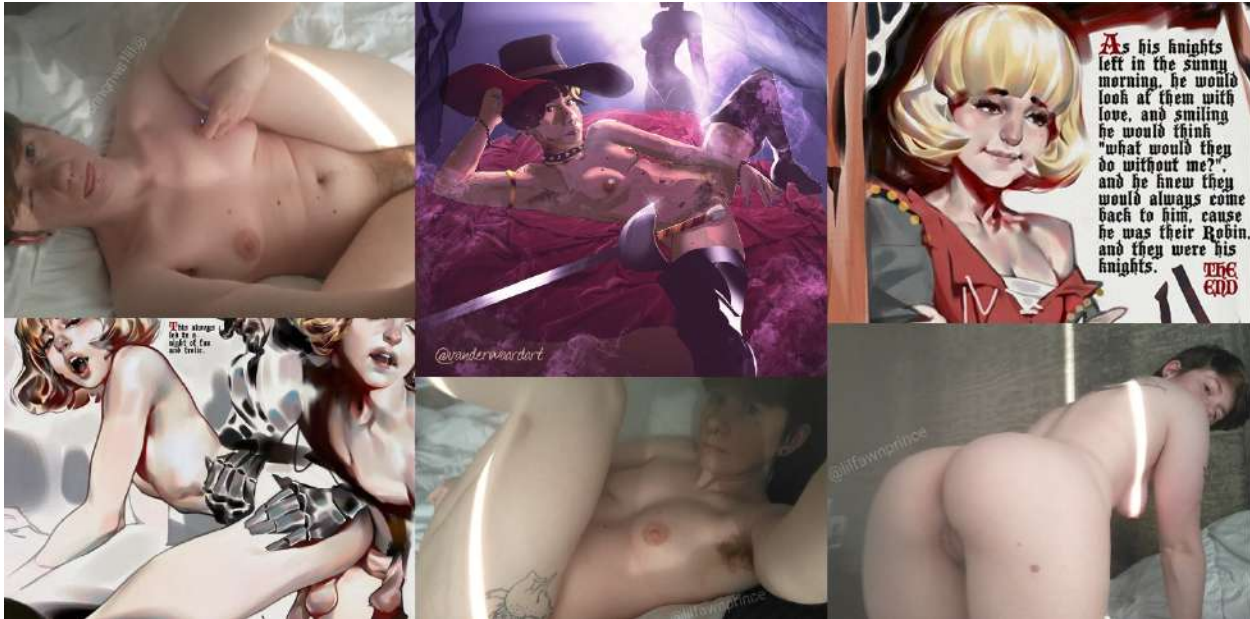
(exhibit 91b2: Femboys demonstrate androdiversity with tremendous irony. For example, although undoubtedly there are plenty of femboys with smaller schlongs, plenty on the market advertise the slenderest of elfin bodies and the girthiest of members [contrary to heteronormative belief, big bodies—especially ones on inordinate amounts of synthetic testosterone—have shrinking genitals]; e.g., the

vacillating throbbers of cuties like [Catboi Aoi](#), [Rayray Sugarbutt](#), [Olivia the Robin](#), [Zay Zay](#), [illiteracy4me](#), [Hanyuu](#), [Jaybaesun](#), etc.

The giant cock, then, becomes something to subvert as a "universal" symbol of rape, becoming a highly colorful exhibit, instead; e.g., [Paladin Pleasure Sculptors](#). Similarly [JadeNeedsHugs](#) subverts the fucking [Predator](#) as cutesy but also physically imposing. This intersection of the hunter fantasy with cuteness represents the role of the submissive often surrendering different forms/amounts of power relative to their actual bodies and genitals, but also their imagined bodies and performances in fantasy realms.)



(exhibit 91b3: Artist: Two drawings by Persephone van der Waard, touched up for the book: [a demon femboy](#) [2021, originally from the ASMR channel, [Dark and Twisted Whisper](#)] and [a snow elf prince](#) [2021]. The drawings were originally created for Jadis, who was encouraging me to delve into niche categories [that they just so happened to like; i.e., a TERF genderfluid person abusing me, a femboy at the time, to take them femboy porn; re: "[Escaping Jadis](#)"]. I also wanted to be morphologically flexible, allowing for different sexualities/intersex and non-binary modes of experience regularly associated with demonic poetics. Also, I wanted to—with these particular demons—illustrate the idea of a "grower-type" penis: one that looks small, but grows considerably between total flaccidity and tumescence.)



(exhibit 91c: Model and artist: [Cedar](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#); artist, far-top-right and far-bottom-left: [Sabs](#). As introduced by exhibit 91a1, the idea of the gender swap isn't just crossdress from cis men dressing as cis woman or vice versa; it involves gender trouble, parody and play as divorced from the colonial binary altogether. Under these non-binary conditions, then, the word "boy" doesn't imply a set gender at all, but merely operates inside a flexible performance whose labeled gender roles announce/identify the power exchange on display however people want to present it: a smaller "(fem)boy" protected by a stronger "manly" master. While Batman and Robin are a classic cis-gendered example, the basic operation and its visual markers can utterly thrive in gender-non-confirming circles; e.g., Sabs' take on Robin the boy wonder as thoroughly androgynous. In non-binary terms, "boymoding" and "girlmoding" refer to dressing like a boy/girl relative to one's chosen gender—e.g., a trans femme person boymoding when they dress "like a boy" in public. However, this can be as much dressing the way you want to present versus conforming in self-defense to a given idea of gender performance; i.e., within a mode of unequal power exchange whose set role types yield flexible gender components, such as "topping from the bottom" while still doing conventionally girly activities framed as "boyish."

For example, a trans man can—as a pet-like catboy or servile femboy—be protected by a formidable, armored protector of any sex/gender yet still present an ancient, medieval flavor that feels subversive of the usual depictions within crossdress. By toying with the gender roles in a genderqueer, xenophilic fashion, iconoclasts can subvert the historical-material flavor of fixed gender roles, allowing any gender to enjoy the titles and roles of power exchange dressed up in sex-positive nostalgia as pointedly hauntological, thus intentionally different/at odds with the standards that bigots enforce. In other words, the reinvention is not of the language itself or chronotope, but how it's used: who can do what within hauntological BDSM

regardless of gender. Under these conditions, words like "cave," "stable," and "lance" take on very different, playfully sexual meanings that aren't entirely divorced from their medieval history. Undoubtedly there would have been some form of love between people forced to identify as male in the historical past: knights and their squires as more genderfluid than would have been recorded in official histories.)

As a larger social-sexual system, heteronormativity is multi-registered, favoring a superior group over an inferior group on various levels. For example, while cis women are coded as inferior to men (and have been for centuries), trans people are coded as inferior to cis-people, [which intersects with white women's liminal status as "privileged, valuable" sex objects compared to people of color](#) (F.D. Signifier's "Conservatives Are Bad at S*x," 2022). This compound bias (and its subsequent discrimination) is cumulative, compounding if the trans person also happens to be non-Christian and non-white; but also intersex or non-gender-conforming in terms of their identity or dress code. These groups fall into the xenophobic category of fear-fascination through monstrous-feminine xenophobia as a pursuit of coercive sex by the status quo towards scapegoated, objectified parties. "Woman is other" becomes something practiced by cis-conforming groups against trans, intersex, and non-binary persons who refuse to gender conform.

Neoliberals and fascists handle this xenophobic treatment differently. Fascists reject trans person legitimacy outright by aggressively denying them their chosen gender identities. To the fascist, a trans person is "false," a woman or man pretending to be something they are not, which sadly doesn't automatically preclude coercive fetishization/"xenophilia" from fascists—again, chasers as a kind of vigilante fascist class. The same goes for intersex and non-binary peoples or drag queens, [with known fascist Nick Fuentes chasing catboys in particular](#) (Mo Black's "The Cat Boy Harem of Nicholas J. Fuentes," 2020) and femboys [being targeted by equally dubious groups](#) (Turkey Tom's "4chan's Femboy Blackmail Cult," 2023).

Meanwhile, [neoliberals have historically profited off transphobia](#) (Lindsay Ellis' "Tracing the Roots of Pop Culture Transphobia," 2021) by using the "free" market to decide "correct" ideas through "neutral" consumption ("free" meaning privately owned by the elite, whose canon they encourage the middle class to consume *and* endorsement): serial killer pastiche as a form of criminalized hauntology. So many people can't imagine queerness as anything other than criminal because the nostalgic, idealized past under Capitalism essentializes queerness as depraved, degenerate, and demonic; but is also something sold to conservatives as a fetishized ghost of the counterfeit, a thing that never quite was until canon forced it into existence:



For example, [having never had a relationship with an "actual" woman](#) (The Damage Report, "Proud Incel Nick Fuentes Goes Full Weirdo On Dating Women," 2022), Fuentes is something of a fantasy "fetish cop," resorting to a common misogynistic/transphobic tactic: abandoning any attempts to coerce educated cis-feminists and "settling" on crossdressers/trans people as "false/easy" women that he can chase down and dominate in private.

Often previously abused, young AMABs can be further mistreated and discarded with impunity through "necromantic frottage": sublimated rape; i.e, the predation of/on weird sex zombies-vampires whose own radical beliefs cockblock them in regards to the people they want to sleep with, similar to Catholic priest's abusing choir boys, Ambrosio stabbing and raping his own sister, or male *shunga* samurai raping their pages [who can't consent, exhibit 92b]. It's master/slave "prison sex" within the system, which leads to a shortage of empowered workers through a *perceived* shortage of resources, of sex, of jobs and labor alongside actual worker disempowerment and emotional/Gothic intelligence as canonically synthesized, advocating for gender trouble as a weaponizing force against worker agency and representation.

In keeping with Man Box, only "the strong" can get the prize, the sex, the wealth, the glory and material conditions. It becomes a means of exposing the

state's go-to targets of exploitation, permission for fascists to board, rape and mutiny against themselves and for neoliberals to look the other way or encourage genocide in faraway lands. In either case, canon becomes cheap "monster food" that turns workers into killer monster babies, not responsible organizers of effective revolt. A soldier is no good if it can think and feel, so canon infantilizes workers (menticide) or batters them by proxy (waves of terror) until they snap at perceived dangers taught to them by appropriative peril. In the end, everything is euthanized; it's only a matter of how and by whom.

Fuentes' "revolution," power and relationships are all treacherous and false, but also self-defeating under Capitalism as exploitative towards all workers, including its bad-faith, LARPer (witch-cop), bourgeois "rebels": the centrists, TERFs, Feminazis, *et al.* It's merely segregation and menticide for the "privileged" and preferentially mistreated workers: cis-het white men looking for love, but also a scapegoat—someone to make their bitch (a projection for their own unhappy arrangements). They want "maidens" but will settle for "false women," even children and literal animals¹¹¹ to prove/validate their own crisis of masculinity/faith within Capitalism in decay.

In the end, they're just false "friends of Dorothy"—fake "allies" already lobotomized to genocidal extremes, wound up like toys and aimed at the nearest scapegoat while they enact their forbidden desires through prison-sex wish fulfillment. Cowardly lions (fraidy-cats) who kill mice for the Wizard, they have daggers for dicks and bullets for brains, wouldn't know mutual consent if it came up and bit them right on the ass. However, this accretion from the same Superstructure parallels canonical serial killer pastiche: the free market's confirmation and endorsement of fascist fears inside a workforce already scared stupid. It's "the wages of sin" begot from a cycle of false preaching that starts at the top and trickles down into terminally empty heads.

¹¹¹ Bestiality and fascism go-hand-in-hand. Chattel rape is something foisted onto women and other, less-fortunate groups, including totemic demons, but also literal animals. The mystery of [the Nazi furry](#) (the singing *Nazi* werewolf; re: exhibit 68, "[Toxic Schlock Syndrome](#)") or [Nazi Bronies](#) (Twitter thread: Woot Master) sublimates/adumbrates the uncomfortable reality that (some) fascists literally lie down with dogs; not all furies are zoophiles, comrades, but all fascist furies are zoophiles or know/defend something who is. Consider these YouTube exposés if you don't believe me:

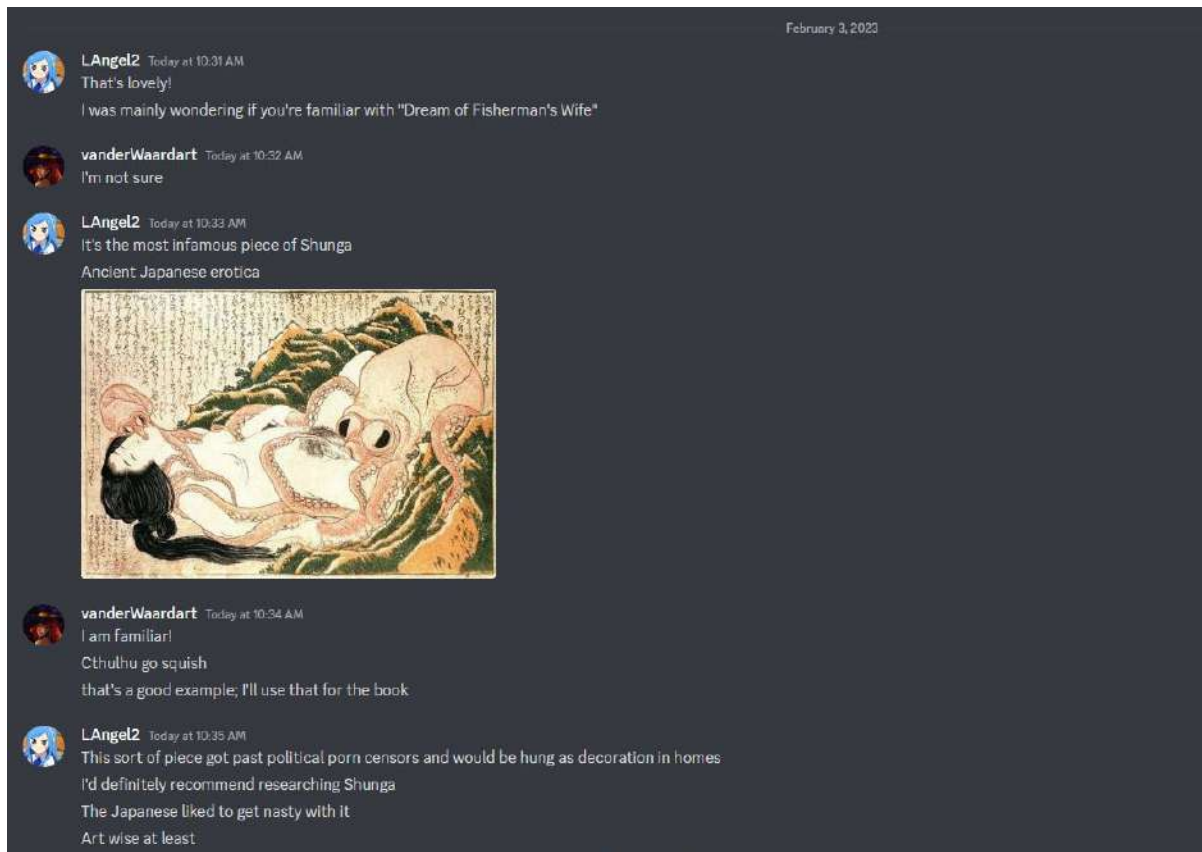
- by [Archive the Wolf](#)'s "Tim Win, the Ouroboros of Abuse" (2021)
- [Toad McKinley](#)'s "Uniquely Degenerate Part II: Doug Spink and The Zooier Than Thou Podcast" (2021)
- [Cecil Mcfly](#)'s "Don't Mess With Dogs: A Zoosadist Story Part 1" (2020)

If you do, please be careful tumbling down *this* "rabbit" hole: What you hear about will haunt you. Refer to "[Call of the Wild](#)" for a continuation of this research; i.e., in a *less* haunting manner).



(exhibit 92a: Incest, bestiality and other forms of chattel rape and canonical pastiche are symptoms of the state defending itself. This oppositional praxis and liminal conflict can be seen in the time, place and media of a given historical period.

Consider the abject shunga erotica, "The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife" by Hokusai. Its "ancient" hauntology is fairly recent—1814, four years before Mary Shelley wrote Frankenstein—but conveys abject realities tied to ghosts of the counterfeit we see in the here-and-now. Just consider Japanese hentai or "perversion," whose bourgeois rape apologia leads to hauntological bad play as something to not only consume, but defend while attacking sex-positive people conflated with the very rape that fascists obscure and use themselves: groomers. Fascists are the savages—dissociative, duplicitous brutalizers unable to imagine anything beyond their psychosexual urges coded into them by state-corporate propaganda. As such, they abject what is alien in defense of the state, making themselves bourgeois monsters that exploit other workers within the same prison-like structure. If that seems like a stretch, consider the period in which Hokusai did their print—outlined in our partner exhibit below.)



(exhibit 92b: An excerpt from the conversation between my friend [Angel](#) [from exhibit 54; re: "[Furry Panic](#)"] and myself, shared with permission [the full conversation can be found, [here](#)]. Sex workers communicate about abject topics to become more aware about present-day dangers, usually by talking about and consuming monster media. They can then reverse-abject and subvert them while living inside the police state. But they have to learn about and study them during informed, outlawed, extracurricular exhibits. As Angel explains [above] to me about their own research into shunga erotica, "It was a police state until the fall of the Shogunate. Until the late 1800s[ish] Japan was a closed country for over a century. Nobody got in or out." On one hand, erotica like Hokusai's "got past political porn censors and would be hung as decoration in homes," but it was still dangerous. The state could, at any time, kill those creating it, throwing bourgeois stooges under the proverbial bus. To look at and discuss this material at all is anathema, with sex-positive de facto educators and proletarian witches "outed" as pedophiles by the very persons most likely to commit these atrocities unironically in defense of the state; e.g., the revived Shogunate flag of the Japanese Imperium leading into WW2. Marx's historical-material nightmare can still be challenged, but doing so is always dangerous to revolutionaries. So grotesque modern artists like Junji Ito take their own misdirection pathways to pass off their tyrannical intimations as harmless to the state's continued hegemony.)

Before we move onto the "prison sex" phenomenon conducted by a gradient of sex pests/fiends, a few final words about those they animalize: femboys, catboys, and intersex people. Historically exploited in pornographic media, intersex people—as stated in the companion glossary—"exist on a biological gradient between male and female, amounting to a variable 'third' sex that presents mixed features of either sex to varying degrees; the term doesn't represent one particular manifestation, but all of them together on a vast, complicated spectrum of genotypical and phenotypical elements"; as explored in Volume Two, they are often depicted as angels or demons in the classically androgynous sense. Femboy, meanwhile, emerged historically as a pejorative label against homosexual men (as did many forms of gay slang such as "twink"). Over time, this label has slowly been reclaimed, going from negative to neutral to positive—an effect largely aided by crossdressing male protagonists popularized by famous videogame franchises like *The Legend of Zelda* and *Final Fantasy*.

Just as catboys use tell-tale outfits to denote a particular mode of male queerness associated with homosexual slang ([with "neko," again, being Japanese homosexual slang for "bottom" or "twink," amongst other things](#)), femboys denote a linguistically similar arrangement of atypical social-sexual roles/power reversal tied to performative crossdressing. Japanese crossdressing actually predates Western assimilation by centuries (despite crossdressing also happening in Western theatre, especially during the Early Modern periods of Elizabethan/Jacobean theatre) and can be seen in creative resistance efforts to Western occupation through queer Japanese cinema like *Parade of Funeral Roses* (1969; re: ["Room for Both"](#)). This tradition has only continued through the queer, non-Western heritage of Japanese videogames, with Link and Cloud being forced to crossdress to progress through their respective games. One must don a male Gerudo outfit, which the game codes as feminine (a nod to Amazonian myth, which treats men exclusively as conquered sex objects); the other must rock pigtails and a dress to infiltrate a brothel (a drag treatment of the pigtailed female detective).

In either case, we have more than a "cute-boy-in-disguise" situation; we have a "cutie-in-peril" who must improvise to escape a sexualized predicament. Often, these scenarios aren't overtly sexualized, but still contain sexual overtones tied to excitement, adventure and danger. In particular, fan fiction loves to balloon the implied sexual elements explored through canonical dilemmas, manifesting in fan orthography and art (see exhibit 93a: my *Zelda/FF7* fan art from 2019, when my website focused more on twinks and femboys). In response, this ongoing heritage is something laterally endorsed by giant corporations like Square-Enix and Nintendo, who attempt to encapsulate queerness in their own commodified stories, generally as part of a grander, nostalgia-marketing scheme: the ludic past as reimaged, bringing its dated interpretations along with it.

We'll examine these dated mentalities next; i.e., by focusing on Caleb Hart as someone who internalized the bigoted elements and chose to pass them along to

the next generation: by seeing queer culture as "not human," thus worthy of attack in pursuit of false power in streaming culture. In keeping with cryptonymy and chronotopes during the liminal hauntology of war reverse or furthering abjection, all occupy the same bodies and spaces/surfaces:



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Inside the Man Box, part two: Canonical Discrimination in Videogames, Including Fan Art and Speedrunner/Streamer Culture (feat. Caleb Hart, She-Hulk and goblins)

"I don't have an issue with GDQ putting on this type of event, but I have issues with the 'attendance.' If truly all the people attending were indeed females, great. But that won't be the case" ([source tweet](#): Dagnel RGT, 2019).

—Caleb Hart, [attacking the trans community in 2019](#)

As explored in Volume Zero, canonical videogames are—at least through their intended design—a neoliberal false-power fantasy that lures players inside. Ostensibly to escape, it's actually a training simulator teaching them how to be violent towards those coded as "different." The instruction happens while exploring the monomyth as replicated, thus extending the Cycle of Kings another generation between the fiction, rules and real world (re: exhibit 1a1a1a1_a, "[Thesis Body](#)"): inside the minds of young men. The lie of Western superiority (the ghost of the counterfeit) furthers the process of abjection by chasing down the corrupt and monstrous-feminine before quite literally putting them to the sword—the hero's sword, according to its intended use within a follow-the-leader scheme: "Do what I say and I'll make you rich, famous, powerful. Now find the enemy and dominate them, break them down, make them a trophy and a joke."

As we shall see, this isn't a joke at all, but an eerily accurate description of how weird canonical nerds actually behave when taught through videogames in the Internet Age; i.e., by watching sexist pigs like Caleb Hart play them (or Ian



Kochinski, but we'll talk about *him* in Chapter Four, as well as other forms of war pastiche that sublimate war through false power). He's a gym bro leaning into the Ozymandias refrain:

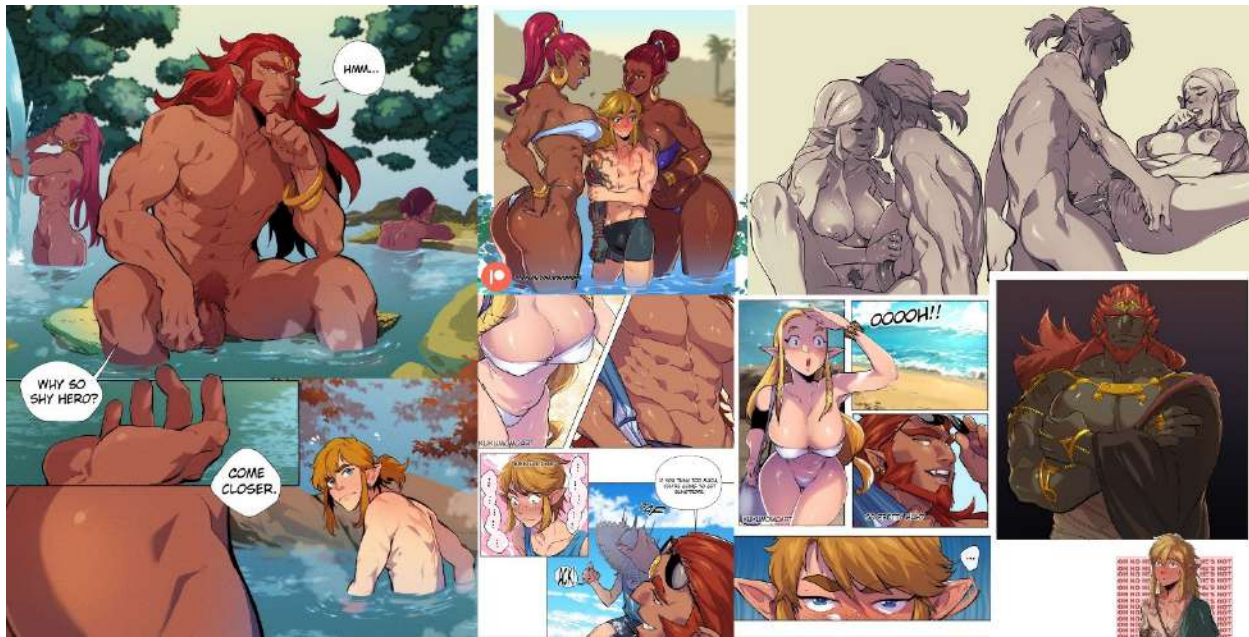
(artist: [Caleb Hart](#))

As usual, we want to camp canon, so here are several ways to do so as I have done them, which in turn are become the very false flags that weird canonical nerds will raise to attack us; we can't be ourselves *and* avoid a fight, and segregation is no protection, so we might as well

out them by having them shit their pants while we enjoy ourselves (for camping the canon, although their humiliation factors into our delight):



(exhibit 93a: Artist, left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); bottom-right: [Doctor-G](#). The emphatic twink subverts videogame canon in ways that weird nerds like myself live for. Weird canonical nerds, on the other hand, will do their best to stamp us out without getting caught. All the same, Link is still coded classically as the wood elf child, less of a "good goblin" and more of a fairy boy/lost boy of the Peter Pan variety [or Oberon the fairy prince, Bay points out]. Ganon, then, is very much a goblin or orc king with his green skin, hulking muscles, dark steed/gear and big nose; i.e., the black goblin knight/regent who—like Dracula or Sauron—returns out of the past like a fascist spectre that must be laid low by a new Hero of Time; and Link—in order to grow up and become a man in the monomyth tradition/rite of passage—must embark on a quest to rescue the damsel from Ganon's BBC. It's the same basic idea with Mario, always saving Peach ostensibly from Bowser's big dragon dong [and Mario's princess always being in yet another castle]. Pretty girl = reward; ugly girl = hag.



[artist, all: [Kukumomo](#)]

There's plenty of room for gender parody. However, as a neoliberal enterprise, videogames emulate the courtly love of older mediums where male entitlement is ubiquitous amid rape as the ultimatum. Indeed, extramarital sex and female agency is always "unthinkable" within the traditional heroic model [wherein gender trouble is the ruffling of feathers during non-binarization and sex-positive consent-non-consent, etc]. The damsel in distress is always at risk of being raped by a fascist rogue or black male rapist, thus must be rescued by the white knight [with the lady's rape being far easier to sensationalize than her adult personhood, general autonomy and non-standardized sexual preferences; i.e., a non-maiden purposefully having sex with people other than white men and teenage boys, or not having sex with anyone].

And lastly, the Japanese iteration of the monomyth offers up the ultimate reward in a canonical sense: The closeted sissy chasing female giants to mother them after the quest is complete; i.e., Samus or Tifa as tomboys who prompt, chide or goad the player, but also literally giants like Nabooru, Urbosa or Midna as the tall Japanese mommy archetype [there's nothing wrong with mommy doms in general, but the enforcement of this towards an entitled group of infantilized boys and men is highly problematic] or Ganon as a Big Daddy archetype, etc.)

Now that we've outlined the various ambiguities of trans/non-binary people, as well as intersex and drag royalty and where they hail from/find themselves in videogames, let's examine those discriminating against them who play these same games. The simple fact is that discrimination is taught and videogames are excellent teachers; or rather, the players of videogames internalize the message as

a bigoted worldview they must defend from outside forces attacking from within. All this being said, it can be difficult pinning things down. We'll give an example, resupply the companion glossary definitions of "weird canonical nerd" and "Man Box," then examine our man of the hour, Caleb Hart (we'll also unpack further nuance for addressing and inhabiting these cultural biases at the end of the subchapter when we look the monomyth—e.g., from the *Star Wars* and *Harry Potter* franchises, but also She-Hulk as a complex, thus liminal category caught between assimilation and rebellion inside this kind of nerd culture that men like Caleb would endorse).

Part of the problem is how videogame companies appropriate queerness, but even this isn't constant. Nintendo's Hyrule has evolved over time to allow for increasingly sex-positive arrangements of unequal power exchange (albeit in an admittedly centrist gaming model of good-vs-evil). Squaresoft/Square-Enix is another matter. The mid-90s weren't exactly a time of glowing sexual acceptance for gay men, leading to a scene in *Final Fantasy 7's* (1997) retro-future city that treated Cloud's "day in a dress" as comical. While I consistently enjoy seeing Cloud (and the player) willingly forgo the hypermasculine posturing of a twink super soldier, the roleplay is nevertheless temporary. However, the game's 2019 *reinvention* reframes Cloud's crossdress as ignominious punishment: It's humiliating for him to surrender his agency (and the player's), made clear by how ashamed Cloud appears afterward, visibly rejecting the entire exercise:

The best qualities of the new Honeybee Inn sequence are embodied by a character that didn't exist in the original game, Andrea Rhodea. Andrea is the fierce proprietor of the Honeybee Inn, a dancer who oozes equal parts warmth and charisma. He's an instantly magnetic screen presence, and the scene's joyous abandon is largely owed to his charm. As he takes Cloud through a thrilling dance number, our stuffy hero seems to open up. It's a performance so convincing one can practically smell the spilled nail polish, and at the end, Andrea waxes poetic. "True beauty is an expression of the heart," he says. "A thing without shame, to which notions of gender don't apply." It's a touching sentiment, and a profoundly queer one.

Yet Cloud doesn't take it to heart. As soon as they leave the Inn, Cloud turns his back on Aerith, facing away from the street. She tries to talk to him. "Please don't," he replies, hiding himself. So much for "a thing without shame." And therein lies the main issue with this whole sequence: Andrea's message of self-exploration outside the bounds of gender is bookended by Cloud's total failure to appreciate or internalize that message ([source](#): Caleb Wysor's "*Final Fantasy VII* Remake Complicates Its Queer Legacy," 2020).

In the same hauntological framework, the views on queerness are endlessly dated within the city's temporally frozen cyberpunk tableau. In other words, the

franchised pastiche of *Final Fantasy* has begun to reject queerness in relation to its own complicated fanbase, a "bury your gays" revival in videogame culture tied to a nostalgic videogame past ("Make Midgar Great Again!") that weird canonical nerds blindly endorse: the pursuit of strength during a manufactured state of emergency.



My personal definition from the companion glossary (and "[Paratextual Documents](#)") describes weird canonical nerds as

A term I coined while borrowing from and expanding on Cheyenne Lin's "weird nerds" phrase from "[Why Nerds Joined the Alt-Right](#)" (2023), and one I present through my usual dialectical-material approach despite the obvious social components I'm weaving into things: weird canonical nerds vs weird iconoclastic nerds, or otherwise proponents of canon vs camp in popular culture; i.e., anything that weird canonical nerds posit, their iconoclastic brethren challenge in duality.

To it, weird canonical nerds work within a toxic *subset* of nerd culture. Whereas nerd culture more broadly is for those who present an increased intellectual interest in a given topic—often in literature, but also popular media more broadly as something to consume, critique, or create (with iconoclastic varieties extending such matters into a spectrum of modular activism and counterculture)—weird *canonical* nerds are those who undermine genuine, active intellectualism; i.e., by exchanging it for dumb, hostile and even bad-faith consumerism and negative freedom for the elite. As something to blindly enjoy/endorse through zealously faithful, uncritical consumption, they celebrate the monomyth and Cycle of Kings as "good war"; e.g., Gamergate, 2014, but also TERFs and *their* territorial emergence in the late 2010s. Not only are TERFs, and by extension weird canonical

nerds, very wide—as a practicing group of stochastic terrorists that encompasses white cis-het male consumers and women, as well as token traitors (of class, culture *and* race)—but they unironically lead to fascism per the infernal concentric pattern as a holistic enterprise (with Gamergate endorsed by weird canonical nerds into the 2016 election of Donald Trump, and whose neoliberal sentiments' fascist outcomes were felt throughout the consumption of media and mentality alike as things to practice).

Weird canonical nerds are systemically bigoted, pertaining to Man Box culture as something to openly endorse, or "resist" in ways that do nothing to change the status quo/avoid the infernal concentric pattern/Cycle of Kings; e.g., TERF Amazons, but also proudly "apolitical" non-feminist nerds who embody a particular status within the nerd pantheon of canonical heroes: Mega Man as a go-to centrist male hero, for instance, but also Eren Yeager as the "incel fascist" with mommy issues, or Samus Aran as the Galactic Federation's singular girl boss/white Indian, etc. All become something to endorse within critically blind portions of nerd culture that ape their prescriptive, colonial heroes within culture war dressed up as "apolitical" (the *fascist* ideology being secondary to the pursuit and claiming of personal power by changing one's shape and language to fit those aims; e.g., Reinhardt Heydrich as a fascist war pig [to combine Umberto Eco with Black Sabbath] who would say whatever he could to justify his own iron grip on the minds of the populace: the foreign plot inside the house, once and forever).

To this, the Gothic and its various intersections, contradictions and conflicts are embroiled within oppositional praxis for or against weird canonical nerds, hence depictions/endorsements of different monster types; i.e., that, in the white, cis-het male tradition of privilege, such persons routinely "fail up," and as success—like a whore/wife or nice house—is something they are taught to believe is owed to them (the promise of shelter and sex). Such betrayals and entitlement extend to token minorities allowed a slice of the pie, post-betrayal, but also must surrender *their* pie when the time comes (for which the real "Indian givers" are the settler colonist bearing false gifts: the Trojan Horse, aka the Faustian bargain, in Gothic circles).

Capital is a funnel whose wholly mechanical and cartographic approach to the world expresses across all its registers while policing them: a privileged center and sexist, racist, and otherwise bigoted hierarchy of values.

Furthermore, this fortress mentality isn't exclusive to one game or sport; the same problematic revival has bled into the competitive realm of online e-sports, including speedrunning as a male-dominated enterprise with a small subset of token minorities from formerly or potential activist territories: the nation's youth becoming toxic, *vis-à-vis* capital decaying into its usual replacement antics; i.e., capital is a structure of *continuous* invasion and replacement, which is why

tokenism occurs. Under fascism, these tolerances are exhausted, reducing to "pick me" behavior from those with more privilege, mid-toxification increasing state abjection (thus cryptonymy) on all registers!

Exposed to bad educators as financially incentivized under neoliberalism (which profits off division, bigotry and manufactured competition within the manufacture, subterfuge and coercion trifectas), Man Box culture is endorsed through the vast circuitry of professional sports, porn/sexualized media and videogames within nerd culture as "making it weird" in a coercive sense. They root for the hero against the villain, which is always an extension of who they're supposed to be; i.e., the one to love or endorse as working against those the state wants dead.

In this case, the fascist nature of masculinity-in-crisis leads to obnoxiously toxic and terminal death cults feeling entitled to sex with an oft-nationalized flavor as exported through taboo materiel—incels, of course, but also "weeb" culture and its more radical forms of sexual coercion: *moe*, *ahegao* and incest culture. These are all symptoms of the unironic monomyth as a kind of Faustian bargain enacted through bad *de facto* parentage/education; i.e., "boys will be boys"; e.g., like Caleb's own awful "I'm not a rapist" brand thereof, passed onto other young men across streamer culture.



We'll specifically touch upon incels, weeb culture and its pedophilic incestuous offshoots more in Chapter Five. For now, I want to examine Man Box as the broader umbrella term that applies to weird canonical nerds as ostensibly not-yet-radicalized to that extent (though when I discuss weird canonical nerds, the synonymous potential is always there and my points about either aren't mutually exclusive). Our definition of Man Box culture from the companion glossary is from Mark Greene, who writes, re:

For generations, men have been conditioned to compete for status, forever struggling to rise to the top of a vast Darwinian pyramid framed by a simple

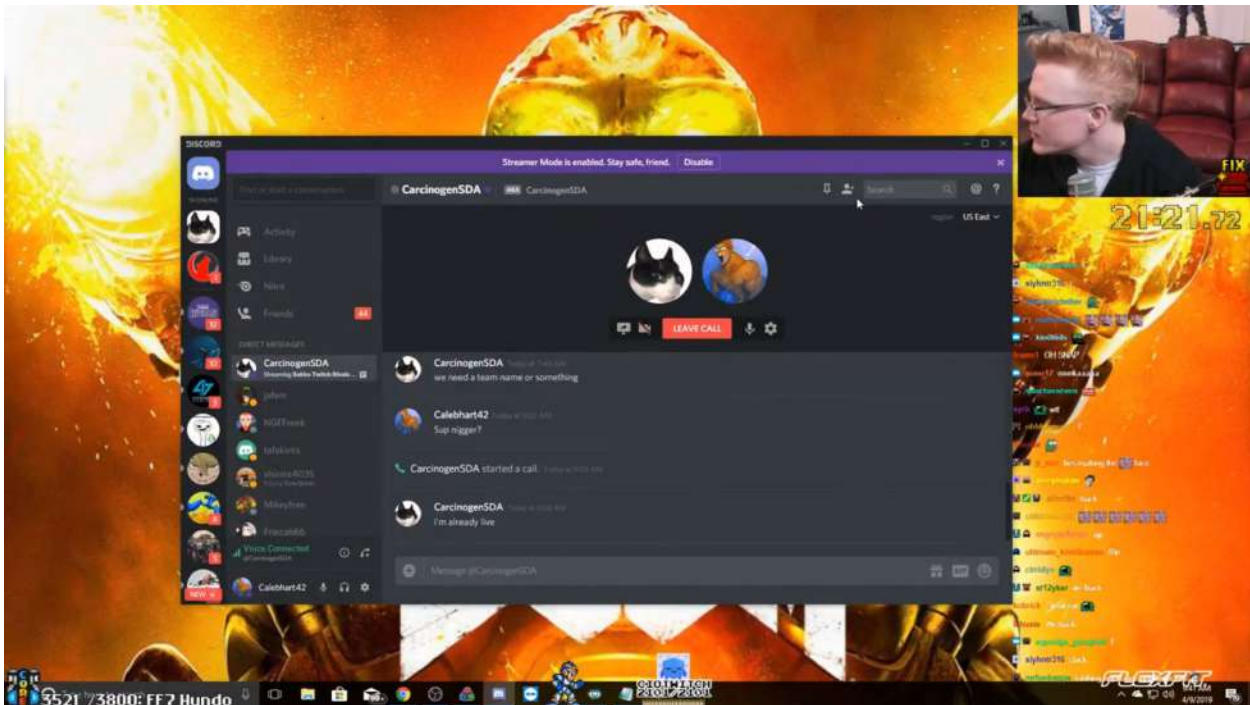
but ruthless set of rules. But the men who compete to win in our dominant culture of manhood are collectively doomed to fail, because the game itself is rigged against us. We're wasting our lives chasing a fake rabbit around a track, all the while convinced there's meat to be had. There is no meat. We are the meat. Our dominant culture of manhood is often referred to as *the man box*, a phrase coined by [Tony Porter](#) of A Call to Men based on [Paul Kivel's](#) work, *The Act Like a Man Box*, which Kivel and others at the Oakland Men's Project first conceptualized over forty years ago.

The man box refers to the brutal enforcement of a narrowly defined set of traditional rules for being a man. These rules are enforced through shaming and bullying, as well as promises of rewards, the purpose of which is to force conformity to our dominant culture of masculinity. The number one rule of the man box? Don't show your emotions. Accordingly, boys three and four years old begin suppressing their own naturally occurring capacities for emotional acuity and relational connection, thus setting them on the path to a lifetime of social isolation ([Chu, 2014](#)). The damage is done before we are even old enough to understand what is happening.

Man box culture also suppresses empathy. The suppression of boys' and men's empathy is no accident. It is the suppression of empathy that makes a culture of ruthless competition, bullying and codified inequality possible. It is in the absence of empathy that men fail to see women's equality and many other social issues for what they are: simple and easily enacted moral imperatives. Instead, our sons buy into bullying and abuse as central mechanisms for forming and expressing male status and identity ([source](#): "How the Man Box Poisons Our Sons," 2019).

To this, weird canonical nerds extends the broader myopia of Capitalist Realism through Man Box culture as a comorbid pair festering within the domestic side of class warfare that can lead to more radicalized right-leaning variants. It bleeds onto feminist groups, converting them within popular Gothicized aesthetics. I'd like to explore how this starts within the echo chamber of cis-het male culture for the remainder of part two; then proceed onto part three's provision of addressing and subverting it; followed by part four's concession that the shadow of Pygmalion is something queer culture not only must subsist in, but deal with TERF bigotries that spring out of these broader material concessions (whose "witch cops" we'll scrutinize in the next chapter).

Onto Caleb Hart.



([source](#): Big Jeffery's "Speedrunner CalebHart42 Banned from Twitch for Racism," 2019)

We're now going to examine the way famous proponents enact bad *de facto* education through ludic metaphors and game identity-as-performance; i.e., by connecting both movement and tutelage to stochastic abuse against trans and other gender-non-conforming representation under Capitalism. The "name" we'll be looking at is Caleb Hart, a weird canonical nerd *par excellence* because he uses his "dude bro" Twitch streaming platform to materialize, endorse, and teach bad lessons/play through videogame culture as something to be "the best" at in a very hypermasculine, patriarchal sense. The play becomes fearful and dogmatic, therefore *isn't* emotionally/Gothically intelligent; its Man Box culture is presented as hip, cool and more importantly, "neutral" thus apolitical. Weird canonical nerds hate politics because they're bigoted; for them, politics is lame thus has no room anywhere in *their* media. In truth, they're just bigoted, but want to act like outlaws outside of politics.

Note: I don't wish to discourage the enjoyment of videogames or speedrunning. Playing videogames and enjoying speedrunning is perfectly fine, but I still agree with Anita Sarkeesian and marry her idea to Jesper Juul's own theories in my own Gothic-Communist approach to proletarian praxis [re-play, from the manifesto's Six Rs]:

"It's both possible, and even necessary, to simultaneously enjoy media while also being critical of its more problematic or pernicious aspects." The idea in doing so to understand, mid-enjoyment and critique, that development is not a zero-sum game, "a half-real zone between the fiction and the rules" that allows for emergent forms of transformative play.

To that, the following critique of videogame culture and speedrunning isn't a total discounting of their potential value. Indeed, to repeat an argument from my manifesto, "I think the grassroots culture and non-profit approach to speedrunning allows larger groups of people to solve immensely difficult problems collectively outside of established business practices"; i.e., speedruns and "ironman/kaizo" challenges that go beyond the prescribed, intended way of playing a game [thus having Communist potential]. And the practice at large doesn't preclude activism [e.g., Heckin' Steve's "[DKOldies: Interview with Former Employee Jigsore \(Full Interview Uncut\)](#)," 2023; or Karl Jobst routinely taking Billy Mitchell—the pinnacle of Capitalism teaching people to lie and cheat others to get ahead—to task: "[Billy Mitchell And The Red Joystick Of Destiny](#)," 2023].

Even so, bigotry and ignorance need to be confronted whenever and wherever they occur (and to allow for gender-non-conforming behaviors outside of "victories first, cry later" mentalities for boys; e.g., [Oatsngoats crying like an absolute girl for a \[well-deserved\] Super Metroid Any% world record](#), 2023; it's ok to show emotions, my dude). The "bad luck" of Capitalism is, in truth, endorsed and enforced through white, cis-het male bias [and relative privilege for assimilated groups who play along under their watch]. The only way to lower the odds of abuse is to change the teaching mechanisms that "master" players to "play along" to a particular set of rules tailored to the real world and its linguo-material extensions (artwork, games, porn, etc) as interacting back and forth over time: material conditions. —Perse, back in 2023

P.S. (5/6/2025), Oddly enough, Karl would redeem Billy a fair degree by being the one to try and lie and cheat his way through a lawsuit defense case he couldn't win (Persephone van der Waard's "[Bell TOLLS for @karljobst: Redeems Billy Mitchell by Lying about Apollo Legends!](#)") and, as already mentioned, being a massive bigot and Nazi collaborator (Persephone van der Waard's "[Karl Jobst Is RACIST in 2025 + Full Evidence!](#)"). Both videos were made in 2025 based on evidence I had written about previously in mid-2024 (re: "[Modularity and Class](#)") and later, mentioned alongside Caleb Hart (re: "[Those Who...](#)").

Historically the videogame business has sexist roots, being made by Japanese companies for American customers: white cis-het boys and men who punch down against those they historically abject, animalize and abuse (with most speedrunners belonging to this demographic). Combined [with the transphobic](#)

[business model of competitive sports](#) (Essence of Thought's "Refuting The Anti-Trans Pseudoscience On Trans Athletes," 2019), conservative ludic circles treat transgender, enby and intersex people, but also crossdressers as a *particular* joke: a source of sexual shame that must be hidden or made fun of.

While Fuentes loves his aforementioned catboys, Caleb—a [famous Twitch streamer and Mega Man/FF7 speedrunner known for his transphobic behavior and toxic fanbase](#) (Andrea Rovenski's "Calebhart42 BANNED From Twitch for Racism & EXPOSED As an Anti-Trans Bigot," 2019) brings his weeaboo-style bigotry into the world of competitive e-sports, albeit with a traditionally masculine physique implying he's simply "the best," therefore an agent meant to police and mistreat others in the Cartesian sense: of cataloging and owning everything through male-assigned labels and theatrics. All of these things belong to men, whether they deserve them or not; in turn, they decide what "women" wear in games—i.e., representations of women and their history as designed/written by men for men. As I write in "Borrowed Robes"; re:

When it comes to wearing clothes in videogames, women cannot consent. Consent requires choice, and female depiction in videogames historically demonstrates a lack of choice regarding character clothing. For women, clothing doesn't represent actual female players and their wants; it represents desires prescribed to them by men. These serve as a form of control—specifically to female players through their characters. [...] Traditional female characters have little to do with female desires in this regard. Instead, these characters are "visual treats" for a male player-audience to enjoy. This logic applies to female game events more generally. The more substantial an event or [heroic a female] character is, the more sexualized they tend to be ([source](#)).



(artist: [Liang Xing](#))

This selection—for what women should wear and how their bodies should appear—is not only a decision historically-materially made by men; it's reinforced by sexist straight men in drag (and TERFs). Drag queens are historically cis, though most aren't bigoted (some,

like Ru Paul, are; [source](#): Marleina Robson's "The Head Drag Queen is Transphobic?" 2019). Instead, their identity is defined through struggle as an outlier group targeted by the status quo. In relation to dimorphic images of the past—one when boys played videogames and girls played with dolls—Caleb is very

much *not* a drag queen in good faith. Instead, he has routinely teased his mostly-male audience with the prospect of "dressing up" as Cloud does, but also as Tifa Lockhart; i.e., prescribing how a *woman* should dress to other (mostly white) cis-het men and boys.

To it—and pointedly through *competition* towards videogames—Caleb treats queerness as something to reject, but also colonize in his own dated gender performances: bad play crossdressing as didactic. Like Fuentes, the point isn't to celebrate femboys at all, but rather venerate his own hypermasculinity in relation to hauntological notions of the future that leave no room to imagine genderqueer attitudes beyond yoking them. Caleb does this by outwardly rejecting femboys while simultaneously fetishizing them through deliberately bad-faith performances—i.e., the Steven Crowder approach, in other words (which emulates institutionally powerful men like Rudy Giuliani, [who's crossdressed in bad faith for decades](#): "Rudy Giuliani in a Dress: Will Voters Care?" 2007).

The "strongman" approach to crossdress has different flavors. As a weird canonical nerd, Caleb offers bad education to an entire generation of young men who—often from broken homes and surrounded by Gothic dogma—see themselves as gamers, but also people who think that their education and their teachers are superior to the gender-non-conforming persons; i.e., those whose *de facto* education the Max Box demonizes as "groomers," to which Ashley Gavin, channeling her inner Pazuzu, apes her mockeries; re:

What'd they think I was gonna do? Right, like how gay do you think I am? That I'm just gonna bust out, on stage, at the PG show? And be like, "Alright, listen up, kids!" [drags on imaginary cigarette] "How old are you guys, eight? Nine? Alright, so some of you little boys, yer gonna wanna ram a cock down yer fockin' throat! And some of you girls, yer gonna wanna bury yer face in pussayyyyyyyyy!" [does best Gene Simmons impression] "And some of you sick fucks, yer gonna wanna do both! Now you go run and tell Mommy and Daddy that you heard it from the dyke first!" (re: "Live in Chicago"; [timestamp](#): 12:00).

Despite being a comedian, Gavin's background is actually in computer science; she wrote "Girls Who Code," taught at MIT and fought STEM discrimination:

One of the more basic challenges was that people don't even know what computer science is. It's hard when a client really has no idea that computer science is a liberal arts field, and that it's actually taught in the same way you would teach physics or English and that it's not a technical field. I mean, it's technical in that you make technology, but the skills you would learn – you could use them forever, and they are transferrable. For example, the things that make someone a really great computer scientist also make them

a really great writer ([source](#): Anulekha Venkatram's "A Peek Inside Her Agenda: Ashley Gavin," 2014).

Gavin's breakout role as a comedian happened in 2023 (similar to Hannah Gadsby, she had been doing comedy for years). And while Caleb has been streaming for a very long time, he's also been *racist, sexist and transphobic* for a long time, promoting this concept as a part of his brand's double standard by welcoming "healthy conversation" about iconoclasts just like Gavin (who, in their eyes are no different than a trans person: a faggot). They cannot self-reflect; they see enemies everywhere; their singular and heteronormative interpretations are always right, everyone else's are always wrong—with dude bros collectively fearing the dialogic chorus of anyone who takes up the queer mantle in their own pedagogy of oppressed/*cryptomimesis*.

In other words, Caleb specifically promotes his emphasis on fitness and physical strength as things to perform and present through his profession as a bigoted, entitled gamer with ties to Japanese ludic exports. "Gamer" is an artistic extension of what defines him and what he endorses: *his* accomplishments, brand, and body as informed by videogame tropes and stigmas, but nevertheless elevated by his appearance as a successful-looking, white, cis-het male who is utterly *jacked* (and whose purported "domination" of his field extends the bias to his crusader's pedagogy—to his body image, to his students, back and forth, on and on—as inherited from the shadow of older skeleton kings).

To this, the human body in canonical art more generally personifies gendered ideas of masculine/feminine strength through "appropriate" bodies; heteronormative personalities in mainstream politics, popular thought, and mass entertainment consistently try their best to personify these monomyth ideals through "correct" performances, including Caleb's, as carceral-hauntological: cis-het "mega" men with strong-looking bodies who continuously overperform in their



lines of work, presumably have PIV sex, "dominate" their sexual partners, and *definitely* don't thirst for femboys.

([source](#))

Tokens aside (we'll get to them), rape culture is classically white and male; Caleb and other top-performers of toxic

masculinity defend Capitalism as forever in crisis; there is nothing beyond it for them and they police their vision of the Free World as the *only* one that is correct. Anything else is a threat, *isn't* the best: girls are dumb and suck at videogames

(and science, driving and sports, etc); people of color are "accommodated"; trans, intersex and non-binary people either don't exist or shouldn't be allowed to compete—i.e., denied from playing games as a teaching device and as a means to have fun. Indeed, the two are not mutually exclusive, save inside the playpen of Caleb and his school of dumb boys. All of them learned this from somewhere; i.e., the echo of Japanese war trauma and subjugation to a Western power that Japan was trying its best to emulate by reviving the Shogunate in a method not unlike Mussolini or Hitler's "Roman" palingenesis.



([source](#))

In other words—and returning to the idea of coercive undead educators from Volume Two—Caleb embodies the Frankensteinian "zombie hulk" who vampirically drains the brains and life force of those around him, turning them into complicit vampire-zombie warriors, but also himself as they collectively soldier for Capitalism in a viral sense. He embodies this in e-sports, quite literally wearing the *Mega Man* franchise on his sleeve and plastering its zombifying paraphernalia all over his stream, an online all-boys club with posters of Tifa on the walls and nary a trans person, person of color or real girl in sight (save those who align with Caleb and his cronies through trauma or bad education). Everything Caleb says or does through

his own metanarrative reinforces the homosocial, incel-level sexism and latent homoeroticism of the primary text, generally through reinvented slogans or insignias associated with Caleb's brand (on par with Key & Peele's "[Put the pussy on the chainwax!](#)" [2020] but far less funny in an ironic way). In ludic terms, though, dominance often occurs in contests of strength—mostly notably sports as a male-dominated sphere, a kind of "homosocial frottage" where sexist dudes literally and figuratively cross swords through contests of strength that push women (and those perceived as monstrous-feminine) away or force them to assimilate. This extends into e-sports, where fans conflate the breaking of personal/community records with cartoonishly swollen displays of manly virtue.

To use an example other than Caleb, the compliments that Weege receives from fans during his WR *Mario 64* run ("*Super Mario 64 120 Star WORLD RECORD Speedrun in 1:37:35*") [largely concern his masculinity and genitals](#) (timestamp: 1:33:19) conflating virtuous masculine gameplay to laying pipe. However, speedrunner historian (and bigot; "[Still Racist \(and Fash\), in 2025](#)") Karl Jobst also describes Weege [as verging on becoming the greatest runner on the greatest speedgame in speedrunning history](#) ("The Greatest Achievement In Speedrunning History Might Happen Soon," 2023)—all tied to its scope, scale and lucrative nature in the broader speedrunning world as becoming increasingly sport-like, thus gatekept.



By presenting individuals "doing well" in various fields, e-sports—like sports in general—have expanded neoliberally under Patriarchal Capitalism, selling the profitable (for the elite) idea that traditional sports have for over a century: vicarious excellence, specifically and classically *white male* greatness as a symbol of

upward class mobility for the lucky champ (the king-for-a-day promoted by the Don King kingmakers of Capitalism). This enshrines the toxically undead gendered attitudes of the performance and performer as something to platform by the owner class towards a wider working-class audience. In turn, this audience views performative excellence in videogames as "jacked," an already-dated post-Renaissance notion that assumes anyone who's buff must be good at literally everything (whereas women and tokens who are muscular or otherwise "built" are good at pleasing/working for men in ways useful to Capitalism; e.g., the pornstar or the black male slave). More false knowledge piled onto war and rape culture dressed up as "strength."

Conversely this treats visibly non-buff dudes who perform well at sports as "the Man," usually manifesting in linguo-material, slang-heavy ways like "'swole giga-Chads" (or something equally cringe) but also muscular, white-washed statues hauntologically associated with neo-classical views of classical art. Think Zeus pulling Metis from his forehead, the Patriarchal "Seat of Reason" that Renaissance thinkers supposedly channeled when rebirthing Civilization, except that concept doesn't really spring from nowhere and, in fact, was codified during the Enlightenment: Plato wasn't just the tutor of Aristotle and "a founding father" of Western philosophy. He was a conspicuously muscular man whose immortal name harkens to his halcyon days as a young, strapping wrestler!

Plato was a fighter. This is not a metaphor. The historian Diogenes Laërtius tells us that *Platon*, meaning "broad-shouldered," was the philosopher's wrestling nickname. As a prominent aristocrat, Plato was known for his pedigree and youthful poetry but also for his physique: the muscles of a gifted grappler, who reportedly competed at the Isthmian Games. And for all his wariness of the body and its wayward desires, Plato also recommended wrestling for the youth. In his dialogue *Laws*, he celebrated the benefits of stand-up grappling. This had a straightforward military use, developing "strength and health" for the battlefield. But it also cultivated character if "practiced with a gallant spirit" [Bay: "Boys will be boys, so let's put them to use" as an ancient placation/apologia of men's spirits as indomitable, uncontainable, thus unaccountable]. The overall impression is that physical virtues encourage psychological excellence: perseverance, courage, and perhaps a greater sense of autonomy ([source](#): Damon Young's "Plato Said Knock You Out," 2015).

[While easily parodied](#), this kind of male privilege socially-sexually translates to "braindead, pushy" masculine personas in the here-and-now that vampirically demand sex from those they deem inferior to themselves—women; or in the case of femboys, "women" (the top being stronger than the bottom, practitioners of these rapacious deeds lying to themselves in increasingly bizarre ways: "It's not gay if we close our eyes and pretend"—i.e., a sort of "don't ask, don't tell" approach).

Furthermore, the havers-of-the-muscles become false preachers with false bodies and powers—king-like Pygmalions to worship and follow as leaders; i.e., regardless of their authenticity or merit (the tissue is "dead," slathered on like clay to disguise who they were/are) and entirely because of what they represent: ghoulish patriarchal dominance under Capitalism. When they flex, lightning rains from the heavens! Women around them miraculously turn into Barbie dolls with giant, plastic boobs! And when they don't get what they want, they break down sobbing before destroying everything in a fit of infantile rage. Like Don Quixote,

they tilt at windmills, lost in the monomyth's endless promise of plentiful reward but also savior status.



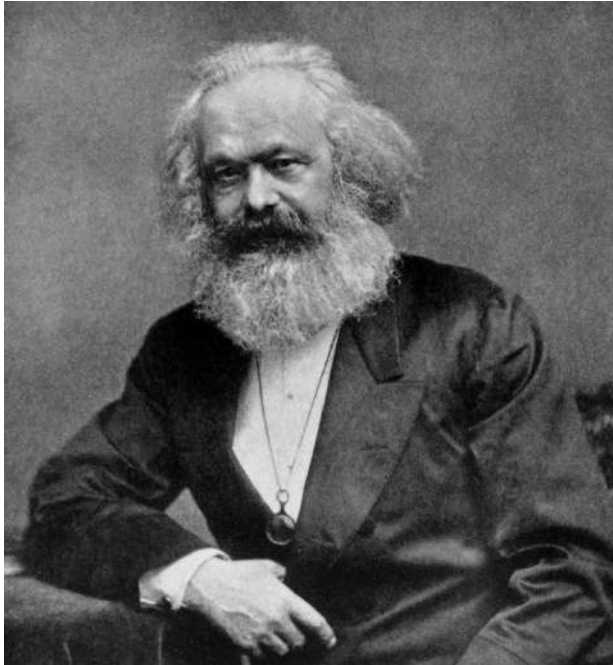
([source](#): Fandom)

Indeed, where *are* all the real women (cis or trans)? In a strange way, these homoerotic warriors become coercively queer—about as gay as Dahmer was, in practice, or Nick Fuentes. These men's use of women is binarized through the colonial assignment of power relative to each—the master and the slave, one criminalizing the other, but also alienizing and stigmatizing them. Such an arrangement is literally canonized, enshrined within canonical praxis.

As consumers, creators and patrons, the ability of men like Caleb Hart to love others is tremendously flawed by their Man Box mindset, so much so that they disguise their inability to relate to women (or other people besides white cis-het men) with coercive sublimation: fake war brides. This can be Fuentes' catboys, but also real-life AFAB persons bullied inside canonical works. Radicalized mentalities towards the Call to Adventure stem from trauma, including TERFs with neoliberal/fascist superiority complexes. They must fit in and compete for the war bride whose appearance is advertised through the Japanese waifu. Like Caleb, female TERFs have their own "canonical beards mindset": marrying warrior husbands that tradwives "settle" for to fit in; or the canonical, "death by Snu-Snu" depiction of an "alpha" Amazon she-wolf taking her own emasculated, "war bride/bussy" husband/wife inside the Man Box in order to feel in control (which Jadis elected to abuse *my* bussy with *minus* my consent); i.e., by force (which she will immediately have to surrender when the state enters decay).

We've already explored how beards—to roll with the facial hair theme we're using—constitute a kind of social "grooming" tied to particular body images; i.e., as

conflated with intelligence: monomythic "good looks" that broadcast virility in a heteronormative sense (or its token allies), which Communists like Marx then tried to camp:



Previous to the late 19th century, beards were common among the upper classes, the wealthy and powerful men who ran the country. They were a symbol of strength and individuality – a bold statement of one's masculinity and prowess. / However, as the Victorian era drew to its ebb, the beard once again – as it was liable to do – went out of fashion, at least among some quarters of society. Inspired by their communist leaders, the so-called "bearded radical" became commonplace, marked by their

thick, long beard. / No self-respecting communist or anarchist agitator would be seen without such voluminous facial hair. Throughout the 1830s and 1840s and into later decades, the beard became the icon of labor racialism, socialism, communism – and a dozen other "isms" ([source](#): Beard Sorcery's "Why Did So Many Famous Communists Have Beards?").

To build on that relative to moderates, a "good, manly figurative/literal beard" means a man/token person is not only intelligent, but "emotionally intelligent," which is really just a bad disguise for canonical dominance within the Symbolic Order. Already emasculated by the state, nerdy men police nerdy women (or those they code as women) to sublimate their own trauma as "being not manly enough"; they gatekeep them, becoming some faction of the sex pest-fiend gradient that contributes to the state's reactive abuse cycle in oft-corporatized forms. Propaganda's propaganda, the monomyth as the narrative of the crypt, the only thing that survives.

A common defense is, "it's obviously a joke," except the sexist abuse, brain death and deceptions are quite real. For example, Caleb coerced a former sex partner—[Barbie Edge](#)—into having unprotected sex with him (after saying "I'm not a rapist" to her), vampirically gaslit her, then had his parents coerce her into terminating her pregnancy ([source](#): Barbie Edge's 2020 tweet sharing the link to her story about Caleb on Google Docs). Afterward, he said his judgement had waned, while also treating her like a sex machine, someone to please him when he whined and didn't get what he wanted, subsequently crying like a baby about his ex (never a good move, my dudes; no one likes being compared *to the abusive ex*

you're carrying a torch for). More to the point, he lied back then and now about it to fans who absorb this DARVO bullshit like a sponge—younger fans whose brains are still forming (as evidenced by the truly awful fan art, see: above). Called out, some might repeat the same defense: "It's just a joke." He's just playing around, not to be taken any more seriously than Wooderson from *Dazed and Confused* (exhibit 63b).

Well, joke or not, it's still sexist, just drawn badly and shown to children. More to the point, Caleb isn't a teenager and neither are (some) of his fans. Defending their behavior in any shape or form only excuses it. Meanwhile, their material presence lingers toxically in the larger world, emboldening those they teach with bad "parenting" lessons about "better times": how to treat women as Mega Man does—badly (which radicalizes to more openly toxic forms, like Eren Yeager). Negotiation-wise, these mini-zombies and -vampires don't take no for an answer, but they do absorb the ability to disguise themselves as not doing anything wrong—i.e., exactly like Mega Man¹¹² himself, in that respect: a little neoliberal, vampire-zombie robot "boy" working tirelessly for the state.

On the surface, Mega Man's not just a cop, but "a good guy." Beneath the skin, he's a functional gun-for-hire "throwing lemons" (the inside joke, here: Mega Man is throwing "lemons" at Wily. In truth, he's *shooting bullets* at Wily's robots—Wily's *slaves* [the word itself derives from re: the Czech word *robota*, or forced labor, as done by serfs]). This Commie twist leaves us with two aging grandpas in a centrist narrative that reduces rebellion to "foxy" [wily like a fox] fascism as



something to put down by Dr. Light as his good boy robo-cop, Rock).

In this sense, canonical "monster pastiche" isn't just cosmetic (the "poster pastiche" idea from Volume Two); it's pastiche that yields sex-coercive, zombie-like and vampire-like effects within

content creators and their fans (especially war pastiche, whose "warrior undead" and sublimated trauma we'll examine more in Chapter Four) crying for "free

¹¹² *Mega Man* is very much the antithesis of *Astro Boy* (1952)—i.e., a boy, not a man, who is made by a scientist whose government bosses want to use him as a weapon (the show is actively concerned with injustice and antiwar/-American sentiment). Creating Astro involved giving him a sense of self. This selfhood conflicts with his position as a manmade weapon. Conversely, Mega Man is *taught* by Doctor Light to have no self by serving the state; i.e., by fighting "evil" as color coded purple and decked in skulls. *That* series emerged in 1987, thirty-five years after *Astro Boy* and eight years into neoliberalism's expansion on the world stage (videogames, as we know them, have almost always—apart from Atari in the mid-1970s—existed commercially under neoliberalism).

speech": a desire not to be canceled in "culture war" as a manufactured conflict the elite condone to protect their own material interests; i.e., "Let them fight."

These coercively necromantic attitudes rest in the sexist hauntology of professional sports. In the increasingly franchised world of e-sports, performers have begun to be viewed as traditional athletes, assimilating pre-existing notions of masculine strength tied to a glorious past: when women were subservient and didn't do sports (a recent overcorrection of the 20th century that, in the 21st century can be still seen in transphobic sports gatekeepers). These also project onto body images the audience didactically consume through subscriber/tipping models.

Furthermore, these models often come into conflict with the sexual division of labor—Caleb and those like him bitterly deriding female streamers for "cheating" at the game of capitalizing the streaming of videogames: getting high stream counts/tip amounts by showing as much skin as the status quo allows women versus what it allows men (e.g., Caitlin Wright's "[The Favouritism of Male Streamers: Why Are Women Left in the Dust?](#)" 2021). Meanwhile, parallel mantras like "more plates, more dates" become something to dick-measure amid parasocial exchanges—with sexist gamers using their spot on corporate-owned platforms to teach their business customers to internalize the same undead rituals under Zombie Capitalism (with Vampire Capitalism stressing the draining quality that Capitalism teaches its workers to do).

In the spirit of *de facto* educators, Caleb embodies the heteronormative persona as a sexist hauntological role model for his community to push to sinister extreme. A currently moderate brand whose toxic fanbase belies a conservative core and past, Caleb Hart the *person* embodies physical strength; Caleb Hart the *brand* attaches to artistic extensions of itself that personify the strongman: as a ludic, fatherly portrayal of strength coming from the nostalgic Man Box past. The "barbarian" gym bro embodies false power, false preacher and false father who dominates his enemies (anyone different than, or resistance to, the status quo); i.e., through the "prison sex" mentality as something to pass onto future students: cis-het boys (and token persons) that Caleb instructs like a surrogate parent or big brother. He's literally their daddy/the man to beat for *being* bigoted.

True to form, Caleb also has a long history with racism and transphobia, but also domestic abuse. According to Barbie Edge, the events between her and Caleb happened in 2016, and by 2019 during their last encounter Caleb still hadn't changed. For him and his fans, "correctness" only amounts to however heteronormative power and coercion can be *adequately* disguised—i.e., to whatever degree he requires to become normalized, thus "harmless" at any given moment. Not only are these "innocent" displays bad-faith attempts to hide privilege and predation ([a gym bro will "close ranks," defending the abuses of a fellow gym bro](#), much like cops and other fascist/neoliberal soldiers do, but also their fans, friends and families; source: Hasan's "SHOULD YOU APPROACH GIRLS AT THE GYM?"

2023); signs of their use materialize through the wearing of various famous "masks." Caleb literally "wears" the reinvented Cloud like a skin (exhibit 93b; eat your heart out, Hannibal Lecter) to conceal his toxic politics and former body image behind a moderate guise. He's the "good guy" because Cloud is good and "everyone" likes Cloud (correction: I like *the delicate twink variant* of Cloud; I want to dress him up and have tea and peg his "little boy pussy" with my girl-cock).



(exhibit 93b1a: [Source](#): a 2019 tweet by Caleb Hart. Caleb posing both as "swole" and twink-ish, while actually being incredibly sexist and abusive towards women online and in the flesh. Much of this behavior is instructed to young men who look up to him during his streams; i.e., a male authority "preaching to the choir" of submissive boys raised on the monomyth. He's [not just saying "I'm not a rapist" to Barbie Edge](#), but also these young boys who will become convinced his behavior *isn't* wrong despite how duplicitous it comes across; i.e., absolute chudwads dressing up "as women" to mollify women and other minorities coded as other in a monstrous-feminine sense. During a manufactured "battle of the sexes," they will emulate his inherently bad-faith tactics anyways because "women, amirite?" For them, "twink" also serves a double function: for bigots to wear incognito while resisting sex-positive versions of twink as a grand conspiracy to defraud "real men" by emasculating them/turning them into silly sex slaves; e.g., catboys. [Unlike the queer reclaiming of words like twink and faggot](#) [artist: Maewing], weird canonical nerds' ideas of such positions are inherently sexual and coercively so, framing such individuals as weaker than them, deserving of scorn and punishment, but also mockery within a punitive "prison sex" hierarchy that frames activists [not white cis-het men] as delusional, degenerate groomers [with black men, even cis ones,

being accused by white men of sleeping with white women, infantilized both groups]. They are a legitimate threat, thus to be chased after and killed, but also fetishized by chasers living in the closet [Caleb and company see twinks as degenerate, but also work as open "chasers" themselves].

For example, Sabs' depiction of scary boy flesh, below, illustrates a friendlier version of feminized male sex work that subverts the classical symbols of exploitation and queer identification historically used by heteronormative forces: the vampire, the witch, and the robot as existing under Capitalism and subjected to the power of men—i.e., the male hunter, Satan-as-male, or aged homosexual gentry perusing the flesh market's "wares." [Sabs](#)' work, while still liminal, nevertheless views the past as imagined in a sex-positive way. It doesn't try to eliminate sex work; it celebrates the twink-in-peril as resourceful and capable, able to navigate the world using the monstrous-feminine powers of cuteness and raw sexual energy in ways that subjugate their would-be killers' rape culture: topping from the bottom to teach men that sex doesn't need a violent top "acting like the man" with a knife dick [or some similar device].)



(artist: [Sabs](#))

For the queer people that Caleb attacks, "correctness" amounts to gauche misrepresentations of what is incorrect—with corporations (and by extension fans and content creators) comparing trans, intersex and non-binary people to demonically violent, criminally insane sex pests/fiends, not Caleb. However, fascist and neoliberal discrimination against queer groups also includes inaccurate representation through "correct" bodies and "incorrect" bodies: Normal people have normal bodies, normal sex, and normal genders; queer people do not, are instead fetishized as sexual deviants, criminals and feminine-yet-manly monsters (Buffalo Bill, Norman Bates, Ray Finkle, etc). Disseminated through mainstream media and enforced on a societal level, this binary is ontologically prescriptive and bears hauntological elements; audiences see what they are meant to be—the self as

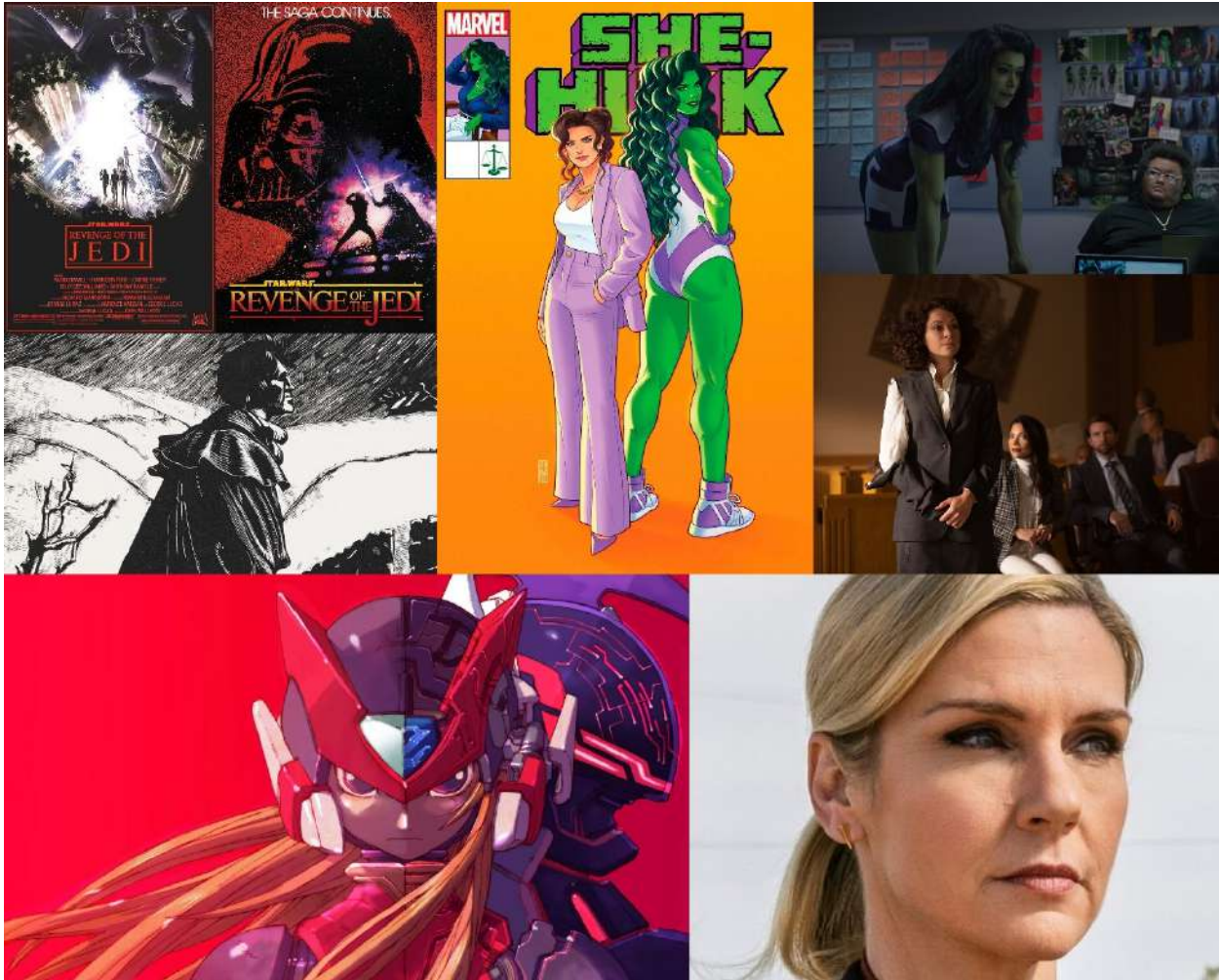
defined by objects the viewer is meant to identify with through a nostalgic view of the sexist past, while also reacting negatively towards objects they're meant to abject: anything that challenges these carceral-hauntological views.

Another way to look at weird canonical nerds, then, is how they become class traitors through the wider societal emulation of heroic media, whose tremendous complexities I'd like to examine for a moment more before we press on to part three as a means of addressing them, ourselves.

Canonical heroes are designed on crises that emulate class, thus culture warfare; this means that their internalized bigotry affects weird nerds of *all* types who see themselves in the heroes *vicariously*. Whether white, black, male, female, or cis/trans, the accommodated and the assimilated identify with the hero who either visually resembles them or who they want to visually resemble, thus emulating their prescribed behaviors and plights. Harry Potter, for example, is a white savior on the good team, the plain-and-tall, Boy-Who-Lived "chosen one" who becomes a cop because someone older than him recruited him to the cause (often an old sage) inside an essentialist scheme. His and similar Vader-esque temptations to darkness is the monomyth in action, its propaganda playing out inside these characters' fans, who—internalizing the scheme as a bigoted model—is merely the customer turning heel inside the meta-narrative.

To this, even if Harry never fully becomes the zombie tyrant, or Luke Skywalker never joins the Dark Side, etc, they're still white knights in a centrist, genocidal scheme that downplays the existence of such a side as fundamental to the monomyth as canonical, thus fearful and dogmatic; it is to be bought and worshipped, not dissected and questioned—*especially* in relation to its effect on how we think, thus see the world.

In turn, this internalized dogma is predicated on anger towards the self as incorrect or flawed; i.e., not manly enough, not *white* (knight) enough. They become desperate to prove themselves by being the hero, which for fascists is predicated on scapegoats and blind/petty revenge, the shadow of the tyrant looming overhead and threatening to invade. Contrary to what they think, the invasion is already underway and, at times, further along than many would care to admit: Luke or Superman are just one angry moment and bad choice away from murdering "the enemy" in a fit of rage; the same goes for the conquered and their offspring born under the established, monomythic order of things—e.g., She-Hulk, the Jedi, and similar comic-book-type characters and media the Gothic swims in:



(exhibit 93b1b: Source, top-left: [Reddit](#), 2018; artist, mid-left: [Claire Leighton](#); bottom-left: ; top-middle: [Takeshi Miyazawa and Rico Renzi](#).)

Heroic self-deception is anisotropic and multifaceted during intersectional bias, as is the fetishization of outsiders. Whereas white cis-het men think they are more disadvantaged than they really are, tokenized minorities think they are more exceptional; and both are overburdened with tremendous insecurity.

Much has been said about Heathcliff's toxic relationship to Kathy and the criminal-hauntological perpetuation of "Black Irish stereotypes" that Charlotte Brontë demonized behind her own masculinized pen name, Currer Bell:

Whether it is right or advisable to create beings like Heathcliff, I do not know: I scarcely think it is. But this I know: the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master — something that, at times, strangely wills and works for itself. If the result be attractive, the World will praise you, who little deserve praise; if it be repulsive, the same World will blame you, who almost as little deserve blame. [...]

Wuthering Heights was hewn in a wild workshop, with simple tools, out of homely materials. The statuary found a granite block on a solitary moor; gazing thereon, he saw how from the crag might be elicited a head, savage, swart, sinister; a form moulded with at least one element of grandeur — power. He wrought with a rude chisel, and from no model but the vision of his meditations. With time and labour, the crag took human shape; and there it stands colossal, dark, and frowning, half statue, half rock: in the former sense, terrible and goblin-like; in the latter, almost beautiful, for its colouring is of mellow grey, and moorland moss clothes it; and heath, with its blooming bells and balmy fragrance, grows faithfully close to the giant's foot [[source](#): Nava Atlas' "Charlotte Brontë is Preface to *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë," 2014].

While Charlotte's compliment is left-handed/racist in an appropriative sense—i.e., "the man who was almost one of us" versus appreciating him unto himself—the reality is that she did not make Heathcliff; Emily did [who Charlotte infantilizes]. The fetishization of the male "other" is, then, a regular tactic of white women and has been for as long as they have held the pen. "I will not allow books to prove anything!" indeed, Anne Elliot.



While anger is vital to revolutionary praxis, it is also a powerful manipulator fascists and centrists exploit to equal measure. Consider how disconcerting it is that Luke is not only pinned between the state and rebellion in black-and-red as utilized by

fascists and Communists alike; but also how he and the Jedi—as the good cop power trip being marketed through the white hero's kayfabe—are stuck within a capitalist ringleader's game as arbitrarily going either way:

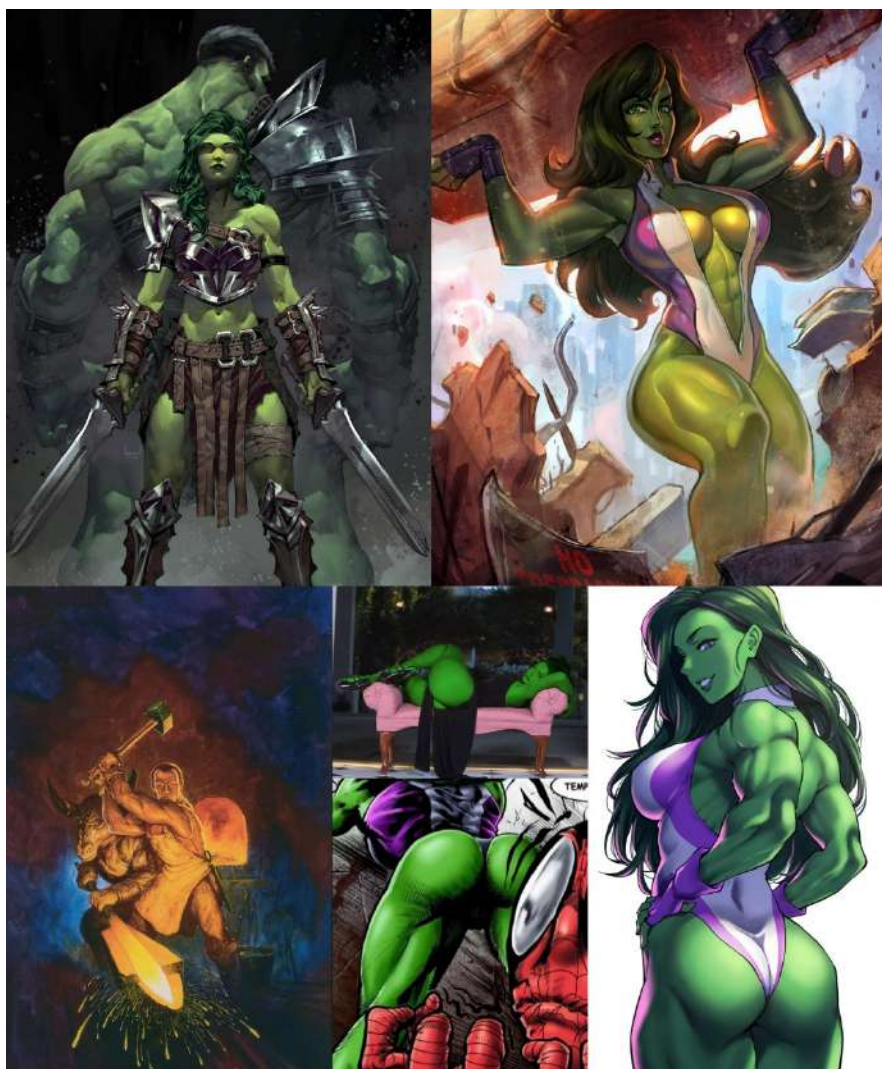
The documentary Empire of Dreams states that George Lucas initially intended to call the film Return of the Jedi, but then changed it to Revenge of the Jedi when he was told by Lawrence Kasdan that "Return" was a weak title. Only a few weeks before the film's release did Lucas change the title back to Return of the Jedi. In interviews, Lucas said that the reason for the change is that a Jedi wouldn't seek revenge. There are many though, who speculate that George Lucas had planned to call the film Return of the Jedi all along, and only used "Revenge" as a means to throw off merchandise counterfeiters. It has also been claimed that the reason for the change was because the working title of Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan was The Vengeance of Khan, and that the title was changed because of its similarity to Revenge of the Jedi. In William Shatner's autobiography Star Trek Movie Memories, director Nicholas Meyer confirmed that he didn't believe that 20th Century Fox would allow Paramount to change his film's title from The Undiscovered Country to The Vengeance of Khan because of the making of Revenge of the Jedi. Nevertheless, all of this potential controversy was erased when Star Trek II was retitled The Wrath of Khan and Revenge of the Jedi finally became Return of the Jedi [i.e., return of the noble king versus revenge of the tyrant]. In any event, the working title was partially reused for Episode III: Revenge of the Sith [source: [Wookipedia](#)].

In short, the cultural anxieties inherent in and inherited by white cis-het men and those under them within the monomyth have been proliferated by the Billionaire Marxism of men just like Lucas, a moderate Pygmalion similar to James Cameron and other imitators imitating Lucas as imitative of various older role models including Alex Raymond and Akira Kurosawa.

The same goes for Stan Lee. She-Hulk emulates whiteness by appearing small and meek, to which the other lawyers regard her with equal parts fascination, suspicion and anticipation. For insecure, bigoted men, she is a kind of threat that "white women could never be" even before she transforms; for white women, she's a threat by "being stronger than they are," more physically imposing and sexually voracious according to the stereotypes. These mechanisms only amplify holistically when She-Hulk transforms, becoming the kind of "real lady" that white-knight fanboys suddenly pay attention to because she's "like them": manly and strong thus must like the same things. This is a form of gatekeeping that serves to further distance She-Hulk from them, but also fetishize her in their eyes.

As for She-Hulk herself, she is torn between wanting to fit in and stand out, her true self the reality of not really being one or the other and both being a threat

response/survival mechanism versus her acting as she might if no threat were present. She's forced to transform in a state of crisis, fitting in to avoid punishment then resenting the system for it. While valid, her "acting out" can be weaponized by those seeking to capitalize on it [reactive abuse] and She-Hulk certainly isn't exempt from the perils of social-climbing becoming its own Vanity-Fair-level ladder of chaos, leaving her heritage and history behind rung after rung [the perils of the diaspora being that black culture is erased, but also associated with crushing poverty, neighborhood crime, drug abuse and domestic horrors. In the face of that abject criminogenesis, not everyone chooses to be a class warrior. Some assimilate out of necessity to become class traitors to varying degrees].



[artist, top-left: [Kael Ngu](#); top-right: [Reiq](#); bottom-left: [Jeff Easley](#); bottom-middle: ; bottom-right: ; middle: [source](#)]

The fetishizing of She-Hulk is, itself, tied to inner myths and complex double standards. Insecure white men will feel threatened and turned-on by her as "more manly" than them in a dark, savage way. But her power will be checked by "actual" black men in the same racist pecking order as "stronger" than her [to which she is both the dominator of weaker

male/female subordinates who are her "war brides," while being herself promised to, or otherwise under the power of, a stronger male leader or someone owed sex who sees her a sexual tithe. There is always a stronger man that she cannot second guess or resist. In the interim, she will be quasi-likened to a black man, thus beholden to the same myths that inform the public imagination; e.g., John Henry of

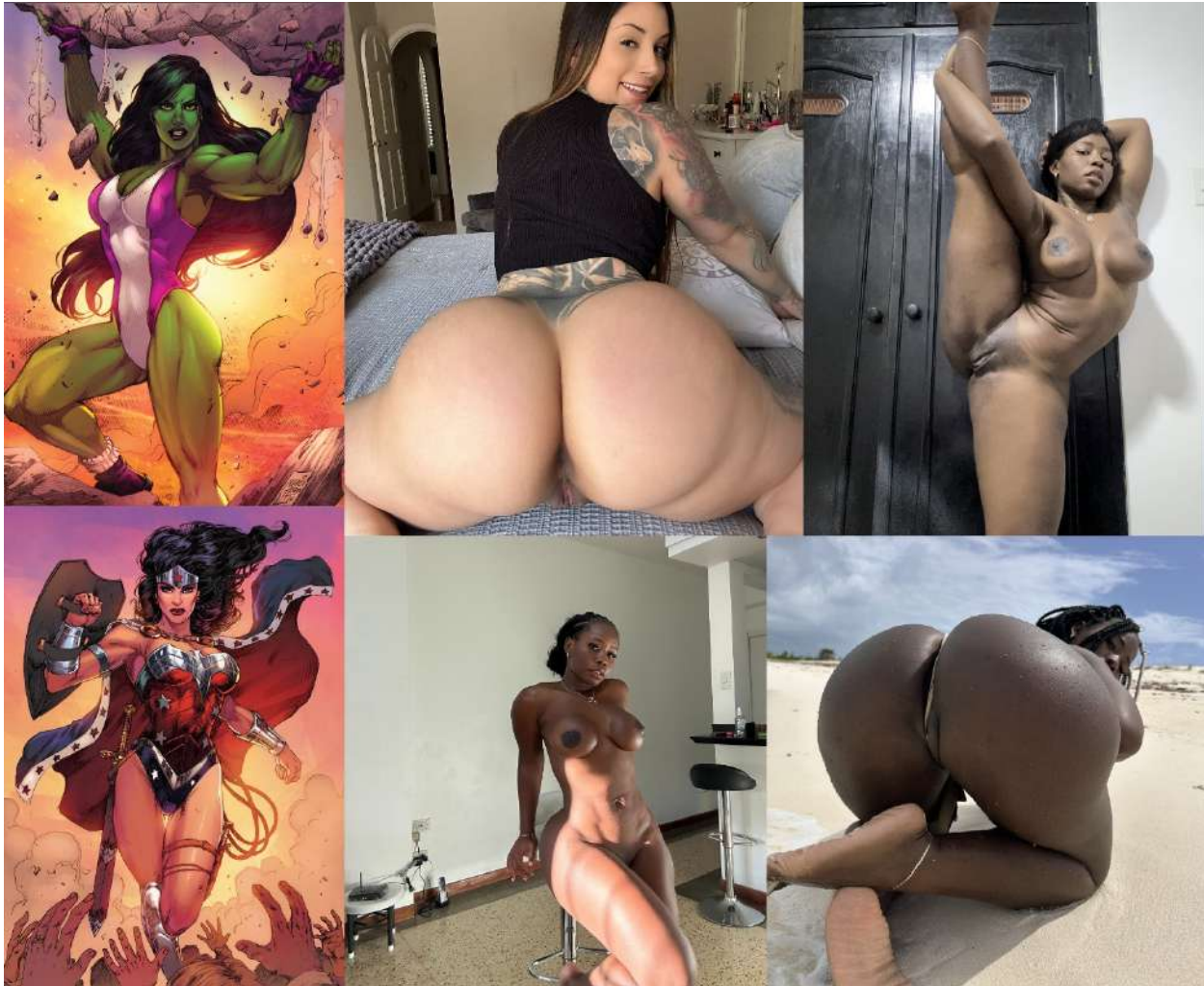
American slave folklore as the "exceptional" freedman whose value was tied up in his ability to outwork machines of industry to prove his value in the Jim Crow era. While Josef Bastian writes in "[Tall Tales — An American Tradition](#)" [2022]:

It's a tall order to establish a folklore and mythology for an entire country, especially when you're a melting pot of immigrant belief systems, native cultures, and tribal societies who have been brought here against their own will. In this type of environment, the mythological waters can muddy all too quickly. Most folklore stems from ancient, oral traditions, where stories are shared down from generation to generation. The mediocre ones fade over time, but the better ones get carried forward, morphing and modifying themselves along the way at the discretion of the storyteller.

The American Folklore Society points out that:

"Folklore is our cultural DNA. It includes the art, stories, knowledge, and practices of a people. While folklore can be bound up in memory and histories, folklore is also tied to vibrant living traditions and creative expression today... It is one of the many ways we communicate who we are. Often—but certainly not always—rooted in the past, folklore is one of the ways we share with each other the things we see as vital and important. It is a central, every-day part of life and how we make sense of the world today, and it is at the heart of all cultures—including whatever culture we call our own—throughout the world. Folklore is a fundamental part of what it means to be human."

The idea of "better" is subjective relative to settler-colonial bias that effects different bodies in different ways; i.e., the struggle of rememory—to be seen as human amid discrimination—is partly dehumanizing through the hauntology of the superhero as a throwback that arguably simplifies the struggle as a desire to be strong in zombifying ways. It may very well reflect the sentiments of the time, but these need to be recognized as boxed within a colonial model that forces the now-larger-than-life memory of the former slave into a kind of mighty shadow they can never step out of: a big zombie to their little zombie.



[artist, top-and-bottom-left: [MARCIOABREU7](#); top-middle: [Giuliana Cabrazia](#); bottom-middle and top-and-bottom-right: July Bubbles]

In that shadow herself, She-Hulk is equal parts sexualized as a monstrous-feminine "black man" who tries to assimilate as meek, but the differences between her and Clark Kent or Peter Parker are complicated by a variety of factors. One, her strength is sexualized [the waifu as curvy and soft] or like a man's [the wheyfu's brawn]. Two, racial intersection of a slave woman's physique eliding with slave men and slave food and the white bodies she seeks to emulate. Three, green being the color of stigma [exhibit 94a3] that effects people called "goblins" other than just black people.

All three intersections converge on the same surface image: her large, watermelon-like breasts and buttocks, her chicken-like thighs; or a more muscled or pin-up-style, white-coded Amazon lacking these "non-white," thicc-bodied traits [excluding the PAWG marketing device in sex work [re: exhibit 32b, "[Knife Dicks](#)"]; or videogames like [Overwatch](#) that market sex work in ludic narratives, exhibit 73b] while sporting trademark green skin having a kind of fantastical blackface-meets-

assimilation fantasy/scapegoat vibe common in centrist narratives [e.g., the Drow and their own complex body politics; re: exhibit 41b, "[A Lesson in Humility](#)"]. Yet, more than just skin color, body type, sexuality and gender, She-Hulk and characters like her are also commodified in ways that become simply standard; i.e., the class struggle becomes perennial, thus stuck in a feedback loop that values She-Hulk for the exact reasons that alienate her. Any attempt to liberate her is a liminal struggle, then, one that must reclaim these symbols in ways that don't feed into the same ever-expanding scheme. It becomes a disguise within a disguise where the surface-level language—like a Gothic novel, metal anthem or comic book—remains largely unchanged and sexual.)

Star Wars is practically synonymous with the monomyth, hence why I dub it "the *Star Wars* problem." It's not the only one to franchise (and pimp) such things; e.g., Harry Potter was poor and made into a prince, but otherwise fits into relative privilege pursuant to monomyth models. The same internalization of white heroism is emulated by token outliers, who become "white" saviors on the inside to *try* and fit in while lacking said privilege and over-relying on what they *do* have. All the while, they privately hate themselves even more than those with more privilege do on account of their incongruous, thus monstrous skin color, genitals, religion, ethnicity, and/or perceived femininity *not* being the white, cis-het Christian male standard—with fascist bigotry generally reducing these margin recruits to black, non-Christian and female/weak or monstrous-feminine/strong.

In other words, the enemy is always both weak and strong and token weird canonical nerds are always *of* the enemy on account of what the status quo will never let them forget (the classic method being according to what they cannot take off: Even if She-Hulk bleached her skin like Michael Jackson, she would always be black in the eyes of her assumed conquerors). Persons like this don't fit in by capitalist design and try harder than everyone else to appease their own internalized impostor/conqueror, but in the end will be replaced first the moment they "fuck up." It's what happens to white women like Kim Wexler working under white men like Howard Hamlin in *Better Saul* (2015) or intersectionally She-Hulk as a black version of the same scheme as even more outside than Kim is; the struggles of both are important and valid, but despite their degree and flavor of segregation and abuse *are* used by the status quo to turn workers against each other—i.e., divide and conquer.

Whoever the mark, it isn't a chosen failure on their part. Through no fault of their own, they are borne into material conditions that not only assign their physical qualities differently from the colonial standard; it proffers a kind of Heathcliff/Black Knight syndrome, one encouraged by these person's in-group "peers." It's schoolyard-bully tactics, wherein the oppressed are the expendable exceptions that prove the rule; i.e., the first to be affected by blood libel/quantum, rapid onset gender dysphoria, global Jewish conspiracy, and similar fascist conspiracy theories.

They will internalize those, too, and use them to abject their fellow oppressed by acting the minority-cop class traitor amid this network of confirmation bias: "See! They're acting like the poor degenerate [slur]! But *I'm* not like that!" They become blind to the class, race or gendered character by thinking themselves not just the exception, but *exempt*. In turn, those with more privilege (which is modular in nature; e.g., white cis-het women versus black queer trans men) do not see the world through these inherited insecurities. They simply have less of them, thus greater blind spots (to which Harry needs and upgrade to his prescription).



We obviously won't have time to delve into all of these different modularities. We'll be focusing on reactionary white nerds for the rest of this chapter and regressive Amazonomachia in Chapter Four. But the base mechanisms of assimilation inform genocide as a group effort perpetrated as much by the many kinds of suffering conquered themselves as bought-and-paid for. "Vae victus!" (meaning "suffering to the conquered") is their Judas refrain (whose context is different than when Legacy-of-Kain-type white boys say it), selling out their fellow comrades for a cheap comic book, monomyth persona; i.e., not something they made themselves, but an extension of the socio-material arrangement of settler-colonialism sold back to them, over and over again. While this assimilation gamut does yield material benefits for some under capital, for the vast majority the concept is simply an illusory consolation prize to retreat into: something to buy. —Perse, back in 2023

Men like Caleb Hart are the blindest of all. Even without tokenized elements, hate groups and corporations encourage heteronormativity by abjecting queer people in front of their target audiences. The resultant biases are lucrative—

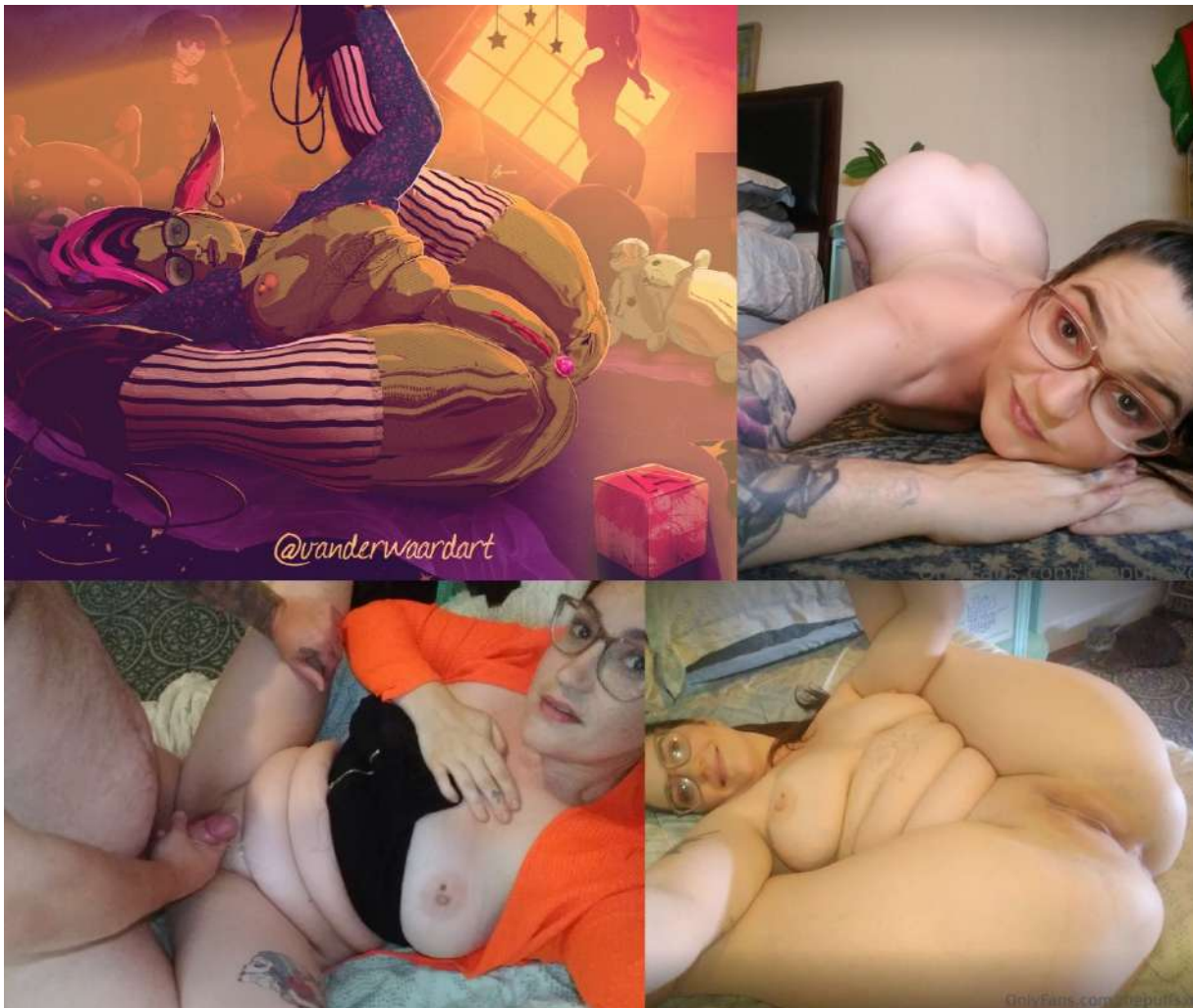
meaning they're easy for the elite to produce and for workers to enact, maintaining the status quo for as long as possible through people like Caleb, but also Caleb's fans/collaborators, including tokens. Capitalism is patriarchal, therefore hierarchical, incumbent on a bigoted language system. While neoliberals deliberately use this system to turn a profit (whether through colonies, corporations, or slave labor) anywhere and everywhere, fascists use the system to colonize itself, inadvertently entering a state of decay (or rather, decaying under crisis). Like a vat of toxic waste, this condition can last for years (the Third Reich lasted for twelve), but remains highly charged and dangerous throughout; centrism is merely the burying of this radiation behind an American flag (to which Lloyd Kaufman gloriously and grossly lampooned).

We'll examine fascism and nerd culture even more in Chapter Four. For now, remember that audiences who look at bad *de facto* educators like Caleb Hart will see what Caleb shows them: a fixed, myopic gender binary that rejects alternatives of the already-great past by framing them as less-profitable than what is "superior." Man Box not only becomes the meta, but *looks* the meta because it is hypermasculine/white (or otherwise supports the status quo in similar ways; e.g., Marisa or Zarya in their centrist forms).

Furthermore, doing so leads to increased radical bigotry as Capitalism decays and people's limited imaginations become threatened by a proposed lack: of the very system they hopelessly depend on to give them dated images of dominance that make up who they are; i.e., the naturalization of heteronormativity as virtuous through market-induced profitability (thus naturalizing neoliberalism as the straight state of affairs). Already inflexible, there's simply nothing for them to fill the void with. The same myopic fragility goes for Caleb's fans. Though many are young, they grow up to be weird canonical nerds with playful imaginations stunted by their carceral surroundings. They police the wasteland with fear and dogma as canonized, decreasing their own odds at happiness through the empty "success" that comes from exploiting others like chattel.

Before we move onto Chapter Four and the plethora of weird canonical female/feminist nerds that Capitalism engenders beyond just Caleb Hart and his own Man Box behaviors in other men, we have two more subchapter parts to go. I want to propose a jailbreak—i.e., queer people "breaking the spell" by reclaiming the linguo-materialistic components of the prison itself, thus fabricate new "archaeologies" that slowly liberate the mind and end the curse. While this can happen playing with many different monster types within Gothic poetics, the goblin will be our focus in part three of this subchapter.

Note: For even more research specifically on goblins, refer to "[Goblins, Anti-Semitism and Monster-Fucking](#)" from the Demon Module. —Perse, 4/21/2025



(exhibit 94a1a: Model and artist, top middle: [Lil Miss Puff](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). The reference material was taken in three parts: a collab ref shoot, a sexting session between Puff and I where they played the mommy dom, and sex between Puff and their partner—all part of an agreement reached between the three of us before starting.

As for the monster I used in this example, I went with the goblin, as Puff and I are both [LotR](#) fans and—reading about Tolkien and goblins—I wanted to subvert the goblin with Puff's help. The goblin, then, isn't merely an anti-Semitic symbol, but more a source of romantic/erotic pursuit precisely because it is morphologically different from the Vitruvian, European standard. Those who cherish the goblin in a sex-positive sense do so for the goblin's trademark plump, diminutive figure that nevertheless can deliver "big mommy energy" in the bedroom; i.e., built for giving [and receiving] enormous pleasure in the same adorable form, using it to nurture their partner/client, while simultaneously giving off quirky '90s-Goth vibes [or some other monstrous aesthetic/color scheme]. In my case, I decided to place Puff inside an attic, in front of a witch's window. There, they lay as a kind of discarded toy that evokes a sense of lost childhood, but also dark secrets and forbidden fun.



(exhibit 94a1b: Artist: [The Sabu](#). Goblins are commonly seen as tricky and cruel—dark little monsters that "break and steal," famously kidnapping¹¹³ elves, humans and other races before taking them underground, where they torture, rape and eat them; i.e., cannibals [which elides the Jew with the person of color and the Irish]. A primary function of their classic depiction is captivity and rape fantasies for white women, a racist "pigmy" slant to the oft-undead/demonic bigotry that incorporates goblin thievery into the "demon lover" archetype of the black male rapist [and the Medusa as "undead" for female goblins] and pirating of the victim's physical "goods" after taking everything else from them; re: "You have heart; I'll take that, too." Subverting this xenophobic composite of the goblin—i.e., as a guilty pleasure of canonical wish fulfillment, rape fantasy and appropriative peril—is important, both for the people associated with them, but also to help the women xenophobically fetishizing them to become more emotionally/Gothically intelligent and have societally healthy rape fantasies that subvert the mechanisms of torture at a monomythically copagandistic level.)

¹¹³ This capture vaudeville is often set to music meant to terrify/entertain children [or infantilized women], starting [for our purposes] with Tolkien, a white British man writing *The Hobbit* for his white British son (re: "[Goblins, Anti-Semitism and Monster-Fucking](#)"). Refer to [my page on Tolkien research](#) to see more on Tolkien; i.e., than I can realistically cover here.

Inside the Man Box, part three: Poison was the Cure: On Goblins, Being a Weird Nerd and Trans Cryptonymy as a Monstrous Antidote to Bigots (feat. Glenn the Goblin, Ms. Chalice from *Cuphead*, Tolkien's Orcs and Goblins, and more)

*He must be killed,
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold
are venomous ([source](#)).*

—D. H. Lawrence, "Snake" (1923)

Note: Goblins are a monster I've written about since this piece (re: "[Goblins, Anti-Semitism, and Monster-Fucking](#)"), my partner Bay identifies as a little goblin shortstack, and I've drawn other friends as orcs and goblins, too. Here, though, I originally explored goblins in a poetic-praxial sense for the first time, making "On



Goblins" one of my first monster-themed pieces in the entire series. It's also another place where I'm flirt with cryptonymy early on, specifically goblin cryptonymy as pointedly trans. —Perse, 5/5/2025

(model and artist: Jackie and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

This subchapter section will get a little trippy. Whereas in Volume Two, we examined trans, enby and intersex poetics as a drug-like means of expanding one's imagination to include oppressed groups, thereby challenging Capitalism in the process, I now want to further illustrate my own weird-nerd approach to these iconoclastic, drug-like poetics; i.e., in relation to the goblin as a transformative tool to deal with weird canonical nerds: with [Glenn the Goblin](#) (we'll go devote an entire chapter to the concept as it applies to standard/token proponents in Chapter Five, but here I just want to introduce the idea in relation to what parts one and two talked about: Man Box culture in connection to male nerds being the largest group of queerphobic bigots to contend with). To be holistic), we'll also look at Miss Chalice from *Cuphead*, Tolkien's orcs and goblins, and a couple other quick examples that—while not *technically* goblins—still occupy the same half-real poetic zones playing such things out.

As such, consider the sex-positive goblin as a kind of cryptonym that addresses canonical persecution through queer modes of xenophilic Gothic

expression that proudly declare, in some shape or form, "We are the gods now!" We aren't controlled opposition, but a goblin-esque chaotic force that can tip the scales beyond the state desires, playfully changing the odds for ourselves and other players by formulating the paradigm shift inside our own magic circles of embellishment (the same idea can apply to any ironic monster type you desire). These half-real territories reach well beyond the canvas and into the broader world, yet remain grounded within media as something to inform these creative transitions moving forward.

Before we give into goblins, full-bore, I want to supply a note about cryptonymy as a genderqueer lever practiced by non-assimilated queer people as being weird nerds themselves (sprinkled within a couple additional points about canon's biggest defenders: our aforementioned weird canonical nerds):



(exhibit 94a2: Artist, left: [Elliot Bouriot](#); middle: [Sabs](#); right: [Quruiging](#). As explored in the "[Call of the Wild](#)" chapter from Volume Two, drug-use as an ontological, demonic-poetic metaphor is something that lends itself well to queer expression: the fawn, fairy or tequila-esque caterpillar infused with mescaline-like properties. "Taken," these variables symbolize transformation as something with an acutely pre-Capitalist/-Cartesian style to imbibe, then hauntologically revive in the present space and time [usually in highly colorful ways]: a new Dionysus, Psyche or Persephone.)

If heteronormative people lack imaginations—are ignominiously buried alive in Man Box "tombs" that keep them trapped within Patriarchal Capitalism, but also its myopic hauntologies' coercive social-sexual roles that worship heteronormative supermen as superior to everything else—then trans, non-binary and intersex persons/drag practitioners are kettled by these monomythic wackjobs. As such, the

cryptonymic incentive is there for them to either assimilate or become a proletarian form of weird nerd; i.e., the "shapeshifter" Kryptonite of weird canonical nerds and their blind enjoyment, thus endorsement of "apolitical," uncritical consumerism and subsequent incel-level/weeb-grade fascism.

As we shall see for the rest of Chapter Three and in Chapters Four and Five, defense of canon becomes the canonical site for hostility against marginalized groups for attacking the "owner's" sacred media. Often, the Man Box reaction is assisted by class traitors of an assimilated, "token" personality type; e.g., TERFs and other sell-outs using DARVO against genderqueer persons for using Gothic poetics for revolutionary purposes; i.e., as Satanic rebels whose beautiful lies must be countered with the usual lies pedaled by fascists and neoliberals. As I shall now demonstrate, We must reclaim weirdness and nerd culture much in the same way as undead and demonic monsters: by making our own.

Not to make a multi-layered pun out of things, but in Gothic theory this Kryptonite's pedagogy of the oppressed is called a *cryptonym*—cryptonymy being the creation of "words that hide," generally in regards to a *secret inheritance* whose *transgenerational curse* is gleaned through a surviving narrative: of the crypt, itself. We've already covered the term "narrative of the crypt" multiple times throughout the book (as it is one of Gothic Communism's four central theories), but I want to go over its full definition again (from the companion glossary/"[Paratextual Documents](#)"); re:

According to Cynthia Sugars' entry for David Punter's the *Encyclopedia of the Gothic* (2012), this narrative is described by Jerrold Hogle as the *only* thing that survives—a narrative of a narrative to a hidden curse announced by things displaced from the former cause. Sugars determines, the closer one gets to the problem, the more the space itself abruptly announces a vanishing point, a procession of fragmented illusions tied to a transgenerational curse: "a place of concealment that stands on mere ashes of something not fully present," Hogle writes of Otranto (the first "gothic" castle, reassembled for Horace Walpole's 1764 "archaeology").

The same basic concept applies in the meta-paratextual sense to those "buried" under Capitalism, unable to imagine escaping the larger crypt because its contents have conditioned them to see and combine everything inside in a particular archaeo-hauntological way (solving old puzzles with determined outcomes).

The transgenerational curse adumbrated by so many incarcerated minds, then, is Capitalism itself. Announced by the inhabitant's procession of dumb, sundered, standardized illusions, the curse is hidden and hides itself into the future by trapping that future inside a cryptonymic, imaginary past. Killer zombie-vampires are everywhere, patrolling the ruin while leashed to it like dogs. Their minds are poisoned by canonical propaganda.

Like Superman's Kryptonite, this poison isn't universal. What matters is how it's *applied*. To break the hauntological spell of Capitalist Realism, queer people can change or deviate away from normative markers and canonical worship—often through composite, "archaeological" forms that reinvent how language is assembled, but also viewed afterward; i.e., the queer princess wandering through the Gothic castle to escape the tyrant by repurposing the fakery of the structure *against* its current owner (the latter a person having stolen or inherited the place from someone else within the system and doing their to restore its canonical hauntological medieval function—e.g., the hidden crypt or vault as a stowaway for fleeing kings becoming an underground railroad in rebel hands, a smuggler's route for rebellious cargo). Once dug up and reassembled in new imaginative ways, these weird, nerdy "archaeologies" challenge the established material order of regular, canonical "junk food": a trans antidote to a transgenerational curse (I promise I

didn't intend these puns; they practically write themselves); re: Bay being trans and goblin-y.

(model and artist: [Bay](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))



I'd like to use the rest of part three to explore this in relation to myself as certified weirdo/trans person, including how transitioning through monstrous poetics—specifically the goblin—has shaped the way I think about media through my own secret identify (one I wasn't fully

aware of until quite recently); I'll then use part four focus on how this improved perspective not only evolved out of older schools of thought, but can identify and address the regression of weird nerds towards canonical traditions/rigged games (and their imaginary pastness)—i.e., as things that teach said nerds to view trans, intersex, and non-binary people as non-existent, thus worthy of compelled discipline and punishment: the colonial binary as an ultimatum within the shadow of Pygmalion (whose praxial double is always monstrous-feminine; i.e., the Galatea as self-aware and making her own art).

Onto my trans cryptonym: Glenn the Goblin.



(exhibit 94a3: Artist, right: [Reiq](#). As we've established, the green skin of the goblin [or other colors, like purple Drow or ashen orcs] contains a racialized "blackface" component, but also a degree of assimilation fantasy in canonical narratives; re: *Black Skin, White Masks* [re: exhibit 10b1/41b, "[Prey as Liberators](#)"/"[A Lesson in Humility](#)"]. Iconoclastic narratives can move away from this entirely by making non-human colors sex-positive; e.g., Elphaba from Gregory Maguire's *Wicked* as a partially humanized vice character or Ester from the *Orphan* franchise [re: exhibit 13d, "[Monster Modes](#)"] but also my own take on the goblin as a strictly "good," reverse-abject proposition, exhibit 94c1. In this sense, green can represent the color of stigma, bias or oppression as something to live with and survive, but also subvert and reclaim.

It's tricky because, while there is a racialized component, it isn't strictly associated with American stereotypes following the Trans-Atlantic slave trade. Indeed, the origins of the goblin date back to Christian-Judaic sectarianism, but nevertheless lend themselves well to Enlightenment-era, settler-colonial tropes and post-Cold-War islamophobia: the person of color as wily and undisciplined, similar to how a goblin might be. This makes the reclamation of colors a bit more intersectional and choosy depending on what you wish to focus on, but there's plenty of room for different pedagogies of the oppressed in the larger Gothic-Communist scheme.)

Something to keep in mind, then, is what weird canonical nerds are: sycophants, to be sure, but also faithful emulations of Man Box culture as sacred. Persons like Caleb Hart evolved out of alt-right videogame culture and Gamergate into the election of Donald Trump two years later. In other words, fascism and reactionary nerds go hand-in-hand, supporting the *de facto*, bad play education of rape culture by literally policing videogame consumption as an in-group to defend from "degenerate" influences. As Cheyenne Lin points out in her 2023 video, "[Why Nerds Joined the Alt-Right](#)," not only is white, cis-het nerd culture linked to fascism (which has more moderate forms; e.g., NSP's "[Danny Don't You Know](#)," 2018); weird canonical nerds are resistant to change, cannot imagine it and *will not* tolerate it in any shape or form that threatens the world as it already exists. Changing the odds is "cheating" and cannot be allowed—not by women, queer people, or other minorities; in short, not by any activist period. They must play "by the rules" in ways that please men or keep men on top.



As such, weird canonical nerds police whatever invokes the void in themselves, created by the myopic "crypt" of Capitalism's bourgeois Superstructure; they project onto the enemies of the state, invoked and identified through weird canonical nerds as "badly educated." Trans people, for example are alien to them, an ideological other the state teaches them to automatically fear, but also kill and rape relative to what trans people attempt to reclaim for themselves through their own *de facto* educators: reclaimed monstrous language as already-

colonized by canonical media, but especially videogames nowadays as representing games in a symbolic and literal sense (and whose playing of games *with* those who operate in bad faith, thus requiring revolutionary code/disguise pastiche in order to survive; we'll examine this idea much more in Chapter Five). "Death to wokeness" is preceded by standard-issue saber-rattling by—you guessed it—white, cis-het men. To that, [Benny Johnson's "Go woke, get smoked!" argument](#) (Hasan's "Benny Johnson Gives Bud Light Free Advertisement," 2023) might sound dumb as hell, but the sentiment reminds cagey and real; i.e., a gun-toting false revolutionary associating death-by-bullet with trans people in the abstract: the "woke mind virus" of Bud Light beer cans.

Despite what people like Benny Johnson or Pat Robertson might argue, trans people are always trans, but like butterflies, transform into their genuine selves, shedding the liminal shell before leaving it behind (for a neat textual example of this, watch *Alice in Borderland*, with Caterpillar). This can involve "help" within art as an altered state whose means of altering oneself to achieve their natural "ground state." Signs that I was trans, then, can be found in my *juvenilia* as thoroughly weird, which combined together my many different interests into what I ultimately wanted to be: what I wanted to fuck according to what I consumed through material consumerism; e.g., videogames, horror movies, metal, and erotica, etc;



but also what I created by *playing god* in an iconoclastic-Promethean sense (exhibit 94a1).

(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

In short, to become what I truly am, I had to use the Promethean Quest to destroy that which was heteronormatively assigned to me at birth.

I had to, in a poetic sense, become a god to self-determine and self-express beyond what heteronormative society allowed: Satan, Galatea, Lilith, etc, as giving birth to class warriors. It's not hubris to want to exist and be myself without harming others—to refuse to be shoved back into the closet even if the status quo resents me for it, calling for my head; i.e., not being weird in a poetically heteronormative sense. Proletarian weirdness is liminal, subverting canon; this makes it likely that reactionaries will brand iconoclasts as heretical in popular fantasy stories that, while they lack overtly religious language, still boast the same

dogmatic, heteronormative function that organized religion does: the monomyth as holy even when it strays into fascist territories. That is literally to be expected at this point.



(exhibit 94a4: Artist: [Naughty Azima](#). As Cheyenne Lin's video essay demonstrates, standard-issue fantasy often revolves around weirdness as something to posture by people who want to be seen as outsiders, except they're very much privileged in-group members. Fascism is built on appeals to white cis-het men colonizing fantasy as their realm; i.e., replete with "weird" stories whose wish fulfillment has a pulpy vibe on par with the original Conan stories published in Weird Magazine, in the

1930s: European-bodied women of different skin colors offered up as rewards in cliché sites of "high adventure" like the saloon, sauna, or whorehouse. And while this can seem all-inclusive, it just as often worships the black knight in post-medieval mercenary groups that threaten a regression into the imaginary past during Capitalism-in-crisis.)

As stated during the introduction, "all deities reside in the human breast." That includes the *teenage* trans breast as something that lives under Capitalism and fantastical consumerism, but struggles away from oppression without being fully aware of the broader struggle. That's what being closeted means; if your closeted, you're still queer—i.e., if the material world outside of yourself doesn't match who you are, your *art* will represent this discrepancy by showing the external world who you are in reclaimed language/Gothic reinvention. As we shall see with my corpus/portfolio, this is true even if you're not fully aware of it.

For example, while I am a thoroughly weird nerd and have been for all of my life, my weirdness as a teenager took a Byronic, suitably horny form: the goblin as a twist on older models of mischief and prurience. In my case, I wrote ambitious fantasy stories about a shapeshifter goblin named Glenn (exhibit 94c1) that could turn into anything. Just as Ursula Le Guin started with *LotR* pastiche and evolved into a genderqueer body of work, my works were initially inspired by Tolkien's fantastical, heteronormatively centrist theatre of war. But my queerness, despite being closeted, still felt precocious (similar to Mary Shelley's own fictions at 19, mine were equally inventive).

Note: For further discussion about this time in my life, read "[Concerning Rings](#)" from Volume One. —Perse, 5/5/2025

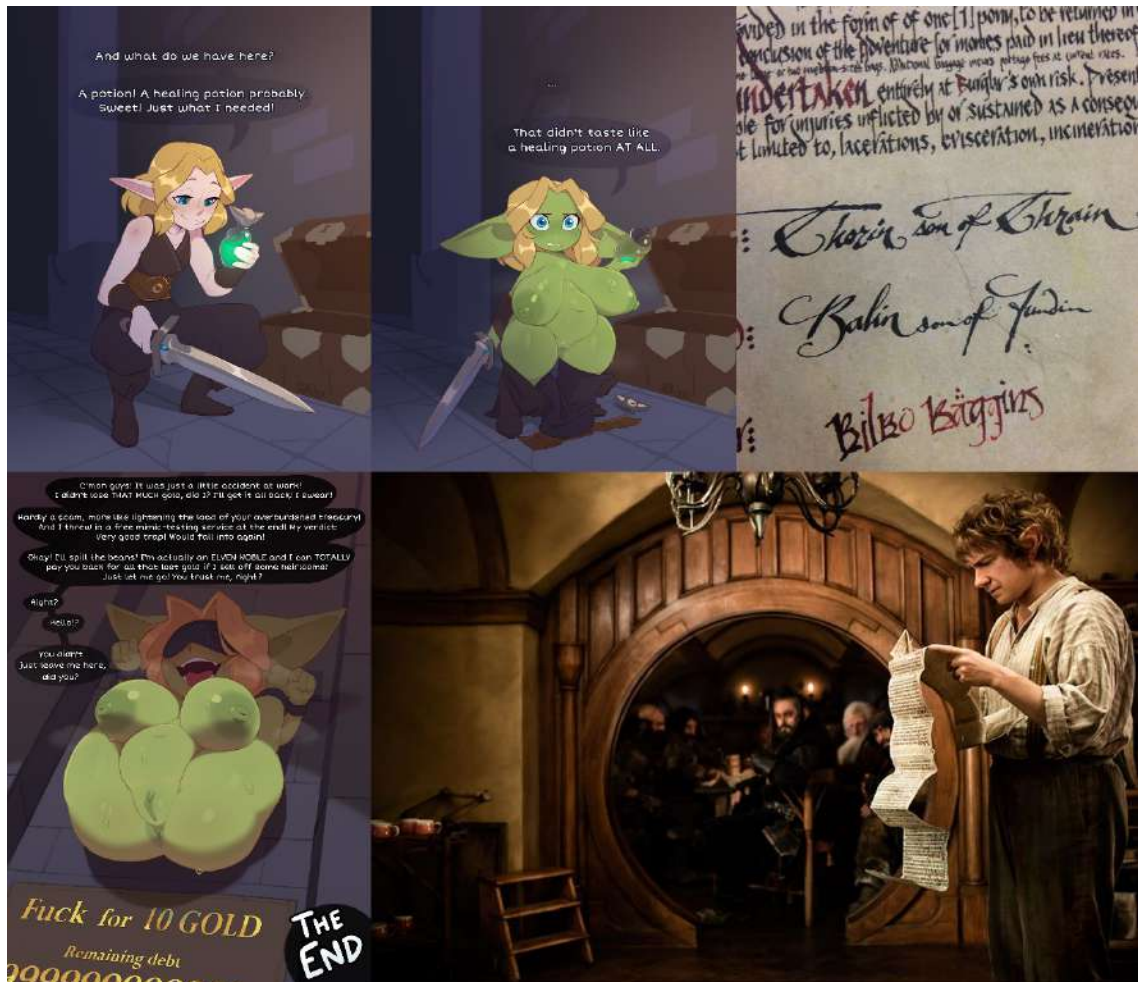
In short, I was sex-positive and "out" about my erotica since I was a teenager and used it to humanize the very monsters canonical stories were teaching me to fear and kill. By extension, I was humanizing the animals and chattelized minorities associated with these monsters: Jewish people, in particular, but also non-Christians more broadly and gender-non-conforming men, women [witches and homosexuals, historically] and enbies.

Before we look at my subversion of the goblin myth, below are two exhibits of the goblin in fantasy media less as a wholly positive thing and more as a liminal territory that has developed an iconoclastic branch in recent years:



(exhibit 94b1: Artist, top-left: [Avital Dayanim](#); top-right: [xxNikichenxx](#); bottom-left: [JMG Party Bean](#); bottom-right: [Huffslove](#). In sex-positive media, the goblin—like the orc [re: exhibit 37e2, "[Meeting Jadis](#)"] or Drow [re: exhibit 41b, "[A Lesson in Humility](#)"]—tends to be humanized through sex as liminal, pornographic expression. The history and continuation of this mode is imperfect, at times reducing the green-skinned monster to that of a reward. While historically the goblin hasn't always been diminutive, their delineation from orcs has led them to be seen as smaller and more cunning than their retroactively bigger and brawnier cousins [which sex-positive stories often present as cute and petit]. Goblin alliances often have them presenting as uneasy rivals or undisciplined trickster-inventors who love money and gizmos like dwarves do, but aren't explicitly enemies with humans—with they and the hero able to overcome their mutual differences through shared struggles. To this, the adventure's undertaking and conclusion are narratively arranged to supply sex as a kind of relief in tension—either partway through, or at the end when the current quest is finished; e.g., Midna from *Twilight Princess*.

Curiously, some Zelda fans prefer Midna's short "imp" form precisely because it deviates from the heteronormative standard further than simply "being taller than Link is and having dark skin." Indeed, Midna's cursed form is cherished for its morphological variety [short and "dummy thicc"] but also her sardonic personality and curious ability to "ride" Link in his wolf form, taming him the way a rider does its mount. The dark skin adds an element of impurity to a historically racialized dynamic, letting people consciously choose to love others who are visibly different from themselves and treated differently for it within the gameworld's lore; i.e., as pariahs shunned for being creatures of vice by the status quo.)



(exhibit 94b2: Artist, top-left/-mid and bottom-left: [Huffslove](#). The goblin as a form of liminal expression, ties to medievalized concepts of wealth acquisition—mainly the adventure as a deviation away from polite society—that play on the goblin as a sex-positive, humanized explorer that isn't killed for its gold, but kills others for their gold. Indeed, the ownership of gold in medieval thought is open to debate, an idea famously enshrined by Tolkien's *Kings Under the Mountain*, Smaug the Stupendous and Thorin Oakenshield. In the real world, the Jewish people are endlessly persecuted as the go-to medieval scapegoats of the

Christian/fascist West, which Tolkien's dwarves and cunning dragon emblemize respectively. Tolkien released The Hobbit on the eve of WW2, when Capitalism was in decay on the global stage. As such, his ravenous dragons rarely greed in medieval language that curiously shirks the idea of Christendom's culture of generosity or Crusaders, downplaying real-world allegories in favor of a wily vice character. Meanwhile, his dwarves skirt the line between men and goblins, living in darkness and loving gold, but still dealing with elves and men.

Except, Tolkien's dwarves in particular are on a special quest: one of wealth reclamation tied to a stolen homeland, occupied by a fash-coded dragon. Intimations of "dragon sickness" infected them with a spirit of revenge to land they have no logical claim to, just a feudalistic one; i.e., like the Jews of Israel seeking revenge in defense of their land, the dragon is a fabrication but their greed and the genocide of their invented enemies is soberingly real. In Tolkien's Middle-earth, the Jewish-coded dwarves corrupt and backstab, the curse of their greed haunting the land in the same shadow space the fascist dragon occupies as the spirit of rarefied greed. It's victim-blaming and DARVO, but also a broken clock that—per Great Britain's role in Israel's formation—would be ushered in by Tolkien and his homeland as profoundly anti-Semitic; i.e., breeding dissent through a vengeful minority policing the land around them: "bettering the instruction" by cutting down those perceived as worse than them by them. It's blood quantum and libel, the assimilation fantasy forcing Tolkien's token Jews (displaced to Erebor as "dwarves," an anti-Semitic trope) to act according to the very biases they normally would try to escape: it's "their fault" because they're greedy but also spiteful, subterranean, mean-spirited; i.e., "These are dwarf lands, this is dwarf gold; and we will have our revenge!"

Just as Jackson's films have highlighted the racial tensions by coding the orcs as savagely black and disrespectful of nature [versus Tolkien's "good natured" elves conducting Goldilocks Imperialism], his works also play off the original author's anti-Semitism. To that, each dwarf has sworn revenge in search of their pale enchanted gold, which they intend to steal back from Smaug as being "more greedy" than them, more violent. The moral, though, is no race is exempt from "dragon sickness"—with the goblins, wargs, men, elves, and eagles warring on the same battlefield over the same material things. Indeed, the irony of current geopolitics shows Israel becoming an ethnostate on par with the Nazis—whose dark culture of Paganistic thievery and death is mostly closely mimicked by Tolkien's goblins and wargs of the Misty Mountains: the wolf is loose. Israel's fascist regression kind of echoes the dragon sickness of Tolkien's Lonely Mountain—except, of course, in Tolkien's world/imagination, that kind of "second player" wasn't really established. The goblins are vaguely brutal and subterranean; Smaug and Thorin are simply greedy as they take turns sitting on a pile of gold that can't really regenerate, can only be stolen.

In the current state of things, wealth doesn't tend to exist as a pile of gold to begin with, but a network of capitalist positions spread all over the planet through global US hegemony to assist in the generation of profit [denying wealth and material conditions to billions of people]. All the same, the metaphor of gold and greed festering inside a besieged "Holy Land" fortress is still quite vivid and apt. Yes, Thorin's dwarves are superstitious, thinking their number is unlucky enough to merit them hiring Bilbo [a lucky, short person living Under the Hill, whose "Tookish" nature and knack for disappearing evokes the leprechauns of Celtic myth].

Yet, their own contract is hilariously frank and complete. Just as Tolkien was emblemizing medieval practices and stereotypes of usury in fantastical forms that humanized the usual recipients of anti-Semitic ire, these same medieval tropes and money-lending jokes continue to exist well into the present; e.g., the RPG-savvy art of fantasy artist, [Huffslove](#). Their subversive humor and raw sexuality humanize goblins far further than Tolkien bothered, having racially appreciative and sexually descriptive adventures the likes of which Bilbo Baggins and the thirteen dwarves never dared: a threat to the nuclear-familial order through handling money as a medieval slave's task, combined with a short, class-envious sexual deviator and eater of babies/drinker of blood, etc.)



(artist: [Avital Dayanim](#))

Famous monsters teach those part of the status quo to attack out-groups, a practice that has carried over into videogames and cinema. As we previously discussed, vampires and witches have anti-Semitic history to them. So do goblins, which are often treated as untrustworthy fodder in modern canon. On goblins, Evelyn Frick writes, "I haven't come across historical evidence which directly states that goblin folklore was influenced by medieval anti-Semitism or perceptions of Jews, or vice versa. Except, of course, in the case of knockers. [...] But whether goblins in contemporary culture are anti-Semitic, in my opinion, depends on context" ([source](#): "The Anti-Semitic History of Goblins").

Note: Frick's work would inspire me to investigate medieval persecution language in a modern light; re: "[Idle Hands](#)." —Perse, 5/6/2025

To that, the context of my own work was meant to fight against *modern* bigotries built on older myths. In effect, Glenn was that rare and elusive "good goblin" that was lacking in the materialized imaginations of industry giants like Tolkien or Rowling (with Tolkien's being more vague and bloodthirsty vs his Semitic dwarves, whereas Rowling's goblins were painfully obvious in their anti-Semitic regression). Indeed, goblins embody my juvenilia as growing into what I would ultimately become: a shapeshifting slut that reclaims stigmatic myths for sex-positive reasons, while treating my weirdness—specifically my poetic sense of being different—as a source of queer pride. The worship for Galatea remained, a queen made by a queen (and not Pygmalion).

Queer people are punished for being different than heteronormative proponents who chase, embody or otherwise abuse the same basic monster types; i.e., the goblin as the giver or receiver of state abuse (similar to the zombie, from Volume Two). Beware bourgeois goblins who use DARVO to call themselves victims while simultaneously doing the state's dirty work; it's fascist victim culture, through and through.

The evolution of my own nerdy weirdness features the goblin as a queer proletarian symbol forged from multiple ingredients. Catalyzed partly by Frog from *Chrono Trigger*, Glenn had the natal body of a short, ugly (by human standards) male goblin, but *chose* to turn into a green-skinned human maid girl that the hero (my avatar, of course) got to have sex with. Meanwhile, she retained her goblin strength and raspy voice. The design wasn't just composite, but hauntologically chimeric, combining She-Hulk's curvy bulk with Elphaba Thropp's trademark vocal fry [and the deflated troll bodies from *Dungeon Keeper*](#) (1997); i.e., into a singular, shape-shifting entity out of an assemblage of reimagined pasts. Making it sexy was just a way of achieving my new state through sexual enrichment/expression as alternate pathways.

All in all, Capitalism canonically treats work as "liberating" (which, under fascist scenarios, *definitely* doesn't set you free). In truth, we have only to lose our

chains, including those supplied by a lack of an emancipatory dialog. Lacking the words and supplying people with canonical images of coercive sex forces them into colonizing boxes with sexually dimorphic gender roles.

I used to think people *became* trans. Only when I recently thought about Glenn again did I realize that I was and always would be trans; teenage me just didn't have the language to describe how she felt! In my own "Ode to Psyche" (the goddess of the soul, often portrayed as a butterfly and who Keats chose to worship as an ancient, forgotten deity) I've since traced my own evolution backward, recognizing the various terms I've used over the years: heteroflexible, bi-curious, gender-fluid, femboy and switch...

While each felt appropriate at the time, "trans woman" seems to describe me best *back then and now*. This wouldn't be possible without adequate and flexible, *reclaimed* language, which I've slowly acquired through life-long friendships and romances. Without their valuable lessons, I'd still be in the crypt, lost and confused: Capitalist, heteronormative myopia isn't just a box; it's a *closet* that keeps people straight by shaping how they think in carceral-hauntological ways. Escaping that "prison sex" mentality has taken a lifetime of work, including constant reflection on myself and the world around me. But it's allowed me to transform through good play as an extension of myself that I feel comfortable with. People are defined by their actions, right? The same applies to whatever lessons they leave behind after they are gone; i.e., good play demonstrated by reclaimed monsters that don't condone or disseminate rape culture and worker exploitation: dark gods.



(exhibit 94c1: Artist, left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); model, right: Persephone van der Waard. Glenn in their female form; me in mine. Playfulness and reinvention don't have to represent us perfectly as a concrete statement, but rather as a state

of change that, from moment-to-moment, has a mood that might entertain different forms, metaphors or attitudes; i.e., a "devil for a day" approach extending to different kinds of devils.)

I'd like to explore some further ambiguities to gender-non-conformity in relation to Man Box culture, before moving onto part four's sobering discussion that this step of transformation is weighed against a great "shadow of Pygmalion." It's not that Caleb is mighty unto himself, but that Capitalism is Patriarchal, thus heteronormative, thus geared towards business models in sports, porn and videogames that, through the Gothic mode instigate xenophobic biases as structured to award a select number of gatekeepers. Everyone else adopts the enforcer role by proxy of those special few trickling down the dregs of capital: Twitch sponsors Caleb, Caleb promotes his fans, the fans buy the game, and everyone sits in a circle talking shit and hatching plans. Simply put, it's "locker room talk," gossip geared towards sexist behaviors and dogma; even if the vast majority of these never come to light, the nature of stochastic terrorism is that it becomes normalized to a degree that people sit around in saloons, coffee houses or their own living rooms, gossiping until someone picks up a gun or knuckleduster and goes to work.

In other words, the same concrete discretion and information scarcity that alienates trans people also deprives heteronormative consumers of *their* critical-thinking skills. This faulty analysis occurs due to underlying biases encouraged by those in power—in part because mainstream canon is designed to inaccurately represent the everyday struggles, and actual identities of, trans people and other genderqueer groups. Not only are consumers *not* trained to think critically about canonical media; they're hauntologically conditioned to react violently towards individuals already demonized within these stories as being a threat towards corporate profit, hence the livelihood of their favorite sexist broadcasters.

This interpretive failure happens on various levels. The author of the image can be sexist, or the gaze of the beholder can be sexist. And generally the author is someone who learned their trade by looking not just at bodies, but transphobic body imagery (a kind of fetish in its own right) repeatedly sold to them through canon: Caleb Hart *vis-à-vis* *Final Fantasy* or *Mega Man* as proponents of Max Box culture. Watching these interactions, viewers of Caleb learn to legitimize themselves by defending Caleb as an extension of canon, seeing trans people either as gender-confused in the process, or as monsters deserving of punishment. This includes fetishizing them as a means of social-sexual dominance similar to how Caleb does, castigating trans people publicly through fetishistic means; i.e., the bad play of "prison sex." However, Caleb's moderate transphobia doesn't stop overt fascists from consuming trans/intersex people and drag queens in private (re: Nick Fuentes and catboys).



(artist: Dærick Gröss Sr.)

The discrepancy shows that the policing of nerd culture/the Gothic mode isn't homogenous, but it is hegemonic—applied unevenly across various marginalized groups according to the same base concept: enforce the status quo. Under this status quo, trans people are the perpetual victims, the state of exception for which anything goes. They do not exist—becoming either fully invisible or demonized—and anything can happen to them. Like zombies, how they are abjected depends on who's abjecting them: cis-het white men or women, cis-het people of color, various religious communities with built-in, dated stigmas towards queer people, cis-queer people, out-and-out TERFs; but also professional gamers like Caleb Hart, his fans and co-workers, and their mutual employers as stuck in the same Man Box, bred on its monomyth paratexts.

Nevertheless, trans, intersex and non-binary people are not space aliens; Capitalism just treats us as such, forcing our voices into the void beyond Capitalism Realism. Meanwhile, we share the same physiological and gendered ambiguous components as those attacking us (conservatives sometimes forget they have pronouns), often in popular stories that represent people who *could be* trans, intersex or crossdressers, but are historically denied this opportunity by defenders

of the human body and its colonized genitals and gender roles as affiliated with an idealized past. Consider vaginas. AFABs own vaginas because vaginas belong to their bodies, which are their own (according to natural human rights, anyways). Those in power and seeking to exploit the bodies/sexual labor of others will train society to interpret the human body (which can be naturally ambiguous) and their imagery (which can also be ambiguous) in highly concrete, but ultimately nostalgic ways that lean into a heteronormative bias against trans interpretations and procedures.

Take Ms. Chalice from *Cuphead*: Though hauntological *par excellence*, neither the game nor its hauntology can distinguish if Ms. Chalice actually owns a vagina, let alone how they identify (despite being called "Miss," a title is not explicitly one's gender, the possible exception being Mug Man—a reference to *Mega Man*, a highly sexist series whose sexism, beyond just Caleb Hart, tends to survive in paratextual media and its "blind," Man-Box-tinged parodies, [like Jaboody Dubs' 2022 parody¹¹⁴ of the Blue Bomber](#)). Then again, short of looking under that skirt and checking for ourselves (which would be rude), neither can we. Rather than allow for crossdressing and intersex persons, the characters are heteronormatively coded as male/man and female/woman according to their performative aspects (their clothes, body language and makeup) as connected to an idealized past coded to assume.

This is less by the game, however, and more by audiences who would abject sexually descriptive alternatives that threaten their particular view of the past. If we wanted to be sexually descriptive in regards to *Cuphead*, we would need to allow all possibilities to occur, not just prescriptive ones. What if Ms. Chalice was an AMAB trans person, and *Cuphead* and Mug Man were AFAB trans persons? Intersex? Drag queens? This might seem minor if we change nothing visual about the characters, but it remains inherently deconstructive, thus iconoclastic. To merely change the heroes' presumed genitals or gender identity in a paratextual sense without changing anything about them in-game would generate a considerable amount of gender trouble all by itself. Sexist norms would be threatened because sexist systems leave no room for nuance, erasing trans people in the process, but also intersex people and drag queens. Reclaiming their right to

¹¹⁴ For a bit of extra context, Jaboody Dubs parodies tend to hauntologically "blind," the sexism/racism in their comedy *tied to nostalgic media where both bigotries already exist*. In their latest video, their homophobic punchline—"Before I swore myself to the badge, I was the butt-clapping 'captain' of the bussy patrol!"—is "funny" precisely because it doesn't fit in '80s nostalgic worldview on display. Regardless of specific stated intent, however, the context remains homophobic in relation to the '80s as something to celebrate *as a means of telling old, tired jokes*: "Cops having butt sex is funny." I mean, I laughed, but largely because the whole thing felt absurd—especially when delivered by the straight man (excuse the expression) deadpanning his lines! As a trans woman, I could laugh at the attempt if I want; in hindsight, it still felt like I was being laughed at—the same way my high school chums might have said "homo suspicion" in my company decades ago or my brothers telling dick or butt sex jokes until I very recently asked them to stop.

exist won't erase *Cuphead* from existence; it will only expose those who try to colonize it as transphobic.



(artists: [Chad Moldenhauer](#) and [Marija Moldenhauer](#))

As we've already established, heteronormative thought defines people by presumed genitals within a colonial binary. If Ms. Chalice wears a dress, they *must* have a vagina; if they have a vagina, they must do their duty (to have babies); if they refuse or don't have a vagina, they must be a traitor, an impostor. The problem is, impostors can be depicted in a plethora of ways: the transphobic trope of the rapacious man-in-disguise, the homophobic trope of the gay pedophile, the misogynistic trope of the man-hating lesbian, [the catch all queerphobic label of "trap"](#) ("The Aesthetics and Connotations of Traps," 2019). Often criminal-hauntological, these slurs are legion, but all serve the same, underlying goal: Defend the status quo, generally by putting its (often) male defenders of the idealized past into a mental "Man Box." This brain prison then transforms them into unfeeling monsters with a limited emotional palate: anger, lust, and tears for the (gender-conforming) dead that results in a broader Capitalist-Realist myopia.

Proponents of capital defend sports and industry as heteronormative, thus trapped inside the Man Box as an extension of Capitalist Realism. As previously stated, we'll specifically explore female defenders (and TERFs of different genders and sexes) more in the next chapter. Before we proceed into that dark zone, there's another shadow we need to consider—Pygmalion's. I want to outline

the *result* of Caleb Hart's *de facto* bad education as it links to a bourgeois etiology of male-centric transphobia: weaponized male consumers (the next several subchapters will examine men, in particular). While plenty of markets are dedicated to cis-het women, many more retain a historically male-dominated flavor. We've already explored the *product* as a deliberate nemesis to trans representation that Caleb Hart internalized then disseminated only too well.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

However, the socio-material arrangement between product, producer and consumer also generates a particular *breed* of weaponized (often-male) web of weird canonical nerd that badly imitates the success enjoyed by lucky (and unscrupulous) men *like* Caleb Hart: the Shadow of Pygmalion obliterating Galatea as the whore to pimp in perpetuity—a peach to harvest out of revenge. From Medusa to Pandora to the Sphinx, then, nature's monstrous-feminine "box" is one to cage through Man Box proponents for *all* time. That's what capital is, having evolved out of older state models into newer ones stuck in a rut.

We'll unpack this awful concentricism, next.

Inside the Man Box, part four: Obliterating Phoebe: In the Shadow of Pygmalion, or the Weird Nerds' Canonical Praxis at Large (feat. Sepultura, Steven King, Eren Yeager, Harley Quinn, and Kefka Palazzo, etc)

*I too awaited the expected guest.
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference ([source](#)).*

—T.S. Eliot, "The Waste Land" (1922)



(exhibit 94c2a: Trapped between titanic forces, the weird canonical nerd desires to fight the forces of evil and prove his manhood. Centrism, like fascism, equates manhood with the state, the status quo. As such, centrist nerds tell themselves

considerable lies in order to justify that a] their violence is good, thus legitimate; and b] that their enemies are always bad, thus illegitimate. The idea is very popular in neoliberal war pastiche like The Ronin Warriors, which we will examine more in Chapter Four during the "Kento's Dream" subchapter.)

Note: The Shadow of Pygmalion/Galatea and Pygmalion/Galatea effect are concepts that crystalized in Volume Zero (re: "[Thesis Body: Gothic \(gay-anarcho\) Communism vs the State; or, Galatea inside the Shadow of Pygmalion](#)"). It's a tremendously important idea—one that relates to Amazons and the Medusa, femboys, the Rusalki from Axiom Verge (and frankly almost anything in Metroidvania; re: "[She Fucks Back](#)"), and witch cops, etc. Here is where it got its start; i.e., Caleb Hart was the model for Pygmalion in Sex Positivity but one which we'll examine similar or at least later characters. —Perse, 5/5/2025

As a bad educator of transphobia and adjacent bigotries, Caleb is a vigilante that polices canon from degenerate influences. Simply put, he's a vigilante within a larger pecking order. As we discussed in Volume Two, vigilantes defend capital for the state in neoliberal and fascist narratives. Coded by these monomyths through

videogames and other popular media as "under attack," weird canonical nerds become *de facto* policers of their own imperiled masculinity as exported to them—i.e., by "defending" the temples of this holy instruction from outside, degenerate forces: we fags as weird nerds that camp canon as Galatea did, come alive.

So before we delve into TERFs and fascist, monstrous-feminine "witch cops" committing queer genocide in Chapter Four, I want to conclude Chapter Three by discussing the shadow of Capitalism that hides and extends the usual suspects; re: white, cis-het men and their vanguard leading into bolder deceptions and attacks against different targets they often overlap with; e.g., Harley Quinn, Eren Yeager and Kefka Palazzo, Sepultura, etc; i.e., fascist feminism's Dark Mother vs centrist Amazons "good version" of the same "sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll" hegemon that operate in the state's interest, abusing Gothic: in the Shadow of Pygmalion as exemplified not just by Caleb Hart, but Steven King (videogames vs books).

First, a brief summation of what Pygmalion's shadow even is: The shadow of Pygmalion is the monomyth/Cycle of Kings. From skeleton to noble, it travels around and around in a Patriarchal loop perpetually afraid of the monstrous-feminine: the "Pygmalion effect" (re: exhibit 12 and Steven King, "[Challenging the State](#)") as afraid of the monstrous-feminine as thinking for itself, a great statue of Galatea that doesn't just come alive but whose very existence challenges the status quo passively and actively. Our shadow of Galatea, then, is challenged by the usual handling of power through the mechanisms of the state; i.e., *not* as a democratic progress that *doesn't* exploit workers, but the go-to mode of exploitation. As such,



it become the *mise-en-abyme* of great men that—whether fascist or neoliberal—perpetuate the status quo through an inability to take hard stances against the state. The state is always right and war is always good because without it, the state would not exist; to *keep* existing, the state must police bodies to rape nature on schedule: virgin/whores, nature as monstrous-feminine through bad demon BDSM (which our ludo-Gothic BDSM camps through the cryptonymy process to reverse abjection with all the usual aesthetics, below).

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

This leads to a variety of offshoots imitating the larger structure as perpetuated by older forms of media that

are adapted into new forms of media, and new generations of given media types that romanticize the barbaric, monomythic quest through the ghost of the counterfeit in a grand narrative of the crypt. Horace Walpole writes a novel two-hundred-plus years ago; Steven King puts his own spin on things, which then is adapted into a videogame, streamed, consumed by the streamer's chatroom, endorsed through a variety of material goods that codify and ferry the overarching xenophobia inside popular culture as thoroughly bigoted.

The shadow is the Patriarch reviewed and revived through what is now being called Man Box culture. It's the shadow of the skeleton king refusing to die, but also his "good" counterpart apologizing for the tyrant's overtures and desolation; ghost-like, never alive nor dead, both are constantly revived and transmitted during *cryptomimesis* in favor of *centrist* dead—what, in Volume Two, we called the Cycle of Kings in relation to centrist kayfabe (re: "[Perceptive Zombie Eyeballs](#)"); i.e., the return of the tyrant and his undead, *fascist* host, followed by the return the noble king and all *that* king's men in response, or emulations of either force in assimilated minorities (e.g., Amazons): paladins versus death knights in the performance of normal skirmishes inside the orderly conflict inside historical materialism's good-versus-evil, both sides united staunchly against anti-capitalist forces as the End of All Things (often scapegoated as female or at least monstrous-feminine; i.e., the Archaic Mother [re: exhibit 1a1c, "[Symposium: Aftercare](#)"]—a paradox given Communism was envisioned as a critique of Capitalism and its token cops piloted by straight boys-to-men, Caleb Hart onwards).

Capitalism, then, is something to defend from the spectres of Marx through false reconciliation; i.e., centrism is merely a perpetuation of the same destructive cycle through counterfeit paladins, death knights and the foreign idea of chaos-as-female/monstrous-feminine sitting squarely outside their orderly duels of good-versus-evil. To this, powerful men like Steven King become replicated as profitable foils to the obvious skull-and-crossbones baddies. They reap the rewards of things staying the same, but enjoy the label of being "liberal" or "progressive" as a badge of honor differentiating them from Caleb Hart and even worse grifters. They're not different in function, though, but by *degree* according to the purpose: exploitation through stereotypes that become endorsed through a collective societal inability to challenge the Cycle of Kings and its twin male shadows keeping Gothic Communism's queer poetics anathema, damned.

We'll get to Steven King in just a moment. First, let's consider the larger sex, drugs and heavy metal/rock 'n roll machinery that he and Pygmalions like him lord over (themselves millionaires pinned between the billionaires of the world at the top and everyone else at the bottom).



(exhibit 94c2b: Artist: Michael Whelan. Sepultura come from Brazil, their older music [that is, before their fame gave them a means of escape] reflecting the sense of unreality to their living conditions; i.e., their individual homesteads placed within the nation as home, but thoroughly sickened by a greater plight that effects everything inside of it: a sepulture, or burial. The live-burial, in this case, is being born dead inside an undead nation on a continent so thoroughly and infamously exploited by the United States. Under this shadowy influence of mass exploitation is a complex web of lies and covert paramilitary maneuvers that evoke a distant, brutal time out of the West's own backlog: the medieval collapse after a former greatness. It could be said that things were "better" before the conquistadors came, but the Aztec, Mayan and Inca empires weren't perfect; however, they also weren't

Rome. The cycle of antiquity butting up against modernity is a Capitalist illusion engendered by global capitalist venues feeding money into the mother country stolen from its neighbors in the Global South. "Fed through the tube that sticks in me, just like a wartime novelty"—places like Brazil are recursively visited by nightmarish scenarios whose abject realities are completely unimaginable and, indeed, medieval to the Global North. Our worst nightmare is literally Tuesday for these people and their immiserated lives, all of which could be entirely prevented if the shadow of Pygmalion were dismantled. It's not just a threat that "could happen," but intimates behind a barrier hiding the living hell required for the elite to glut themselves with piles of stolen generated wealth in the global economic system. Contrary to the return of a nightmarish past, this is a doomsday that has never existed before ushered in behind evocations of former hells through inherited survival's guilt: Sepultura's breakout album features the cover art of sci-fi/horror artist, Michael Whelan:

"I discovered Michael Whelan from a series of paperback H.P. Lovecraft books that I found in Brazil," Cavalera says. "I suggested to Monte that we should try and get in touch with this guy for the cover. Then when Monte got a hold of Michael, Michael sent him a bunch of different paintings, including Beneath the Remains." While the Whelan artwork Cavalera initially wanted to use was nixed by Roadrunner (and eventually used for labelmates Obituary's 1990 album Cause of Death), the singer ultimately agreed that the label's pick — a surreal red-and-black skull painting titled "Nightmare in Red" — "fit the record better" [[source](#): Brad Angle's "The Story behind the Cover Art," 2020].

The album was also the band's desperate, last-ditch effort to break away from their home country and establish a larger audience:

"You only get so many shots in this life — and you gotta make it count." [Sepultura](#)'s shot came in 1988. And founding singer-guitarist [Max Cavalera](#) was dead set on hitting his target. Back then, the Brazilian band was a rising extreme-metal force with two albums under their bullet belts — but little recognition outside of their home country. Thanks to Cavalera's boundless ambition to break out, he marshaled all his resources, called in favors and worked his tape-trading connections to score him a plane ticket to New York City and face time with industry tastemakers and label reps. His hustle paid off when Roadrunner Records' Monte Connor offered his band a record contract. The new deal meant that Sepultura's music would reach a lot more people. For the then-broke act from Belo Horizonte, the stakes couldn't have been higher.

"We knew in our heart it was our shot — a make-it-or-break-it album," Cavalera continues. "If we would have released something shitty and nobody cared that would be the end of it. Done deal. We needed to step up on the music side, and we did" [[ibid.](#)].

This, I would argue, wasn't simply Sepultura pandering to metalheads across the border but an earnest attempt to convey their own frustrations living in a place so obviously exploited compared to customers abroad who were better cared for [and who could afford to pay for their music and merchandise]. Behind the story of their collaboration with Whelan and his artwork, the struggle against capital is told—rather fittingly—beneath the remains not just of their material, but across a revival of dead kings, of kings, of kings; not just of the hidden kings of the present under Capitalism, but the spectral monarch of H. P. Lovecraft revived the 1980s [whose work until this point was somewhat obscure]:



Del Rey Books asked Michael to do 2 paintings of horrific images they could use on 7 volumes of H.P. LOVECRAFT stories. He didn't have to illustrate the stories, just create images that conveyed the mood. This and [LOVECRAFT'S NIGHTMARE A](#) form his only real diptych—1 artistic image created on 2 panels and the paintings can meet side by side either way with one flowing into the other. They are featured in MICHAEL WHELAN'S WORKS OF WONDER, his second art book, and they are hugely popular with heavy metal bands and fans [source: "Lovecraft's Nightmare, B"—[MichaelWhelan.com](#)].

Concerning Lovecraft and the American metal scene, Pygmalion's shadow yields some curiously broken clocks, or those that "wind down" [fear being a lucrative scheme; people pay a great deal amid waves of terror to feel in control; i.e., by telling themselves through the Gothic fiction that it's "just" a nightmare, thus could never happen to them]. For Sepultura, they—like Lovecraft's contemporary, Louis Borges—came from somewhere else where the nightmares were actually real. While they eventually "grew up," their music mellowing out somewhat as they acclimated

*to fame and success, the band always retained a knack for critiquing power begot from their origins—origins being outside of the charmed life that metal giants like Metallica, Iced Earth or Judas Priest lived, each band eventually selling out to a comic book spoof of their former selves, pandering to a comic book narrative/audience that dubiously trademarked "Fucking Metal!" that echoed Lovecraft's pulpy, Weird-Tales magazine vibes dreaming fitfully about the collapse of the West while failing to realize such devastation was happening elsewhere already [and indeed capitalizing on that fear]. However misplaced, such conspiracies often come from a place of truth as obscured, which the so-called "good guys" of Pax Americana cannot explain away [Bad Empanada's "[Why Liberals Can't Counter Conspiracy Theories](#)," 2023]. They're basically the dad from *The Ice Storm* [1997] angrily telling his daughter [the magnificent Christina Ricci] [to be quiet when she not-so-subtly mentions genocide during Thanksgiving](#): "Dear Lord, thank you for this Thanksgiving holiday. And for all the material possessions we have and enjoy. And for letting us white people kill all the Indians and steal their tribal lands. And stuff ourselves like pigs, even though children in Asia are being napalmed."*



The reality of death is that it walks in our footsteps, haunting patrilineal descent until the fatherly household crumbles to dust; in the interim, the first-born son is coddled—in my family's case by the pants-wearing matriarch—until she herself was confronted by the riddle of the Sphinx as a kind death-bringer: the madness of the monarch slowly approaching death as a womb-like state of non-existence, the

decay of memory something to experience towards one's own demise but also inherit from the family line as doomed. In my grandmother's case, I could see her haunted by the proverbial spectre of death just as she herself once saw death in other things.

For example, when my mother was younger she had a golden retriever named Prince; when she broke up with a lover who had erectile dysfunction, the man poisoned Prince; when my grandmother got home from work, she saw Prince in his doghouse and thought, "I saw him and he was dead; he wasn't at that moment but he was dead," to which he died the next day seemingly out of the blue; when I saw my grandmother five years ago I could sense a change her that I likened to an inversion to Wordsworth's "Intimations of Mortality" [1807]—intimations of death; and as that feeling has worsened in a very tangible degree, she has become more like that frightened little girl who used to read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Hound of the Baskervilles": the black dog is coming ever nearer and she, ever more child-like, fears her own death until she can no longer describe it in words. Such is the fate of all the West and its monarchs, their futile desire to conquer death only leading to tremendous suffering, confusion and desolation: "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player who struts [their] hour upon the stage and then is heard no more.")

We have already considered how kayfabe is the language of espionage for or against the state inside the Gothic mode (often by using the language of war as an athletic competition that fetishizes war, death, lies and rape); i.e., fascism as the conclusion of one revolution of the infernal concentric pattern, which is whitewashed by lovers of "good war" using the language of American Liberalism (centrists) and the future as a dead mall, but also a war zone. But obviously it's more complicated than two basic sides.

There's also paramilitarism and guerrilla warfare. Employed within either facet of this ongoing power exchange, the functional difference between a cop and vigilante becomes rather vague and largely non-existent under fascism, whose police state operates on enforced surveillance and rogue cops policing a wider and wider group of people during persecution mania as enabled by centrists (who protect property, not people). Denial is always part of the equation and generally performed by the "better" side against a perceived menace (the theatrical "shadow enemy" attacked by the state's own terror agents—the CIA, of course, but also class traitors of various kinds: the paramilitary and its witch-cop vigilantes and token subsets).

Regardless, the state is always perfect/can never be wrong yet is always under attack, thus forced to compromise with calls to ancient destroyers: mercenaries from another barbaric time used to putting in the kind of hard work to keep Capitalism intact. Alarm fatigue and waves of terror indoctrinate children, arming them with a live-or-die mindset against an insurmountable, unknowable

foe; it's the process of abjection taken to regressive extremes, breaking the state apart under its own axiom as deputized by self-colonizers hunting their own population with vigilantism tacitly/temporarily legitimized by the state (whose own, direct violence is always legitimate). These lynch mobs rise out of xenophobic moral panic and various manufactured crises, including masculinity as threatened, but also something that can never live up to its own hype; the imposter is the performer knowing they *aren't* Conan or Red Sonya. The result is a culture of callow, bigoted, superstitious, and thoroughly conspiratorial bullies who—reared on dogma inside thoroughly broken homes—think *they're* rebels, pirates, Vikings and the like, but also feel profoundly insecure amid their *own* cis-het gender dysphoria and body dysmorphia (these conditions aren't exclusive to queer people).



(artist: [Madame Tussaud](#))

In truth, fascists are delusional, armed thugs who defend capital, which takes advantage of their own exploitation and monomythic bad education under Capitalism. In following a violent, stupid leader whose ideology they refuse to question in relation to themselves, they become smaller

versions thereof: ostensibly perfect and invincible, but in all actuality are flawed beyond repair and wholly undercover inside their own lies; the deceit becomes self-consuming/Quixotic.

This being said, While all cops defend property instead of people, centrist veneers offer the myth of "good cop, bad cop" in war-boss language minus any semblance of sex-positive irony. All Cops Are Bad, but centrists officially refuse to take hard stances on their political platforms—i.e., compromising with and debating fascists, while actually aggregating *with* them to hate leftists for their hard stances *against* the state (which includes sex-positive irony during BDSM, kink and demonic/undead, Gothic counterculture art). *Fascists*, meanwhile, take aesthetically hard stances *for* the state and capitalists, invoking the police state as badass/radicalized under Foucault's Boomerang to invoke the state of exception; i.e., against the Left as targeted for zombie-apocalypse levels of violence (which again, tacitly positions "badass" and "cool" solely within false activism.

To reactionaries or moderates, then, Leftism is merely a terrorist gesture in centrist eyes, hence not actually badass like fascist death knights are). Fascists commit genocide during the infernal concentric pattern and centrists apologize for it (while committing genocide themselves, raping the mind with Fisher's hauntology—

i.e., carceral hauntologies such as the cyberpunk or medieval regression); the point isn't accountability but coercion and enforcement in fetishizing language while repressing proletarian sentiment and praxis. According to the state and its allies, *we're* the imposters, the devils-in-disguise, the Archaic Mother threatening Patriarchal hegemony (to be fair, we are, but many of them believe we mean them harm in the process, when our aim isn't harm but transformation towards a post-scarcity world devoid of state abuses).

Weird canonical nerds, as we'll continue to explore, are cops-in-spirit if not actual, formal authority under Pygmalion's shadow. Indeed, they become *de facto* deputies, whose xenophobic, incel-level Man Box vigilantism during gender trouble is largely ignored but tolerated by the "real" boys in blue. The same likeness is seen reflected across the surface of various mercenaries defending capital: cops, war bosses (male or female) and other paramilitaries who LARP, or LARPer who consumer what they want to function as—to rape and kill the alien, the radical,



the *enemy* as something that looks like them and their fetish gear (with Batman dressed all in black in cahoots with the commissioner by waging a forever war against the "degenerate" scum of Gotham, instead of giving away his vast fortune/family money to end poverty thus crime).

(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

This is no accident. From the historical-material dreams of *various* Pygmalions come the historical-material monsters of men toward their own, manmade insecurities: Gay Medusa—the Big Whore let out of their box—is coming for them and theirs by threatening the cycle of war as good, thus being the perfect scapegoats for the infernal concentric pattern. Whatever form the scapegoat takes, the praxis is canonical, but can be resisted and escaped the same

way it came in: through the images themselves and the eclipsed revolutionaries making them (women, queer people/persons of color and religious minorities, etc).

Already touched upon with Volume One when we looked at Stieglitz' Pygmalion-esque patronage of O'Keefe (re: exhibit 24c1, "[The Basics](#)"), we'll look at some of these sexist shadows now—of the powerful men behind the curtain in

horror media—then apply our findings to the sexist, usually male proponents of capital/the state during the Internet Age: weird canonical nerds and how they suffer from the canonical praxis/comparison of their own bad education as internalized: the more visible, hypermasculine action heroes in monomythic media (of which these students crafting their own masks in imitation can never measure up to; becoming insure, killer babies in the bargain, they're always gagging at/dumbly chasing the abject or crapping their pants at labor activists before running in guns blazing like a dumbass.

The basic cryptonymy idea is to let slip the mask; i.e., in ways that expose and disarm the fascist as false, but also the centrist—covering for them and the state through action-hero, TERF kayfabe—as hollow, two-faced, and impotent behind their own concentric veneers).



(exhibit 95a1a: Artist, top-left: unknown, [source](#); bottom-left: [Katy DeCobray](#); top-middle and middle: unknown; bottom-middle: unknown; right: Frank Miller.

Batman is the posterchild of vigilantism. Coded as noir and medieval, his antics promote both the myth of the useful billionaire and the false rebel tied to child soldiers coded through the monomyth to serve the dark knight [Robin and his or her many iterations working under the same ol' Bruce Wayne]. He is awash in Gothic splendor tied to old family wealth, white privilege, entitlement, and bad life choices. Not only does he get police protection, but he's lauded for being "hunted" by the cops while living a double life: the aristocrat and the thug who's owed sex and yet whose horrible plurality explodes into pathetic blubbery and psychotic, Don-Quixote-level violence against the poor who he blames for killing his mega-

wealthy parents [the cause for these criminogenic conditions to start with]. By extension, his enemies are generally queer-coded and his imitators are basically fascists in practice—i.e., the schtick minus the capital, but the same level of emotional health and broken childhood homes.

To this, similar characters generally reflect a fascist tendency within their makers, with Hajime Isayama being an unapologetic genocide denier/Japanese fascist. Seldomusings writes in "The Possible Disturbing Dissonance Between Hajime Isayama's Beliefs and Attack on Titan's Themes" [2013]:

Hajime Isayama, the 27 year old author of Attack on Titan, supposedly expressed these beliefs in June on his private Twitter account [@migiteorerno](#), but this rumor has only recently been circulating the Internet. June was also when South Koreans (some fans of the manga and anime, some not?) discovered a post on Isayama's official blog from 2010 where he said the character Dot Pixis was based on historical figure Yoshifuru Akiyama, who Isayama called frugal and respectable. Because Akiyama was a general of the Imperial Japanese Army who contributed to the colonization of Korea and the commander of the army stationed in Korea under Japanese occupation, [Koreans commented on the post in disgust and anger that Isayama would admire someone considered a war criminal, going as far as death threats.](#)

The @migiteorerno account is private, but some tweets are visible on the site [Favstar](#) that organizes tweets by number of times favorited and retweeted. [One](#) that has been spread across South Korean news articles to various blog posts apparently reads ["I believe that categorizing the Japanese soldiers who were in Korea before Korea was a country\(??\) as 'Nazis' is quite crude. Also, I do not believe that the people whose populations were increased twofold by Japan's unification\(??\) of the country can be compared to people who experienced the Holocaust. This type of miscategorization is the source of misunderstanding and discrimination."](#) @migiteorerno dismisses how Japan's imperialist war atrocities are often considered the East Asia equivalent to the Holocaust, instead giving credit for Korean's modernization to Japan's colonization. The blogger behind [Ask a Korean](#) acknowledges the complications of Holocaust comparisons [in this post](#) and Korea's resulting modernization [in this post](#), in both explaining better than I could how it does not excuse Japan's past actions and present avoidance.

Attack on Titan fans have found connections between @migiteorerno and Hajime Isayama that point to it being his private Twitter account, such as [@migiteorerno mentioning seeing movies right before Isayama's official blog did](#), [Japanese fans on 2ch treating @migiteorerno's tweet about the official Attack on Titan video game as Isayama's words](#), and

@migiteorerno [communicating with](#) and [following](#) Isayama's professional associates. In addition, how @migiteorerno's tweet ignores Japan's war atrocities to instead focus on South Korea's modernization parallels how Isayama ignored Akiyama's war crimes to instead focus on his life as a countryside school principal after the army. The latest *Attack on Titan* official guidebook [Outside Kou has also confirmed](#) that heroine Mikasa Ackerman was named after the Japanese battleship Mikasa, a flagship of the Russo-Japanese War over control of Korea [[source](#)].

The secret identity of the tweets aside, the especially telling part is—like *Killing Stalking*—there exists a blank refusal by either author to take a hard stance against canonically fetishizing crime, war and various groups. In Isayama's case, this includes straight-up fascists. Since 2013, the show's conclusions and central hero are undoubtedly fascist-coded, and more than a little like the alt-right weeps/weird canonical nerds who worship him for basically being an incel god-king/edgelord who unironically destroys the whole world through his *de facto* avatar, Eren Yeager.)



(exhibit 95a1b: Eren Yeager is like a sad, *fascist* clown; i.e., full of cis-het pathos towards the marginalized while posturing as one himself. Unlike the Joker's ironic variant, his canonical criminality arguably lacks any queer subtext at all and instead

stems from a self-victimhood that is imposed at all times. Clowns are hella queer but especially the villainous kind in popular stories. As Zina Hutton writes in her 2018 master's thesis, "Queering the Clown Prince of Crime: A Look at Queer Stereotypes as Signifiers in DC Comics' The Joker," the Joker isn't just queer-coded, but a threat to the hero and his extensions:

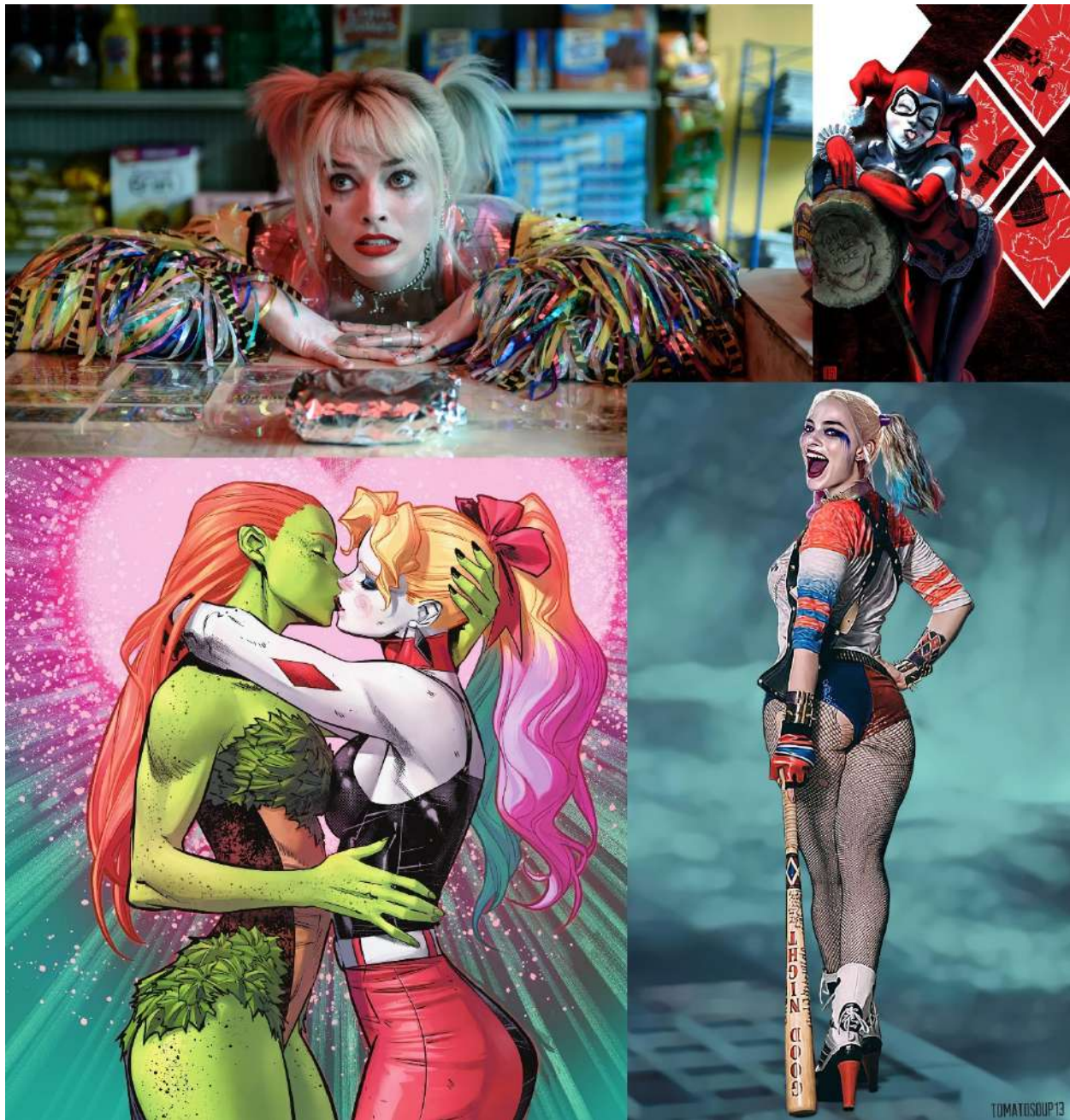
[historically] encoded with stereotypes about queer masculinity that are then used to create a pervasive perception of the Joker as a villain whose queerness serves as a subtextual threat to Batman – and his fans.

The Joker is one in a long line of pop culture villains whose queer-coding appears to come from a place of unquestioned and casual homophobia and that requires serious assessment as the Joker has set the mold for multiple other villains. As superhero comics increase their impact on other forms of media (such as young adult novels, video games, and films), it is important to analyze the way that media creators working in these industries construct narratives around characters like the Joker whose identity comes with loaded messages about what queerness looks like for their audiences. Messages that serve as signifiers – signals about something intended to reach the audience. The most relevant example is that of the queer signifier as it is supposed to denote queerness and/or a queer identity in a character. These signifiers may take the form of literal signs such as the handkerchief code of the seventies or the use of certain kinds of slang (i.e., ballroom and queen slang as seen in the documentary Paris Is Burning). In this context, a queer signifier is supposed to signal the character's queerness. Signifiers need not be stereotypes, but may take the form of stereotypes in media that are homophobic and/or anti-queer.

Queer readings of the Joker come about because he pays Batman a little too much attention, because he wears makeup, and because he's seen as incapable of and uninterested in having relationships with women. Additionally, the Joker is read as queer because he chases after Batman – when in the same vein, queer readings of the Batman usually don't center on his relationship with the Joker or their unending game of cat and mouse. This distinction matters because this relationship, while having a mirror reflection of each characters' focus represented, only acknowledges the Joker's interest as one that could be read as queer. Batman's fixed following of the Joker is seen as pure, just, and absolutely heterosexual while the Joker's fixation on Batman is presented as deviant [[source](#)].

The irony of the incel as an edgelord is the person who could never establish meaningful social-sexual relationships with other people, yet who constantly insists that they aren't gay. In other words, they aren't closeted queer people or even criminally queer people like Jeffrey Dahmer was; they're straight people acting out

against the things they want but hate: anything perceived as weaker than their idea of strength, including women



[Artist, bottom-left: [Harlisleys](#); top-right: [Fabian Monk](#); bottom-right: [TomatoSoup13](#). Our fag-hag Harley Quinn is [a canonical bisexual according to Gayety](#). She's the comics' go-to unicorn, except Batman prefers Catwoman and her femdom catsuit. For us, she's Galatea potential, a campy queen clown to delight in and emulate in our own odes to Galatea.]

but also monstrous-feminine male groups that they chase through self-hatred [Robin, obviously]. They fetishize Batman as the unironic the billionaire cop and Joker as the super-straight edgelord, either lacking the vamp-camp of older versions that subverted the cultural homophobia surrounding the Joker or making Batman the object of ridicule and fun. And while camp is [at least according to Sontag] "seriousness that fails," there's nothing funny about the real-life violence that unironic Jokers and Batman imitators perpetuate. They suck all the joy out of everything. "Camp" is less queer people "making it gay" and more making it our own by reclamation our stigmas and trauma.

The same effect applies to shonen anime as locking horns with its Western counterparts—with Frieza's space-alien, clown-like persona evoking an unironic fascist desire for dominance when he's on top [Frieza's name and behavior rhyme a little too closely with Caesar's] and causing a great deal of chaos when he's reduced to the sideshow act. Similar to Dio from JoJo, Frieza can be a great deal of fun in ironic forms, but like that character is incredibly mean-spirited, the queer persona kettled into godlike, narcissistic, patriarchal extremes [see: Kefka Palazzo, below] instead of speaking for the oppressed through camp; i.e., the jester in the king's court, the Loki to Goku's Thor that desires to be Zeus, Caesar or Odin, but then—being queer-coded—can never reconcile with the system he has acquired top position inside. Simply put, there's nowhere for him to go, no one for him to share it with or identify with, inside [even more so than straight men, but even straight men would grow restless—itching for yet-another-fight].



This is why the Saiyans don't kill Frieza at the end; like Batman or any other "good" guy" you could think of inside superhero canon, they need him to justify their own position within Dragon Ball's centrist kayfabe. He's the trickster in a straight scheme, and their

debates and disputes are—in the shonen style—highly destructive; i.e., settled through force, but also heteronormative displays of strength with no quantifiable metric, just the recursive, straw-dog logic of "here comes a new challenger": the statuesque body as swollen with traditional masculine power and Ragnarok-level glory in the face of possible defeat. The self-aggrandizing conflicts are manufactured, never-ending and doomed, with zero room for anything but raw physical violence and its incessant deification. These displays become the games of

the gods, while around them the lives of ordinary people under ordinary material conditions, are blasted apart [Frieza destroyed the Saiyan planet for laughs, killing more than just the warriors on there, but all life].)

Before we proceed, then, here are some things about weird canonical nerds I want you to keep in mind as we move into Chapters Four and Five (which will discuss fascism/centrism as performed not just by white, cis-het men, but by male/female feminists, cis women and cis-queer/token trans, intersex and non-binary people; and how to challenge these Man Box assimilations and ideas of "correct" rebellion [bourgeois, "waifu" *Amazonomachia*, exhibit 98a3] during proletarian subterfuge [thus subverted, proletarian *Amazonomachia*, exhibit 111b] and extracurricular *de facto* education).

First, their class-dormant/class-traitorous hostility towards sex workers manifests in our four basic ways (re: "[Scouting the Field](#)")

- **open aggression**, expressing gender trouble as a means of open, aggressive attack (disguised as "self-defense" reactive abuse): "We're upset and punching down is free speech" ("free speech" being code for "negative freedom for bigots who want to say bigoted things" to defend the elite's profit motive).
- **condescension**, expressing a moderate, centrist position that smarmily perpetuates the current status quo as immutable, but also optimal: "This is as good as it gets" but also which can never decay.
- **reactionary indignation**, using sex-coercive symbols (argumentation) to defend their unethical positions: "They're out to destroy your heroes, your fun, all you hold dear (code for 'the current power structure')."
- **DARVO** ("Deny, Accuse, Reverse, Victim, Offender"), defending the status quo by defending the people who enslave them (the elite) by going after the elite's enemies, thereby defending Capitalism during decay. When it decays, these "gamers" see "their" games in decay and will defend those, seeing human rights as an affordable compromise in the bargain. They see themselves (and the elite) as "victims," and class warriors as monsters "ruining everything" (like Satan).

according to their *canonical* synthetic groupings (re: "[The Basics](#)")

- *destructive* anger—i.e., possessive or bad-faith, "destructive" anger and defense of the state.
- *destabilizing* gossip—i.e., co-dependent, "prison sex" mentalities and rape culture as abuse-forming patterns through worsened (coercive)/missing social-sexual education and material conditions.

- *"blind"* pastiche/quoting (dogma)—i.e., the remediated praxis of unironic pastiche and quoting.
- *unironic* gender trouble/parody (camp)—i.e., a performative means of cryptofascism whose gagging or crapping their pants amounts to reactionary violence against out-groups during moral panics/the state of exception.
- *bad-faith egregores* that personify/disguise the bourgeois proponents' frustration and pre-emptive aggression during said struggles.

I won't have time to address each of these in turn; they're more basic concepts I expect you to approach intuitively as we move forward.

Second, there are some underlying comorbidities that affect fascists/centrists to different degrees as weird canonical nerds (again, things to keep in mind as we proceed through the rest of the book):

- *Alienation.* As we approached in Volume Two's zombie section, fascism and vigilantism leads to mass alienation, disembowelment and ignominious death; i.e., the siding of vigilante and cop as similarly dehumanized in protection of the status quo. When defending property before people, the conscript's sense of belonging is overwritten by a conditioned desire to attack and kill that which is different: the other. As we shall see, this Promethean outcome applies to male and female proponents, including weird canonical nerds, TERFs (girl-boss Amazons, Medusas, etc) and witch cops, etc, as stuck in the Man Box, acting like men. As power aggregates, the call to assimilate deepens. Former activists of convenience become afraid of change, of self-critique, of difference, which leads to their own destruction, but also the destruction of other people: the Promethean pursuit of traditional, masculine power through the monomyth.
- *False power and insecurity.* In fascist terms, power is false, self-destructive, Faustian. The hero, despite appearing strong, becomes fragile, ignorant, callow and doomed; their loneliness compounds, seeking a sense of community and belonging from a xenophobic con that ultimately drives them apart—i.e., the power trip becomes a death omen, fantasy and cult, fiddling while Rome burns. The only solution they have/acquire is to become stronger within this metric, which only disassociates them from the trauma they inflict on themselves and others. Death, rape and exploitation through toxic masculinity becomes cool, cherished for its Ragnarok-level endgame. The genocidal outcome/call to war is endlessly glorified. In wrestler parlance, the kayfabe becomes meta, embodied inside the text as imitated by life and vice versa. Back and forth, the Gothic villain—a tremendously flawed, emotionally stupid archetype—is supplied with the mantle of absolute power, to which he cannot imagine a world beyond Capitalism, thus being conditioned to "solve" its problems through mandatory holocaust. Only the mission matters, ending

with the practitioner committing suicide; until then, they're the ultimate slave—a heartless, unthinking drone utterly devoid of humanity and empathy. They bury their trauma, then bury and burn the world on an altar of perceived strength and defeatist, meaningless glory.



(artist: [Jed Henry](#))

- *Damnation and impotency.* Again, and as we shall see, the same prescribed lack of choice can be said of Achilles or Darth Vader but also their real-life equivalents: incels, dude bros, TERFs, etc. Moody stoics like Eren Yeager are closer to Andrew Tate ([or Sneako](#): F.D. Signifier's "Anime Fans Deserve better than Eren Yeager," 2023; timestamp: 1:38:18) than his own self-inflated sense of importance, while Conan was written by a weird, dorky loner who feared pretty much everything (and eventually shot himself for fear that Conan would eventually murder him). These lost boys never change or use their brains; frozen in time, they follow their chicken hawk leaders like zombies, shuffling to their doom. Indoctrination generally targets youthful trauma and desperation for acceptance for this reason, but some accountability needs to be had or fascists become blameless. They are not, desperately needing to recognize their own privilege as spoiling their satisfaction while alive, too busy chasing glory in death and the afterlife through a "there can only be one" mindset (a casualty of the mind through war/nation pastiche). Yet there is always someone stronger than them—or rather, *something*. Capitalism always wins, sacrificing its strongest heroes and personas for the state, first and foremost, forever.

For now, our focus is on canonical men's arrested development and fragile ego (specifically their inability to take criticism) as something to manipulate by the chicken hawks poaching them; i.e., ringleaders with a far-reaching shadow that treats those inside like child soldiers longer after they grow up. Darkness abounds as persecution mania within the broader dark is exacerbated by the smaller shades lurking inside. Marginalized workers—even when reduced to white, cis-het women in a colonial binary—are eclipsed by men. In 1929, Virginia Woolf likened this eclipse to a shadow in *A Room of One's Own*:

But after reading a chapter or two a shadow seemed to lie across the page. It was a straight dark bar, a shadow shaped something like the letter 'I'. One began dodging this way and that to catch a glimpse of the landscape behind it. Whether that was indeed a tree or a woman walking I was not quite sure. Back one was always hailed to the letter 'I'. One began to be tired of 'I'. Not but what this 'I' was a most respectable 'I'; honest and logical; as hard as a nut, and polished for centuries by good teaching and good feeding. I respect and admire that 'I' from the bottom of my heart. But—here I turned a page or two, looking for something or other—the worst of it is that in the shadow of the letter 'I' all is shapeless as mist. Is that a tree? No, it is a woman. But...she has not a bone in her body, I thought, watching Phoebe, for that was her name, coming across the beach. Then Alan got up and the shadow of Alan at once obliterated Phoebe. For Alan had views and Phoebe was quenched in the flood of his views ([source](#)).

As Woolf notes, this took centuries of "good teaching" and "feeding"—a kind of creative husbandry shepherded by dudes. I would argue it's a curse, one drunk on its own terror and splendor and grappling with its interminable bugbears. The weight of their deeper heteronormative, capitalist implications is felt on the surface, where it breeds weird nerds through recursive canonical pastiche; i.e., *bourgeois* nerds.

Furthermore, the sum of this canonical praxis is designed to exploit workers inside a punitive system for the elite's benefit: Patriarchal Capitalism and its accommodated "kings for a day." For capital to work, it must—to a degree, anyways—surrender power in frontier territories it can police on loop. This goes for James Cameron's liminally praxial nightmare vision of the retro-future and recuperated military scapegoats, which we've already discussed (re: Metroidvania, "[The Quest for Power](#)"). However, it *also* applies to other kings of the mode and their name-branded visions; re: Steven King (for once, pun not intended, but I'll welcome it).



(artist: [Justin Hillgrove](#))

Yes, Steven King is a weird canonical nerd—profoundly "weird," but generally playing it safe and not very Marxist-Leninist (let alone anarcho-Communist). Hollywood just loves his monsters, but he profits off them far too much and says far too little in Marxist language to be considered a useful ally. The same goes for James Cameron. As I cite from this manuscript during Volume Zero (re: "[Interrogating Power](#)"),

Even at his most critical (when he was poor) he still pushed the girls around and called the shots; now he's just a billionaire Marxist franchising "war" as activism but having no shortage of racism against Indigenous Peoples following the 2009 original and its 2022 sequel, *The Shape of Water*. Much of this has to do with Cameron's blue-washed, white savior/Indian mentality for

his own endless "war," which ultimately lacks critical bite but makes white-owned companies billions of dollars:

In 2010 Cameron said something that did not exactly help his cause. He had been protesting against the building of the giant Belo Monte hydroelectric dam in the Amazon. The dam's construction threatened the way of life of the Brazilian Xingu people. While speaking to *The Guardian*, he said, "A real-life *Avatar* confrontation is in progress. I felt like I was 130 years back in time watching what the Lakota Sioux might have been saying at a point when they were being pushed and they were being killed and they were being asked to displace and they were being given some form of compensation. This was a driving force for me in the writing of *Avatar* – I couldn't help but think that if they [the Lakota Sioux] had had a time-window and they could see the future... and they could see their kids committing suicide at the highest suicide rates in the nation... because they were hopeless and they were a dead-end society – which is what is happening now – they would have fought a lot harder." Many took that to mean that he was suggesting that the Lakota should have fought their colonizers harder ([source](#): "Native Americans boycott James Cameron," 2022).

All that money and Cameron can't say the quiet part out loud—just lots of fancy effects and big explosions ("full of sound and fury. Signifying nothing!"). It's what Communists say *about* their works that leads to iconoclastic praxis. So while King and Cameron are garden-variety centrists, their own canon is still productive when transformed. We can stand on their educated, giant, artistically-savvy shoulders to clamber out of the manmade well (that as a *Ringu* pun).

Unlike King and Cameron, I'm a *profoundly* weird, highly educated and artistic nerd (if this book is any clue) but deliberately choose to use my horny weirdness and classical education in actively iconoclastic ways (my definition, not King's): in defense of the marginalized, specifically their basic human rights as things to fight for in demonstrably revolution—*not* the false revolution and empty hope of "popcorn monsters" and movie magic (sanctioned violence against women, black people and other marginalized groups) that historically puts white butts in seats (expanding the audience only intensifies the sacrifices that remain).

To quote Akim from *Conan the Destroyer* (1984): "[There's a better way to handle a wizard!](#)" With a sexy-gay-Communist wizard of course! We're not cops at all, bitches; we're gossipers with perceptive pastiche and constructive anger that deescalates genocide by dismantling the state apparatus through transmuted



propaganda! Our "trap cards" (that was a femboy pun) totally make you gay as fuck!

(exhibit 95a2: Artist: [Virus-G](#). The anti-vigilante is someone who doesn't work for the state or the status quo, but rather subverts it through iconoclast media that pokes fun of the monomyth; i.e., the wizard doesn't tell the cis-het hero what to do, they steal the spotlight. That's what Galatea does, overpowering Pygmalion as a mighty queen of camp.)

I'm not selling you a ticket, just asking you to *think* about the ones you buy yourself. Watching Steven King movie adaptations or reading his books is not revolutionary praxis; you have to say or do something with it, making

monsters that challenge what is frankly cheap, bigoted slop (to varying degrees of moderate and reactive abuse) thus make food or other products taste better for everyone (though tummy aches and so-called "refeeding syndrome" often socio-politically manifest in those conditioned to subsist on brainless, uncritical/"apolitical" garbage; Zizek's self-disparaging jab, "[I already am eating from the trashcan](#)" except it applies to outright enemies of workers; e.g., Jadis loved fast food and centrist media/interpretations equally). While the compelled guilt of neoliberal Capitalism is feeling bad about eating food that actually tastes better than anything the elite provide—i.e., AAA dreck, fast food and storebought brands—it *is* possible to make products taste good without committing genocide: living under Capitalism isn't a zero sum game. This includes ourselves, our bodies and our reclaimed culture and Gothic poetics *as* the product. We make things taste better because profit above all else isn't our endgame. Everything is more colorful, pleasurable and hard-hitting (the sweet, sweet demon-wizard-unicorn sex by gay space Communists and Satanic rebels).

By comparison, weird canonical nerds unironically use their weirdness to defend heteronormative canon as a sacred extension of Capitalism—i.e., something to wolf down, ask for seconds, then emulate. Men like Steven King and uncritical consumers of King's work keep the market "free" in neoliberal terms, but also for its sexist *symptoms* to flourish (implying efficient profit and infinite growth, but repressing the violence of either of those things). Their behavior amounts to neoliberal hero worship at the billionaire level, but also among various "working class heroes" like King. He may have been relatively poor (for a white dude) once; striking oil, he's just another accommodated "intellectual" trying to emulate the owner class and spread their harmful ideas amongst their own fans. Even when he's sexist, the guy can do no wrong in their eyes precisely he makes money having formerly come "from nothing. Aja Ramano's praise is nigh endless:

It's nearly impossible to overstate how influential Stephen King is. For the past four decades, no single writer has dominated the landscape of genre writing like him. To date, he is the only author in history to have had more than 30 books become No. 1 best-sellers. He now has more than 70 published books, many of which have become cultural icons, and his achievements extend so far beyond a single genre at this point that it's impossible to limit him to one — even though, as the world was reminded last year when the feature film adaptation of *It* became the highest-grossing horror movie on record, horror is still King's calling card. [...]

Born in 1947, King grew up poor in Durham, Maine, the younger son of a single working mother whose husband, a merchant mariner, abandoned his family when King was still a toddler. A lifelong fan of speculative fiction, King began writing seriously while attending the University of Maine Orono. It was there, in 1969, that he met his wife, Tabitha. By 1973, King was a high school English teacher drawing a meager \$6,400 a year. He had married Tabitha in 1971, and the pair lived in a trailer in Hampden, Maine, and each worked additional jobs to make ends meet. King wrote numerous short stories, some of which were published by Playboy and other men's magazines, but significant writerly success eluded him.

Tabitha, who'd been one of the first to read Stephen's short stories in colleges, had loaned Stephen her own typewriter and refused to let him take a higher-paying job that would mean less time to write. Tabitha was also the one who discovered draft pages of what would become *Carrie* tossed in Stephen's trash can. She retrieved them and ordered him to keep working on the idea. Ever since, King has continued to pay Tabitha's encouragement forward. He frequently and effusively blurbs books from established as well as new authors, citing a clear wish to leave publishing better than he found it. Meanwhile, Tabitha is a respected author in her own right, as are both of their sons, Joe Hill and Owen King. *Carrie*, which King sold for a \$2,500

advance, would go on to earn \$400,000 for the rights to its paperback run ([source](#): "His Legacy Is So Much More Than Horror," 2018).



(*exhibit 95b: [Source](#): A Call to Men: "Healthy, respectful manhood means valuing and respecting women, girls, and LGBTQ, Trans, and nonbinary people — and respecting and valuing oneself by striving to live authentically." Keep "authenticity" in mind when we examine Liver King in Chapter Four, exhibit 98b1; his marketing of an authentic life as something that only non-degenerate persons can perform; anyone else is sub-human, but especially critics.*)

Assimilation fantasy and class character aside, consuming Steven King's false hope of neoliberalism alongside neoliberal/fascist personas of strength like Caleb Hart gradually makes consumer culture uninformed, passive and bigoted. Beyond cis-het men, even, Man Box culture affects seemingly rebellious, but actually subservient groups and their regressive cultural markers: the Amazon, Medusa or dominatrix as subjugated, their replicated aesthetics turned away from their proletarian critical function in service of the elite behind the mask. Another "brain crypt" myopia, Mark Greene (a leading proponent of Man Box theory and cis-het allyship) rightly points out how man box culture leads to any bigotry you could list, including misogynistic, "rape culture" subtypes: incels, nice guys, neckbeards and gamers (the identity having colonized the profession it comes from) but also TERFs and feminist bigots. Trapped inside a sexist mode of thought, these persons fall victim to older inhabitants who, incredibly bad in bed, have already fallen under its hypnotic spell:

- reactionary grifters like Andrew Tate, who—conflating sex and penetration with war and rape (the penis is a knife or a bullet)—casually hawk toxic masculinity as a poor, dip-your-toes-in-the-water "disguise" [for real-world sex crimes](#) and pyramid-schemes-for-dummies. In either case, Tate is a "bad lover," using the lover boy" to dominate and compel women to make money for him by deceiving, isolating and pimping them out, then [selling this technique to other men disguised as self-help advice](#) (Hasan's "Lawyer DESTROYS Andrew Tate," 2023).
- Moderate shills like Caleb "I'm not a rapist" Hart, who preach their own sacred education tied to personalized sexist brands that worship the sexist past, while sweeping systemic abuse of working women, people of color and queer persons under the table.

Either facilitates fresh bricks for the mind prison, a monster factory whose reassembled Confidence(tm) turns men into weird, unfuckable nerds with zero "game," girl talk, social awareness, or critical-thinking. Yet, they "trigger" when they feel threatened—"threatening" for them meaning an end to the *Matrix* jar of illusion goo that their little, fragile brains float inside. The bind is quixotic and Promethean; the nerds *don't* think themselves monsters, working for the cause until it inevitably destroys them.

To prevent rehabilitation, fascism discourages self-reflection despite the feelings of doubt. However, so does Capitalism, the hypermasculine sophistry extending to a gradient of neoliberal moderates like Steven King or Caleb Hart, who don't realize (or care) how much their bad instruction contributes to the rise of fascism within societies already decaying towards that outcome; i.e., through Man Box culture, Pygmalion-esque doubles and neoliberal war/nation pastiche. More likely they hide their true intentions behind various masks and personas. *That's literally the whole point of bad faith—to blend in, then attack with bad intent, often as "lobotomized" creatures of habit.* Bad habits, bad education, bad play; low emotional/Gothic intelligence, canonical praxis. It's something that survives not just in the men we've examined so far, but those who LARP as being more progressive and outspoken than they actually are—e.g., Ian Kochinski (a real piece of work; more on him in Chapter Four).



(exhibit 95c: Top-far-left: Cus D'amato and Mike; middle-far-left: Ryunosuke Tsukue; top-middle: Gozer from *Ghostbusters: Afterlife*, 2021; middle: [concept art for that film](#); bottom-far-left: *Kairo*; bottom-middle: [Vladimir Tytla, Disney's animator for Chernabog](#) [Fun Fact Film's "The Origin of the Chernabog," 2020]; top-right: Betsy Brantley, [the human stand-in for cartoon Jessica Rabbit](#); button-right: Heidi Klum as Jessica Rabbit.)

Women's role—if the Woolf quote was any clue—are left disembodied, without any subject of themselves. Either they are outright victims the likes of which King rehashes for a quick paycheck, or they are the scapegoated workers of their own death warrants—forced to reify "kick me signs" with their bodies, their voices, their labor as stolen from and commissioned by powerful men with a canonical worldview in mind. This Symbolic Order takes time, effort, and work to maintain. Heidi Klum's costume, for example, [took nine hours, rubber eyelids and a fake plastic butt](#) (similar to Quigley's "Barbie doll crotch" from Chapter One). For any of these she-devils, this special-effect, "plastic reality" (re: [Julie A. Turnock](#)) is deeply heteronormative—with limited wiggle room for anyone but cis-het white men to say anything. The woman, then, is destroyed, along with the past she represents (re: Picasso). This includes white, cis-het women, who are more privileged than any other AFAB group. Even they become "ghosts" that men fear in truly bizarre and sad ways; i.e., Matthew Lewis' Bloody Nun behind which an awful crime has been committed, over and over and over.

Many more, as we'll see, become furious monsters: killer ghosts, but also Amazons, Medusas, succubae working for the state by leveling the gaze at the easiest to blame: those they can punch down against—each other. That's the transgenerational curse, in Marxist terms: labor theft as demonized, bricked over by gruesome, "whitewash" cryptonyms—the living burial of rape culture tied to power structures dotted with hauntologized, Gothic threats of systemic violence: gargoyles. Not only was the albatross vision of Gozer thoroughly colonized by female bodies and workers made to do a male patrons bidding—re: O'Keefe and Stieglitz—but in true chimeric fashion, [2021 Gozer was the byproduct of three different women](#) to produce a fetishized female bogeyman that generates whatever "arbiter" moral panic men want to evoke: a "hag in disguise" to protect the women and children from [and venerate the image of childhood heroes like Bill Murray and his creepy onscreen counterpart, Dr. Venkman]. All the same, the face, body and voice of Gozer are made with real women—Olivia Wilde, Emma Portner and Shohreh Aghdashloo—who, in this Commie Mommy's opinion, worked hard to make Gozer something *other* than a punching bag.

Like Margaret Hamilton's Wicked Witch of the West, the most intriguing thing about the film (from a Gothic-Communist/gender studies perspective) is the witch herself. It's same ghostly creative tradition that enchanted Chernobog from *Fantasia*, 1940; Jessica Rabbit from *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*, 1988; or *Kairo's* creepy-as-fuck, [dancer-performed ghost walk](#) (Spikima Movies' "Anatomy of the Scariest Scene Ever")—not just the ghost of the counterfeit, but *in* the counterfeit and on its surface, its chronotopes and hauntology through famous proverbs and oral traditions. From a Western perspective, the past becomes a bad copy of itself, one whose fabled atrocities hold Cartesian proponents in thrall. It becomes like a bad dream, one that never seems to end.

Somewhere inside, though, there's lurks the potential for a revolutionary Trojan to emerge, to wake up: a feisty Galatea. This awaited return is not like Lovecraft's dead Cthulhu—who the author prophesized through Islamophobia; i.e., the "mad Arab" scribbling about the Great Old one dreaming at R'lyeh—but a counter Numinous whose banshee scream terrifies the death knight, paladin and pope, as well as Lovecraft and similar scholarly Cartesians like Dr. Goody (whose ruins of Ca'n Dar evoke a similar inherited genocidal/survivor's guilt) to death: "That is not dead which can eternal lie, / And with strange aeons even death may die" as a reclaimed old wives' tale, assisting labor rebellion and class consciousness as a continued negotiation through undead/demonic poetics.

In short, as monstrous-feminine having our revenge, we faggot whores are Galatea, hence the thing they fear most; i.e., for having wronged in the past, present and future through capital's rapacious profit motive. Armed with the knowledge that the state cannot be trusted, then, parallel societies may hijack the shared boogeyman's mantra/zombie tyrant's refrain: "In his house at R'lyeh, dead Cthulhu waits dreaming." In turn, it can be used to revive a hauntological Dark

Mother that challenges the Cycle of Kings' inexorable march towards *total* genocide. No more Pygmalion kings, good or bad; no more elite or state; something whispered about but resurrected afresh can revive out of a Gothic imagination once camped by Mathew Lewis, James Whale, Ann Rice and Cassandra Peterson. Now it shall be camped by us as taking up Galatea's mantle—to kill capital's darlings on the Aegis:



(exhibit 96: Artist, right: Jean-Léon Gérôme.

Left: The "false deference" and female rage of Sadako Yamamura, the ghost of the counterfeit from *Ringu*. While she can be parodied into friendlier forms that are still sex-positive [re: exhibit 41g2, "[Understanding Vampires](#)"], here she emerges from the viral VHS tape [which is a poor medium for copying as VHS tapes decay when copied, but whatever] and kneels threateningly before the hero detective. Her fingernails are missing [a sign of torture, but also live burial—of trying to claw one's way out]. She pursues him into the other room and parts her black veil [eat your heart out, Ann Radcliffe], striking him dead with her baleful gaze. Her MQ is the petrifying gaze of female revenge, shaming the accommodate male detective to death. It's a Gothic trope, but an iconoclastic one if we consider the source of the shame: him confronting that she was raped by men just like him. Brain reverse-raped! His death is symbolic of the death of the patriarch in its unwitting servants: dude bros.

Right: Jean-Léon Gérôme's "Truth Coming Out of Her Well to Shame Mankind" [1896]. As Ariela Gittlen writes in "A Brief History of Female Rage in Art":

Academic French painter Jean-Léon Gérôme's take on the allegorical figure of Truth (specifically, the philosopher Democritus's aphorism: "Of truth we

know nothing, for truth is in a well") differs from contemporary interpretations in a number of ways. A beautiful nude woman emerges from a well, an open-mouthed shout of anger on her face and a whip in her hand, rather than the usual mirror. Although she is nude (a blunt reference to "the naked truth"), she looks ready to charge straight for the viewer in a full-throated battle cry [[source](#)].

Both Sadako the ghost and G r me's Truth are cryptomimetic, echoing hidden atrocities buried within art during oppositional praxis.)

We'll continue exploring female monsters as recuperated and subverted entities in Chapter Four. To close out Chapter Three, let's apply the bad education of Pygmalion's shadow to our weird canonical nerds, da boys, as a symptom of the Pygmalion effect (re: exhibit 12, "[Challenging the State](#)"). Right off the bat, you can practically hear it in the defenders of canon: "L thspell I name him! Ill news is an ill guest!" For example, Rob Ager aka Collative Learning smugly declares, "Most people in the world, or about half of them by my count, don't want to live in so-called 'reality'" ([source](#): "12 Delusions About the Future of Humanity," 2020). But he really has a hard-on for Capitalism—all at once unable to define it, but confidently asserting it reductively as "trade." It's the "all rectangles are squares" conflation, with the "end of Capitalism 'delusion,'" as he calls it, being a cheap "Gotcha!" moment: "Exchange of labor will exist "after" Capitalism, therefore Capitalism hasn't ended!"

Wrong. Provided we don't all die first, Capitalism and its histories *will* end by Capitalism evolving into structures of labor exchange that abolish privatization: Communism and its stated goal, according to Marx. It's not mystical, but I suspect Ager doesn't know enough about Marx to comment. Instead, he sounds like a calmer version [of John Cleese gnashing his teeth at international Communism](#) ("Bicycle Repairman," 1969)—with Ager offering his own smug psychoanalysis in the bargain; i.e., a kind of armchair critic "talking down" to that "half of the world" he was referring to. Care to guess who he's talking about (hint: not men)? "Even if you do nationalize an industry, that doesn't end the monopoly. Sometimes, a *state-run* monopoly can be worse than a *market-based* monopoly." While I am an anarcho-Communist and think that Marxist-Leninism is historically imperfect, it's still light years ahead of neoliberal Capitalism. Ager's gambit is Red-Scare jargon and neoliberal apologetics; i.e., keep the market "free!"

However, it's also profoundly sexist, with Ager worshiping his own education and canonical praxis through his endless reviews; he thinks that films were better when "men were men," but also Capitalist. *He's a gold-star standard for Mark Fisher's Capitalist Realism; he can count the number of pubes around Stallone's asshole, but can't imagine a world beyond Capitalism.* In other words, not so different from Oliver Harper's [In Search of the Last Action Heroes](#) (2019). Search all

you want; their disappearance is only expanding to evolve beyond men as the universal client/distributor of state sanctioned, dimorphic violence. Forget "This city is headed for a disaster of biblical proportions" (with poor Gozer from our sample essay being [hectorated and boxed up like Pandora by an old sexist dinosaur like Bill Murray and his den of grandpa pussy thieves](#)); this is a learned behavior that has already been learned and canonized at the cultural level by smug cis-het white dudes just like Ager closing ranks on various registers (see: [Todd Grande defending Jordan Peterson](#); source: Shark30zero's "The Most Cucked Jordan Peterson Fan Ever," 2023). Power aggregates, embodying MLK's infamous condemnation from the Birmingham jail of the white moderate as a class enemy for all exploited workers. Worse, it becomes something to emulate by various assimilated token actors.



(exhibit 97a1: We've already discussed action heroes as vigilantes in Volume Two; [this fucking poster](#) celebrates vigilantes of a neoconservative, fascist sort under neoliberal dogma. It's so sexist, so jingoistically lobotomized, vampiric and in love with itself—just look at those phallic rockets, blasting off orgasmically to the thought of neoliberal war and its sweet, sweet profits [the kind defended by Joe Takagi, the neoliberal from *Die Hard*, 1988, and which Hans Gruber, the movie's recuperated fascist leader, tries to steal by threatening profits through false revolution, hypocritically lecturing the corporation's "legacy of greed" while pilfering their pockets for himself and throwing his conspicuously expendable crew of warrior-mercenaries under the bus]! The '80s hero worship, revenge fantasy and worker exploitation dressed up in retro, war/rape apologia—may they never come

back. Note: As a filthy Commie, I certainly enjoy many of these movies, but I don't endorse their neoliberal worldview. It's poison for the brain. Also, where's my boy toy from the future at, Kyle Reese? Why are there four fonts for the title? So many questions!)

You know the back-handed compliment, "Behind every great man is a woman?" Well, behind every "great" man is a bad-faith master—a structure and its dogma that teach the next in line like dogs to *bite*. To cite Jonathan Banks, this isn't a master/slave dynamic where consent happens in negotiated¹¹⁵ good faith, though; it's the false father of gladiatorial sports and corporate sharks swimming in the treacherous waters of Capitalism. Think of it as Ryunosuke Tsukue from *Sword of Doom* (exhibit 95), a serial killer samurai who's unorthodox style "lures" would-be challengers into a false sense of security before he murders them quickly and mercilessly. Then combine that with Cus D'amato's toxic advice to Mr. Dream himself, Mike Tyson (also exhibit 95): "Throw punches with bad intent." Neither Tsukue nor Tyson was a brutish, sluggish "ham andegger"; they were coached and classically trained by older men within their own times and places to deceive their opponents and show them no mercy in competitions of warlike strength. In Tyson's own words, he tearfully announces:

I'm a fucking student of war; I know all the warriors, from Charlemagne, Achilles the number one warrior of all warriors. From there Alexander and Napoleon; I know them all, I read them all, I studied them all. I know the art of fighting, I know the art of war, that's all I ever studied. That's why I was feared. That's why they feared me when I was in the ring, because I was an annihilator that's all I was born for. And now those days are gone, it's empty, I'm nothing. That's the reason why I'm crying, because I'm not that person no more, and I miss him. Because sometimes I feel like a bitch, because I don't want that person to come out, because if he comes out; hell is coming with him ([source](#): Mike Tyson's "Sugar Ray Leonard | Hotboxin' with Mike Tyson," 2020).

¹¹⁵ In his 2020 writeup, "Consent and Master/Slave Relationships," Jonathan Taylor's supplied definition of consent is:

Consent is the explicit indication, by written or oral statement, by one person that he/she is willing to have something done to him/her by one or more other persons, or to perform some sort of act at the request or order of one or more other persons. In terms of sexual consent, consent may be withdrawn at any point, regardless of what has been previously negotiated orally or in writing ([source](#)).

Per [my own work on ludo-Gothic BDSM](#), consent is something people consciously agree to that historically-materially reduces risk of rape at a system level.

Cus wasn't a sweet old man, you see; he was a *powerful old man* who famously coached poor, starving athletes that he recognized for their "talent"—useful to him as something he could turn into a money-making champion. In the 1950s Cus coached Floyd Patterson, [who Sonny Liston \(a meaner Jack Johnson and hardened to fight in the US penitentiary system\) promptly ate alive](#) (Rainy Day Boxing's "Boxing's Most Intimidating and Unwanted Champion," 2021). In the 1980s, Cus scooped a teenage Mike up off the streets, then worked him like a dog until Cus up and died, leaving Mike to fall into the hands of Don King. Eventually Mike was manipulated by those around him into exposing his heel's aura of invincibility (that sports fans love and which Mike played the "black knight" of sports to a tee: the centrist language of the "indestructible" heel personifying fascist warriors of older, medieval times), fucking up on his own accord when he went to jail for rape and aggravated assault. Cus is to blame. He didn't teach Mike how to be a good person; he taught him how to fight and more to the point, to fear Cus. Cus used Mike and prepared him for failure later in life: a warrior Jesus "patsy" on par with Link from *Blood Father*.

Note: Refer to "[Back to Necropolis](#)" for further discussions of Afromnormativity; i.e., that include Mike Tyson's replicas in videogames, but also black Nazis in stories like [Castlevania](#) and [Star Wars](#). —Perse, 4/21/2025

As discussed in Volume One, Mel Gibson's Link illustrates the perpetual victim of men like Cus (re: exhibit 25, "[War Culture](#)"): the titular Preacher as a smaller chicken hawk in a circle of progressively bigger ones—a patriarchal pecking order that leads up to men like Caleb Hart, Steven King and upwards higher to heads of state, church oligarchs, billionaires and other ghouls of capital. Link's myth of the redeemed gunslinger is useful if only to showcase the flaws on Capitalism in ways that hit hard. War takes our sons and fathers, no matter how streetwise; its war and rape culture takes our daughters, love, labor and brains and uses them up, burns through them like fuel. If Link was the dad I never had, I wept for his death onscreen using tears I have inside for my own lost father. Dad never listened and society wouldn't help him; his blood and kin wouldn't listen to me decades ago, and I have no desire to beat a dead horse that refuses to drink (a double horse pun). But I see so many badly trained people fighting like dogs in defense of the very structure that makes all workers its bitch (a double-dog pun, with a third pun tacked on).



This concept—of fascist/neoliberal, Pavlovian "dog training"—is a facet of Pygmalion's shadow, which menticides male workers, fucking over in many different ways, and breeds generations of weird canonical nerds, who breed weird canonical nerds, on and on. [Sisyphus 55 notes a lack of intersectional safe spaces for white men \(the most privileged group exploited by the bourgeoisie\) to discuss social issues](#) ("Journey Into The MANOSPHERE," 2022; timestamp: 20:25). Deprived of conservative guarantees amid declining Capitalism, they instead turn to perceived strongmen for answers, garnering a sophomore, "wise fool" status through the acquisition of cheap, easy knowledge that confirms their birthright worldview—i.e., stupid nerds who think they know a lot, when their behavior is really more about enforcement of neoliberal canon, treating videogames as a colonized pedagogic sphere under Patriarchal Capitalism. In turn, the dated views they uphold extend to their own bodies and personal property as instructional to everyone around them. Overcompensation aside, they project their insecurities onto a dated worldview they must defend at all costs; their strength is a complete lie and they're nothing without it.

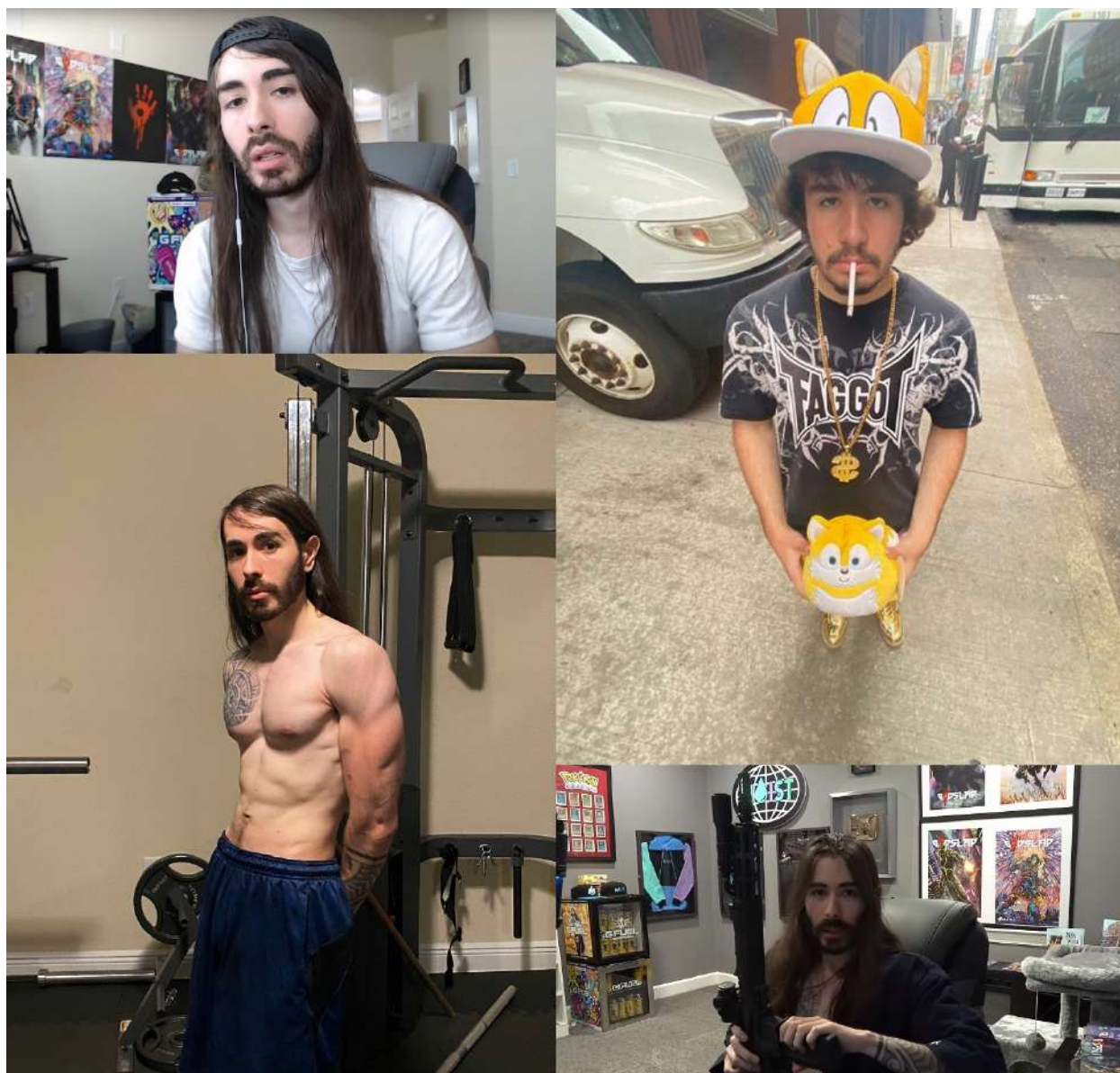
Capitalism's hauntologies aren't just mind prisons that closet people; they're fortress mentalities that make *soldiers*. Not only will employees and their fanbase close ranks to defend heroes of neoliberal Capitalism (including their employers and owners) through what I'll call "parasocial "docking": where two men "dock" by having one wrap his foreskin around the exposed head of the other's penis. Why a queer metaphor? Simply put, I'm using it for comedic effect; i.e., to shame the [super straight](#) "tech bros" who are not only up on Elon Musk's hog 24/7 but

frankly—as mentioned during the manifesto—do some pretty awful things to normal working people, including artists (re: [drawslaves and paint pigs](#)). As a whole, neoliberal Capitalism tends to defend bigoted consumers and content creators/grifters in order to preserve itself as a system. Bans do happen to notable figures/sizeable channels like Kanye West, Andrew Tate, [Low Tier God](#) (Joon the King's "My Cyberstalker NEEDS to be stopped," 2021) or [Sneako](#) (J Aubrey's "The Decay of Sneako," 2022). However, their corporate de-platformers tend to be conspicuously lenient, only dropping the hammer after these men go "mask-off," offering the usual "red pill" grift to "escape the Matrix" (the usual fascist snake oil, in other words). Growing comfortable with open acts of fascism, all were banned for *refusing* to dogwhistle, promoting various criminal behaviors denounced by mainstream media—anti-Semitism; sex trafficking and domestic abuse; and child porn—or copying someone who promotes these activities. And even when it's obvious that someone is a predator, like Ian Kochinski or Low Tier God¹¹⁶ are, it's very rare that anything is done to address these matters at a system level (which would interfere with the profit motive).

Again, money is the point and takes priority as it did and continues to do with Steven King or Caleb Hart. It doesn't matter if they ruffle some feathers; they just have to be "mask on" about it. But even the more radical are privileged by virtue of the situation, poor businessmen who can continuously fail, even when the bad grift radicalizes them to the point of jailtime, temporary exile or constant ridicule (re: Low Tier God, Sneako, and Andrew Tate; to Donald Trump; to Adolf Hitler's Nazi party to Radcliffe's Count Montoni; etc). They can always return and be welcomed a sizeable portion of the room because Capitalism is geared towards such behaviors; i.e., profit through unethical controversy and cheap, unscrupulous destruction masquerading as "speaking truth to power" and other forms of false rebellion. False rebellions fail until they don't and then fascism drops the mask.

¹¹⁶ Low Tier God's grooming of minors has been an open secret for years, as has Kochinski's pedophilia. Even with Shang Tsung's [excellent exposé investigating Low Tier God's grooming tactics](#) ("Low Tier Groomer - the TRUTH behind LTG's lies EXPOSED," 2024), [and Kochinski accidentally revealing his private lolicon \(and horse\) porn collection to his streaming audience](#) (Bad Empanada Live's "Vaush is a P*dophile (CONFIRMED)," 2024), it is unlikely that anything will be done about either person *unless* the backlash forces corporate to respond. Until then, these incidents—for the men involved—merely serve as dogwhistles for other community predators and grooming mechanisms for the young adults (often men) in their audience bases to attack critiques; or as Shang Tsung warned when I praised his video and wanted to mention it here: "I appreciate that but I'd caution you that he (LTG) usually goes on the offensive against anyone that criticizes him, so just be aware he may try harassing you" ([source](#)).

Furthermore, such persons are generally awarded some degree of exposure as, despite Tsung's scathing exposé and years of foreknowledge regarding Low Tier God's abuse, [Low Tier God was allowed to present at the 2024 Stream Awards](#) (Maximus2400's "Low Tier God Gets Boomed at Streamer Awards," 2024). As I commented myself in that video, "A groomer and bigot still has a place at the table, it seems. Basically like Hollywood; i.e., it's an 'open secret' what kind of man LTG is and yet they still have him present the awards."



(exhibit 97a1: Source, bottom: [MoistCr1TiKaL](#); right: Turkey Tom's Instagram [[tombutdark](#)] in 2023 [nice shirt, dumbass]. They have all the smug, shonen-esque confident of someone who's never actually been oppressed by consumes a million stories about it; i.e., Zuko from The Last Airbender [2005] except terminally obtuse [closer to Eren Yeager in that respect]. When their backs are against the wall, then, people like penguinz0 and Turkey Tom are bad allies/fair weather friends. In short, they're white cis-het boys with Instagram accounts who use their platforms to move merchandise and treat social activist and reactionary regression as the same thing: content to farm. They're not activists, but centrist profiteers who, in appearance, are a category removed from being like Andrew Tate Logan Paul. In truth, they're functionally the same except Logan's a bigger asshole in public about it and Tate says the quiet part out loud. It won't take much for them to turn heel,

but even if they stayed babyface they'd still be centrist, thus oppressive to actual minorities.)

The problem is, this "mask on" (or at least partially on) abuse has existed for years, corporate tolerance allowing the shared Man Box message to germinate far wider than it would otherwise. Centrists finger wag at reactionaries and leftists alike, but continued to waste their platform making a great deal of money that isn't geared towards changing the system in any meaningful way—i.e., doesn't change material conditions or take hard stances that would lead into the changing of material conditions.

For example, [penguinz0 telling iDubbz not to apologize for being a bigot](#) (D'Angello Wallace's "Charlie and the Hot Take Factory: Wrong About iDubbz," 2023); Turkey Tom defending Low Tier God¹¹⁷ by *not* calling out his bigotry for what it is, [choosing instead to "roast" him for content, instead](#) ("Low Tier God Roasted Me (my response)," 2023); and [NBC's refusal to hold its abusive men accountable despite a veneer of elevated propriety](#) (Georg Rockall-Schmidt's "The Allegations That Could Destroy NBC," 2022) or using the loudness of weird, toxic incels/fascist men like Andrew Tate [to profit off controversy instead of challenging their views in ways that would actually scare off future weird canonical nerds just like him](#) (Georg Rockall-Schmidt's "Andrew Tate and the Lost Boys," 2023). Such apologist refrains are frequently made by those who, short of total war and/or nuclear disaster, will never be immediately affected on a systemic level by the dialog they're tone-policing: white, cis-het men.

As a whole, Capitalism is designed to function like this. By shielding its chosen foils from criticism and punishment—but also financially incentivizing their toxic, duplicitous behavior by allowing them platforms—the structure and its proponents helps bigots make money and spread fascist ideas under its banner.

On par with normalizing Nazis within centrist theatre, the elite's tolerating of fascism in the "free" marketplace of ideas belies an elaborate, multimedia distraction: ubiquitous, orderly battles of good-vs-evil that drain the public's ability to use their imaginary potential to critique structures of power through their socio-material extensions that lead to genuine material suffering (a ghost of the counterfeit that Steven King is only too happy to exploit). While centrism commonly manifests in popular media (more on this in Chapter Four), it parallels real-world

¹¹⁷ Turkey Tom says, "I don't want to cause a big moral issue over this, because I think he's really funny." I think Turkey Tom means, "I don't want to take a hard stance." Seriously my dude, we can laugh at Dale's bigotry and still point it out; the fact that Turkey Tom won't preface his response to Dale with this simple truth constitutes apologia regarding Dale's abuses, but also Turkey Tom's hand in things (his "degenerate" YouTube series feels rather vindictive in a white savior way—i.e., it lacks a lot of nuance, failing to point out how the abuses that occur within certain communities like the furry fandom *don't* apply to furies at large).

Note: I wrote this before I understood how shitty Turkey Tom was; i.e., his racism, furryphobia, and white supremacy, which ["Furry Panic"](#) explores at length. Turkey Tom sucks ass. —Perse, 4/21/2025

establishment politics—i.e., [American Democrats funding alt-right groups](#) whose socio-political authoring pens yet another "greater evil" to grapple with the "greater good" (Second Thought's "Why Are Democrats Funding The Far Right?" 2022). All to fortify the status quo, this only leads to fascism in the long run.

Sex-positive individuals, then, are faced with a colossal problem: Canonical bodies belong to an institution that colonizes everything around it, discouraging iconoclasm in favor of so-called "perfect" bodies representative of perfect masculine ideals inside a perfect top-down structure that promotes a perfect "past." This means that whatever utopian paradigm shift we want to impose has to occur within the disguise-like means and materials of society as it exists presently (we'll examine this concept briefly for the moment, then examine it more fully in Chapter



Five): We must confront the monsters of Capitalism that artists, producers and consumers invoke, reeducating these individuals through sex-positive variants to reimagine/restructure the world. Only then can these old, tired tropes vanish be laid to rest and the narrative of the crypt finally end:

(artist: [Elena Berezina](#))

The canon of the present uses ambivalent hauntological imagery that I, as an iconoclast, seek to alter. I don't want to ban the use of monster sex, for example; I want to change how it's perceived through the Superstructure by making not just shaping-shifting "good" goblins, but revolutionary Amazons, Medusas and other monstrous-feminine Galatea

that challenge the scores of false rebels that Pygmalion centrists like Steven King either produce themselves, or refuse to challenge in any hard sense when a straight-up TERF like J.K. Rowling writes *Troubled Blood* under the penname of a gender conversion therapist. No, the unironic kayfabe is good for business, and

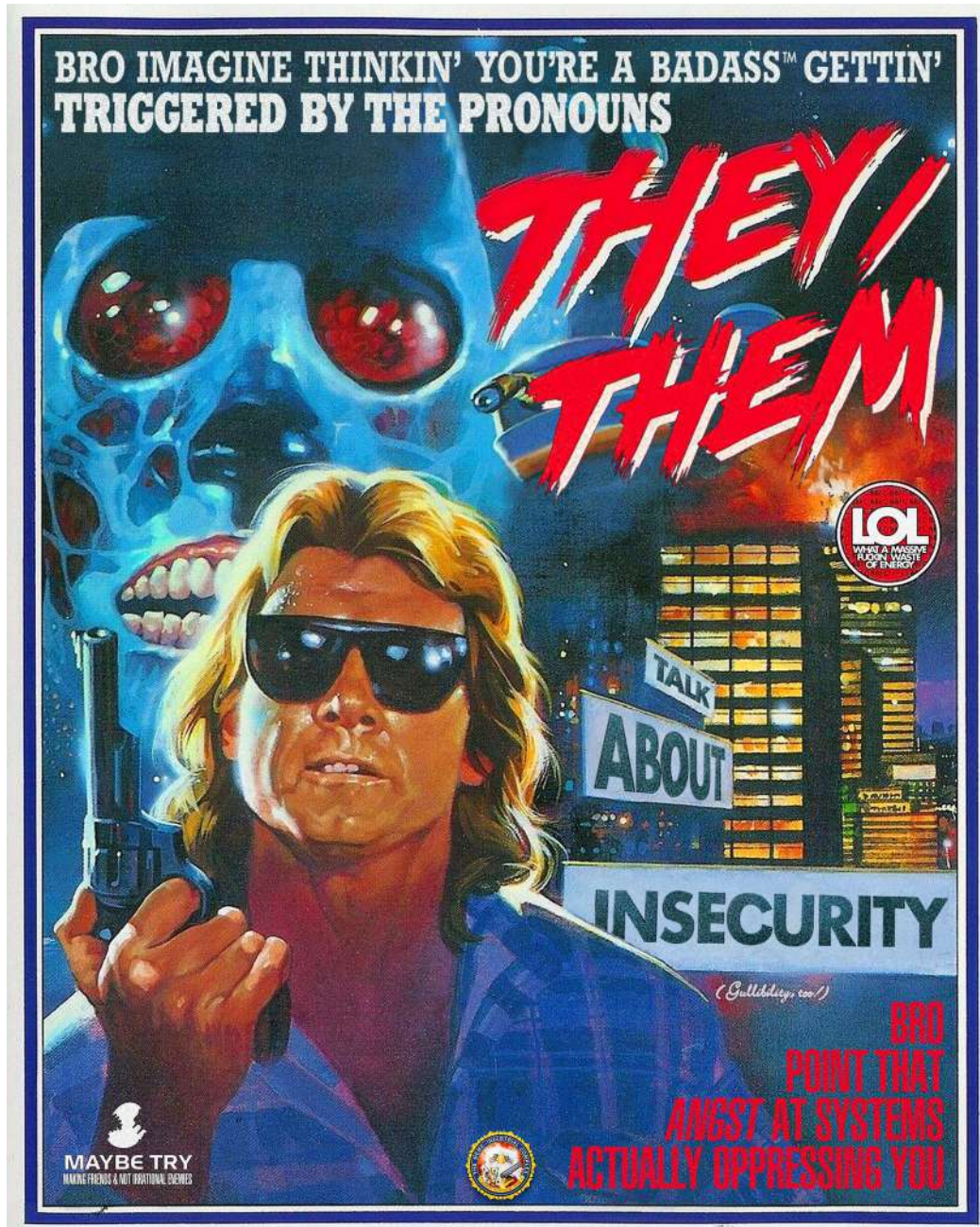
King would rather wag his finger than say the quiet part out loud. Despite being old as dirt and a multi-millionaire, he's an operative framed as a king with a mighty persona, pulling all manner of things from his forehead. As this book has so far illustrated, the historio-material function of these complicated symbols—specifically when utilized by state agents and capitalists forging American propaganda—is regularly transphobic. However, it doesn't need to be. Even so, we've yet to explore in greater detail how *moderacy* treats iconoclastic alternatives. This judgment includes those who corporations historically pander to: cis-het men who, if they're really lucky, get to grow up and be just like Steven King or Caleb Hart (which is more likely for cis-het men, but still not a given; Capitalism only lets so many people have wealth).

Even among the lucky few, there's a tremendous amount of regressive sentiment. Sexist men are the obvious, traditional example. While male gamers function as entitled clients targeted, shaped, and groomed by the system, weird canonical nerds become defined entirely by what they consume and personally own, not how they think. For them, "knowledge" isn't tied to intellectual analysis; it's linked to a reactionary consumer model whose worship of naked financial success and proud apolitical indifference scapegoats social-sexual activism: "Go woke, go broke." In believing that videogames are made exclusively for them, Gamergate types become accommodated, bred through pure consumption to think that videogames should be made just for them. Whenever they aren't the center of attention, they act slighted or betrayed by companies who dare to cater to other demographics in search of profit. This includes corporate appropriation through Rainbow Capitalism. Whether male or female, fascists literally can't tell the difference between moderate feminism and genuine sex-positivity (with many more trying to confuse the two, as we shall see).

The reason for this conflict between fascism and capital is that neoliberals have capital, thus care about profits, first and foremost. History is a living document they rewrite to suit their needs as capitalists; i.e., the conquerors, having won and assumed control, using the means of production to make AAA, big-budget illusions: "The state fashions its propaganda not about what is happening in the present and what will happen in the future; it also fashions propaganda by re-writing the past" (Renegade Cut's "Who Won the Space Race?" 2021; [timestamp: 12:59](#)).

In keeping with capital, this requires the creation of enemies by those in power to distract and divide from the fact that workers are being sucked dry by a system controlled by a small number of incredibly influential and ruthless people with their hands on the levers of power and human-looking masks over their shriveled ghoulish faces: State power aggregates against opposing aggregate forces within the working class, but it also dehumanizes the elite and their smaller vampire servants through an endless pursuit of profit and disguising of genocide as an integral part of this process, to which deception is also integral. Any vampire

fears exposure—the gay man because he will be staked during moral panic; the *bourgeoisie* because they will be outed as liars, but also weird, pathetic liars who literally only care about money and nothing else—mega vampires who hide in plain sight, wearing expensive, Wall Street suits and Chanel makeup that can't quite reach their souless, doll-like eyes:



(artist: [The Meme Industrial Complex](#))

Our exposé on neoliberalism and strategy to recultivate a bourgeois Superstructure through Gothic poetics obviously effects the elite, but they *are*

sheltered by a massive class divide. You won't bump into the elite, who are too busy bombing a foreign country by satellite, marshalling the CIA against them, or embargoing them into oblivion ("all displays of soft power") while getting their nails done to frankly be bothered with the local riff-raff. However, they are terrified of organized labor, thus *will* orchestrate pollical movements that serve as a convenience counter mechanism: to control labor solidarity as outside of their material influence (re: "[Why Are Democrats Funding The Far Right?](#)")—i.e., outside of the written word. To this, they become distanced, thus alienated from the fascist/centrist police who invoke total/good war and street-level crackdowns to do their bidding ("displays of hard power"). Class traitors are closer to home for the everyday worker so the everyday worker must worry about them more (and their stochastic terrorism-for-the-state-as-controlled-opposition to labor movements)—i.e., at the level of word-of-mouth while face-to-face in the streets. Simply put, the fascist and the centrist are the ones who gets their hands dirty and keeps the money flowing *up*.

Fascists desire power but do not have it; they view profit as secondary to the means of population control by *currently* rewriting history through violence acts of revenge committed by vigilantes and state paramilitaries moving towards control as something to consolidating around a strongman and his strange den of goons (who centrists challenge in righteous, babyface violence): rigid social hierarchies that control sex and gender as *promises* of power by working in concert with the elite. As such, weird canonical nerds aren't Nazi "punks" counter-protesting labor movements like Kyle Rittenhouse. Many of them are grifters acting as mini-leaders or centuries through the misinformation pipeline feeding these moral panics. As such, they not only vote with their wallets through canonical indignation; they perform the conservative online grift of acting besieged, fostering attitudes surrounding canonical media and who should be making it. This goes beyond Hilter and Goebbel's state propaganda, or Germany and America's Hollywood as a means of coercive, anti-labor public relations nearly a century ago, and includes a vast network of (mostly white, middle-class) grifter reactionaries leading into the present state-of-affairs.

For example, Jeremy Hambly's proud, ephebophilic overcorrection of Rainbow Capitalism and corporate appropriation with She-Ra (exhibit 97b) coercively fetishize the girl boss by turning her into a hypersexualized return-to-tradition: a *teenage* sex worker that pleases male clients in the most cartoonishly way possible (Thought Slime's "A Video About One, Weird, Horny Tweet," 2021). Far from unusual, Hambly's gross entitlement mirrors [the pedophilic tendencies of '90s cartoonist like John Kricfalusi](#) (re: blameitonjorge's "John Kricfalusi: An Open Secret," 2019), himself part of a larger "open-secret" policy towards industry men like Kevin Spacey, Bryan Singer, Roman Polanski—[defended unironically by creepy "foot guy" Quentin Tarantino in 2003](#) ("He didn't rape a 13-year-old. It was statutory rape... he had sex with a minor. That's not rape"; source: "When Quentin

Tarantino defended Roman Polanski in an interview with Howard Stern," 2022)—and many, many others supported by Patriarchal Capitalism as the status quo:



(exhibit 97b: Artist: [Linkartoon](#). The point of *She-Ra: Princess of Power* was to be LGBTQ-inclusive with a "herbo"—i.e., a female "himbo," meaning a big, strong, meaty girl who's probably queer to some extent; drawings like Linkartoon's pointedly regress these mentalities, but especially when defended unironically and blindly by fervent, sexist reactionaries like Hambly as nice guy/incel material. Linkartoon's She-Ra is not physically strong at all; she's doll-like in a very Barbie-like way specifically to appeal to white, cis-het men [with the removing of actual bones in a cartoon pastiche evoking an invisible corset whose vice-like grip crushes the victim's ribcage and pelvis into oblivion].)

Another tragedy of Capitalism, then, is that even "Golden Age" porn (from the 1970s/'80s) can be carceral-hauntological, leaving weird canonical nerds like Hambly completely unable to imagine anything beyond how female characters in any medium were historically sexualized just like this. For them, this is a return to the glory of the past, which is both gross and sad (this being said, sex-positive pornographic expression is totally fine, and I'd happily celebrate more artistic treasures [like Andrew Blake's *Night Trips*](#)¹¹⁸ [1989] being hauntologically invoked in emancipatory fashion).

However, fascist men aren't the only source of reactionary angst. Neoliberalism allows feminists nerds to be sexist, too—moderate, "mask on" TERFS, but also a variety of centrist artistic slogans and symbols of "equality" to channel bigotry-in-disguise: appropriated feminism as a kind of mask/beard, wellspring and stonewall that yields a variety of capitalist bastardization. This Amazonian lineage of moderate deception, proliferation and inertia can be reviewed across older generations of feminism, which were (and are) regressively more racist, homophobic and transphobic. [Transphobia is prejudice plus power through relative institutional gains](#); moderate transphobe victories are also fraught with "minority police" compromise—lukewarm concessions that ideologically reject positions more radical than themselves, worshiping their own past as something to

¹¹⁸ Fun fact: Blake's film won a silver medal at the 1989 WorldFest-Houston International Film Festival, [specifically in the "Non-Theatrical Release" category](#). This makes it the first porn movie to win a medal at a major international film festival. Refer to exhibit 1a1a1i1 from "[The Finale; or "Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n Roll"](#)" to see me analyze this wonderful film.

marry to the status quo and fetishize into pro-state doubles: the minority cop as an Amazon gatekeeper that furiously polices, thus punishes those under her.

While neoliberalism is already genocidal on the world stage, its moderate concessions with fascists groups reliably lead to overt genocide in domestic areas. Generally this happens through liminal hauntology as something to invoke and weaponize in a variety of ways—less about righting genuine ethical wrongs and more about donning masks to "cull the herd" during times of perceived identity crisis, scarcity of materials and all-around hardship.

We've already examined fascism's evolution into itself in Volume Two (e.g., "[Police States](#)"), followed by Chapter Two of this volume's discussing a notably general-approach aestheticism existing in a post-fascist world; i.e., one that's quickly regressing under neoliberal Capitalism towards overt and expanded genocide around the planet (as opposed to the lived, cloaked reality of the genocides in the Global South committed by the Global North). So now that we've examined primarily the *male* side of nerds and fascism—re: through a bad-faith adoption of the witch as a conservative, DARVO, Pygmalion stratagem in Chapter Three—we'll explore fascist nerd culture as it appears under *token* feminism (male or not): as something *to* camp, using revolutionary cryptonymy to separate the "good" witches from the "bad" TERF-y ones (again, male or not) during oppositional praxis as cryptonymy! For every mask the enemy wears, we meet them in duality with our own. We'll show 'em how it's done, but also how they challenge us with their own bad mirrors!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))



(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Volume Three: Praxis, part two: Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion

*They told him, "Don't you ever come around here"
"Don't wanna see your face, you better disappear"
The fire's in their eyes and their words are really clear
So beat it, just beat it ([source](#)).*

—Michael Jackson, "Beat It," on Michael Jackson's This Is It (1982)



(model and artist: [Transguy Tyler](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Volume Three covers praxis, specifically the informed, continuous application of successful proletarian praxis as we interpret the Gothic past moving forward. Whereas part one laid out sex positivity, sex coercion and the liminality between them, part two contains Chapters Four and Five plus the Conclusion, which concerns the creative successes of proletarian praxis *versus* state praxis. Time to fight!

Hard Dicking: Praxis Volume Outline, part two

The thing to remember is that acting, music, poetry and theatre are all powerful ways to communicate, but also a time-tested means of survival against bad-faith actors [...] People act all the time for a variety of reasons; many more "lie" at particular places where lying is expected (e.g., the postpunk disco) as a means of getting at the truth in ways designed to help others (thus policed and infiltrated by undercover state agents) [source].

—Persephone van der Waard, "On Giving Birth" (2023)



(artist: [Mu Hut](#))

Whereas part one laid out sex positivity, sex coercion and the liminality between them, part two contains Chapters Four and Five plus the Conclusion, which concerns the creative successes of proletarian praxis *versus* state praxis. That is, if the state frames it as us-versus-them, we "better the instruction" as a subversive, Gothic means of developing Gothic Communism through class/culture war.

- [Chapter Four](#) explores sexism and other bigotries within a gradient of canonical moderacy and reactionary politics in popular, sexualized media—TERF hauntologies, sublimated war pastiche, girl/war bosses, and queer tokenism at large.
- [Chapter Five](#) seeks to provide lasting solutions based on emotionally/Gothically intelligent activists who can detect, recognize and separate all of the above when creating their own cryptonymic material, all while enacting Gothic Communism, outing state proponents, and living in a brave new world of sexy "awakened" monsters: the liminally subversive/transgressive zombies, ghosts, vampires, witches, Amazons, etc.
- "[Pussy on the Chainwax!](#)" and "[Kicks After Six](#)" close the book series out, giving the reader two basic choices: a) to serve the state and Capitalist Realism, bringing about the *actual* end of the world, or b) to face the

perceived "end of the world" in order to stop of the Promethean cycle (and ultimate desolate conclusion) of Capitalism.

As I wrote in Volume Two (citing Volume Zero):

"All heroes are monsters, thus liminal expressions that are sexualized and gendered" ([source](#)). Challenging state monopolies by reversing the dialectical-material *function* of said labels (and their poetics) is exactly what we must do in order to succeed.

The state, in other words, will triangulate and send its killers after us wearing the same monstrous masks (and theatrics of unequal power) we humanize ourselves with:



(artist: [Rino99](#))

Chapter Four: Bad Faith. "Rise, my pretties! Rise!"—TERFs and Other Flying Monkey "Witch Cops" and Girl War Bosses in Nerd Culture *vis-à-vis* Neoliberalism, Fascism and Genocide

"You weren't kidding. They're spinning out of control."

"Spinning out of control?"

"Yeah!"

"Oh, what is?"

"The power of the...monkey? Monkey. They can kill, you know? It's just... it's something they did for a long time."

"The monkeys?"

"Mmm."

—an actual conversation, where Jadis recorded me talking to them in my sleep
(exact date unknown, 2021)



(model and artist:
[Harmony](#)
[Corrupted](#) and
[Persephone van](#)
[der Waard](#))

Up to this point, we've examined throughout the book how state proponents are conditioned to see themselves as action heroes starring in their

own tenebrous productions, whose unironic kayfabe becomes the language of *pro*-state espionage; i.e., aggregating in shows of state solidarity and lethal force to bravely fend off the forces of darkness within a script of never-ending violence against labor (the end of the world in their eyes, thus fight bitterly against). As such, they operate through their own strategies of misdirection to achieve

Macbeth's "walking shadow." That is, they are the "poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage" within Pygmalion's shadow.

The lack of significance, in their case, is the myopia of Capitalist Realism within, the desert of the real; like weird canonical (male) nerds, there's nothing for them to imagine *except* unironic cataclysm inside the shadows of Plato's cave, defending the state in righteous, infantilized anger (whereas queerness is acclimated to darkness and the shadows, initiated and molded by "darkness visible" as a poetic, transformative power that *can* revive the awesome voices of the Communist dead, thus develop a better world outside Plato's cave—more on that in Chapter Five).

Within this regressive fury and creative void, TERF masks, uniforms and muscular bodies—but also kayfabe and weaponry—become sacrosanct, but also false bravado and kindness: a web of lies that subordinate people have agreed upon for a shared love of the canonical theatre of war itself. In short, they are *not* Galatea, but an offshoot of Pygmalion's offshoots. From white, cis-het men, to white, cis-het women, to tokenized parties under the TERF umbrella, all are centrist at best, which is to say "fascist-in-disguise" (or otherwise hidden by self-deceptions that are bad-faith or legitimately Quixotic). Any way you slice it, they cannot create anything that doesn't, in some shape or form, lead to genocide. The structure must be challenged, which means recognizing its proponents for what they are: billboards, and in many cases, outright soldiers.

We'll explore these now with feminisms muddled history as fraught with betrayals and bad-faith impostors possessed by the spectres of fascism under neoliberal hegemony. Our focus is the Amazon as the quintessential war boss; the Medusa, her dark double, an openly queen bitch. Yet liminal expression leads to various forms of deception (disguise pastiche) within the threshold and on the surface of the monstrous-feminine image during oppositional praxis. As with Volume Two's focus on the undead and demons, remember Weber's maxim: the violence of the state is legitimate, this time through deputized female, queer and activist minorities that internalize the oppressor's bigotries, then bastardize activist symbols of resisting oppression to bring these bigotries about through regressive subversions/unironic disguise pastiche (e.g., internalized misogyny and racism through self-guilt and shame, but also oppressor personas; i.e., Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks* applied to any axes of oppression or nexus of overlapping modules).

- **"Ladies First; or, the Grift of False Rebellion: A Brief Summary of the Regressive *Amazonomachia* of Girls Trapped inside the Man Box (Girl Bosses and War Bosses)":** Introduces subjugated Amazons and witch cops through classic female examples, but also how I've grappled with/camped said devices and actors in the past (re: [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Glenn the Goblin](#)).
- **"A War Hauntology Primer—"What *is* a Witch?" part two: Nerdy Patriarchs, "Real Men" and So-Called Male "Witches," including Liver**

King but also *Shonen* and *Bishonen* Pastiche (feat. *Mega Man X*, *Liver King* and *Caleb Hart*): Considers male variants of the witch cop, but especially warrior personas of a fantastical, retro-future design.

- **"Kento's Dream: A Feast for Crows; or, Echoes of Fascism and Zombie Voltron within 1980s Neoliberal War Pastiche (feat. *The Ronin Warriors*)"**: A further examination of witch-cop hauntologies beyond *Mega Man*, but from the same neoliberal period exporting Japanese media to America: *The Ronin Warriors*.
- **"'What is a Witch?' part three: Attack of the Bad-Faith, Pussyhat Feminist Undead/Demons; or, the Fascism-in-Disguise of 'Witch' Girl Bosses, Male Gatekeepers, and the Gender-critical Movement" (feat. *Ian Kochinski*)**: Goes beyond popular media to consider some of its bad actors/their disguise pastiche.
- **4e. "Selling War as Sacred: Sublimated War Pastiche and Gender-critical War Bosses in *Overwatch 2*, the Heteronormative Myth of the 'Good War' in *Saving Private Ryan*, *New Order* and Stonewalling Genderqueer Alternatives"**: Presents a popular argument offered by bad actors in and out of popular media: war as sacred, thus something to sell *under* the Protestant ethic to *maintain* Capitalist Realism.
- **4f. "Accommodated/Assimilated Minorities, part one: My Story of Trans-on-Trans Violence; or, the Abuse of a Trans Women Sex Worker by AFAB Sex Workers (Cis or Trans)"**: A recounting of my own experiences suffering witch cops—specifically cis-female sex workers punching down at me in May 2023.
- **4g. "Accommodated/Assimilated Minorities, part two: Trans TERFs, NERFs, and Queer Bosses" (feat. *Natalie Wynn*)**: My classic and



formative interrogation of token trans actors, specifically Natalie Wynn, aka Contrapoints; i.e., whose NERF "gobstopper masks" (re: disguise pastiche) were critiqued initially by [Essence of Thought](#) and further examined by myself through *Essence of Thought*'s arguments.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Ladies First; or, the Grift of False Rebellion: A Brief Summary of the Regressive *Amazonomachia* of Girls Trapped inside the Man Box (Girl Bosses and War Bosses)

"You have heart! I'll take that too!"

—the Hunter, *The Dark Crystal: Age of Resistance* (2019)

Note: Sex Positivity was begot from my past struggles with GNC abusers; re: Jadis; i.e., TERFs as fascist feminists to expose, mid-cryptonymy and during Amazonomachia as a poetic device. While Amazons are things I would obviously go on to explore at far greater length (re: "[Amazons](#)"), here is where I took the idea "witch cop" and began to conceptualize it in duality through the cryptonymy process. —Perse, 5/5/2025



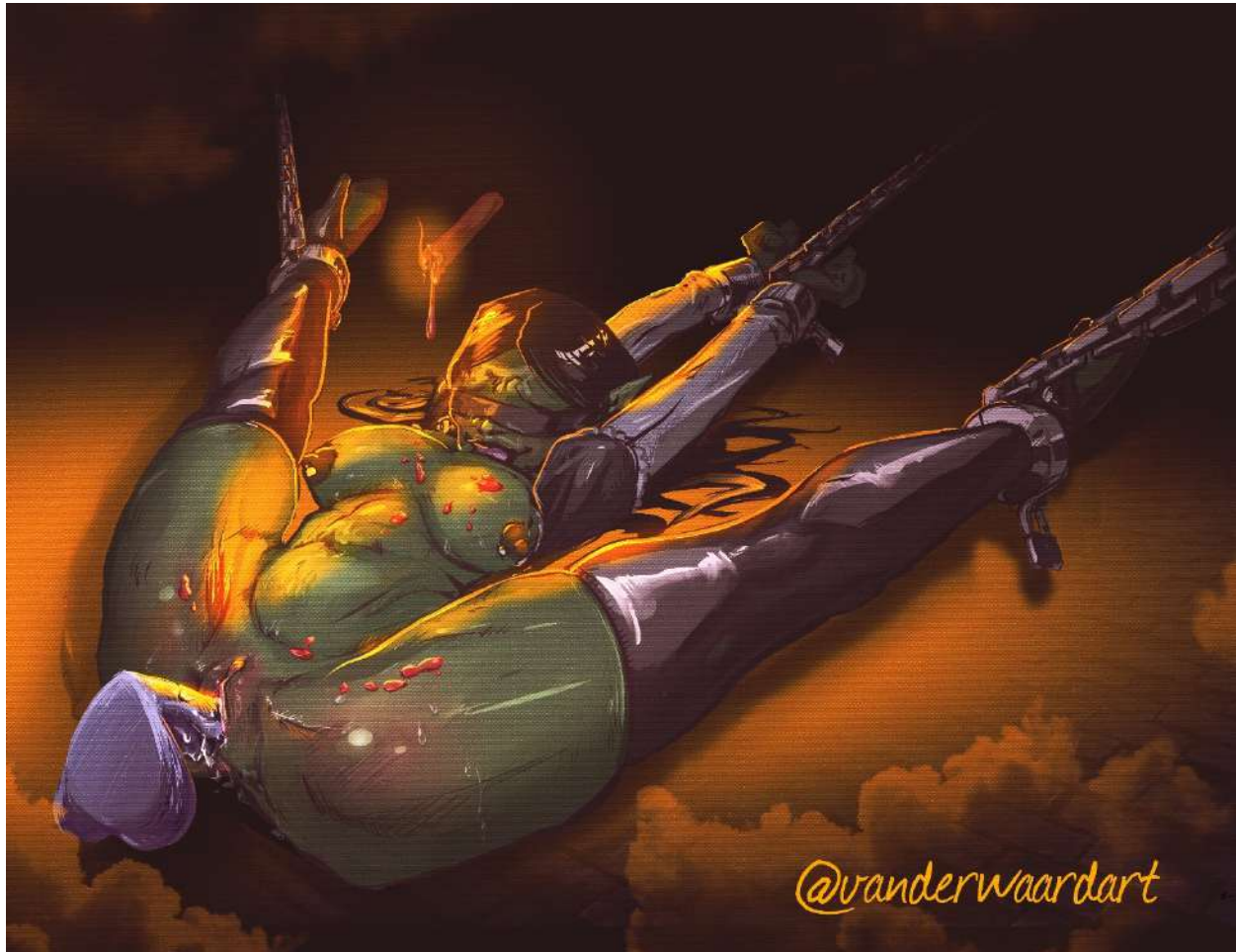
(artist: [Gregory Manchess](#))

All centrists "witches" (feminists their various monstrous personas: Amazons, Medusas, banshees, etc) are cops; all cops are bad, including those who see themselves as "shepherds" (good wolves/hunters) protecting the "sheep" (dumb and stupid workers) from

"wolves" (scapegoats), but also the *de facto* deputies and fascist vigilantes posturing as the oppressed (and magnetic) Hippolyta or Medusa in babyface or heel language. Regressive Amazonomachia, then, is copaganda BDSM that emulates the unironic monomyth (re: Wonder Woman minus the performative irony and informed class character), including its gladiator-sports personas as hunters, wolves, fighters, protectors, providers, and mercenaries of either moral pole; good or bad, they're all weird nerds Quixotically trapped inside the Man Box as something to advertise proudly or "resist" through false rebellion, thus contributing to the myopia of Capitalist Realism through Gothic tropes like the Great Destroyer and black knight, Archaic Mother (the Medusa) or phallic woman (the Amazon) as, again, regressive *Amazonomachia*.

As such, they emulate or submit to the active violence of men in service of the status quo, wielding canonical BDSM's implements (and personas) of carceral

violence, mental and physical torture, and straight-up murder against the state's enemies. These killers-for-hire become *unironic* death fetishes, the fascist wearing a displaced fascist costume: a post-fascist Hugo Boss with a pulpy videogame or comic book flavor with which to get close and strike the vulnerable down at close quarters. Like a Gothic novel, the disguise becomes over-the-top, theatrically coded and trapped between good and bad faith portrayals. But the person wearing it in bad faith always wants to be in control, to keep someone under their power forever—to force them to submit, to love them, to see them as a god.

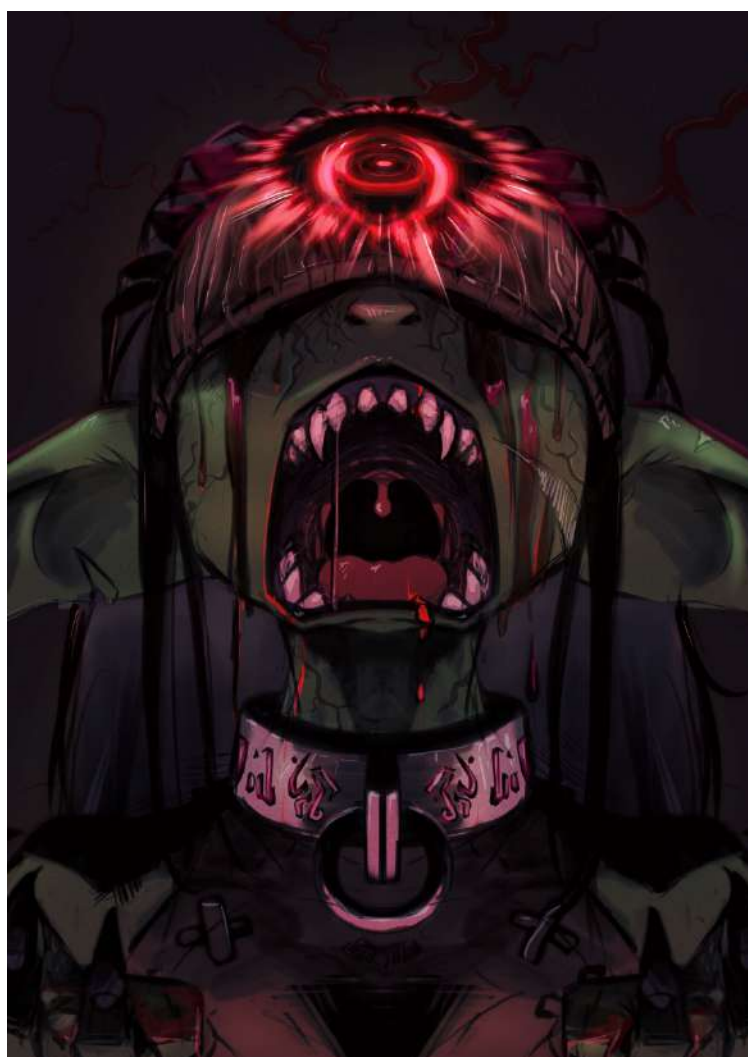


(exhibit 98a1a: Artist: Illustration and outfit by [Lucid-01](#); background, outfit alterations and character design by [Persephone van der Waard](#). Genuine abuse can be subverted, through a controlled "call of the void"/calculated risk.

Glenn the Goblin, for example, is a formerly anti-Semitic symbol that invades the pre-fascist Christian wardrobe to wickedly play around with the garments inside. In short, she's taking them back. The source of play comes from symbolic, doubled tension; i.e., the metaplay of fan fiction's paradox of pleasurable pain lying adjacent to perceived threats of harmful pain and its assorted legendarium. On the surface of the image, black is loaded in Western imagery with a variety of

conflicting data: the threat of power as a destroying force, but also the color black as thoroughly dimorphized under Western thought—i.e., of presumed subservience [and misbehavior] for women under a perceived medievalized order of existence, the police state-of-affairs signified by black uniforms that hold punishment over those judged as good little girls and bad little girls who live under fear of rape as something to endure and avenge.

Just as canon is all according to design, so is my iconoclasm; i.e., Glenn—as a shapeshifter and Satanic atheist who isn't much interested in being good, but nor being a scapegoat—wants to have fun through consent-non-consent by walking the tightrope. The idea is doll-like, undressing Glenn like a doll [implying a similar subversive element of control to the sub being undressed as such, instead of the heteronormative idea of intromission, coitus and creampie—i.e., "Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am!"] in ways that beg the disco refrain as disarming of unironic harm within a Gothic, BDSM threshold; re: New Order's "How does it feel, to treat me like you do?" In this case, the question is asked under informed consent, from two parties who know exactly what they want and are reveling in the unique,



delicious sensations as normally denied to us under Capitalism. Glenn didn't pick her clothes in the sense that she's a cartoon, but she is an extension of myself and I chose her to represent myself during the appreciative peril: Just as I designed Glenn to shapeshift themselves, and me to shapeshift into them by proxy, the "goblin transformation" fantasy is me being tied up and threatened with "death"/a palliative Numinous.

[artist: [Lucid-01](#)]

Latter-day uniforms, then, become similarly loaded with canonical connotations of torture, treachery and forbidden seduction as dimorphically gendered; the eliding of angelic patience with Radcliffe's "black penitent" as a

kind of xenophobic caricature of destruction that, under fascist/post-fascist conditions, takes on different meanings for beings perceived as "woman," but also monstrous-feminine; the regressive in holy garbs, but also the queer BDSM subversive playing at the dark god for heretical reasons of Satanic apostasy and hellish delight. There is an undeniable link to trauma; the wearer could just as easily be a Christian missionary on the Oregon trail or 1800s China, but also a ninja, gun hand or some other operative training in bondage, torture and murder that is nevertheless fetishized in the [classically] white cis-het fantasies of women [or men playing the "heroes" in these narratives].

As Glenn demonstrates, the formerly problematic can be tipped away from its regressive aspects while keeping the medievalized, religious-tinged outer shell, but there will always be ontological tension within a broader dialogic interrogating what results. Further fun can be made by chaining her to the pillar but having her grip it with her fingers; at a glance she seems imprisoned, but on closer inspection is actually have the time of her life? There's a loose sense of improvised chaos, too. Glenn takes what's on hand—the nun's habit, the convenient pair of manacles next to the bed, the hot candlewax on her bare, muscled skin, her anachronistic pussy tattoo: In Hoc Signo Vinces ["In this sign thou shalt conquer"]—and runs wild with it. She's not the hopeless impostor-victim, stricken with dysphoria or dysmorphia;



these are abusive conditions to redeem through emergent play.

As such, Glenn at home in her body and herself as in flux and at odds with the tyrannical past, carefully rewriting her own destiny by throwing caution to the wind: reclaiming the prescribed instruments of colonial abuse in thrilling paradoxically ways—i.e., the thrill of ritualized violence, minus actual harm [I'd say it's a game where no one gets hurt, but what's life without a little pain?].)

(exhibit 98a1b: Artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#) from a shoot their provided for one of my paintings of them.

Compulsion isn't strictly authoritative; it can be the cathartic pursuit of what feels good, which is often a subconscious impulse. Yet, the

adage, be careful what you wish applies to the sobering reality that harm is not historically-materially divided from pleasure, pain or power exchange; i.e., during social-sexual rituals where all of these things are distributed unevenly, dimorphically and abusively through fetish, kink and BDSM aesthetics. In short, the best things in life [in terms of stimulation and jouissance] come with a dialectical-material element of risk: is my lover a tool for the state, the status quo? But without pursuing catharsis, you run the risk of being a slave not just to society's polite norms, but their hidden, brutalizing ones too: the snowy bridal gown and the black nun's habit intimate the same systemic issues. If they wear a uniform, then it must mean something—with the uncanny possibility of their being a false option or replication that isn't the intended function.

Again, this can be sex-positive or coercive; it all boils down to dialectical-material context: what is the point of the costume within the piece in relation not to Capitalism, but it's core, systemic values, etiology and symptoms (e.g., the Virgin/Whore syndrome)? And more to our purposes, how can these be subverted within the paradox of cathartic, exquisite torture in ways that don't endorse or promote actual harm or canonical iterations of something as seeming throwaway and performative as a nun's outfit—a hauntological mask, costume or role to play that brings one joy and other denied pleasures in parallel societies: lost histories and possible new worlds within the half-real fictions of Gothic poetics as de facto education: Come and see, but also do; critique through experience as profound, intense, iconoclastic.

The ludic nature is, like a videogame, divorced from actual harm; the ritual is there, but not the dreaded result, allowing for instruction to occur through repeated, simulated experiences involving the same ingredients. While this can be for or against the state (with fascists embracing the heroic cult of death through the slaying of demons as a codified message), "slaying" in sex-positive language has a highly specific meaning and desired outcome: rape prevention and the disillusion of systemic harm. Within this broader network of opposition, denial becomes a power ironic device in relation to unironic doubles: the denial of polite restraint, of compunction, of pleasure; but also the denial of correct sex, of orgasms of prescriptive harmful norms and their forms of compelled restraint, abstinence, ignorance, protection.

In short, denial becomes a profound because of gender trouble and parody with desire outcomes for either side. Heteronormatively sees queerness as a death of the world [e.g., the 2022 Netflix miniseries for Neil Gaiman's Sandman selling queerness to the straights as a kind of morbid death fantasy]. For us, the goal is crossing over from the right to the left by virtue of reclaiming subversive denial and indulgence as a positive vice at a societal level: a world without sin, but still has sexy nun's and the Gothic pastiche as geared towards euphoric pleasure and pain.)

The raw sentiment of a moths drawn to the flame isn't that hard to understand (above)—e.g., the bottom reaching behind themselves to grab the headboard, all while spreading their legs to take the fucking ever deeper and harder—if only because sex [or asexual rituals] happening during power exchange with a cool-looking badass can feel stupidly good. Yet, while cathartic gradients last and build trust and healthy relationships, coercive examples—if negotiated badly with someone presenting themselves as a sadist in bad-faith—can promptly fuck over the submissive by subjecting them to addictive, fleeting pleasure under an unscrupulous and/or unwell manipulator's give-and-take cycle of rapacious power abuse. Caution is important, but it's hard to be overly cautious when you feel vulnerable and enthralled with a "protector" archetype who has your number and doesn't mean you well; i.e., they smell the trauma/madness on you and know how to exploit it. In some shape or form, the desire for cathartic fantasies grabs hold and never lets go, because trauma isn't just something you "get over." You can only transform it as part of you, once and forever.

Keeping that in mind, Chapter Four as a whole will examine, expose and push back against canonical disguise pastiche, aesthetics and rhetoric as state operatives; i.e., the myriad, bad-faith deceptions adopted by witch cops and (oft-female) war bosses and other expendable class traitors and token minorities in neoliberal/fascist nerd culture; Chapter Five considers the iconoclastic side of this same risky equation, including the various aesthetic deceptions and revolutionary subterfuges that writers, artists and sex workers can reclaim, mid-conflict, from those attempting to recuperate or sublimate revolution—i.e., by undermining Capitalism and toxic masculinity/the Man Box as the scapegoats of manufactured crisis disguised as its greatest champions. Queer Trojans. —Perse



(exhibit 98a2: Source: David Graver's "[Behind the Scenes of Netflix's 'The Dark Crystal: Age of Resistance'](#)" [2019]. The Skeksis Skekmal, is the "primal" eco-fascist: the lone-wolf, "Batman" Great Destroyer dressed up in pagan icons, skulls

and bones. His self-styled savagery searches for power as something to take culminates in a desire to conquer death. In thinking himself having done so, his other half sacrifices itself to restore balance; i.e., an exchange of the Leveler to prevent fascism's emergence onto the medieval stage, which—in the Age of Capital—allows the fascist death lord to emerge, but at a terrible price. Of this ravenous, systemic appetite, I write in "[The Dark Crystal: AoR – Appetites](#)" [2019]:

Here, the Skeksis veer wildly away from Gelfling needs and wants. When a Gelfling dies, it returns to Thra; memories of the dead are preserved in icons, trinkets and rituals. These help them live on in non-destructive ways. The Skeksis lack these talents, hanging the Hunter from the rafters. As the Ritual-Master says, there is no service for a dead Skeksis. They have no idea how to bury their dead, nor how to confront death at all. For them, death is a great mystery—something to fear.

This fear is what drives them. Birds eat to live, but not for fear of death; Skeksis eat because they are afraid, and mortally so. This fear sends them into gross and indiscriminate splurges, hideously overwrought with vampiric comfort food. And since there is no amount of food to be consumed that staves off death forever, the Darkening spreads, weakening the world. The Skeksis do not care, their all-consuming need to live blinding them to the mayhem their murderous hunger wreaks [[source](#)].

For him, there is only strength and despite its mythic quality [there always someone stronger] only continues to be nowhere near enough to save him from himself or the Darkening [the so-called "puncher's chance"]. The same goes for the Skeksis at large, they and their dark crystal's torture castle of chains, mad science and general skullduggery doomed to crumble, but not before sacrificing everyone around them.)



Before we get into the meat of things—going through feminism as a checkered movement through different subchapters—we should go over what regressive *Amazonomachia* is. Simply put, regressive *Amazonomachia* is an

aspect of culture war within feminism that peels back worker liberties due to

concessions with the elite through tokenized culture and assimilation fantasies: witch cops. Witch cops aren't just tall, imposing queens; it includes their underlings, their "flying monkeys" and purported allies of the oppressed working for a bought-and-paid-for queen bitch. In *The Wizard of Oz* (1939), flying monkeys were the airborne servants of the Wicked Witch of the West (quiet part: a displaced female scapegoat for Patriarchal Capitalism—attacking the gay "Friends of Dorothy" while demonizing female power); [Theremin Trees likens them to narcissist worship](#) ("Worshipping Narcissists," 2018).

For us, it's a combination: Capitalism is a liminal position of tremendous conflict that yields a variety of socio-material effects, including cryptonyms that can be used by actual revolutionaries to dethrone the man behind the curtain as being the real wicked "witch" (well, a wizard in Baum's case, but it's the same idea when dealing with TERFs). Like the zombie or the vampire, the expanding state of exception invokes the witch as sublimated trauma for or against the state: proletarian witches or bourgeois witches.

In Chapter Two, we examined proletarian witches as victimized by the state, including more overtly fascist forms/undisguised moral panic: witch cops as babyface heroes and heel antiheroes in "their own" stories, including Shelly Bombshell as a fascist feminist providing equal opportunity genocide during *Amazonomachia* for anyone and everyone (exhibit 84a1). Chapter Three looked at the weird nerd as overtly belonging to the status quo: white, cis-het men as manipulated through their manufactured, heteronormative insecurities to do the elite's bidding.

Apart from Ripley and Samus; Medusa, the xenomorph and Alien Queen; and again, Shelly Bombshell, we've yet to really scrutinize class traitors in-"disguise" (the disguise is generally a dogwhistle) during *Amazonomachia*: TERFs and their own "prison sex" behavior as violently fetishized, fascist monsters, but also more overtly centrist variants; i.e., the "Greater Good" Amazon or Medusa girl boss as unironic war bosses that punch up against fascists but punch down against the Left during their own *Amazonomachia* and aesthetics. Combined, these hegemonies and other token, minority cops/vice characters project their coercive rape fantasies/wish fulfillment and survivor's trauma onto their fellow workers (fascist recruitment feeds on trauma, targeting battered housewives and comparing their abusive husbands to trans people).

This includes the visiting of war and rape as canonically disguised (coercive sublimation) through *unironic* pastiche—a type of war propaganda whose cycle of various sublimated masks serve as "uniforms" through domestic material consumption: invaders, defenders, and fortress-minded "witches" that hauntologically promote sudden exchanges of violence pertaining to otherworldly dangers being seemingly everywhere. Moral panic becomes the norm, the masks of theatre employed to execute, not prevent it. In a similar bending of the knee to

capital, the fascist crises of white, cis-het men are adopted by their female counterparts.



(exhibit 98a3: Marisa is a war boss TERF; she might seem like a pure "Dark Amazon," but in Street Fighter 6's centrist approach, actually employs "wheyfu" kayfabe to oscillate between the wrestler's dialogic-pugilist position of babyface and heel: the American and the Nazi [often, in not dressed in leather and lace, at least black and white; i.e., a marriage of geopolitics, kayfabe, and 20th century BDSM rhetoric as hauntologically "backward"/regressive through the medievalized

dichotomy as a rhetorical-theatrical dialogic]. Historically fascism is an American export, rooted in the United States and exported to Germany and elsewhere around the world [e.g., kaiju schlock, carried over into Godzilla as converted to "good, but also fighting a variety of evil-looking bio-mecha baddies—a trend imitated by Nintendo's Mecha Ridley from Zero Mission, but also Metaquarium's Super-Metroid-meets-Metroid Fusion romhack work-in-progress, X-Fusion]. To disguise themselves, fascists wear masks: the heel's badass garb as false power they weight against the false power of centrist cops; to disguise their relationship to fascists, neoliberals/centrists will also wear masks over their fash-adjacency status: the babyface's goody-little-two-shoes uniform as a false rebel in their own right, with the subjugated Amazon fighting during regressive, not subversive Amazonomachia. In defense of capital, both sides of a given performer sublimate genocide as bread-and-circus wrestler's pastiche enacted between state bodies; to become sex-positive, they often have to be divorced from sports altogether—i.e., a meta "hard stance" that goes entirely against the monomythic grain and its Faustian promise of heroic power and material advancement, and sexual fulfillment; exhibit 111b.)

Neoliberalism extends the war boss "privilege" to women, performing in the interest of the state. Simply put, the TERF is a "bad bitch/witch" and a "bad bitch/witch" is a class traitor with or without the badge; i.e., a witch "cop" (vigilante) often LARPing who (often) dresses in black-and-red or -purple, and has non-white skin colors that denote a presence of otherworldly death and power tied to an older hauntological space and time: masks, uniforms, muscles, T&A and weapons.

During state decay, this liminal hauntology's capacity for violence spills over through the TERF as a police agent inside a copaganda narrative that treats canonical, centrist rhetoric and media as sacred, but also increasingly under attack; the TERF-in-question delivers reactive abuse towards the state's enemies, dividing and conquering them through marginalized in-fighting enacted by less marginalized or token parties against those more marginalized who refuse to betray their own class interests.

Unlike Milton's Satan—or a vengeful, terrorist necromancer like David, from *Alien: Covenant* (re: "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)") or Carmilla from *Castlevania*, etc (re: "[Castlevania, season 3 review](#)")—TERFs one and all bend the knee to power by taking in the neoliberal illusion and fascist dogma as a Faustian "deal with the devil": the owner class as either granting them a brief reprieve, or a life of servitude where they kill and betray all of their comrades for thirty pieces of silver. The same fate that was true with *Alice in Borderland* or *Squid Game*, but also *Wayne's World's* made-up *Desert Storm Commando Warrior* (re: exhibit 34c2, "[Fatal Homecomings](#)") and the many actual palimpsests present for the critique: the hero is a vigilante within the infernal concentric pattern, who suffers at the

hands of the sole victor in the entire scheme: the Cus D'Amatos and Don Kings who run the show.

As a kind of unironic disguise pastiche/regressive double, the uniform becomes something to put on by writers, consumers, and other socio-political agents, making their own actions within capital a form of copaganda. It's Michael Parenti's notion of false revolution and victimization by class traitors buying into the assimilation fantasy while following the leader (or rather, a chain of leadership in vertical arrangements of power).

To it, the TERF as a war boss is a victim who is conditioned to attack the states enemies while wearing disguises, including ones meant to fool themselves: that a re-aiming of the Medusas legitimate anger at Patriarchal forces—her stone vision—at the state's enemies during *Amazonomachia*, not unlike Zach Synder's Superman or Homelander's eye lasers, is legitimate, but also just; she becomes lethal and blind, killing what she sees through her body as a destructively angry extension of her pro-state ideology whose vision is "set to kill" towards anyone who threatens her idea of home relative to herself and her trauma (fascists fear anyone different than themselves; so do centrists, but dress it up as Nazis or Communists):



the redirection of worker grievances—their legitimate anger towards systemic abuses—aimed at other workers in a destructive (exploitative towards people) sense. Her insecurities become weaponized and she and those solidarizing with her punch down as hard as they can: "As one!" Maximus might scream right before charging headfirst into the barbarian horde.

(artist: [Wolfhead at Night](#))

We'll get to that and how to subvert it during proletarian *Amazonomachia*, in Chapter Five (our own disguise pastiche/subversive doubles and constructive anger—the destruction of exploitative hegemony, paradigms, systems, what-have-you through worker solidarity and subterfuge). For now, just remember that in American consumer culture, overt patriotism is sometimes swapped for seemingly more moderate forms that furtively join arms against labor as a whole: gamer/comic book culture and its own "junk food," badly educated mentalities. Media indicative of an American global "presence" is often tied to war in duplicate forms, especially the shooter genre as a common form of canonical propaganda ("[Military Optimism](#)").

By extension, the pastiche of war sublimated through videogames and their palimpsests often becomes something to ideologically defend from various, poorly defined enemies: dangerous "outsiders" who can suddenly appear and

"compromise" you without warning: orcs, Drow and other states of exception that feel increasingly undead, but similar to you, parasitoid. The irony is, the regressive "activist" becomes self-deceptive but also self-destructive: the killer vortex that vacuums everything up, including themselves and their loved ones. In short, they colonizes themselves in the process, happening through an Imperial Boomerang that is always in motion, always hungry and always afraid.



(artist: [Alex Andreyev](#))

The same basic idea applies to other modes of self-consumption, whereupon moderacy is generally advanced by political groups identified by the media they associate with or identify around. This

includes TERFs and other cryptofascists, who often attempt to posture as more left-leaning than they actually are. This proceeds up to a point, course; i.e., apart from token examples, TERFs are cis, but also presenting as centered and reasonable when they tone police, condescend, or otherwise deny queer people their basic human rights (I don't have a lot of cis friends for this reason, precisely because it's far easier to explain my oppressed position to other trans, intersex or non-binary persons than it is someone who doesn't experience that oppression, themselves; but also because cis people, including cis queer people, are prone to either get confused, or decide to condescend towards me or otherwise lash out in a variety of ways. I don't need that shit). Their LGBTQ moderate/reactionary polemics work on par with MLK's "white moderate" foil in his "Letter from Birmingham Jail" (source tweet: [hachx0](#), 2023).

Moderates, then, are generally super lame and disingenuous, so they wrap themselves in badass things to seem cooler than they really are—i.e., by liking "cool" things like *Aliens*, *Doom* or similar retro-future stories tied to war as a "pick me" appeal to the status quo (and a "weird flex" to gender-non-conforming persons). The hauntology's liminality is twofold: from a cosmetic standpoint, and because the hosting media becomes a mask with multiple functions that extend Capitalist Realism forward:

- to hide the consumer's true intentions behind.
- to wear proudly like a badge or uniform, weaponizing the wearer during fascist times of crisis.

- to build the walls of the myopic crypt higher and higher, discouraging emancipatory variants through a gradient of Capitalist Realist myopia: transphobia, racism, misogyny and anti-Semitism, etc.

Before we proceed, a note about moderation in general: Over the next six sections, we'll examine moderation as it to canonical iterations of the Four Gs and social-sexual activism's emancipatory forms. We'll start with TERFs, outlining their deceptive/fascist nature before examining how it, along with their endless consumption—of war pastiche and neoliberal dogma—continuously informs TERF centrism *as something that hauntologically weaponizes in crisis*; from there, we'll move onto enbyphobia in binary trans women, NERFs; and lastly we'll explore the role of the girl/queer boss in selling war and how to respond to it differently than TERFs do: in a sex-positive way (re: with Nyx' help, below).



(artist: [Nyx](#))

Note: Out of these four sections, the next two cover deception, war pastiche and stonewalling as it connects to TERF behavior. Like neoliberalism and fascism, though, these are not discrete categories; they intersect and must be discussed interdependently as part of a larger issue. Each subsection will try to illustrate this reality while focusing on a primary topic. —Perse, back in 2023

A War Hauntology Primer—"What *is* a Witch?" part two: Nerdy Patriarchs, "Real Men" and So-Called Male "Witches," including Liver King but also *Shonen* and *Bishonen* Pastiche (feat. *Mega Man X*, Liver King and Caleb Hart)

*Where are these men? Asleep beneath their grounds:
And strangers, fond as they, their furrows plough.
Earth laughs in flowers, to see her boastful boys
Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs;
Who steer the plough, but cannot steer their feet
Clear of the grave ([source](#)).*

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Hamatreya" (1904)

By getting this far, we're already explored examples of good (proletarian) and bad (bourgeois) witches. Now I want to articulate what separates them more clearly so we can neatly distinguish the TERFs—both male and female—from the genuine, transformative revolutionaries they try to blend in with. TERFs are like terminators in that respect: They infiltrate in bad faith, then destroy in service of the state (often through war pastiche as mirrored, but also sublimated by the very media they consume as teaching them to act that way—dogma).

*Note: I've written about mega Man a fair bit in this book series, but he only really appears in exhibits; e.g., exhibit 1a1a1a2 (re: "[Thesis Body](#)"), 1a1a1c4 (re: "[Pieces of the Camp Map](#)") or exhibit 43e1 (re: "[Seeing Dead People](#)"). That tradition started here; i.e., with me killing my darling Mega Man: as a cop childhood hero, specifically a witch cop per Clarke's Law and Isaac Asimov's *I, Robot*. Incidentally Caleb Hart got his start in speedrunning with Mega Man, pushed around in-game and out by the Shadow of Pygmalion, Dr. Light; i.e., as much as the in-game robot boy was... until the [Mega Man Leaderboards](#) banned him for being bigoted (Alpha Gamer's "[Speedrun World Record REMOVED because of Political Opinions](#)," 2020). —Perse, 5/5/2025*



We'll start with the boys (re: Mega Man) and work *towards* the girls. After a summation of a few more ideas, this

subchapter and the next, then, will focus on more male TERFs and centrists as they

present in fantasy and science fiction, as well as in the flesh: the Liver King as a "war chief" being of the imaginary past literally on steroids, and the aforementioned Caleb Hart and his, Man Box ilk of weird canonical nerd as inspired by the *shonen/bishonen* pastiche exported by America's neoliberal ally in the East, Japan (as inspired by Westerns; re: exhibit 27a2a, "[War Culture](#)"); i.e., war as a cultural



export out of a formerly occupied nation that America "pacified" during WW2 and whose "real men" remain beholden to a particular kind of cultural export long afterward: nation pastiche (which we'll examine more in Chapter Five) and war pastiche of various "magical," neoliberal genre types that include women as badass, but generally "lesser" than male authorities; i.e., the Wicked Witch of the West sitting in Oz the Great and Terrible's interminable shadow:

(exhibit 98a4: Artist: [J. Scott Campbell](#). Witches and goblins are classic symbols of persecution, Elphaba the monstrous-feminine [witchcraft] merged with blood libel and sodomy tropes [the Maguire version, *Wicked* onwards, is trans; see: "Sexist Ire"]. The Wicked Witch of the West can be a symbol of proletarian revolt, but can just as easily be reduced to a neo-conservative sexpot who

gets mired down in incremental, equality-through-convenience disputes—e.g., about nudism—instead of actually critiquing power. Just as power and resistance share the same space, the aesthetics of death and power as badass can be employed by bourgeois and proletarian forces in cryptonymic opposition; the context must be gleaned through dialectical-material scrutiny as a matter of "oppression disguise" to worn, in good faith and bad as Witch™ mid-Amazonomachia. Tokens look like the oppressed, green skin or not.

To that, "Who does our badass, war-boss queen [and her implements of power and resistance] serve?" and "What is the context of her doubling in relation to class, culture and race war?" become vital questions to ask. It's fine to enjoy her "dark queen" schtick, but endorsing it unironically without understanding its class character leads to blind pastiche, thus genocide apologia and soldiers [winged monkeys hunting down our proverbial "friends of Dorothy"].)

To the summation: "Magic" and technology are practically synonymous in the fantasy and science fiction genres (which were born out of Gothic fiction with Mary

Shelley's *Frankenstein*); it is also a form of visual shorthand to communicate various ideas quickly—*often by sight*. We've already examined "forbidden sight" and black magic extensively in Volume Two, and *female* witches in this volume—i.e., in relation to sex work as distributors of forbidden knowledge that a frequently demonized and must be reclaimed, mid-struggle.

To broaden the term, witches are any feminist/genderqueer person (male, female or intersex) who "who sticks out," challenging mythic structure of the monomyth as sacred, but also rape, conquest and war stuck on repeat (copaganda and the Military Industrial Complex churning out waves of terror and sexy implements of war-as-fetishized).

From a dialectical-material standpoint, then, good/proletarian witches are against Capitalism and all it produces: "good" war, genocide, worker exploitation, menticide, etc. Bad/bourgeois witches support the system and its sex-coercive "undead" effects; they lie, rape and kill however they can, then beg for scraps when the bone thrown to them isn't enough (empty or false power). They abhor collective solidarity and equal rights/equal material conditions, choosing to submit to positions of power great than themselves on different generic registers; e.g., J. K. Rowling as the billionaire Queen of the TERFs, followed by princesses, knights, stableboys, etc, as part of a larger chain of colonized war boss language with girl bosses and burly girl subordinates (not unlike the Gothic variation out of the medievalized, Neo-Gothic past: a Mother Superior and her dutiful sycophant underlings serving the Church).

This includes the carceral-hauntological language that hides the problem: the Gothic castle and its hoard of good and bad guys, kings, estates. Castles, monsters, phobias with oft-BDSM flavors—the disinterred language is already ambivalent, loaded with older historical deceptions that mutate as Capitalism struggles to defend itself. The canonical sublimations become dark, sexy and cool, but also present as legitimate or authentic in comparison to the reclaimed variants—with DARVO being a classic means of counteracting activist reclamations of monstrous slurs; overtly terrestrial slurs can be discounted as "actual" racism, whereas something like "orc" or "witch" can be more readily co-opted by the oppressor class "neutral." It's Meerloo's "verbocracy" as a weaponizing conditioner of fearful behaviors told in popular media during oppositional praxis.

The same goes for the reclaimed undead and demons as a form of recuperated rebellion—either defanged, corrupted or demonized to delegitimizing extremes. This process of discounting activism while colonizing their language involves lobotomized or vampiric consumers and creators who crave for trash or make it themselves without a revolutionary thought in their brains, but also those who posture as oppressed: the "good" witches wearing masks of false "revolution" as they reinforce the current socio-material structure; re: Autumn Ivy as a non-binary example of that.



(artist: [Wolfhead at Night](#))

Anyone can be a cop, the same applying to all TERFs (most being cis) but also any fascist playing the victim; i.e., to varying degrees of victimhood and leader principle out of the purported struggle by scapegoating minorities through a kind of military optimism at the domestic level (the false hope being doubled: one, that these targets can be converted, disciplined or expelled from society through violence, thus returning things "to normal"; and two, that once normality is achieved that their anxieties will vanish and they will be safe forevermore).

I say "false revolution" like Parenti does because TERFs are "activists" who do not alter the status in any meaningful

way. They're not just state versions of the zombie, vampire and witch preying upon the weak while hiding inside a false image; they function as robotic, knee-jerk slaves for the state, attacking those perceived as aliens under state hegemony. This persecution structure includes deceptive "renovations" that fuse masculine qualities to the feminine; i.e., a monstrous-feminine label formerly assigned to female *enemies* of the state. Once fascism is exposed, the state must try to hide it; it makes a new kind of infiltrator to hunt labor with, using the impostor device in fascist ways *that support the state's continued existence*.

In short, that's what TERFs are, Skynet defending itself through *evolved class infiltrators*. They look human; their camera-like eyes glow red like live, recording cameras that constantly survey state enemies and feed that information back to Skynet. Instead of making their own fate, they've surrendered it to their far-off, owner-class overlords. As such, every look they give is a concealed report that betrays their class, their comrades. Worse, the closer they get to the state, the more inhuman it makes them, until rape, lies and violence are all they know and understand. They become Lady Macbeth's un-sexed phallic woman—go from sex pests to sex fiends that, seemingly shark-like and ravenous, prey on others less as

predators and more like parasites: in hiding but also in plain sight; e.g., the real parasites from *Parasite* (re: exhibit 42b, "[The World Is a Vampire](#)") are the rich family with the Gothic household, one where they feed on the servants and the servants feeding off each other in order to survive under Capitalism; i.e., just like vampires in a castle do, those at the top feed on those *under* them while considering them weaker and less well-fed and -bred than themselves—*inferior* (re: exhibit 41j, [ibid.](#)).

This happens partly out of self-preservation by the soldiers, who do not wish to be exposed as corporate-state lackeys. But they still take on tolerable notions of masculinity as "non-toxic" but also non-degenerate—not literal shapeshifters who transform their physical bodies benignly using carefully controlled HRT treatments with full disclosure to the public about what they're doing and why in clear, open language, but various deceptive forms of masculinity that uphold the status quo:

- linguo-material markers that stress the biological sex of the performers as appropriately male or female within the colonial binary.
- the taking of drugs to enforce the body image in ways that maintain the creation of sexual difference

We've already explored how intersex people and various other gender-ambiguous peoples are framed as hauntologically criminal: incorrect. Likewise, under the liminal hauntology of war as invoked by neoliberals and fascists, various token "alternatives" are allowed exist if only to flesh out the masculine ranks of fascism *until* it achieves formal power. This includes trans people (which we've already explored) and cis women (which we'll explore throughout the chapter). Their monstrous-femininity is allowed to exist up to a point; i.e., until it becomes unwelcome.

However, before we delve into *female* TERFS, a few more note about the boys (in this section, the next, and part of one after that). Let's discuss the action hero as a kind of "male ally" that presents as welcoming towards women, but whose welcoming posture is inherently deceptive: the male variant of a witch cop, a TERF.

Witches and feminists also include men, with "bad" variants offering deceitful, "undead" ideas of strength and masculinity who—while they loudly claim to love men and women and everyone else—achieve their ghoulish success through the same ill-gotten means as Caleb Hart: Patriarchal Capitalism. For male "witches," this generally happens with hauntological "warrior" personas—ravenous abusers that literally gobble up everything around them, then lie about it:



(exhibit 98b1: Liver King isn't just a fibber or mild imposter but a tremendous fraud whose power is hollow. Yet while he intentionally embodies the war chief of imaginary Patriarchs like Zeus or Conan, his bad-faith attempts at inclusivity under the yolk are quite fragile. As James Hale writes in "Raw Eater 'Liver King' Facing Backlash for Alleged Steroid Use" [2022]:

Liver King, a social media fitness guru and supplements hawker who preaches returning to an all-natural, raw meat-based "ancestral" diet, is facing backlash for alleged steroid use. For those who aren't familiar, the Liver King (real name Brian Johnson) has gotten big on YouTube, Instagram, and TikTok over the past couple years. He uses that platform to urge his millions of followers to embrace a "primal" lifestyle, aka a keto diet with a lot of raw meat—and raw liver, and testicles, and bone marrow—thrown in. He claims to operate by nine core "ancestral tenets," most of which involve rejecting the "tremendous friction between modern environments and our biology" that he says is exacerbated by stuff like canola oil [[source](#)].

As we shall unpack below, these marketing tactics are fascist dogwhistles tied to man box culture; i.e., being a "real," authentic man that is better than women or people like women: anyone who isn't white, cis-het and visibly powerful in as a traditionally masculine way. Unlike Mark Greene and A Call to Men, authenticity for Liver King isn't defined by treating others as equals with basic human rights; it's by "living up" to a ridiculous performative beauty standard/self-made image for cis-het men to emulate and enforce, which generally requires Liver King to lie about his

own pre-existing wealth but also his intentions more broadly. He's the Alt-Right on Instagram, a cave man's con man cryptofascist treating everything as a business while playing the himbo; in truth, he's a physically augmented bully and liar that operates as fascists do: through deception, mad science, scarcity and surveillance in defense of the realm as forever insecure from outsider threats and insider conspirators that lead to degeneracy.)

The Liver King, for example, is a bad "witch." He's bad because he's an already-wealthy man greedily lying to his audience about his mythical physique—how he gained it, his motto "nose-to-nail" a gross metaphor for the way in which he devours everything in sight to cultivate his perfidious body image; he's a witch because he also uses it to preach sacred, hauntological notions of truth that are essentially completely invented out of an imaginary past threatened by degeneracy (no different than race science in that respect): the "ancestral tenets" of a fortress-mentality paganism (the Nazis weren't Christians, they were pagans).

Liver King's dogma involve a number of fairly innocuous activities blended with strangely prescriptive ones: "Sleep" is fairly self-explanatory. However, "Shield" is more insidious:

The fourth Ancestral Tenet is Shield because we need to avoid dangers just like our early ancestors did, but instead of running from lions, nowadays we run from seed oils, excessive wifi, EMFs, and manmade poisons ([source](#)).

Combined with the eating of raw liver (and other organs) to serve as fuel, the actual fuel of the movement is deception to reshape society in fascist (therefor decaying and falling apart) ways. Consider the King's pledge:

The human body has been perfectly conditioned for an environment that no longer exists. It's our responsibility to recreate that environment, if we wish to thrive in the modern world. By living ancestrally, we overcome obstacles between ourselves and true health and happiness. We rewrite the mismatch between who we are and the environment in which we live ([ibid.](#)).

For him, the rewriting of history is framed as good, but also "witch-like" in an "authentic" way. A seemingly ancient double of Zeus, Liver King is the "real man" who offers "helpful" education to today's troubled men—specifically *impressionable, young* men: real men are primal, ancestral and buy Liver King's products, listen to his advice but also preach it like gospel; i.e., multi-level marketing. As is generally the case, his entire MLM operation is demonstrably false and rotten: ubiquitous advertisement tied to bodily strength as a masculine/male virtue, as delivered by a Frankenstein strongman celebrity—a composite body image fabricated with the hopes of making even more money through sexist, dishonest

means *that still leaves room for plausible deniability*. Sound familiar? Caleb Hart does the same thing, hiding behind the centrist, "neutral" pastiche of the *Mega Man* franchise; there, the Western's "weeb-ish" fascination with a hauntological Orientalism—the byproduct of the American occupation of Japan yielding exotic forms of warfare in *shonen/bishonen* ("boys comics" and "pretty-boy comics") fantasy and science fiction.



(exhibit 98b2a: Artist, top-right: [ZELKnotos](#); top-mid: [Pas](#); bottom-left: [Napo](#). In neoliberal media, war is something to commodify and sell to children and teenagers through Zombie-Vampire Capitalism. Although the gender roles are canonical dimorphic, the "pretty boy" flavor to Asian theatre and media is something has become assimilated by neoliberal canon. As such, the "pretty boy" robot is a kind of regular hero in these sorts of stories. Pretty can be powerful, in the canonical sense, if it "gets the old job done."

Just as common, though, are the usual, sexist "motherly" positions for female characters, or hypermasculine personas in the *Mega Man* universe—so common, in fact, that these generals and "Spartan-esque" Boba-Fett-style "centurions" are, in fact, replicated assembly-line style; the only reliably way to quickly tell apart is their color code. To that, the red-white-and-blue scheme should be a big clue to the kind of role these heroes play in their futurist, "utopian" worlds: world police, on an increasingly automated planet replete with a stockpile of mass-produced weaponry

and toy-like soldiers [whose variety exudes the illusion of difference; they all serve the same purpose: policing the world through media]. The existence of order is a negative freedom for the machinery of the state to run as smoothly as possible—i.e., with the police repeatedly fighting and defeating evil [often purple and skull-emblazoned] robots in displays of successful military operations over and over. Simply put, it's a playground that teaches children monomythic war in a futurist-centrist "false Utopian"; i.e., a neoconservative dystopia whose internal concentric pattern, narrative of the crypt, chronotope, Cycle of Kings, and all they entail combined, stretch on until the end of time/of the world.)

Caleb Hart and Liver King aren't identical. Caleb's cryptonymic function is more generalized, while Liver King's is more Gothic/superhuman (the "gym bro" rhetoric versus "eat liver like Zeus does!"). However, their respective messaging as content creators has the same complicit purpose: sell a product or service through a "heroic" body that implies either man must be "good at everything" (including war and "dominance/defense" as synonymous with sex, despite growth hormones tending to negatively impact your sex drive and gonads) therefore trust them! If the book so far has been any indication, blindly trusting figurative or literal strongmen to keep you safe from systemic abuse is a really bad idea (re: zombie tyrants, exhibit 39c1 from "[Escaping Jadis](#)").

Furthermore, even if they don't rape you, they'll sure as hell fleece you (and give you body dysmorphia; i.e., bigorexia). Though fascism is a conman's game, it's still a losing one for them, too. For one, nothing they say is true—hard times do *not* create strong men and there isn't a worldwide conspiracy of invincible barbarians at the gates (re: Bret Devereaux) or evil Jewish billionaires bankrolling the apocalypse; and two, they're literally afraid of—and want to kill/rape—anything and everything that isn't a white, cis-het men. It's a pretty miserable fragility and paranoia, but one that comes about from turning off their brains and following the leader.

What's more, as complicit, generalized cryptonyms, weird canonical nerds like Caleb Hart and Liver King tacitly promote a Patriarchal system that abuses everyone under it by keeping young men "weak, strong and surrounded by enemies," thus Quixotically braindead, bloodthirsty and menticidally sex-starved (also bad-faith, as thoroughly encapsulated not just by Eren Yeager, the profoundly fragile and fascist protagonist from the 2013 anime, *Attack on Titan*, but his fans; source: [F.D. Signifier's community post](#), 2023).

Getting "swole" won't automatically get you fame, let alone women and love; it exists inside a shrinking circle of manufactured scarcity and conflict. Liver King's offer has nothing to do with those things; instead, he's pointing to his own body as pure snake oil, then selling it to you as sacred wisdom. He conceals pre-existing wealth behind this façade, much like Caleb Hart would ask you to ignore his daddy's wall of law books in the background. There's no way to hide it, but you can

condition people to ignore it or worship it—as pacified servants who think there's nothing better to be imagined or created by themselves. They've turned it all over to giant, killer machines.



(artist: [Homare Works](#))

In the historic tradition of bad-faith *de facto* male "educators" (aka recruiters/con men), both men are surprisingly loquacious. Caleb never shuts up on stream (an occupational hazard, to be fair) and Liver King repeats the same bullshit over and over (and over). Both are useful to capital because their pastiche is blind, their "prison sex" gossip co-dependent, their anger is possessive and vindictive, and their quoting canonical. Furthermore, their gamer mentalities remain utterly concerned with applying a Cartesian, quantifiable metric towards dominating the world around them through coerced luck/odds; i.e., the JRPG idea of progressively "leveling up" through a colonial metric that can be charted, but also bragged about as a feat of strength that evolved alongside neoliberal Capitalism as an expression of it in hauntological form: epic, phat "looting."

All the while, both men (and their offshoots) have physical bodies that not only look the part, but insecure young men connect the sexist slogans to like tattoos (a kind of perverse "tabloid realism"). So while they might seem rather different, the likes of Caleb and Liver King serve as unique fractals splintering off from a larger undead whole: Capitalism as a necromantic, predatory gentleman's club. Through its top-down lessons, said club values masculinity as something to posture and sell, hating on non-cartoon/autonomous women while praising anti-intellectualism through a cult of strength and machismo that punishes conspirators who threaten Capitalism with Communist ideas (what Hitler called "Cultural Bolshevism," known today as "Cultural Marxism, a Red Scare/anti-Semitic"¹¹⁹ tactic common among fascists, neoliberals and other pro-Capitalists). Even if only part of Umberto Eco's entire list of fascist points (re:

¹¹⁹ Anti-Semitic cryptonyms generally conceal Capitalism defending itself from alternate forms of wealth distribution. Seemingly linguistically unconnected to Nazi scapegoats, these dogwhistles nevertheless find themselves in the same conversational "company" as the usual scapegoating language: Nazis blame Jews and Communists; [American Patriot Socialism](#), [MAGA Communism and National Bolshevism](#) (Non Compete's "'MAGA Communism' is just Fascism," 2022) blame "globalists"; and neoliberals blame Communists, socialists and anyone they feel like calling terrorists (code for revolutionaries and other states of exception).

Note: Refer to "[On 'Anti-Semitism' versus 'Antisemitism'](#)" for further discussion on the term; i.e., as I use it in an intellectual sense. —Perse, 4/21/2025

"[Umberto Eco's 14 Points of Fascism](#)") *these are still fascist ideas*. Like swapping out a turret for a machinegun or giving a tank a new coat of paint (or a zombie a new limb or turret arm), the differences denote a different type of the same basic war machine personified: warrior undead.

Rotting and falling apart, fascism is merely an abortive offshoot of Capitalism. Both thrives on obscuring themselves and their connections. Like the myths it promotes, however, the bodies of Caleb and Liver King are largely artificial—not "fake" so much as achieved through massive material advantages neither likes to advertise. In particular, Liver King (whose goofy "I Am Ninja" voice belies the smaller pilot inside the bigger "suit," on par with Mike Tyson or if Adolf Hitler had Schwarzenegger's body and no longer needed to shout) acknowledges his pre-existing wealth but insists have nothing to do with his current success. No, if you believe him, then we have the tenets to thank for him [reportedly approaching billionaire status in the next ten years](#) (Before They Were Famous' "Is He Really Making \$100 MILLION a Year?" 2022). Seemingly overnight, [massive scandals about Liver King's "fake natty" lie have erupted online](#) (More Plates More Dates' "The Liver King Lie," 2023), involving—and I wish I were kidding—thousands of people (at least) saying "it was just a joke" and everyone was "in on it." Meanwhile, as those reporting on him are milking the endless drama farm, Liver King himself insists that he lied and *didn't* lie, but only changed the narrative *after* damning concrete evidence about him came to light.

None of this is new. It's just Capitalism working much as it always has, just with better drugs, fancier graphics, and more abundant, seemingly innocuous cryptonyms to sublimate trauma. Speaking of which, this concept of infinite growth mirrors one of the core tenets of Capitalism manifest in neoliberalism war pastiche: bigger, better, upgraded. War sequelitis. Eventually the market gets saturated, but the games keep coming. And if they don't, someone's gonna spend ten years making a *Mega Man X* fan game because they love the franchise so much.

To be fair, I'm excited for *Mega Man X: Corrupted* (JKB Games' "[Intro Stage Speed Run](#)," 2021)... even if I think X is basically a centrist superhero cop with zero ability to stop and self-reflect—just dumbly listening to his Hamlet-style, ghost dad simulacrum¹²⁰ over and over. In short, he's robot Pinocchio with daddy issues trying to be not just a real boy but a real *man*. Meanwhile, as the videogame war never seems to stop onscreen, the tragic male hero sadly commenting on this but carries on anyways (a shambling zombie cop, vampirically stealing powers of marginalized workers criminalized by the state: political dissidents, rebel [Maverick] factions, iconoclasts, the homeless).

The problem is, this centrist tragedy doesn't solve shit—a centrist canonical power trip of false hope that cryptonymically conceals not just the real wars and

¹²⁰ War simulation in all the usual hauntological monomyth ways; re: exhibit 43e1 ("[Seeing Dead People](#)"), exhibit 1a1a1a2 ("[Thesis Body](#)") and exhibit 1a1a1c4 ("[Pieces of the Camp Map](#)").

genocide happening in the world, but the things that cause them *in relation to bourgeois canon: the videogames and those who make them, extending to the petit-bourgeois and their decade-long lover letters*. Sure, [the game's music bops just like it did in the '80s](#) (AC Lonn's "Mega Man X: Corrupted - Submarine Ocean (Force Starfish Stage) Extended," 2020). Cool nostalgic music, check.

You know what doesn't bop, though? Endless war and genocide, then lying about it to kids! Turning the next line of workers to future war criminals, sleeper agents, weird canonical nerds, and orphans is seriously fucked up (and over time, you can't even put the labor into doing a well-made game out of it; the workers you exploit have to make what you make better than you do! Gotta love internalized efficient profit): Mega Man is a witch cop incessantly upgraded for war as never-ending; i.e., inside a future canceled by Capitalism, whose owner class pimps this nostalgia back to children who go on to view state-compelled martyrdom and self-pity as "totally rad." It's the Protestant ethic in action—reprobate and sacred, with a "pick/pity me" mentality driving endless war into the retro-future.



Under Patriarchal Capitalism, men like Liver King and Caleb promote ideas that keep people harmfully binarized, but also dependent on various "snake oils" that lead them to feel inadequate in the face of perceived supermen: Caleb sells videogames, conflating them with his gym bro antics while constantly "upping his game" through a brand image inextricably tied to famous war toys (that self-upgrade, no less); Liver King sells bullshit that not only doesn't work, it leads to drug-seeking behavior tied to body dysmorphia as not just false, but self-destructive (in the Faustian vein; i.e., offered by someone, versus found/stolen "from the gods" in the Promethean sense).

We've already examined Caleb's brand of weird canonical nerd. As for Liver King's, his customers will try the tenets and offal *naturally* before turning to lying like he does (taking drugs and then selling drugs) when neither actually works—i.e., doesn't get them the bodies they want, the sex partners they want. To try and acquire these things, they'll imitate Liver King, whose continued rising success has nothing to do with his ethical statements and everything to do with prior material advantage and a willingness to keep exploiting people by lying to them (and calling his critics "degenerate sub-primals," a dogwhistle¹²¹ if ever there were).

Like Caleb, Liver King's lie extends to other material factors, but especially personal property—toys, anime, and other media tied to war as a zombifying commodity that enforces sex and gender role under Capitalism through the "metal" expression of war (Mega man and his sister were called Rock and Roll in Japan, with Roll being relegated to the sidelines as a perpetual "Stepford" Housewife). Currently these various methods occur through fascism without too much¹²² open violence (only violence in the world of videogames where commodified war is stupidly common).

However, these sublimating variables can easily become openly violent/actively undead under crisis, generally crises announced by hauntological artwork tied to war. We'll examine these symptoms for the remainder of the chapter, including how Patriarchal Capitalism-in-crisis leads to a proliferation of bad-faith witches and composite undead defending the system through hauntological war. For a brief moment, though, I want to outline war hauntology as something routinely produced by neoliberal/fascist outlets on a geopolitical scale.

¹²¹ A dogwhistle is still a dogwhistle even if Liver King doesn't know it. Ignorantly parroting fascists makes you at the very least uninformed and apathetic, at worst openly complicit: dogwhistles conceal/reveal through cryptonymy.

¹²² Make no mistake, stochastic terrorism and trans genocide are already happening. School and public shootings are normalized, including ones that target trans people. It's just not state-sanctioned or industrialized yet (and god willing, never will be).



(exhibit 98c1: The liminal hauntology of war is commonly expressed between dimensions as interlinked, threatened by the rise of fascism as something to overcome; i.e., in *The Ronin Warriors* by noble, beautiful, witch-cop boys defeating their centrist opposites through a bishonen theatre of staged war disguised actual war—a curtain of comely boy flesh touting their own empowerment as sexy. It's very similar to *Sailor Moon* [re: exhibits 51b3, "[In Measured Praise](#)"] except it has more of a yaoi flavor at the end, the titular warriors disrobing to fight Tulpa in the buff: warrior detectives getting to the bottom of the Radcliffean menace exorcized through naked force.)



(exhibit 98c2: Model and artist, middle-right: [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#).)

Empowered by the spirit of evil, Emperor Tulpa lets Kayura do so much more than the male warlords. The results are undeniably entertaining—with Kayura absolutely mopping the floor with our heroes for most of the show [in fact, she never loses a fight]. The catch is enslavement: Kayura is clearly under the emperor's thrall, wearing a necklace that controls her on Tulpa's behalf. Eventually the charm is shattered in battle, forcing Tulpa to invade Kayura's mind more directly. For a bishonen anime in the late '80s, Samurai Troopers actually provides a rare look into power abuse from the female perspective: Tulpa supplies Kayura with an empowered, girl boss position by which to control every aspect of her life: how she talks, dresses, fights, and thinks. But somewhere inside is a buried voice, one operating independently from this fabricated persona that Tulpa must hide; i.e., from someone who is always presented as more powerful than she is, but also whose strength is greater than what he can control.)

It's fine to enjoy but not endorse sexy monsters; i.e., like any problematic media with enjoyable elements (re: Sarkeesian). In the carceral sense, though, *war hauntology* is the constant, cryptonymic re-envisioning of the future; i.e., by using outdated, cryptonymic depictions of war that essentialize conflict as vital to the manufactured drama. This pastiche includes the disquieting arrival of "quiet" invasions—not the aforementioned "killing time" of the fascist harvest, but fascism as primed to happen through Capitalism; ensured by consumers pacified by ubiquitous neoliberal war pastiche, *the harvest is already here*—it's only become more visible during an ongoing nightmare. Suddenly everywhere, the liminal-hauntological appearance of "benign" war commodities denote genocide and other displaced atrocities as already-here, but normalized through useful centrist myths: Teenagers can defeat them, often through force, often with color-coded uniforms and the flashy magic of special moves, allying with strange bedfellows and defeating an obviously-evil tyrant in defense of the status as it currently exists. This "banal" process happens cross-generationally until future generations become acclimated to war as a good position. They look on it and its past combatants as old friends.

The popular phrase, "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic," has yielded many different interpretations (e.g., [five from CCCB Lab's Cultural Research and Innovation](#), 2018). Arthur C. Clarke originally coined the phrase in his 1962 book, *Profiles of the Future: An Inquiry into the Limits of the Possible*, making Mega Man as witch-like as the Ronin Warriors/Samurai Troopers (exhibit 98c1); and their sequel enterprises even more magical and complicitly cryptonymic in centrist ways: good teams, bad teams, a playing field with two different sides, a boss, and a dainty, blue-haired girl who kicks everyone's ass, Lady Kayura (exhibit 98c2).

Big battles, big explosions, big "false hope" mid-kayfabe with blind camp; i.e., to conceal the hidden atrocity of war behind a rescued, "good" fakery that's

wholesome enough for children to play with, while still preparing them for life's inevitable "realities" (re: Capitalist Realism). A bigger and bigger lie that not only covers up the system, but adumbrates it, *mimics* it like a zombie plague or vampiric curse. Often, it contains with hints of it inside, like Kento's temptations to the Dark Side (in true heel fashion) by Dais, Warlord of Illusion, through armor that Kento had inherited from past warriors—men pointedly described by Ghost Emperor Tulpa as "once having the will to conquer the universe!" aka Zombie Voltron.

As this example is ideally suited to exploring the entirety of our argumentation within itself, I want to dissect episode thirteen of *The Ronin Warriors* (a US syndication of the original 1988 show, redubbed for American audiences): "[Fate of the Ronin Armor](#)" (1995). I will summarize the episode, but more importantly break down the dream sequence contained inside in multiple exhibits that, explained by me in collage form, will highlight the broader liminal relationship experienced between audiences and war hauntology that the show expresses in complex audio-visual Gothic language—an older Gothic interrogation carried over to American like some relic and displayed to United States youngsters; i.e., whose minds have already been formed and shaped by the material world under Capitalism, acclimating them to future slaughter. *Auto-genocide!*

After this exhibit, we'll move onto TERFs more generally before considering war pastiche (a kind of cryptonymy) as something to sublimate, thus disguise war's systematic/propagandistic function as entirely disempowering.



Kento's Dream: A Feast for Crows; or, Echoes of Fascism and Zombie Voltron within 1980s Neoliberal War Pastiche (feat. *The Ronin Warriors*)

Violence is a part of life. It should be remembered that violence and aggression is part of everyday life now. You see it over the TV. You can't just pretend that it does not exist ([source](#)).

—Bruce Lee, *Bruce Lee Striking Thoughts: Bruce Lee's Wisdom for Daily Living*, (2002)

*Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings ([source](#)).*

—Barbaras (on the raven's ability to "predict" death), *The Jew of Malta* (c. 1589)

Note: Similar to Mega Man, The Ronin Warriors is a show I cite primarily in exhibits throughout the rest of the series; e.g., exhibit 39c1 (re: "[Escaping Jadis](#)") and 51b3 (re: "[In Measured Praise of the Great Enchantress](#)"). Here, we actually have a close-read! —Perse, 5/5/2025

In episode thirteen of *The Ronin Warriors*, Kento learns the truth of his own armor's bloodthirst. After a train wreck sends him hurling into a collapsed tunnel, he emerges as if from a deep to find himself alone on an ancient battlefield. There, two nameless warriors duel to the death while Kento looks on in horror ("horror" is the operative world, as the scene features spilled blood in an otherwise bloodless show meant for kids). Overseeing this forgotten, distant transaction is a lone raven, gazing into the funerary future with a single, all-seeing red eye: a harbinger of the proud warrior's doom!



(exhibit 99a: As an eater of the dead with oft-anthropomorphized intelligence, corvids not only have special sight; they are known for eating the eyes of the ignominious dead: those

fallen stupidly on the battlefield. They are assigned as de facto keepers of deathly knowledge and totems of extreme cruelty in ways that other animals sometimes

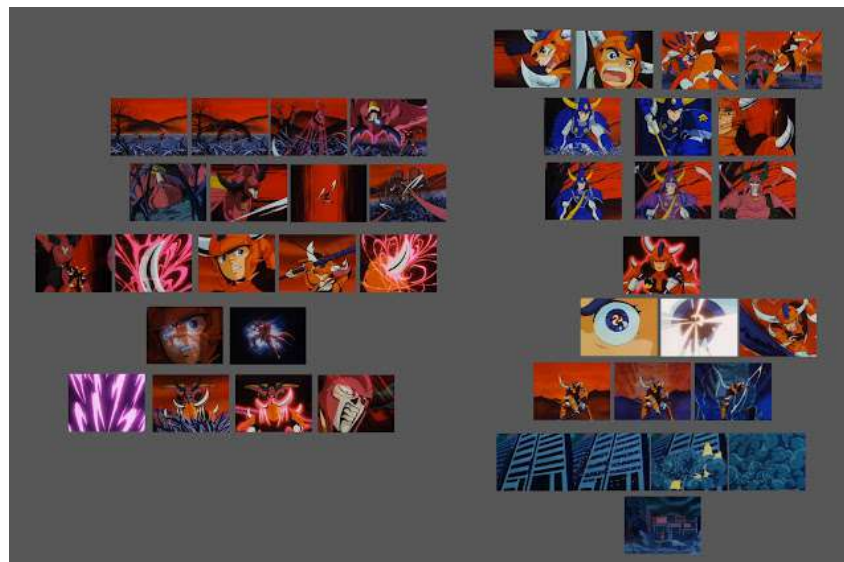
aren't: "The raven himself is hoarse / That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan / Under my battlements..." [[Macbeth](#)]. For example, while cats, like ravens, are marked to be witches' familiars by association, cats do not [to my knowledge] tend to be historically found on battlefields, thus are not known for eating decaying human corpses. They are known as guardians of the underworld, but this mythology comes from an ancient civilization: the Ancient Egyptians. Conversely, ravens have been immortalized by Marlowe, Shakespeare and Edgar Allan Poe, etc, in much more recent poetry/popular media; i.e., Western Europe's fascination with the deathly past through various ghosts of the counterfeit, stigmatizing the birds themselves while pimping them [re: "[Hell Hath No Fury](#)".)]

The horror for Kento—the big, strong himbo of the group—is the ghost of the counterfeit showing through him in a dream supplied to him by someone else as a means of military recruit: *Join us; come over to the dark side. It is your fate, your doom.* Kento's rejection of, and continued resistance towards these machinations of equal force, denotes an incessant failure to learn from the past and his part within it, but also a neoliberal "as-good-as-it-gets" false hope: a cycle of war through false copies of the West, wherein people are saved and fallen and saved again across the forever-young bodies of an expendable soldier youth: through cool-looking acts of violence levied against zombie corruptions of formerly good militarized heroes (as we explored in Volume Two, "corruption" is a concept prevalent in virtually all of Western canon, spanning from *Star Wars* to *Myth: the Fallen Lords* to *Mega Man X* and *The Ronin Warriors*, etc; i.e., the fascist zombie and its corruption of a former good hero, or babyface, turning them heel). "See nightmare; smash nightmare. Nightmare gone... right?"

Wrong! If Dias is an openly zombie-like, drug-addled, vampire-esque, undead super soldier—who dresses like Shedder with antlers, wears an eye patch, laughs like a James Bond villain, and keeps a pet raven (whose benign nature but Cartesian demonization we discussed in Volume Two; re: exhibit 41c2, "[Hell Hath No Fury](#)")—then Kento and company are his *furtively carceral* undead, cute-boy opponents. They think they're good cops/white knights, because they're on the "good" team. That's it.

In truth, they're laden in flowers like revived Roman conquerors come home to roost, their homecoming broadcast on rock 'n roll loudspeaker (quite literally flower-power-meets-arena-rock, but curiously blended with city pop, experimental electronica and horror music common from Japan in the 1980s). It's a necromantic centrist scheme of neoliberal war where one is pitted against the other through the process of abject as "toned down" for kids (neoliberal "joy division" of collective worker action). The authors of these Saturday-morning illusions—the neoliberal necromancers themselves—deliberately trap people in a material structure of endless wars playing with two kinds of undead soldiers who collectively drain, drug and lobotomize the emotional and Gothic intelligence of unsuspecting laborers, who

go on to assimilate or annihilate those who have yet to be converted. It's most unfresh, a dastardly scheme that sights workers and their territories entirely for profit. *That's* the banality of evil in action. It behaves like a bad dream—hijacking the way the human mind normally works, including how historically-materially extends into the real world.



(exhibit 99b: Faced with the false copy of the Westernized past, Kento abjects it by embodying "might makes right": "Iron Rock Crusher!" his variant of "Hulk, smash!" or "I am the teeth in the night!" These slides were designed at the start of when I began to pioneer my exhibit style; re: exhibit 44b2, "[Making Demons](#)." I've left them unfinished for historical purposes.)

As Kento is confronted by a disembodied voice that smugly introduces itself as "the master of his fate," the blowhard Kento isn't fooled; he calls the hidden

manipulator by its name: Tulpa, the evil emperor ghost. That's one temporary deception. But the half-lies is part of a grander violent scheme, whose awful procession of "wax schedules" and lifelike zombies would make John Webster green with envy. "Silence, little man—look!" And behold, a pale horse: the endless battlefields of the many unburied dead.

Faced with them, Kento—a Scooby-Doo-esque scaredy-cat (intimating the Gothic "dog-like" servant trope common to loyal fool as faithful yet animal-esque towards a central hero)—literally trembles in fear (and is literally sloganized by the show's antihero, Anubis: "Quake with fear!"). Then, zombies—specifically the Dark Warlords—spring from the heap, reanimated fakes of their real variants to fool Kento with. He falls for it, quick to anger and ready to fight them all (the puncher's chance an empty one on a fool's errand). But, oh-ho-ho, Tulpa did not bring Kento to this dream to do battle, but *show him the way!* Don't waste your strength, you're doomed (adumbrating the structure itself, that old fox). Merely look and see the origin of the Legendary Nine Armors: worn by past boys to conquer the world again under similar subterfuge.

But herein are another four lies (and probably more but I can't go over them all in this section): "These armors were made for one purpose:

- to destroy mankind
- In this battlefield lie the bodies of those who have fallen in battle against these armors.
- The armor when used makes the user more bloodthirsty.
- To destroy it is to destroy a part of oneself—i.e., what man can destroy a piece of his own heart?"

The truth is, the armors can be reclaimed and reused by us Communists as teaching tools that hammer swords into ploughshares with Gothic exhibits that forbid the fascist "harvest" of the liminal-hauntology of war as an endless witch hunt, "destined for massacres and vengeance, sent across the earth post-recruitment to install" (the false revolution of fascism scrambling for power amid the cyclical power vacuums that Capitalism engenders). Nor do the bodies of the dead simply amount the blind and foolish, hoodwinked into making war for Capitalist purposes; they are the bodies of comrades fighting fascism in the proverbial killing fields.

Remembering Sarkisian's adage, enjoyment isn't automatically endorsement provided said enjoyment isn't critically blind; i.e., consuming war pastiche won't automatically turn you into a killer, nor are you destroying yourself if you critique it. Doing so only transforms you and war into something else—a *friendly* variant of Zombie Voltron as alluded to all the way back during Volume One (re: exhibit 15b1, "[Healing from Rape](#)"). And maybe, just maybe, old Tulpa speaks truth to power when he wishes to break "Mankind" the only way he knows how—through violence

and war. Then again, maybe not; without warriors there'd be no one left to fight, no living to add to his ever-growing armies of the undead, in the Nether World where the shadows lie—his Dark Warlords a bit like Sauron's unlucky ring wraiths, duped into the sorry company of Balrogs, winged beasts, and diegetically manmade orcs and goblins that ultimately came from Tolkien's brain to try and describe the material world he himself fought in... but *bishonen* in their regression:

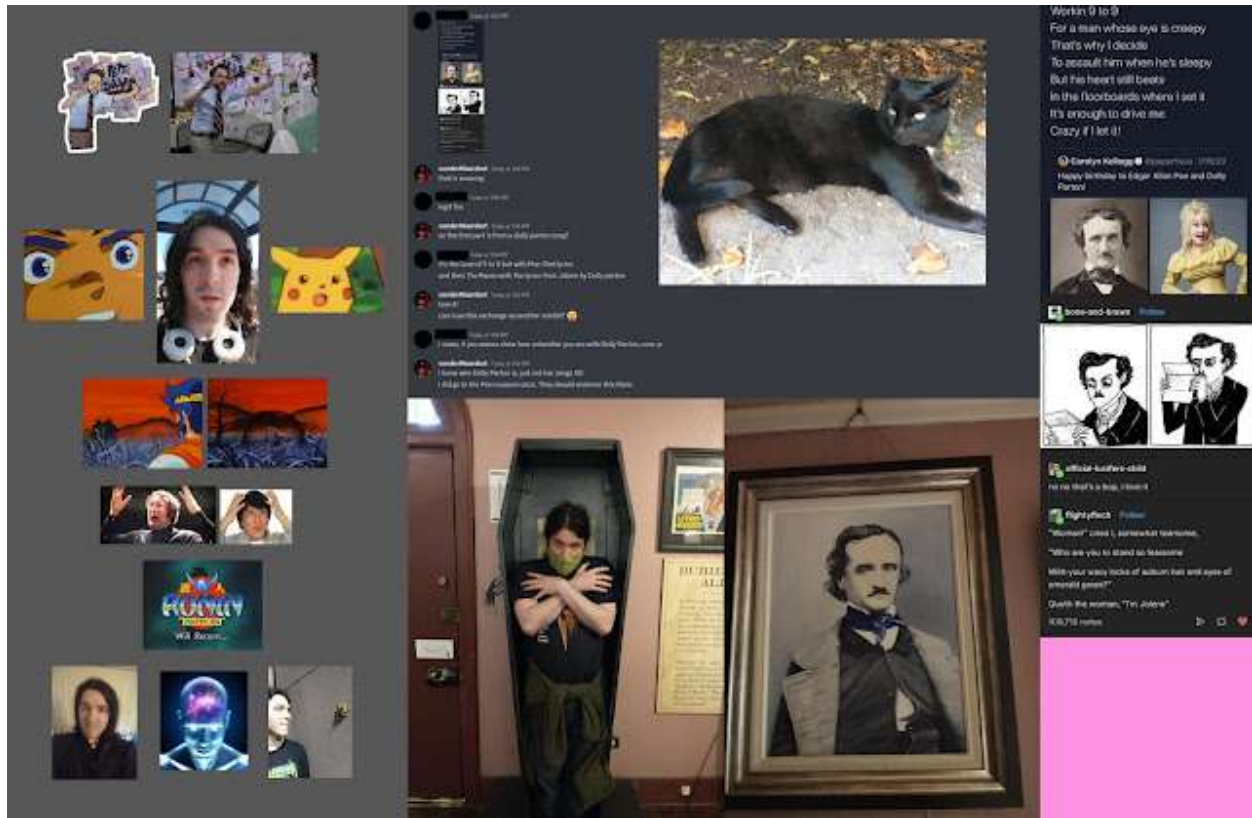


([source](#))

Poor Kento can't help it, though; he *wants* to fight as boys currently fight—to fight and die "like a man." In a way he's closer to the truth and actual wisdom than his more righteous, seemingly smarter buddies. Meanwhile, Dais—an agent of darkness and goaded by his boss—attacks Kento wearing various disguises, hazing him as he stands liminally transfixed: to win him

to his greater harm—their greater harm—mixing lies with bits of truth. The Gothic-liminal chaos of the scene is tremendously complex: It simultaneously evokes this exchange happening between texts in the diegetic present space of time as connected to our own material world and its lateral occupants both standard and revolutionary (re: parallel spaces and occupants)—between liminal occupants and liminal objects through liminal hauntology and liminal education that oscillates between dialectical-material forces dressed up in the undead language of war (whose doll-like warriors embody virtue and vice, mid-kayfabe). It's a really messy affair that only compounds over space and time.

Hence why complex trauma requires continual good education to pierce and glean from everything beyond the veil while shrouded within inside. There is no "outside" of the larger "text," homeboys; we're born into the natural-material world and it shapes how we think, but also how we react. Furthermore, the scene invites us to look in ways that are conspicuously undead and doubled—with deliberate, diegetic acts of looking mirrored by opportunities for us to compare what Dais and Kento are doing that denote them as equally doomed as the first soldiers of the dream (which *neither* is aware of as they fight but which we can see, watching horrified and unable to stop the fated carnage as both men kill each other in a cycle of dynastic power exchange and hereditary rites; re: Bakhtin + Marx).



(exhibit 99c: The first half of this this collage is the phenomenology of our Kento exhibit, illustrated by meme hieroglyphics. The second half is another example of Juul's "half-real" concept explored in Chapter One and how people playfully combine different things together for seemingly random, linguistically-ludically indiscrete fun—as something to talk about for education and enrichment as a liminal proposition through "conversational play" [the same kind of "sixth sense" memeing also used by STEM-type YouTube personalities like [Chubby Emu](#), [Ze Frank](#), or [Casual Geographic](#): a collective appeal to a "universal" sense of humor by code-switching from jargon and dry humor to slang that aims to ironically humanize those oppressed under the status quo—animals, of course, but also patients]. Instead of *The Ronin Warriors*, the exhibit about them [exhibit 99a] is something I can talk about or meme about, or I can do both, swapping out frames or words to communicate a similar message quickly but also in a different form of exhibit about the same overall content.

In turn, this is discussed not just by me, but to a friend of mine about this same subject matter in metatextual ways—where we communicate as people generally do about popular media in the Internet Age: with memes by also telling stories about each other in real spaces and times about fictional things that exist in the material world: The photo of me in coffin is literally at the Edgar Allan Poe museum in Florida; the cat, Pluto, lives at the museum; the memes—of Poe and making a song that combines Dolly Parton, Poe and a meme about Poe and Jules Verne—is just how language tends to function under half-real circumstances. More to the point,

it's in this strange liminal space that praxis is being naturally performed: in discussions about canon and counterculture.)

"When will you fools learn that there are no wars fought by heroes?" (exhibit 99a). If, like Kento, we must stand and stare helplessly as ambiguous doubles of the excavated past return, what can we do? Lucky for us, love *can* bloom on a battlefield despite the banality of evil, and we can change into something less war-like while still being knowledgeable about war in all of its forms, heroes included. When I was a still a boy and not the trans woman I grew into, I got into fights; I reacted to violence in response to my own trauma and to echoes of trauma I could sense in the material world around me.

My mind never, *ever* stopped working (nor has it). I used to think it was a curse, but it was actually a gift that, once given the proper instruction, helped me transform and, in turn, write this book as a messy compilement of my path so that you might take it yourselves: to grow up into undead doubles that fight for Communism by disarming Capitalism's war machinery—its language and its peoples—by hammering them and the structure that houses them into implements of peace and love, a reclaiming of the six Rs lost to Capitalism: to form "Zombie-Vampire-Ninja-Samurai-Knight-Frankenstein Voltron" as a composite-liminal Creature friendly to Communism and its legion of *sex-positive* socio-material outcomes, versus a sexist endorsement of the '80s neoliberal status quo, [like how Cyber Shadow \(2021\) does it](#) (Rubhen925's "Cyber Shadow - Full Game Gameplay Walkthrough," 2021) with its heteronormative robot boy/girl ninjas.

In turn, development happens by working in tandem for a better world beyond Capitalism, revitalizing the Gothic imagination towards those aims by literally embodying it within ourselves, our bodies, our labor, our wicked, sexy art. You can even enjoy *Cyber Shadow* (I bought a copy of it and appreciate its zealous attention to detail); but transmute it in ways that critique Capitalism using the Gothic mode as something to synthesize. Make your gossip interdependent, your praxis iconoclastic, your pastiche perceptive, your quotes transformative, your own creations enriching to the world; wield your anger in sex-positive defense of your communes and your comrades.



(exhibit 99d: The world of videogames has, since its inception on the cusp of neoliberal expansion, been marketed to men. This includes the classic games, like Contra, Mega Man, or Ninja Gaiden, but also the games that were nostalgically revived through latter-day hauntologies like Cyber Shadow. In short, this reflects in the makeup of the game's characters and narrative, but also the social-sexual behaviors and business behind the players' metanarrative that the games' heteronormative bias informs.

Speedrunning is—like combat sports and videogames, in general—a sexist, heavily segregated enterprise. For one, speedrunning pays very little and demands tremendous devotion and practice from its competitors (with WR-holders putting in tens of thousands of hours of "grinding"/practice to have a small handful of chances to win); two, nearly all speedrunners are cis-het men/male [and some trans women] thanks to competitive sports aforementioned bias and the male, often-white competitor's own privilege—with the practice reliably described as "domination" and "self-improvement" from [all-male] speedrunner documentarians gushing about male-runner-to-male-runner obsessive chasing glory for themselves and themselves alone; i.e., Summoning Salt's "[The Quest to Beat Jimmypoopins](#)" [2023] for Ninja Gaiden 2 [1990]. It's a highly competitive and lauded history with little reward beyond glory and ephemeral recognition through a crisis of value; the record is theirs, as are the glory and the labels and naming. It's self-aggrandizement verging on Quixotic deification and Captain Ahab levels of obsession, which isn't interested in anything but male capability and unequal dimorphism as something that's just taken for granted. It simply is; anything that falls short is simply failure, nothing more. In short, all of this is merely business-as-

usual ; i.e., bigoted and harmful and built around the status quo as something to protect [re: "[Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning](#)"].

All the same, the ability to capitalize on the practice is highly difficult given its random nature. As I write in "[Doom Eternal: Made for Speed... but Speedrunning?](#)" [2022]:

Speedrunner-conscious developers isn't wholly a bad thing. A byproduct of games being unintentionally speedrun is having to deal with things speedrunners hate. One such annoyance is Random Number Generation. [Speedrunners hate RNG](#), in general; in Doom, they've had to work around RNG for decades. The original Doom games feature [random weapon damage](#)—a dice roll with every shot. Doom Eternal is less random, its variability provided by enemy placement and distance. That's enough to keep things unpredictable, but also [fun and challenging](#) for the player. This theoretically owes itself to the game being designed with speedrunners in mind. But players themselves should be free to make their own categories. That's part of the fun—the unpredictability in how a game is gradually played faster and faster. However, a company that pre-determines what categories players will make can reduce the experience to speedrun-by-numbers. Avoiding the temptation to tamper with a game to steer its speedrunners in a particular direction is advisable.

Purses are one alternative. Cash prizes could bolster competition; they would still fall outside the traditional professional sphere. Professional sports are generally watched live. In the same sense, speedrunning is watched live on Twitch. So much of it isn't seen by most people, however. It's not planned in that fashion. Professional gaming [involves stages](#)—for the players to game on, and crowds to watch them live. It has to be organized, and predictable to the extent that exciting things will occur. It's one thing to have a race between speedrunners for fun; it's quite another to expect runners to take a world record live. There's no way to predict when this will occur, but [as Cheese demonstrates](#), a big purse can inspire miracles.



A large purse can make players practice harder. Expecting them to do it predictably as a reliable draw is foolish. Most of the time, world records are a grind. Unless the game is relatively new or isn't speedrun often, it will become optimized, allowing little room for error. The less room there is, the lower the odds that a record will occur. Easy records will occur quickly and get expensive; attempting difficult records is repetitive and will get boring. And if a record seems imminent, so is the possibility of failure. Reliable disappointment can turn all but the most dedicated away. This highlights another issue: Most records are not viewed "live" because they can't be predicted to occur live. This means that unless you saw it when it actually transpired, it's a pre-recorded video. This runs against the idea of professional sports, which need a "live draw" to reel in the crowd. If classic speedrunning can't do it in its current state, then something needs to change. / And here, Doom Eternal presents a curious solution. Make a fast, brutal game that's fun to watch, but can also be speedrun using classic movement strategies while also being a Doom game. Doom Eternal checks a lot of boxes, and it certainly will give players something to watch on Twitch. I just don't think its biggest moneymakers will be speedrunners ([source](#)).



Simply put, speedrunning isn't made for business in the classic sense, but falls back on the aesthetics of war as something to draw out competitions between men that showcase male dominance of the game as product; in turn, the domination as a historical tour de force becomes the product—with reliably sexist, but also settler-colonial results, onstage and off [re: "[Nature vs the State](#)"]. Twitch is a white structure of power, as is YouTube and videogames as a business; i.e., including speedrunning as built within these territories advertising themselves as "manly" using cliché masks, costumes, weapons, and tableaux: not just Doomguy's blood and guts, but Mega Man, Link, and Samus, etc, as monomythic/male-centric in ways that are heteronormatively violent state apologia. Versus them, the monstrous-feminine is always passive and assimilated, or a "corrupt" enemy to kill during virgin/whore and mirror syndrome having the pimp's revenge against Medusa.)

Whoever you are, reader, just know that it's entirely possible to "wake up"—to enjoy war pastiche as a guilty pleasure *without endorsing* its carceral, curse-like effects. But doing so will have to contend with those who see canon as sacred—something to consume and quote like a modern-day war bible that colonizes everything around it—the language, but also its users (quoting *Ghostbusters* [1984] blindly without transformational power—i.e., verbatim but failing to recognize Dr. Venkman as a fictional sex pest [played by real-life sex pest, Bill Murray](#)—Charles' Trepany's "Dying from Shame," 2022). Indeed, I'm living proof: In the past, I've written constantly about the centrist war pastiche from my own nostalgic past as

something to reinvent, rethink, transmute into sex-positive forms (its own kind of magic indecipherable to the too-far converted undead—the zombie-vampire samurais, robots and other Capitalist legionnaires, but also those who make them on various registers of the Great Neoliberal Chain of Being—a carceral, coercive, complicit *poiesis*). Apart from *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes*, I've specifically examined how *Aliens* and *Doom* acclimate new people to war multiple times; re: for my [videogame research on Metroidvania](#), and [in my reviews of Doom Eternal](#) (a fan favorite, 2020) and [anti-fascist polemic on Ion Fury](#) (2019). I've also faced lifelong pushback in the shadow of neoliberal forms, [like my love for Ridley Scott's Gothic, antiwar polemic \(and frankly giant, beautiful mess\) Prometheus \(2020\) versus Aliens having colonized the franchise away from its anti-neoliberal origins, Alien](#) (a bit like *Star Wars* in that respect). It's a messy, ongoing process.



However, centrism and war pastiche aren't just American; as Kento and *The Ronin Warriors* demonstrate, they (and other *sentai*-style shows, from the 1960s¹²³ onwards) extend to other forms of media from other countries that "ally" with America under constant geopolitical threats of military and economic force. Parallel fantasies converge along the same material lines, manifesting hauntologically through instances of

retro-future war pastiche, generally with sci-fi- and fantasy-flavored subgenres: samurai warriors, mobile-suit gundams, and metal "mega men" (a false-Utopian, dated futurism; re: Jameson's argument from "[Progress versus Utopia](#)" modified: "The future of one moment has now become our own *undead* past"), etc. Moreover, these ghostly arrivals—their sudden appearance and continued, nostalgic existence—are *welcomed*, ushered in by their victims like a canonical Trojan Horse. This isn't just the obvious scapegoats, but the neoliberal/fascist soldiers *inside the Horse* who think *they're* the good guys (or who think they're safe from those in power).

Meanwhile, those who speak out aren't just speaking to their critics, but the canonical forms they uphold as an extension of undead war as righteous: the disguises themselves. These multiple, surreptitious attempts to install war simultaneously deny its relationship as a counterfeit attached to real-world barbarities. Forget Tulpa's tower of evil "finally" being brought into our world

¹²³ When color televisions started to become more common.

(exhibit 99e, below); the tower is already here, has been here since the beginning and only to evolve with the structure into something more and more nightmarish; re: invasion is a structure, Tulpa's tower one of sin the Ronins must banish, Radcliffe-style!



(exhibit 99e: "Bring me the Earth, and join every dimension!" Emperor Tulpa demands, bringing the tower of evil into the human world. There, Tokyo's population is ignominiously borne into the structure, forced to serve the evil Yokai forever [according to the Fu-Manchu ghost toadie].

Specifically this liminal hauntology of war—felt constantly during Capitalist Realism's boom-and-bust [a return of the phantom tyrant]—is both neoliberal and [eco-]fascist. It elides fears of an imaginary barbaric past—specifically the romance of the Sengoku/warring states period—with various state deceptions and humiliations during and after WW2; e.g., the lies of the Imperial Japanese government and its rigid control of information, followed by the American bombings and subsequent occupation period. When the original show aired as Legendary Armor Samurai Troopers in 1988, the allegory concerned anxieties surrounding ongoing neoliberal boom: the late-1980s bubble economy in Japan. To this, Samurai Troopers expressed displaced, dissociative fears of an imminent societal collapse, one that would have accompanied the guaranteed economic uncertainty hanging over Japan's inflated, illusory successes. These lasted from 1986 until 1992; by the mid-'90s when the show was translated into English and being syndicated to American audiences, the market crash and historical-material record of vengeful warring spirits would rapidly have become a thing of the past; i.e., a product to export to youngsters concerned more with the centrist warrior's romance than the deeper, historical-material context. In other words, they

internalized the lie of false power while its deeper, troubling context reliably sailed over their heads.)

The great doom of Capitalism—which we will grapple with for the rest of this book—is how it destroys everything it touches, including those it professes to aid, through the protection of fascists by neoliberals. It does so by forgetting art-as history and trapping people inside fake histories where war and persecution mania aren't simply everywhere; they teach bad sex education that clouds the brain, so that nothing beyond Capitalism can be imagined: the ghost of the counterfeit furthering the process of abjection, thus the monomyth and Cycle of Kings as a panoply of false power.

Furthermore, the engines that drive its continued genesis are Capitalism itself caught in a hauntological loop of self-defense that burns everyone to cinders, isolating men and women in ignominious ways that make them Gothically and emotionally unintelligent and monsters entirely sex-coercive. The greatest, loudest defenders, then, are centrists—those who posture as good "witches," but align to everyone's detriment with Zombie-Vampire Capitalism like a carceral, complicit, coercive (re: the Three Cs) undead Voltron: TERFS.

Now that we've examined an ideal example of what triple-C, Zombie-Vampire

Voltron is, I'd like to pull back a bit and explore TERFs more broadly as the bad-faith witches and undead that try to disguise themselves as "friendlies" instead of "hostiles"; i.e., they aren't working for *the Man*, they're gender-critical¹²⁴ in ways that happen to triangulate against state enemies. They're what we push back against using what we got, during ludo-Gothic BDSM, but per the cryptonymy process (as Chapter Five will explore) is always a calculated risk, mid-exposure.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))



¹²⁴ A TERF dogwhistle; i.e., TERFs are fascist, hence operate through DARVO and obscurantism (the decayed, false language of rebellion) to hide their cop-like function: during a complicit cryptonymy process.

"What is a Witch?" part three: Attack of the Bad-Faith, Pussyhat Feminist Undead/Demons; or, the Fascism-in-Disguise of "Witch" Girl Bosses, Male Gatekeepers, and the Gender-critical Movement (feat. Ian Kochinski)

"You know, soil cleans off a lot easier than blood, Quintus."

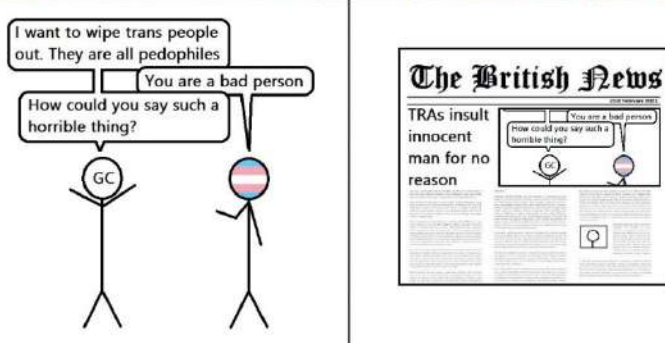
"But with an army behind you could be extremely political."

—Maximus and Quintus, *Gladiator* (2000)



(exhibit 100a1: Artist, bottom: [Katy's Cartoons](#). Not everyone can draw well; the root context is what matters, not its ornamentation.)

Note: *Sex Positivity* started as a critique of the TERF movement in popular media. This subchapter contains much of my early writing of TERFs; i.e., focusing on their brand of fascism extensively and at a time when I was watching *Essence of Thought*'s coverage on TERFs, as well. —Perse, 5/5/2025



As stated during the introduction, TERFs are fascists-in-disguise. They think they're good, righteous, victims

(re: the monstrous-feminine as under attack by trans people). [Described as such by Judith Butler](#) (Emanuel Maiberg's "Why The Guardian Censored Judith Butler on TERFs," 2021), the genderqueer icon notes how TERFs are "one of the dominant strains of fascism in our times." They will not be there to help, but commit genocide against trans people as a marginalized group. Indeed, as *cryptofascists*, TERFs deceptively posture as moderates under neoliberalism, an ideology that aids and abets the very reactionary abuses Butler fights against: "racism, nationalism, xenophobia, [carceral] violence, [femicide and the] high rates of attacks on trans

and genderqueer people." TERFs commit all of these through *varied obscurantism*: an assortment of monstrous, undead/demonic disguises and deceptions, whose cryptonymy we'll explore now (theirs—we'll delve into ours, in Chapter Five).

The biggest disguise that TERFs use language as a mask, specifically the feminist label as a loud and angry cryptonym—i.e., the Medusa in bad faith, generally what Cheyenne would call "pussyhat feminists" ("[Why Women Join the Alt-Right](#)" (2023)). As such, they present radical beliefs as "gender-critical" towards genuine activism; i.e., reviving the bigoted suffragettes of another time—[the UK suffragette colors: purple, white, green](#)—(and stealing the color scheme to Marilyn Roxie's genderqueer flag when doing so) to infiltrate and infect activists subversively sex-positive movements from within, but also to batter and discredit during reactive abuse during us-versus-them brawls, polemics, and spectacles disguised as "debates" ; i.e., fascist feminism dressed up as centrist, as progressive, as "one of us": "'I' won, and might makes right/cooler headers prevail, so now freed the market and turn loose the wolf." It's weird canonical nerds versus weird iconoclastic nerds; i.e., per oppositional cryptonymy as pimp versus whore, where *cops* punching down in bad faith, monopolizing oppression to weaponize it *against* state victims. Fascism—including token fascism—is theft of power through disguise for the state.

Note: There is a fairly active debate raging [about whether to use the word "TERF" if it "poisons the well" of activism through a corrupted label](#) (Caelan Conrad's "'TERF' vs 'Gender-critical' // Addressing the Criticisms about My Gender-critical Series," 2023). I think questioning the wisdom—of using a label that was always built on the equality of convenience (feminism; John the Duncan's "[Transphobia: The Far Right and Liberalism](#)," 2023)—is its own debate that, while entirely valid, I can separate from my decision to call a TERF a TERF [and, as Thought Slime points on in their 2025 video, "[Fascists Will Waste Your Time](#)," we should make fascists uncomfortable, not mollify them].



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Personally I consider myself a feminist, but don't like to call myself one for the same reason I don't call myself an atheist even though I am one: because of assholes popularly associated with the movement. I'd rather call myself something cool like "Satanist," Gothic Communist, "gay faggot" or "gender studies expert"; i.e., something that a) doesn't have nearly the same history of colonizing others because it's always been a symbol of rebellion and b) dickheads wouldn't try to call themselves

because it's reclaimed hate label or thing that they're conditioned to hate. Your enemies can't attack you if they're experiencing cognitive dissonance (not without outing themselves, anyways)! Hoist them on their own petards! —Perse, back in 2023

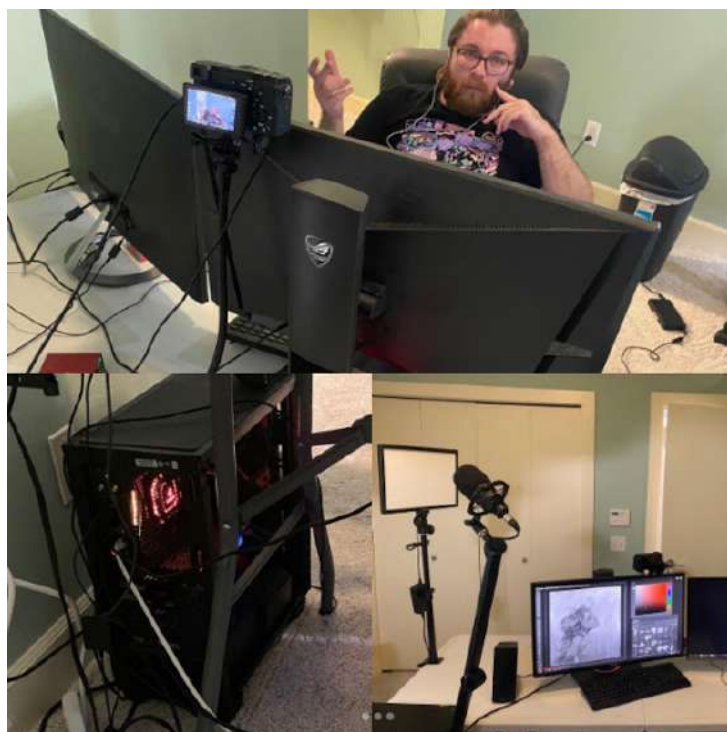


Put another way, TERFs are bourgeois witches; i.e., fascist zombie *Einsatzgruppen* who materially during cryptonymy align with proponents of genocide, be those corporations and the banal evil of systemic abuse through cold economics, moderate politicians who turn a blind eye, or bloodthirsty ideologs (with fascism often having an openly occult flavor that extends to TERF "witches" and "war dogs" in seemingly muzzled/moderate forms, like Caleb Hart, The Liver King or Ian Kochinski). To it, capital *decays* feminism, and token, bigoted feminism can take many forms; i.e., often hauntological ones tied to war that dress it up in the already-deceptive language of American Liberalism, but also feminism, itself (e.g., Stormfront, who we'll get to in a bit).

Except while much of the remainder of this book focuses on female TERFs in that regard, a brief word about *male* TERFs: Moderate feminism disguises reactionary politics by appropriating bodies through an inclusive façade. Whether male or female, it then adds further disguises to the already moderate mask and reactionary core, sporting *concentric* veneers that lean further and further left. We'll explore these "gobstopper masks" more in the NERF section. For now, just know that TERF feminism and its undercover deceptions extend to cis-feminists of the male or female biological sexes (while deliberately excluding intersex people, of course).

Like their female counterparts, male TERFs act in bad faith. This stems from dogmatic ideologies funded from the top down; i.e., AstroTurf movements meant to police actual grass-roots organizations. Sexist dogma and Capitalistic hegemony intertwine through materialized ideals that advertise the arrangement for all to see. In turn, the benefactors of Capitalism financially incentivize TERF habits, empowering individual agents by granting them the basic means to make trouble. It doesn't need to be an explicit agreement if the ideology and structure are already in place; the entire relationship can be plausibly denied regardless of what occurs. Meanwhile, TERFs thrive on obfuscation—muddying the waters through reactionary "leftism." Just as emancipatory feminism interacts to varying degrees with artistic expression and various worker rights, reactionary abuses *a/so* intersect through multiple comorbidities.

*Note: Ian Kochinski is a horrible person, and one I've promised to cover since Volume Zero. I didn't do so in those books because I had already written about him, here. He was pretty terrible back in 2023, though has been exposed as a pedophile and zoophile more concretely since then (re: Bad Empanada Live's "[Vaush P*dophilia Controversy](#)," 2024). He's truly bottom-barrel chudwad, and here we're dragging him at last. —Perse, 5/5/2025*



(exhibit 100a2: [Source](#): Vaushv on Instagram, 2020. The Internet Age is thoroughly deregulated, to such a degree that people can say pretty much whatever they want without needing to cite sources or legally provide counterarguments. Simply put, it's a grifter's business, and one where "the pen is

mightier than the sword" becomes weaponized against worker interests by people like Ian Kochinski. All you need is a computer, a mic, a camera, and a willingness to lie and exploit others for personal gain.)

For example, Ian Kochinski truly runs the toxic gamut, a

- [self-confessed sexual predator](#) (Essence of Thought's "That Time Vaush's Career Should Have Died," 2022)
- [notorious pedophile apologist](#) (Bethany Blue's "Ian 'Vaush' Kochinski allegedly reported to FBI," 2020)
- [white supremacist](#) (Scorpio, 2020)
- [genocide apologist](#) (Bad Empanada's "How a Zionist Defamed Me, How 'Leftist' Creators Helped Her Do It, and Why It Will Happen Again," 2022)
- [violent transphobe](#): "These people are ill! They're cancer, they're sub-human..." (Non Vaush, 2020)

To hide all of these things, Kochinski must don a multilayered disguise that says he's not Man Box/white supremacist. This includes his brand name, "Vaush," which [comes from a blackface narrative Kochinski wrote](#) (Orikkun, 2021) about a black woman called Wacheneide (that shortens to Vaush). "Vaush" isn't just a character Ian's playing for fun; it's a "bad" mask that intersects with his bad-faith, white supremacist/misogynistic takes on black nationalism fueled by Zombie-Vampire Capitalism. Like the canonical vampire, he's a parasite posturing as benign. For example, [in his famously hostile debate with female person of color, Professor Flowers](#) (Professor Flowers' "The Master Debater Vaush: On Black Nationalism," 2022), Kochinski famously calls out black separatists (through Flowers) for "acting like black Nazis" against their white colonizers (a DAVRO trick, [on par with calling Little Hoot "gay Hitler"](#); re: Little Hoots' "Elon Musk Personally Banned Me From Twitter!"; timestamp: 4:38).

During the debate, Kochinski carefully frames his racism as "reasonable," but also "not actually racism" by dressing up his reactionary outrage in moderate, feminist language. Such disguises didn't stop Kochinski's fans from harassing Flowers for months while Kochinski looked the other way. That's the whole point: to create an unsafe environment for activists that *doesn't* immediately announce itself. However, Kochinski also talked down to trans woman of color, Kat Blaque, [patronizing her for not condoning his usage of misogynistic rhetoric against J.K. Rowling in "defense" of trans people](#) (Kat Blaque's "What My Spat With Vaush Taught Me About Being a Black Woman Online," 2022), refusing to placate a moderate, in other words. Kochinski would describe Kat the same way he historically has described trans people, but also Professor Flowers: as fragile and stupid, but also *less informed* on their own daily struggles than he, a cis-het white man.

As discussed in Volume Two, Vampire Capitalism is tiered. It yields an orderly vertical arrangement of power with coercive functions: The Big Bad (the bourgeoisie) followed up by smaller and smaller proponents in the same overall army. To that, Ian is kind of vampire "middle management," masquerading as a truth-teller that actually wears his worst mask on the outside. Simply put, he's a duplicitous cunt who feeds off vulnerable women like a vampire for their essence, unable to make any himself through meaningful social-sexual relationships that actually value workers.

Like a Skeksis Lord at the Castle of the Crystal, Kochinski has become divided by Capitalism, a system that splits those defending it, tolerating it, or resisting it into different camps of exploited workers: cops, vigilantes and battered victims (class traitors) versus enemies of the state in praxis. Kochinski is very much a bad copy—a Trojan virus (that was a hacker pun). Crediting him—a still-sleeping, lobotomized shill, and menticidal rapist/warlike zombie-vampire—as leading people towards the Left is to thoroughly poison the well (the same goes for Caleb Hart, Liver King and all the rest of "the boys"—somnambulists only too happy to throttle anyone who tries to wake them up).



Such "reasoned" tone policing [is also common among white atheists like Jimmy Snow](#) (re: Rhetoric & Discourse's "The Hypocrisy of the Atheist Community") and Rationality Rules, who punch up against the "low-hanging fruit" of organized religion, but punch down against "uppity" feminists and other social activists who take things "too far." For example, Jadis hated it when I—despite being an atheist—

publicly preferred to call myself a Satanist as to not be associated with the New Atheist movement and incredibly popular/visible social wackjobs like

- Richard Dawkins apologizing [for rape](#) or [eugenics](#) (re: Gaia Vince's "Eugenics Would Not Work in Humans" and Melissia McEwan's "Dawkins Defends Himself with More Rape Apologia") but also [transphobia](#) (re: "Richard Dawkins Promotes Creationism") operating on par [with Flat Earth theory as a fascist conspiracy](#) (Behind the Bastards' "Surprise! Flat Earth Is a Nazi Conspiracy," 2023) similar to Sabine Hossenfelder's [own use of Nazi rhetoric to antagonize trans people](#) (re: "Rapid Onset Gender Dysphoria Is A Nazi Relic").
- Neil deGrasse Tyson [being accused of multiple rapes](#) (Azeen Ghorayshi's "Nobody Believed Neil DeGrasse Tyson's First Accuser," 2018), comparing anal sex to a sewer system next to a playground (reducing anal to an abject deed that precludes homosexual men) and [implying quite wrongly that sex universally feels good for all animals on Earth](#) (Kavin Senapathy's "Is Famous Astrophysicist Neil deGrasse Tyson Trolling Us," 2016).
- [Christopher Hitchens being a massive sexist and Islamophobe](#) (Hamid Dabashi's "The Liberal Roots of Islamophobia," 2017).
- [Ricky Gervais being a massive TERF](#) (Aja Romano's "Netflix Yet Again Suffers Transphobic Fools," 2022).

Not only are these accommodated anti-intellectuals not immune to state-sponsored fear, bigotry and hatred, but [they're frequently complicit, often getting paid to punch down and say shit that's demonstrably false](#) (Wisecrack's "Why are Smart People So Dumb?" 2021) and get worshipped for "not being reactionary" because they're not religious, which is absurd; Alex Arrelia on Twitter is absolutely on the money when countering *that* claim:

I think there's a misconception that religiosity is inherently reactionary, and as an atheist I think it's import to reject that framing, because it actually allows secular conservatives to be broadly accepted as "more moderate" than their religious counterparts ([source](#), 2022).

The damage such persons can do is compounded by their disproportionate influence over victimized groups (similar to Winston Churchill or J.K. Rowling but less overtly racist or transphobic; all they have to do is be smug and white). We already explored the idea of "weird canonical nerds" at the end of Chapter 3; now we'll examine those frequently gatekept by weaponized (white) male consumers: *weaponized activists*, aka male TERFs.

During their arguments, Blaque made a curious point to Kochinski: that bigotry is often informed by actual¹²⁵ trauma, *especially* within marginalized groups weaponized by moderate orchestrators (often men, or persons with material advantage working for the elite). Transphobia, for example, often comes from chicken hawks like J.K. Rowling, who use their own past trauma to encourage to emotionally-vulnerable cis women to conflate trans women with past male abusers in their own lives.

Capitalism demonstrates how persons in power can compel the bullied to bully fresh victims, making them punch down by exploiting their compound, canonized fear. In these cases, the chain of abuse grants the initial, opportunistic ringleaders (themselves part of a larger circus) a pass, working abused people like puppets. By sporting multiple disguises, suppressing legitimate activism, and collaborating with open reactionaries, men like Kochinski also highlight the general TERF *MO* at an individual level: material profit through rhetorical concessions with formal power. At a *systemic* level, neoliberals cover for fascists, which cover for Capitalism through a tenuous, complicated alliance of perfidious, multilayered distractions. Inside bourgeois democracies, the elite require these distractions—and the complex socio-economic circumstances that bring them about—to hold onto power.



(artist: [Mathiole](#))

At either register, supremacy is supremacy. However, the elite treat war as a means to an end under Capitalism in ways they can structurally enforce: owner/worker division, efficient profit and infinite growth through mass exploitation, which leads to the cultural and literal deaths of entire peoples (often

¹²⁵ In my own social circle, my sex-positive friend, Mavis, was turned fervently pro-life by an abusive ex-boyfriend. When he demanded she go and get an abortion, she refused, to which the boyfriend physically beat Mavis to try and force a miscarriage. This pushed her into a radical, politically divisive position that leads to marginalized in-fighting to the detriment of working-class solidarity.

along ethnic, but certainly cultural lines). For profit to continue, though, war must pass prolonged moral scrutiny through complex concealment. Not only must the elite use Liberalism (fighting for democracy and freedom) and neoliberal illusions/dogma (war is a business that keeps America strong, thus prosperous for everyone) to conceal genocide from activists; they must conceal Capitalism's inherent instability as a genocidal system structured around vertical power. That's where TERFs, including men like Kochinski, come in. They're the veneer of white, manly reason (which girl bosses, trans meds and female TERFs at large emulate through their own disguises).

When Capitalism inevitably enters crisis, neoliberals shift blame from the elite onto a conspicuous destroyer persona: fascism (or Communism, which we'll explore in the "Bridging War" section). Imperialism does this easily enough against foreign enemies. However, fascism's violent dogma isn't relegated to faraway lands; through the Imperial Boomerang, fascist dogma appears domestically within disgruntled, often privileged workers. These malcontents include soldiers, but also business owners, landlords, actors, and so on acting as paramilitaries; i.e., *solider-like*. They must be disguised while still being able to do their jobs.

However, classic fascism cannot disguise these groups effectively because it abjures female warriors and executives by consigning AFAB people to women's work (cooking, cleaning, childbirth and sex). To compensate, neoliberalism hides fascism by appropriating fascist feminism at home as grafted onto cultural exports with *moderate* personas: TERFs hidden by various popular personas, like the girl boss, but also as monstrous-feminine—e.g., witches, demon queens, cyborgs, Amazons, etc. Moderacy conceals reactionary cores, the former being "discarded" in times of crisis, but also retreat. TERFs affect moderacy by using their expanded rights and material advantages to whitewash war by playing "dress up." Predicated on vengeful dogma clothes in sensible manners and friendly costumes, TERFs use neoliberal moderacy to

- conceal open fascism on the homefront.
- disguise war, genocide and "peace through strength" as reasonable positions to uphold through popular heroic archetypes; e.g., the Amazon: Wonder Woman clones like Red Sonya or Samus Aran, exhibit 100b1 (and various demonic/undead personas, but also Gothic conventions revived in the present space and time: Dacre's Victoria, exhibit 100b2).

All the while, they demonize non-violent activists by co-opting their reclaimed symbols of rebellion through force: the undead/demonic egregores we examined in Volume Two as something "to rock" for the state; i.e., through false rebellion against trans people and their allies as "the real threat." Doing so intentionally obscures the dialectical-material factors at play. "Top dog" is a tenuous proposition for a token agent, because assimilation rendered null and void *first* when the state

decays and begins eating itself. The first war dogs put to heel for going heel are the token ones, the outliers. They become mounted, muzzled, and gagged by hypermasculine male dogs under the status quo, and punished if they fail to comply. As the state of exception expands, they must surrender more and more power. Failure to do so exposes the double standard of the "euthanasia effect," whereupon the female warmonger—"I am woman, hear me roar!"—is forever silenced by being put down (while male variants of the "mad dog" are allowed to fight to the death under the status quo).



(exhibit 100b1: Artist, top-left: [Akira Raikou](#); top-middle: [Erik Von Lehmann](#); top-right: [Jan Rockitnik](#); mid-left: [Reiq](#); middle: [Jonpadraws](#); mid-right: Jan Rockitnik.

The idea of the subjugated Amazon-as-terror-weapon is nothing new [and something for which I have researched at great length](#). However, in terms of the Amazon as a feminist symbol that exists in opposition, its counterpart—as something to claw away from activists again during the Internet Age—is more recent; i.e., "I am woman, hear me roar!" as supplied by girl-bossing through a mythic-looking framework: "Hippolyta" as conquered by "Theseus" after their Amazonomachy or the Medusa's legitimate rage leveled against other victims of male violence instead of Perseus. The language becomes useful to the state because it co-opts famous symbols of oppression within the language of monsters and power exchange presented as attractive, but also under attack; i.e., a carrot to dangle in front of marginalized groups, specifically cis women, to get them to assimilate then punch down [re: "[Policing the Whore](#)"]. TERF variants of the Amazon uphold the status quo, voicing "oppression" in order to perform an expected duty of themselves through their privileged position as token women: to attack trans people.

Such compromises utterly ignore the subversive ironies of William Marsden while regressing towards a pro-Patriarchy depiction of Amazon force [one common during the times of the Ancient Greeks, but also under neoliberal Capitalism thanks to TERF pandering to and by corporate entities]. Intersections also include Amazons of color like She-Hulk, whose tempered, black rage is kept in check within a lawyer's suit; and whose body is given the adequate amount of standard-issue curves. Similar body restrictions can be seen on the bodies of Samus Aran, but also Cammy White from the Street Fighter franchise; i.e., two soldiers who serve the state as bounty hunter/privateer and assassin, respectively. The sexiness of their oppression is co-opted to serve the state by matching traditional, colonial-binarized, feminine optics with the body language of war as masculine/male: the curvy-muscular female sexpot.

It's certainly possible to have a muscular femme person who adorns the symbols of war for peace-like, proletarian purposes, but this proposition is always going to be liminal [exhibit 102a4/111b] so long as Capitalism and its agents exist; indeed the language of the "imaginary past" aesthetic is historically-materially used to justify [and disguise] the re-emergence of fascism when Capitalism enters overt stages of crisis. As a ghost of the counterfeit, the male body—as something to inject into female ideas of counterculture and oppositional force—features a Saturnine, patriarchal visage. As Jan Rockitnik tweets, "God I can't get over how much Augustus' patronage dominates the idea of ancient art. All so pristine. It's only when you dive into early-Roman empire you see it was all saccharine propaganda as his era was bookended by civil wars and incest" [[source](#), 2023]. The balanced, Vitruvian grace of post-Renaissance morphology in hauntological art is a cipher/dog whistle for fascist shenanigans.)



(exhibit 100b2: Artist: Jan Rockitnik; top-mid: [Ey Yo Jimbo](#); top-right: [koda1ra](#); bottom-left: [Michi Pinup](#); bottom-right: [Tarakanovich](#).)

The girl boss is a cop/action hero that takes many forms, though these forms are not always girl bosses in the functionally bourgeois sense. In BDSM terms, the gym queen, protective secretary, schoolyard virago or vampire matriarch can certainly be presented in sex-positive/proletarian ways [the *Warhammer 40k* she-wolf is Imperialist any way you slice it] but this distinction is functional, meaning it requires context to parse; i.e., girl bosses normally serve men and patriarchal institutions; e.g., Ms. Bellum serves a child-like Mr. Mayor as his *de facto* "waifu." In short, who's wearing the costume and what does their performance/opinion of the material concern?

While monstrous language can be reclaimed through the wearing of contested identities like a literal mask/costume—as something to enjoy/endorse to varying

degrees, this proletarian reality isn't guaranteed [if you want to critique fascists aesthetics, reclaiming the "Sandow-esque" body is a good place to start; e.g., [Claire Max](#)]. For example, if a TERF is masquerading as a Gothic dark mommy to convey a BDSM arrangement of power exchange, their doing so remains dressed up in visually immediate symbols of female resistance; the proposal is doubly a ruse in their case because the mask isn't just something that is worn, but worn to be understood immediately as a symbol of resistance that has already been reclaimed.

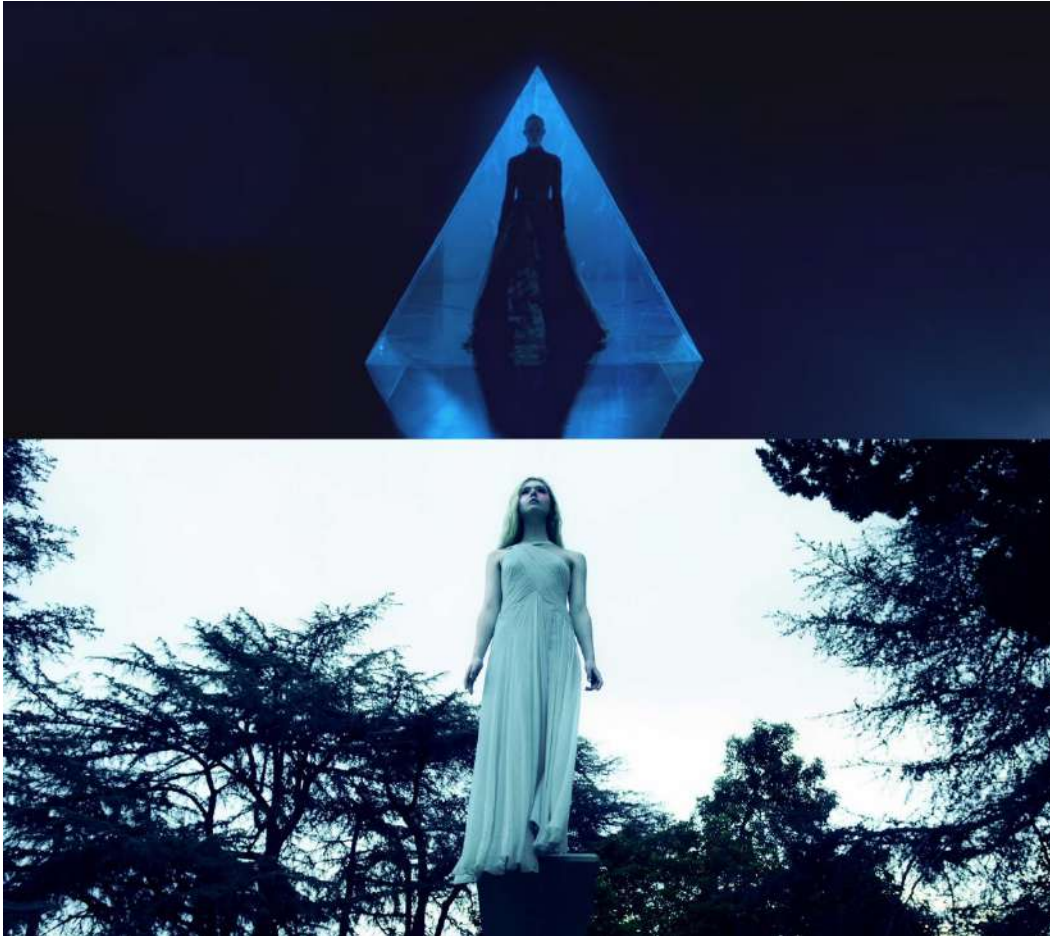
The TERF doing so will be counting on such; i.e., that onlookers will identify with the notorious image inside popular media as something to enjoy sans critique, thus not investigate the TERF's sexist/transphobic behavior when they start acting like class traitors [transphobia, along with other bigotries, are ultimately classist because they enforce material conditions along racial/gendered lines to meet the class interests of the elite]. This betrayal becomes endemic to the climate of a particular medium as saturated with various symbols operating at cross purposes; i.e., that are liminally contested by opposing groups embodying the same basic language, then fighting back and forth for centuries.

A good, Gothic example of this ongoing liminality is Dacre's Zofloya, wherein the tall, imposing Victoria stabs the fragile and achingly vulnerable Lilla to death. In orchestrating this murder in her novel, Dacre destroys the symbol of feminine fragility that Victoria's masculine embodiment resisted. Yet, her resistance still occurs through cis-het clichés that endorse the status quo in fascist ways; i.e., traditionally masculine violence that turns Victoria into a tremendously monstrous caricature [written by a cis-het white woman]: the feral bitch. To that, Victoria isn't a rebel on par with the Satanic sort; she's a fascist, meaningful traumatize, but incredibly treacherous, petty and uncreative in her approach [receiving her instructions from someone else—a man, no less—and then refusing to follow them]. Furthermore, the catharsis of transgression is somewhat dubious because it treats female rebellion as hysterically brutal and unhinged; re: "I am woman, hear me roar!"

Even so, it's not entirely without merit. As Sam Hirst writes in "Zofloya and the Female Gothic" (2020):

For Hoeveler, Zofloya is an incredibly conservative text which condemns female sexuality. She sees the destruction of Lilla as a portrayal of the danger inherent in everything that Victoria represents. / Other readings have seen the death of Lilla as a profoundly feminist moment in which Victoria destroys the fetishized version of femininity represented by Lilla. The portrayal of Victoria suggests this second interpretation is more viable. As the central character, she is portrayed with a psychological complexity which precludes her being a mere symbol of iniquity. We are offered extenuating circumstances for her downfall, such as the paucity of her education, and evidence of redeeming qualities, such as bravery. She is also allowed her

own voice, which at times challenges the stated narratorial interpretation. [...] While clearly not entirely sympathetic, Victoria is a fully-formed character who resists a simplified 'misogynistic' reading like Hoeveler's. Zofloya does not offer an inspiringly virtuous heroine but this does not preclude it 'rewriting' the female. The monstrosity of Victoria itself relates to female experience, it can be seen as acting as a dark double of the author reflecting her own ambiguous relationship with repressed elements of her own identity [[source](#)].



It's important to remember, though, that Dacre's discourse is cis-gendered—diverting the Satanic, shapeshifting poetics away from female bodies and minds while also being divorced from, and ignorant towards, trans, intersex and non-binary dialogues centuries later. Relative to queer struggles at large, the violence committed against Lilla by Victoria is pitted against whatever villain state agents teach TERFs to emulate.

To borrow from Hirst, the elite can "rewrite the female" by incentivizing previously traumatized women to act on their current empowerment in fascist ways. The state does so by taking advantage of female abuse, weaponizing it against labor

movements; i.e., by handing the battered housewife or former prostitute a knife [and badass costume] and steering them towards someone they hate [and women are often taught to hate each other in manufactured competitions, but also anything different from the Symbolic Order/colonial binary they are competing inside]. Just as Victoria responded to her abuse by becoming a violent fascist, TERF Medusa/Amazon against a liminal symbol of female oppression [the Gothic heroine], this "coin flip" applies to TERFs in general who might admire, thus use, Victoria's volcanic, xenophobic capacity for masculine street violence [knives and stabbing weapons, but also bullets and pugilism] against their political enemies in differing monstrous forms: the beheaded/tamed Medusa or Hippolyta as fascist/centrist attacking "bad," sodomic variants.

In a word, they're appearing to switch from poison to direct paramilitary action instead of poison¹²⁶ [the cliché "woman's weapon" which Victoria saves for her

¹²⁶ As my partner Bay mentions, poison is a disadvantage method of killing one's victims, whereupon women historically are denied the ease and privilege of being "badass," thus able as "phallic women" to stab someone to death and be celebrated for it (re: Brutus's attacking of Caesar's barbarism clashing with democracy—the zombie tyrant—or Macbeth killing King Duncan). Seeing as women are forced into singular positions that cannot be threatened by their own use of masculine force, they must resort to using poison in a highly calculated and difficult way of executing their victims. While the luxury of impulse killing is normally denied to them, they must likewise bear the stigma of universal poisoners despite men famously using poisons to kill each other [see: the "food taster" section from Unknown5's "5 Most Dangerous Jobs In History," 2022; [timestamp](#): 33:59]. Poison-as-cowardice only became stigmatized the moment women used it for themselves; i.e., they started thinking and acting for themselves [which isn't always perfect: Victoria kills Lilla and date rapes his husband with poison—a kind of poison-centric "TERF Medusa" who paralyzes her victims with literal poison; it can also be a metaphor for stored female trauma—e.g., Kagero from *Ninja Scroll*, exhibit 17a (re: "[Healing from Rape](#)")].



The lie of fascist feminism is the deputizing of the knife in the woman's hand as "her own" thought/liberation; it is not, merely the machinations of male tyranny recruiting deputized women to act like centrist action heroes [war bosses] inside an expanded death cult to enforce the colonial binary through false "activism/revolution." While two conflicting ideas can and do co-exist on the same contested image, Ripley's killing of the Alien Queen isn't her killing her past trauma as attached to those who would historically rape her—i.e., men; it's her scapegoating queerness by conflating one

husband, someone she sees as stronger than her but also someone she desires to marry, thus disempower herself in the traditional amatonormative bargain: the marriage] but something poisonous reminds behind the badass façade. This genocide includes not just trans people, but other cis women in heteronormative gender trouble; e.g., the blonde, delicate Jesse being stabbed to death by her knife-wielding co-stars, in Refn's 2016 The Neon Demon [above], because they resent her performance for being "better" than theirs. In Refn's retro-future, disco operas, the violence of theatre becomes a powerful-if-at-times-confusing allegory for cis critiques. In other words, it's "trash" that shouldn't be investigated by TERFs beyond mere dismissal, similar to their rejection of Ridley Scott's own Gothic pastiche should it become overtly xenophilic.)

By presenting violence against trans people (and their allies) as reasonable, TERFs meet queer activists more broadly with varying degrees of nostalgic condescension and open force. In doing so, they weaponize feminism to attack the elite's political enemies. While this extends to anyone whose politics aren't bourgeois, the *TERF* focus remains on trans people (or intersex people who identify as trans). Adopting "cool" girl boss (or male ally) personas to gaslight and gatekeep them with, TERFs control gender and sexuality more broadly through a cis-supremacist stance that centralizes white cis women (which extends to symbols of cis-feminine expression in Gothic poetics; e.g., Victora from *Zofloya*, above, or the Wicked Witch of the West, exhibit 112c). As trans woman Iris Lee writes in "TERFs Uprising: Trans Exclusionary Radical Feminists Gatekeeping Womanhood" (2017):

The problem with "trans inclusive feminism" is that its premise is still based on cis supremacy. It's the cis women who are centred in this idea of feminism. It reminds me of a comment a cis women friend of mine made when I came out to her: that I'd "joined the club." As if trans women and femmes, and gender non-conforming people, are an accessory and an addition to the club of feminism. The writer Sarah Schulman in her book *Ties that Bind* on familial homophobia discusses how homophobia is not actually a phobia but a pleasure system enforced by straight society. In the same way, my experiences of transmisogyny aren't necessarily a "phobia" cis women

form of monstrous-feminine as "always dark," thus illegitimate, whereas Ripley's fascist moment of darkness is "fleeting" and ultimately serves the state. Her own violent sex repulsion is selective, Ripley acting sex-negatively towards free love, labor and anything else the state needs dead by imprinting those onto a dark, uncertain menace she xenophobically associates with past abuse; i.e., someone that *vaguely* resembles a former rapist.

This standard-issue TERF recruitment and weaponization allows the monster to be whatever the state needs it to be, thus antagonizing female/feminine victims of abuse to attack each other (and various other intersections; e.g., the black male rapist, the trans woman, the Muslim assassin, etc). It's psychological "kettling" that defends the heteronormative status quo and all of its clichés and historical-material outcomes through a female harem guard. In short, nothing changes.

have of me, but a way of making themselves feel superior, or have more power, in a system they benefit from ([source](#)).



(exhibit 100b3:
Photographer: Iris Lee,
from "TERFs Uprising.")

Let's examine cis supremacy as something to further disguise—which TERFs help achieve—before looking into the larger geopolitics. First, TERFs remain cis-supremacist even when sanitized by corporations. Many are materially elevated, hence look normal, safe, and Americanized. Even so, moderacy merely hides more severe forms of control and dogma. When moderate, TERFs are

effectively "mask-on" cryptofascists. But even openly reactionary fascists still wear a mask "half-on." This is because fascism achieves its goals through deception and *normalized* violence. So does neoliberalism. Both conceal and normalize genocide. They just do it differently. In Gothic terms, they *abject* genocide, spouting a ceaseless deluge of material and rhetorical deceptions across American politics at home and across the world. Only when total war becomes acceptable does the mask fall away entirely.

In either case, *canonical indignation* remains the universal response to emancipatory activism. Moderate TERFs simply operate in a more selectively vindictive and tempered manner than reactionary TERFs, favoring moderate *condescension* over *open aggression* when punching down against trans people. However, there's no concrete line dividing neoliberalism and fascism. Neither is a political party but an ideology expressed through material conditions across a broader socio-economic forum. Through this spectrum, the two historically exploit the world as covert business partners. While fascism tends to sit inside neoliberalism (which owns the means of production), both disguise *parallel motives* through idiosyncratic obscurantism: Some have power and some seek power. This overlap leads to a continuous outpouring of visual chaff that

aestheticizes the codified dogwhistles (re: exhibit 0c, "[Twin Trees](#)") and historical figures of yore for cross purposes: our old friend, *disguise pastiche* (which cryptonymy is, complicit or not).



(source: [Flashwave](#))

Disguise pastiche is often a culture war of aesthetics that expresses more or less politics depending on the type: Laborwave (re: exhibit 42d1a, "[Seeing Dead People](#)") having political awareness/class consciousness for the simple reason that Vaporwave is more passive and lost in the act of deconstruction without direct, Marxist critiques of power and fascism argues for the exactly opposite: a dearth of intellectual capacity and class, culture and race character conducive to universal liberation during the cryptonymy process.

Fashwave, then, is a kind of "poster-monster" pastiche hybrid tied to TERF war pastiche, whose connection and socio-material fusion we alluded to in Volume Two, but also during exhibits 100b1, b2 and b3 (targets and givers of state violence, including Amazons as code for or against state abuse). As we discussed in Chapter Three, the deathly aesthetics of fetish gear aren't intrinsically canonical; ironic consumption and production, for example, disguise ulterior sex-positivity to *conceal* themselves from bourgeois reprisals.

However, pastiche in broader linguo-material terms includes fascism and neoliberalism as "masked," which both engage in activist suppression maneuvers disguised as canonical indignation and self-defense. [Modern cryptofascists include the so-called American Patriotic Socialists](#) (re: NonCompete). Like those weirdos,

TERFs offer "false revolutions" (a core component of fascism) that help detract criticism against bourgeois power while hijacking socialist language, doing their best to render it nominal, thus critically inert. Not only are centrists duped by fascist tricks; many *are* fascists-in-disguise, wearing masks on masks on masks...

Those with more privilege perform fascism against those with less, party leaders or capitalists pitting reactionary workers against even more vulnerable targets, all in the name of old money and power (re: Parenti). Fascism is historically enabled by billionaires, [a "banality of evil" narrative playing out in real-time through Elon's normalization of fascist rhetoric on Twitter](#):

Over the past few weeks, we've seen Elon cozy up to the right wing. They've noticed. And are hoping they can deplatform left leaning accounts on Elon's Twitter. Right wingers don't support free speech. They only want space for their speech to be freely made (zellieimani, 2022).

Just as mutual consent isn't self-explanatory and requires context through dialectical-material analysis, so do the many disguises of fascism-inside-neoliberalism. Material conditions beget history as a series of disguises, to which cryptonyms for or against the state denote trauma as disguised by the fact it, itself, is a disguise. When studied, these remain ambiguous in ways the elite can reliably use as a personal cloaking device. Kind of like *Where's Waldo?* (1987) except the bourgeoisie are being hidden by Nazis, which are hidden by the bourgeoisie in cartoon forms (which, as the rest of the book shall explore, are endemic to Capitalism).

The fact remains that the elite have always owned the means to expose fascists and prevent war. Instead, they globalize war to capitalize off its genocidal borders. In neoliberal terms, this prolonged exploitation relies on several factors: the veneer of self-superiority pitted against an essential foe, and a game partner who will throw in the towel by starting a war they cannot hope to win (the Axis powers, for example, lacked the material means to defeat the Allies). This grand exchange isn't strictly agreed upon in advance; it flows around giant power structures (nation-states), unfolding organically between hegemonic capitalists improvising alongside their lesser counterparts outside of the United States: the cryptonymy of nation-states dressed paradoxically up in performative emblematic "disguises." A dogwhistle is a dogwhistle, centrism full of such things from the days of colonial American (re: Zinn), onwards.



(artist: Joe Simon and Jack Kirby)

Also like jazz, the ensuing chaos is less random than it appears. Through the theatre of war functioning as yet another disguise, the American elite (then and now) posture as the Greater Good¹²⁷ ([a model codified in comic books during WW2](#) [Matthew Wills' "Captain America and Wonder Woman, Anti-Fascist Heroes," 2020])

¹²⁷ The Greater Good, in canonical media, becomes a kind of nostalgic code of law that—in the presence of opposition to the law as an oppressive force—becomes a second kind of code; i.e., something to recognize as a cryptonym, one that signals those who are conditioned to respond to it positively by seeing activists as threats to a "better time" and its Puritanical values. In cinema before, during and after WW2, [this became known as the Hays Code](#) (Maria Lewis' "Early Hollywood and the Hays Code," 2021)—literally a code of ethics tied to what normalized society deemed acceptable according to those holding the reins during the Great Depression/Capitalism-in-crisis. A similar regression in the face of moral-panic alarm bells screaming "degeneracy!" can be seen with the hero, Superman, whose own outmoded code of ethics was literally enshrined in [the Comics Code of 1954](#) by an Authority of the same name. The outcome was predictably regressive—i.e., an enforcement of a perceived good [through the moral panic of Fredric Wertham's Seduction of the Innocent crying foul](#) (Thought Slime's "Give Me Superman's Underwear," 2023) on par with the 19th century demonizing of Gothic media as "terror literature" in relation to renegade activism/terrorism [re: [Crawford](#)]. This mentality continues to survive in other moral panics; e.g., Red Scares, yellow menace, Satanic Panic, etc. All are done according to the Liberal "invisibility" (and apologetics) of Edward Bernays' optimism towards an American public relations that controlled the minds of its subjects "for the better." In short, such tactics pacify consumers, but also make them fearful of making mistakes according to a Puritanical status quo; in the presence of moral panic, so many everyday *healthy* activities like sex or questioning police states suddenly became not just punishable offenses for being printed, but *thought crimes*.

leading to the so-called "myth of the Good War," which *Saving Private Ryan* [1998] according to Howard Zinn, helped rescue shortly before the War on Terror began:

In *Saving Private Ryan*, there is never any doubt that the cause is just. This is the good war. There is no need to say the words explicitly. The heartrending crosses in Arlington National Cemetery get the message across, loud and clear. And a benign General Marshall, front and back of the movie, quotes Abraham Lincoln's words of solace to a mother who has lost five sons in the Civil War. The audience is left with no choice but to conclude that this one—while it causes sorrow to a million mothers—is in a good cause.

Yes, getting rid of fascism was a good cause. But does that unquestionably make it a good war? The war corrupted us, did it not? The hate it engendered was not confined to Nazis. We put Japanese families in concentration camps. We killed huge numbers of innocent people—the word "atrocities" fits—in our bombings of Dresden, Hamburg, Tokyo, and finally Hiroshima and Nagasaki. And when the war ended, we and our Allies began preparing for another war, this time with nuclear weapons, which, if used, would make Hitler's Holocaust look puny ([source](#): "Private Ryan Saves War," 1998).

and which we'll examine in the next chapter section). They then offer their evil enemies a *de facto* position: to be the punching bag of a bigger, better equipped bully. While this might seem like a raw deal, fascist leaders and rogue dictators (CIA plants) escape brutality by exploiting their workforce. By turning workers into soldiers (a form of militarized labor) who can die for a cause, the elite (on either side) enjoy the material benefits reaped from worker exploitation.

As the collective beating unfurls on the global stage, war becomes something to sell in various forms—raw military goods, but also through militarized artwork. This commercialization of war helps ensure that global US hegemony continues through Imperialism as something to whitewash through neoliberal propaganda. Neoliberals disguise fascism by

- hiding its function cryptonymically (visibly) inside a large material system: the logical byproduct of Capitalism-in-crisis
- framing American Imperialism as the exclusive "better" option

As crisis nears—which it invariably will—social-sexual activism becomes something to reappropriate. This includes feminism. By using feminism as a disguise, the elite further global hegemony behind a false variant appropriated to serve bourgeois needs: TERFs.

As bad faith performers, TERFs can present as mask-on, half-on, or mask-off; as urbane neoliberals, vengeful fascists or some in-between variant presented

in monstrous-feminine language (re: Amazons, which feminists [of any wave] are classically depicted as). Even so, the covert practices of either ideology vary by degree and flavor, not function: to defend and conceal the elite's continued material advantage. Some TERFs are moderate, adopting neoliberal dogma and centrist argumentation (more on this in a bit) to appear normal *on the outside*. *The Boys* critiqued this material reality by having Stormfront appear as female:

Speaking about why the show decided to gender-swap Stormfront, showrunner Eric Kripke explained that he wanted to hurt *Seven* leader Homelander more. "We wanted to sort of create Homelander's worst nightmare," Kripke said. "And his worst nightmare would be a strong woman who wasn't afraid of him and proceeded to steal his spotlight. "I think that would hurt him way more than if it were a male character because he is a gaping hole of insecurity." Kripke went on to explain how this new version of Stormfront has mastered social media to frame her message in a way to build support for her ideology. "A lot of hate and negative thought these days, if you look online, is packaged in really slick, social media-attractive ways," Kripke said. "It's not like the old dudes with crew cuts in the 1960s newsreels anymore." Kripke added that this version of Stormfront will show how new hate movements are led by "young people, who are trying to hook in a new generation and we sort of wanted to reflect how insidious that is."

Previously Cash said of the character: [...] And she can be quite the feminist. There's a lot of, I wouldn't say misdirect, but she also is a very empowered woman" ([source](#): Stephanie Chase's "*The Boys* Boss Explains..." 2020).

The showrunners' aim, then, wasn't to achieve "equality" by letting girls play Nazis; they were showing how Nazis operate in neoliberal spheres, concealing themselves by fooling the audience: with the moderate material language of appropriated inclusivity and female "empowerment." Like Kellie-Jay Keen (re: [Shaun](#)), Stormfront is not just a girl boss for lip service, but a sleeper agent whose weaponized hatred triggers in response to perceived enemies: anyone who threatens white supremacy as a rising ideology during state crisis. She's a particular kind of a feminist: a *Feminazi* in disguise acting like a man through Man-Box espionage (the unfortunate irony being that "feminazi" *is* an actual phenomenon, just not what conservatives mean when they use the term).

To this, Stormfront has literally internalized fascist dogma as something to hide until the moment is right. She's a scared bully with superpowers, *un enfant terrible* without a soul. However, she wasn't cloned like Logan's Gothic double X-24 (itself a killer baby dressed in black, Nazi-style); she's a battered Nazi housewife pumped full of drugs, the *wunderkind* as the *wunderwaffe*. She personifies war as a walking lie, a deranged murderer in a bad disguise. Nazi propaganda made her

think like this, but the Reich's palimpsest was American settler-colony romances: the Western. She's anti-intellectual, fed on corporatized narratives, putting her head in some very dark clouds: the forgone harbinger of not just her destruction, but all life through a seminal tragedy stuck on repeat.



Stormfront's deception cautions against fraud: Once fascism formalized, she would merely drop the "gender-critical" act—surrendering her active, heroic role to become Homelander's Nazi broodmare (two manmade, procreating super beings straight outta Victor Frankenstein's nightmare). She's not trying to preserve the status quo; she wants to push it further to the right. The show frankly kind of misses the mark, framing Stormfront as a true ally who talks the talk, whereas the gender-critical movement is riddled with dogwhistles that give them away to those in on the code. In other words, they're not nearly so opaque as Stormfront appears.

To be clear, not all TERFs are closet Nazis patiently waiting for their moment to discard a top-layer and dismantle human rights wearing their "true form." Many buy into the good-versus-evil schtick as unironic consumers, embracing neoliberalism's assigned values first-and-foremost. They think fascism won't happen to them, or that trans people "really don't understand biology or gender." In either case, intent, ignorance or stupidity (from the TERF) doesn't matter, material outcomes do. First, whether moderate or reactionary in rhetoric, TERFs continuously defend Capitalism and war as the rational position through their political positions, which their artistic purchases/creations laterally endorse. Meanwhile, these veiled gestures serve as political action disguised as "neutral" consumer activity.

Second, all TERFs scapegoat trans people, levying condescension and open aggression against them. This selective retribution places TERFs within a larger structure that commits, tolerates, or encourages active genocide on the world stage—often through acts of revenge dressed up in righteous, Enlightenment-era dialogue. To maintain their role in this collective charade, TERFs employ obscurantism through transphobic prejudice with dogmatic origins (trans women are "men playing dress-up"). In this sense, they presents themselves as "true activists," abjecting sex-positive individuals as perfidious rabble-rousers harmful to "true women everywhere."

For TERFs, trans people constitute a "fake" category, while the artists who illustrate them (erotic or otherwise) undermine the status quo through cultural appreciation: Draw Ms. Chalice with a penis (re: "[Poison Was the Cure](#)") and you erase "actual" women; i.e., fostering gender trouble from second wave feminists, who see trans existence as poisonous to the state (re: "[Defined through Sex](#)"). Genocide is holistic, a bigotry for one a bigotry for all.



In other words, TERFs antagonize sex-positive iconoclasts through *DARVO* obscurantism abjecting universal liberation, mid-*complicit*-cryptonymy. They abuse others, gaslighting and gatekeeping them from a position of feigned persecution—playing the victim while abusing the

victim in the victim's reclaimed language (the Amazon, the Medusa, the succubus, etc). It's all TERFs know how to do, "prison sex" being the closest thing to social interactions on a political level. Everything is reduced to rape and war. For example, while iconoclasm generates gender trouble through reverse abjection, many out-and-out sexists call this process "political." Unlike Hernando from *Sense8*, TERFs devalue emancipatory politics by denouncing "TERF" as a slur against them, a false witch hunt they can codify through unequal material conditions aligned with heteronormative power for decades following second wave feminism coming and going. As *Ecce Homo* writes in "TERFs and Other Evils":

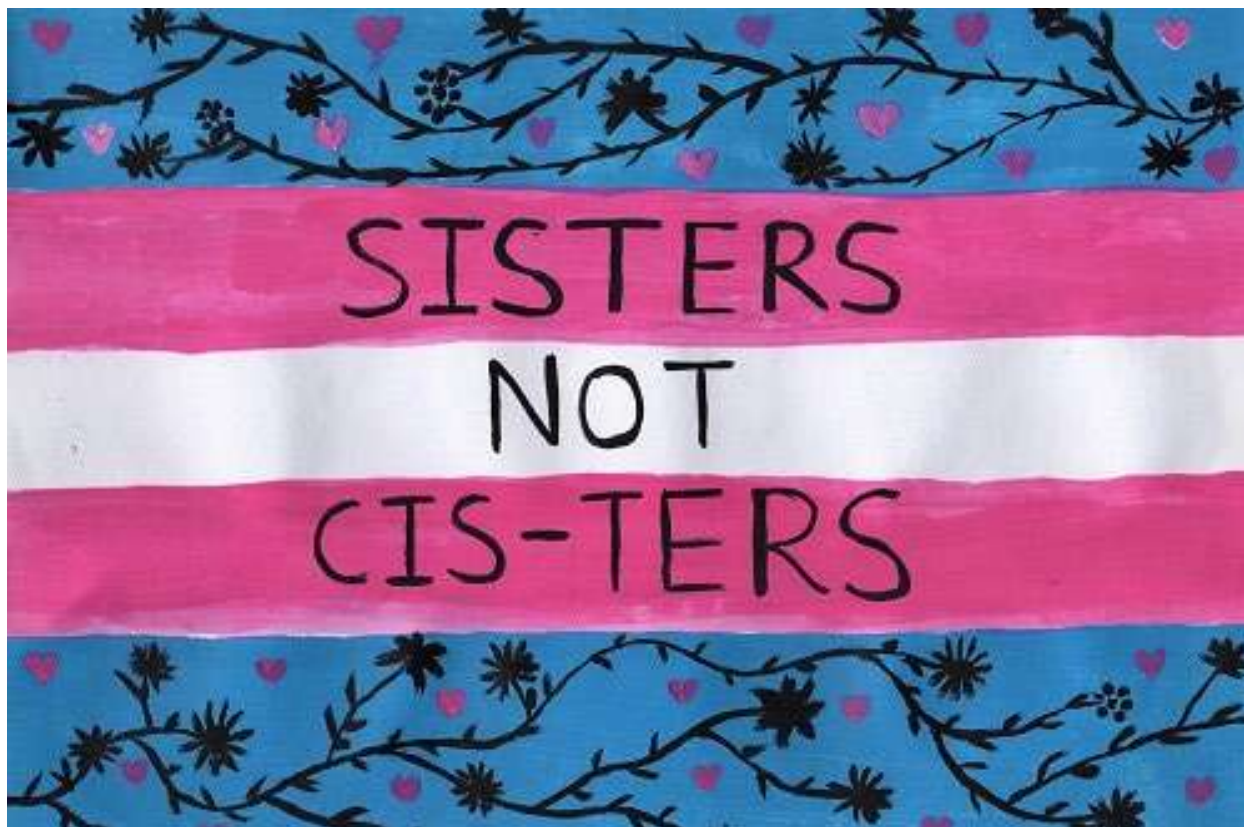
To begin with, the acronym TERF stands for trans-exclusionary radical feminists, but don't let this "radical" fool you. This term was initially coined in 2008 by trans-inclusive cisgender radical feminist blogger Viv Smythe, but it is dismissed by those identified by others as TERFs as a slur. Despite the fact that this term has been popularized over the past few years due to

celebrities—such as Harry Potter series author J.K. Rowling—who have drawn the spotlight to the issue of the inclusion of trans women or femininities in the feminist movement with their transphobic "feminist" views, this debate has unfortunately been around at least since the '80s with the rise of the transgender identity as a distinct gender identity in the USA and Europe. Among the criticisms that the second wave of feminism faced was the fact that it wasn't intersectional enough because it was based on a very limited account of who counts as its proper political subject, the woman. Along with a series of criticisms raised by the feminists of color or the lesbian and bisexual women, the movement of that time was accused by trans women and femininities of being too cisgender and at times trans-exclusionary. And that's because, even though gender was/is considered to be a malleable social and historical construct, sex on the other hand seemed/seems to be thought of as biological and unchangeable, the anatomical "least common denominator."

According to this line of reasoning that has been revived recently despite the decades-long deconstruction of sex as biological, trans women are not 'real' women and as such they must not be included among the feminist ranks since their political claims are not only different from those of cisgender women, but they also undermine the latest's rights. In this transphobic rhetoric, trans women are many times depicted as confused lesbians or narcissists or even "attention sluts." From the point of view of the lesbian TERFs, trans persons, along with intersex persons, do not belong to the LGBTIQA+ community since they do not share with gays, bis, and lesbians a same-sex desire but instead, they are all about gender, and not sexual, identities. On their part, the TERFs themselves, that usually prefer the term "gender-critical" for their self-identification, deny being transphobic and present themselves as radical feminists who fight for the rights of "true" women. They deny any violence, apart from the transphobic violence of misgendering of course, and they base their views on their personal experiences that focus mainly on bodily functions in order to highlight the biological definition of gender ([source](#)).

It's important to recognize, though, that "radical" goes both ways and isn't just something to assign to the Left; furthermore, feminism—while it should be reclaimed from fascist and moderate forces—should not be ignored as having been historically used by conservative groups. By silencing alarms about their harmful behavior or discrediting what they're about, this is just another disguise, one often presented in more benign language: gender-critical feminism. So while it can be tempting to say that TERFs *aren't* radical and/or feminist [like Ponderful does](#) ("Gender-critical' is Not Feminist & Here's Why," 2023), there's simply no ignoring the fact that they are operate both within opposition praxis, albeit in favor of the

state and Capitalism. Nazi feminists are totally a thing [and have been since feminists has been a recognized movement](#) (re: "Transphobia: The Far Right and Liberalism"); capital survives through *tokenized* divide-and-conquer decaying feminism that our cryptonymy must counter in opposition (more on this in Chapter Five).



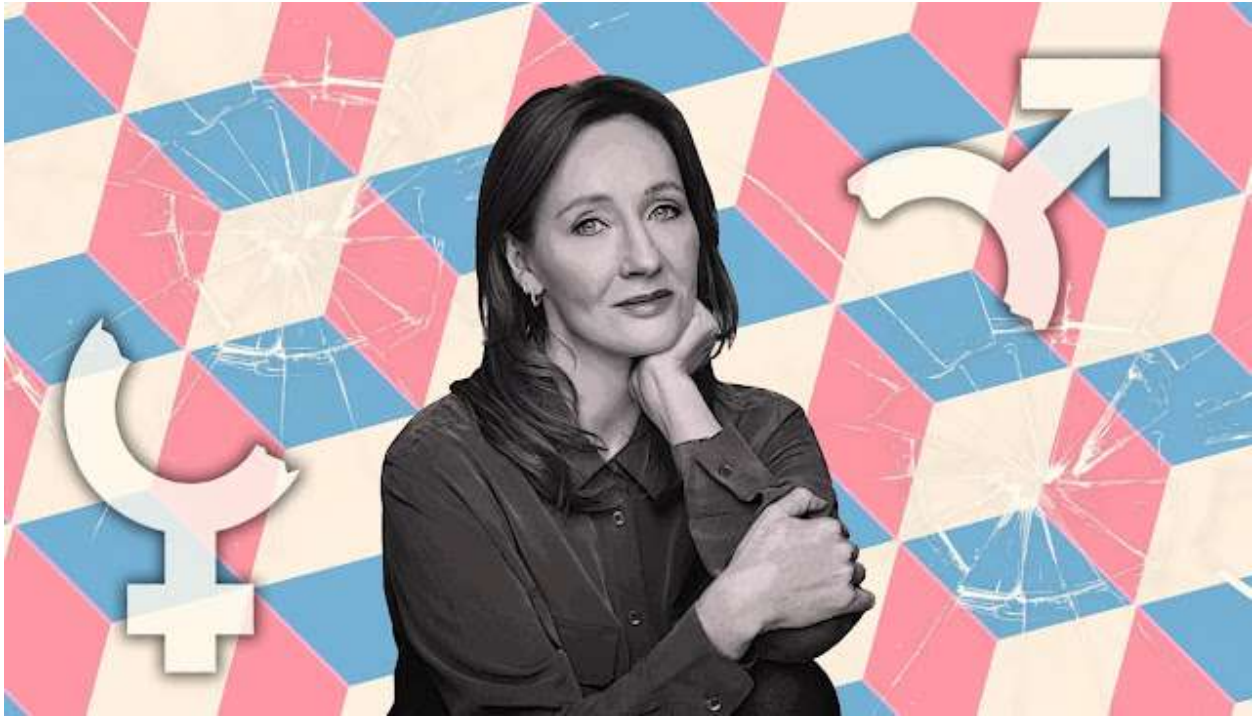
On the surface, TERFs demonize emancipatory activism for simply being wrong. In truth, this goes far beyond simple disagreements. To suggest otherwise is—you guessed it—yet another mask, and that's exactly what TERFs do; they play the socialist the way Nazis did, the way that Americans do then (the American Nazi Bund) and now (re: "[American Patriot Socialism, MAGA Communism and National Bolshevism](#)"). By presenting themselves as "merely disagreeing with trans people" through competing ideas, TERFs are pointedly distracting the public from their true aim: to exterminate trans activism, thus erase trans people, by using co-opted monsters to defend the status quo from worker liberation as a material threat. There is no compromise regarding ideas that are mutually exclusive. Fascists and anti-fascists cannot co-exist because fascism installs a hierarchy that intentionally kills a select group inside of itself.

TERFs don't merely disguise themselves. They obfuscate social-sexual activism into a poisonous form. By framing trans people as bad actors inside a reasonable debate, TERFs either rob them of legitimacy by calling them mentally

unsound, or display them as harmful outsiders (usually some kind of invader threat: zombies, demons, aliens, bugs, etc, as bad-faith costumes/disguises). By removing trans agency and painting a target on them through Gothic poetics, TERFs invite violence against trans people, opening them up to increasingly brutal (and disparate) forms of self-defense by bad-faith feminists stealing their agency through recuperated Gothic language. It makes no difference whether TERFs swing the cudgel or look the other way while someone else does; they still encourage systemic violence through intrinsically dishonest means backed by capital.

Consider the TERFs of Great Britain ([aka TERF Island](#); Chrissy Stroop's "I Don't Feel It's Safe to Visit the UK," 2021). J. K. Rowling is their chief, the corporate girl boss claiming to speak for "all women" (including trans men). Not only is this a lie; Rowling appears strong and TERFs love her for that, including how she spreads bias through widespread, unchecked media visibility (novels, movies, tweets) and a pronounced ability to dogwhistle through regressive activism (the suffragettes of Great Britain [and elsewhere] having a fascist/white supremacist flavor)—our aforementioned pussyhat activism, or advocating for women's oppression in disguise. In doing so, Rowling and her followers frame trans people (and the oft-Gothic doubles of sex/activist symbols they represent themselves with) as inherently impure and false, gaslighting them by downplaying the abuse as a "simple disagreement," not actual genocide. [TERFs will even court known fascists](#) ("JK Rowling and Matt Walsh Bond Over Transphobia, Get Blasted Online," 2022) to facilitate this myth—teaming up with strange bedfellows against a perceived "Greater Evil" to defend "true feminists'" hard-fought "gains" (the "This is as good as it gets" argument).

To this, TERFs *self-deceive*, disguising their own killers. It doesn't matter that fascists will eradicate TERFs once they are in power. Fascism cannot tolerate anything that threatens their racist, sexist, xenophobic dogma, but TERFs fail to realize this for the same reason that all agents of fascism do: Like neoliberalism, fascism lies to those it professes to aid, destroying them in the process. The Imperial Boomerang starts with the promise of great rewards. Over time, the structure gradually colonizes itself, starting with the most marginalized—an underclass—and gradually cannibalizing its own soldiers, from most to least marginalized (a ladder of preferential mistreatment; re: "[Pieces of the Camp Map](#)"). As Rowling shows us (from Radcliffe onwards), TERFs fall somewhere closer to privilege than not; i.e., tokenizing more out of convenience than desperation.



Even so, all fascists are victims of fascism, including its fatal promise of endless strength (sublimated genocide). Polite, urbane, deliberate—TERFs are fascists-in-disguise; they might think themselves safe, fighting for "true equality" through "reasoned" arguments (e.g., Rowling's tweet "women are a biological class" [is on par with "the moon isn't made of cheese,"](#) 2022) and appropriative brand recognition: monopolizing oppression as an undercover police costume. This selective shell of reason won't keep them safe from fascism/Capitalism; it isn't actual armor that can deflect bullets or knives—more like armor in the Radcliffean sense: swooning in the face of danger to protect a fragile mind from obliteration. They aren't Victoria; they are Lilla, and Lilla got royally fucked up—i.e., the ignominious death afforded to the Gothic damsel, not the villain.

This self-destruction originates from emulating vengeful strength serving the pimp, mid-cryptonymy. Because TERFs idolize strength, they hate sex positivity as liberatory more than they hate open fascists. Both ideologies view the present through the esoteric language and outmoded symbols of an imaginary past (what fascists call "greatness"): a warped fantasy that doesn't intersect with the dialectical-material complexities of the here-and-now. It's precisely this here-and-now that must be considered by iconoclasts—phrasing sex symbols and gendered language descriptively and appreciatively with an oft-Gothic imagination to foster empathy towards marginalized groups.

That being said, bodies (or images of bodies) can be interpreted as representing actual persons according to ideologies that fundamentally disagree on shared language—especially gendered terms like "men" and "women" (to the point

that non-binary transactivists will deliberately say "transmasc" or "transfemme person" instead of trans man or trans woman). With this kind of duality in effect, someone's politics can be incredibly difficult to ascertain according to their outward appearance, all but requiring picket signs to spell things out (or conversations). For the sex-positive protestor actively punching up, this can actually make them a target of moderate-directed reactionary violence punching down:



(exhibit 100c1: [Source:](#) Teresa Navazo's "'Feminism' TERF." Trans people are, and have been, labeled a threat by second wave feminists since the 1970s in multiple countries. In short, whenever fascism can be found, trans people must voice their oppression against these people by picketing. Trans people are an identify defined through struggle, not biology. The innate inability to separate the two puts them at risk when voicing their oppression in public spaces. While the act is done to raise awareness towards minority rights abuses, it also serves to raise awareness towards the existence of fascists trying to normalize

themselves in the audience of the picketer's audiences. Fascists will try to say that activists are a threat to the audiences way of life, not the fascists. It's standard-issue DARVO with terrorist labels being thrown about to demonize activists in Gothic ways—i.e., the French Revolution is reignited; its Terror and enemies are "at the gates."

All the same, exposing fascists is important work; though not without risk, it must be done to counterattack genocide as an old struggle to fight against tied to state actors. As Navazo writes [Google-translated from Spanish]:

*The term originates from the 1970s and is an acronym that stands for excluding Radical Trans Feminists. This feminism is characterized by rejecting trans people and by seeking the exclusion of trans women from feminist spaces and, at other times in history, these feminists have demanded governments, such as in the United States, to withdraw medical and legal care for trans people. Janice Raymond, main theoretical figure of TERF feminism, in 1979 published the book *The Transsexual Empire*[: the construction of "the fag with tits"] where she argues that transsexuality is an evil creation of the man's empire to enter the spaces of women and show off the power that they have there. In addition, she accuses transsexual women of carrying out a male rape of women's bodies by reducing their forms to a "mere artifice."*

*Since this publication, different approaches have been elaborated on trans people, all of them with different political implications, but if these approaches have something in common, it is the construction of an image of a "true woman" that is taken as the banner to say that trans women are not those "true women." Since then TERF feminism has been expanding both in ideas and in members and geography until reaching our days. With all of the above explained, I am basically describing a group of people who **believe they are feminists [for all peoples], but who only fight for equality for convenience, excluding** trans people (what comes to be transphobic). To make it clear, there is nothing [inclusively] feminist about that. Feminism, the concept of which still does not seem to be well understood, is: the fight for equality between men and women and against all forms of oppression. This group is a hate group. Yes, I'm sorry. I know that hate groups do not like to be singled out as such, homophobes are shocked by being singled out, racists, sexists, abusers, etc... In many cases it is because the people who act like this do not really do it with the awareness of doing so much damage. But the reality is that discriminating is an act of hate [[source](#)].*

Capital toxifies rebellion to police its usual victims with themselves, routinely leading to cryptonymy in bad faith; re: antagonize nature as monstrous-feminine with nature as monstrous-feminine. The Judas is cheaply bought—doubly so for the token Judas; i.e., as cheap in service of capital as cheap, but especially when the fascist bust period cheapens life further seemingly than before. Amazons or otherwise, token cops are cheap pimps that whore themselves out; i.e., to police labor and nature out of petty revenge. They suck more than anything because assimilation is poor stewardship, and so much of capital's expansion, around the globe, owes itself to token betrayals, big and small [re: "[The Roots of Trauma](#)".])



(exhibit 100c2a: Artist: [ryoimaru](#). As we've established throughout the book, art is ambiguously political, illustrating mutual consent [or its absence] through the context of poiesis and praxis. Sexuality and power are things that can be used by

TERFs and SWERFs, and—like fascists are, more broadly—these groups are hardly in agreement or consist about the correct approach to war bossing and police tactics [even the strongman/woman deciding what is correct will often change their mind; i.e., führerprinzip]. The above image is both censored, but has an uncensored version as well. While TERFs would in-fight with SWERFs, but also themselves, to determine what is correct—e.g., should the apple be removed or not—the fact remains that they would be happy to use sex to get what they want; i.e., to weaponize it within patriarchal circles to make things more convenient for themselves, including the ability to posture as strong in ways that are slightly less constrictive than being forced to appear traditionally femme [a "privilege" that Jadis loved to proclaim as the end all, be all of "equal rights," perfectly happy to use their body to get what they want, while denying others the same privilege]. While it remains valid to understand and express that female sexuality and "strength" of masc/femme types are generally sold to cis-het men as the universal clientele, it's equally important to avoid committing fascism in the process: The moment the Amazon [above] is used to enforce the status quo, she becomes false rebellion; re: a subjugated "Dark Hippolyta" [or centrist, goody-goody "Paladin" version] defending masculinity and all that be won as already having been won, thus under siege by fearsome enemies at the gates: transgender twinkies, non-binary cat boys, intersex bottoms, etc.)

Simply put, TERFs love strength, but also fancy themselves as self-righteous, undead, and victimized by the people *they* bully for "failing" to seeing TERFs as the victors who "won the war." Like a lane of cars stuck on the same road during a traffic jam, everything feels more acceptable for them if they think they're "beating" the other drivers. Indeed, they want iconoclasts to examine sexualized media through *their* canonical lens: "the correct way." Anything else is silly obfuscation and meaningless chaos.

However, as stated during Volume Three's introduction, there's a difference between being correct within the norms of a particular group and being correct according to the idea that people have basic human rights. Fascist hierarchies are incompatible with *universal* human rights, which they frame as dark, dangerous and degenerate (while paradoxically embracing a black, oft-paganized medieval themselves). As a result, TERFs gatekeep trans activists because most trans people believe that human rights apply to everyone (excluding NERFs and transmedicalists and their disguised biological essentialism, but more on them and that in a bit). *Also* as a result, eco-fascism takes over and (some) humans become the virus; the zombie apocalypse begins, its instigators becoming zombie tyrants that cull the activist herd for the men behind the curtain.

For all their purported strength, then, regressive Amazons will be swept away by the whirlwind when the time comes (and it will, again and again and again, until

"the last syllable of recorded time" is cut short by the termination of the Capitalocene and the end of all life as we know it on Planet Earth).

History teaches us that the mechanism of the state—however dramatized—results in mass exploitation and death. Indeed, *canonical* sound and fury begin through seminal tragedies that revive the slaughter of the Great War through emotional appeals and heteronormative dogma:

One last try to stop that crushing chain of causality leading the world inexorably to war, Pourtalès—the poor German diplomat playing a bit part in a tragedy that he has the desire but not the means to avert—has one last meeting with Sazonov. Pourtalès drops to his knees and says, "If we fight, it will be revolution; it will be the end of monarchy, the end of us both. [...] I beg of you in the name of all that is right and decent, call off this war." Then Sazonov says, "No." Then, Pourtalès rises to his feet and takes a piece of paper from his pocket and says, "In that case, sir, I have the honor to inform you that we're at war." [...] and a month later, a million men are dead. The seminal tragedy had begun ([source](#): Extra Credits History's "World War I: The Seminal Tragedy - The Final Act - Extra History - #4" [2015]; timestamp: 8:28).

Through the personification of strong-yet doomed, futile gestures, the sole canonical bulwark between certain destruction and imperiled survival is a servant of the state in some shape or form. Ignoring the literal diplomat, this is reflected in future wars, foreign and domestic, where Capitalism found a way to make war good again and overlook or justify the slaughter of soldiers, nature and the world for profit—i.e., the evocation of the liminal hauntology of war and its death knell of those who are different (i.e., fighting for their human rights) as executed by the arm of the state for cold, hard economics.

There's nothing "seminal" about repetition, which capital enforces through complicit cryptonymy as criminogenic; i.e., a breaking point foisted onto workers until they menticide and betray their own—monopolizing violence, terror and monsters for the state eating all workers per Cartesian, heteronormative and settler-colonial thought (re: "[The Nation-State](#)"). DARVO is DARVO, obscurantism levied against labor in grandiose language:



([ibid.](#))

Again, capital is a system of *continuous* replacement that tokenizes mostly *before* fascism begins in earnest; once the killing starts, tokens are chewed up and spat out *first*. Until then, fascism has a million-and-one disguises to steal power with; i.e., during state cryptonymy gaslighting workers

through inheritance anxiety making them perfidious in terms of weaponized self-preservation—to be born into a system, the police state, that will *kill* you if you don't play ball: "We will not be replaced!" being the calling card of white genocide fearing the bourgeoisie if they *don't* punch down. However bad-faith, though, their lies always betray them, *ipso facto*; i.e., as something we can expose through them attacking us when we propose *universal* liberation *without* debating Nazis. To expose their bigotry during the cryptonymy process is to break their friendly veneer on the Aegis: they never meant us anything but harm, any and all moral panics a spearhead exposing their ill intent during the liminal hauntology of war (when Amazon cops appear). It's rape play without irony, which our ludo-Gothic BDSM can camp, mid-praxis.

As we shall see in Chapter Five, then, the sex-positive iconoclast can alter the diplomacy of good war and its Morton's Fork by recognizing that sexualized media *can* be universally ethical; i.e., can uphold the rights of everyone while also being aesthetically dark, sexy and monstrous. Certainly it's not a human rights violation to like sex, or to even advertise sex as something fun, even transgressive; it *is* a human rights violation to induce compulsory heteronormativity in bad faith, serving the state as the Great Destroyer of all life on Earth. By endorsing the racial and sexist pseudoscience of fascists, this is precisely what many "moderate" TERFs embody (even if they are cis-queer or otherwise making the homophobic, LGBA argument [that things "were better" in the '80s when it was "just" cis gay men and](#)

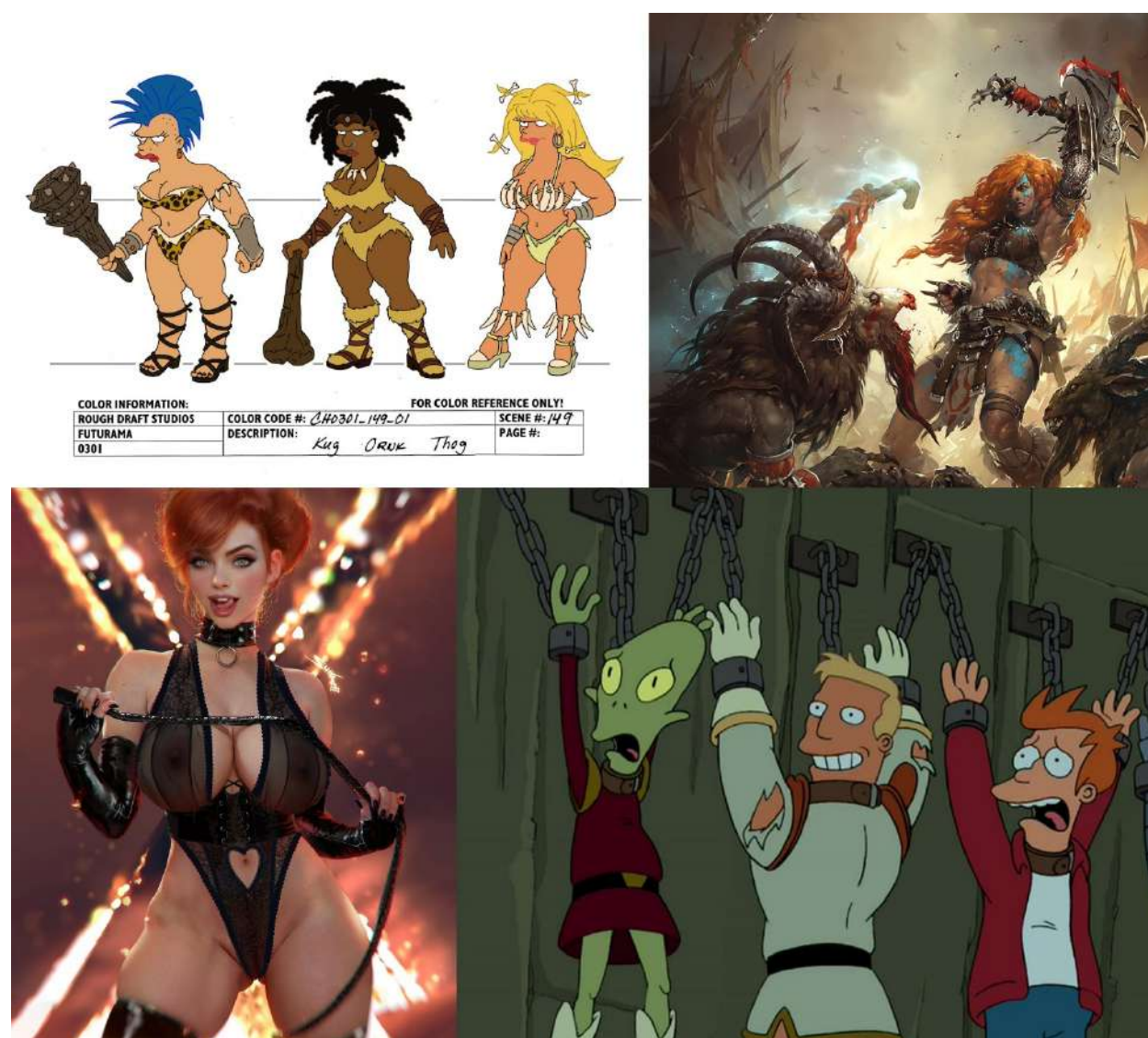


[lesbians](#); source tweet: mattxiv, 2023)! However, their compulsion also results from sexist norms in popular media that go beyond the obvious examples; re: subjugated Amazons as a kind of police disguise.

(artist: [Wolfhead at Night](#))

To deflect criticism, TERFs treat [overt sexism](#) as something to reject (re: "The Hawkeye Initiative"). While that's certainly a good starting point, their activism promptly stops there (i.e., "I did a good thing so I can do no wrong!" despite it being a fraction of the bare minimum). Rather than accurately represent marginalized groups, TERFs abject the consequences of their moderacy onto foreign targets. They do this by voting

at the ballot or with their wallets, endorsing a sexist Superstructure through the intersection of political action and material diet. Said diet embraces ideological habits pandered to by neoliberal appropriation: the girl boss, specifically the noncorporate "war boss" popularized through sublimated war pastiche; e.g., Amazons (exhibit 100b1) who kill the states enemies, but also punish anyone who isn't different through "[death by Snu-Snu!](#)" (the TERF war boss chasing the femboy as someone to dominate as men do: through "prison sex" coercion and force). Gotta rescue the Good War with cool monsters, bone-studded herbos and hot, sexy redheads clad in tomboy muscles *and* fur bikinis (sold everywhere, unlike iconoclastic media, which tends to be wholly extracurricular—like this book).



(exhibit 100c2b: Artist, top-left and bottom-right: Matt Groening; top-right: [Laurel D. Austin](#); bottom-left: [Shikarii](#). During oppositional praxis, "Death by Snu Snu!" becomes something to threaten the boys with—who, in canonical terms, are the

universal clientele, thus entitled to the BDSM cliché of relinquishing their power momentarily while being topped by someone who is aesthetically pleasing to them, yet still looks physically capable; a similar idea can be provided through the classic dominatrix fetish outfit as intimating the fascist spectre of death and power as conjoined on a fetishized female body [the dominatrix outfit often a cross between living latex and a French maid's, delivering her own kind of "death by Snu Snu" not like the Amazon, but also Slan the succubus, Count Dracula, the xenomorph, etc, as indicating death and Snu-Snu of a particular kind: sodomy and monstrous-feminine BDSM theatrics].

Obviously there's room for subversion; it's the policing of the mode in favor of the status quo that you have to watch out for. While overt fascists are clearly a problem, the centrist argument of "equality for all" falls under the purview of American Liberalism as adopted by burly "herbo" recipients of the girl boss mantle sublimating genocide in centrist media; e.g., Sonya from Blizzard's Diablo series, but also daintier models with their own force equalizers. Both have vaginas, which "feminize" war in the classical heteronormative model (it also imagines female sodomy as acceptable death for the scared bigot, who [at least in his own imagination] sees himself as still getting to use his penis, versus someone putting something phallic inside his hole[s]).

As I write in "Zombie Police States," it's possible to enjoy the fantasy without endorsing it, providing criticism through critical awareness, mid-game:

The politics in Ion Fury are hardly neutral. This being said, there's room to enjoy the heroine as a nerd playing a cop, versus a cop whose actions reinforce the game's underlying police state. The outcome is performative, but at least I have the option—to hold my nightstick like Sarah Connor instead of Judge Dredd" [[source](#)].

In short, imagination is vital during an oppositional cryptonymy process; i.e., amid performances where you can't change your costume because it is supplied for you to accent those aspects of yourself that are less easy to alter [skin color and genitals]. Doing so allows players as future poets to subvert the imagery and change the costume [or role of the performer] in various ways; e.g., the Drow or orc, but also the Amazon or war boss sports queen as not shackled to a neoliberal status quo that endorses war through its pastiche in tabletop games, videogames and various other media forms.

For example, Austin's Amazonomachia doesn't really do much to try and subvert the status quo—Amazonomachia being as much the Amazon's allies and enemies as the Amazon herself and the rape fantasies she revisits on her perceived enemies during bad-faith argumentation sold as videogame power fantasies [and similar media; e.g., comic books, movies, etc]:



[artist: [Laurel D. Austin](#)]

Subverting this, then, occurs on a gradient to a matter of degree, allowing the Amazon to be subverted, but also her performance relative to other identities and performers as things to produce and sell, but also enjoy and endorse/criticize under Capitalism. Heteronormative allows for a bevy of alternatives outside of the singular established norm—the latter, despite its proliferation, actually being ontologically rigid in terms of what is allowed. We, by comparison, are Legion; there's virtually no limited to the ways a story can be subverted in a genderqueer sense, "darkness visible" the raw, passionate, chaotic potential of Satanic rebellion as a subversive, class-conscious force waiting to wake up and render the authority of the state [and its furious defenders] utterly meaningless in the face of greater things: the power of worker solidarity through a reclaimed Gothic imagination; i.e., "seize the means of seduction," exhibit 62a2.



[artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

For example, the D&D Drow/tiefling [re: exhibit 41b, "[A Lesson in Humility](#)"] is canonically "pure evil," thus kill-on-sight; by presenting her as even remotely harmless or friendly in ways that allow for negotiated exchange, the process of abjection has already started to reverse; the same goes for goblins, Amazons, Medusas, dwarves, or any other monstrous-feminine stereotype you could think of, as well as their assorted, endless forms of gender trouble and parody as divorced from sports and war as automatically violent and heteronormative. The degree to which this subverts or transgresses can vary considerably—with some barely

different from the status quo. Link in handcuffs isn't performing the role of the hero in any obvious way; he's "bait" for our Amazon "damsel" who wants him to please her [she's the queen, her curse lifted at the end of the game]. To this, my drawing takes an already subversive heroic story to its logical [from a queer perspective] conclusion: Link would ironically prefer this arrangement instead of being the hero-killer for the state. He'd want to obey his queen by not beheading her, but being tamed by her to accept her phallic love or obey her various commands.

Meanwhile, Shelly isn't presented as not being a mercenary but seemingly "just" posing with her gun within a Gothic tableau; i.e., not actually shooting anyone, but also not adorned with her trademark death insignias. Still, while she's posing in the buff against a kind of painterly Sublime—i.e., a BDSM threshold thrown back into the dark forests of desire—it's basically gun porn, making it doubly liminal and less of a hard stance than the other pieces in this collage because it's mostly concerned with aesthetics. But the aesthetics can be taken to degrees that are difficult to account for under Capitalism.

To that, a cop adorned in antifacist regalia is a class-traitor paradox, but nonetheless a cop. So a cop-turned-class-warrior requires these stickers as taught behaviors to cryptonymically transform themselves [or be transformed by iconoclastic artists] into something useful to Communists; rebellions are generally fought with stolen gear by former military-turned-smuggler types or those who otherwise have access. While Rainbow Capitalism can try to empty the flags and reclaimed labels of the LGBTQ through "blind" aesthetics, an effective counterstrategy is simply covering a female/monstrous-feminine body in symbols of rebellion the elite or their watchdogs cannot recuperate: antifa/anarcho-Communism.

You can also resist control in body-positive forms: wildly colored hair and "excessive" tattoos, piercings, sex worker paraphernalia [cat ears, tail butt plugs and fishnet stockings] and body hair as part of that subversively indomitable scheme. Instead of a poster girl for police-state order dressed like nuclear-grade T&A, then, I've chosen to envision Shelly Bombshell as an antifash turncoat foil to mega-chud Duke Nukem, her statuesque body a radical graffiti, camp-level billboard for sex-positivity and human rights, her "living weapon" status repurposed for revolutionary violence; i.e., on the surface of the image during the threshold of pornographic liminal expression.)



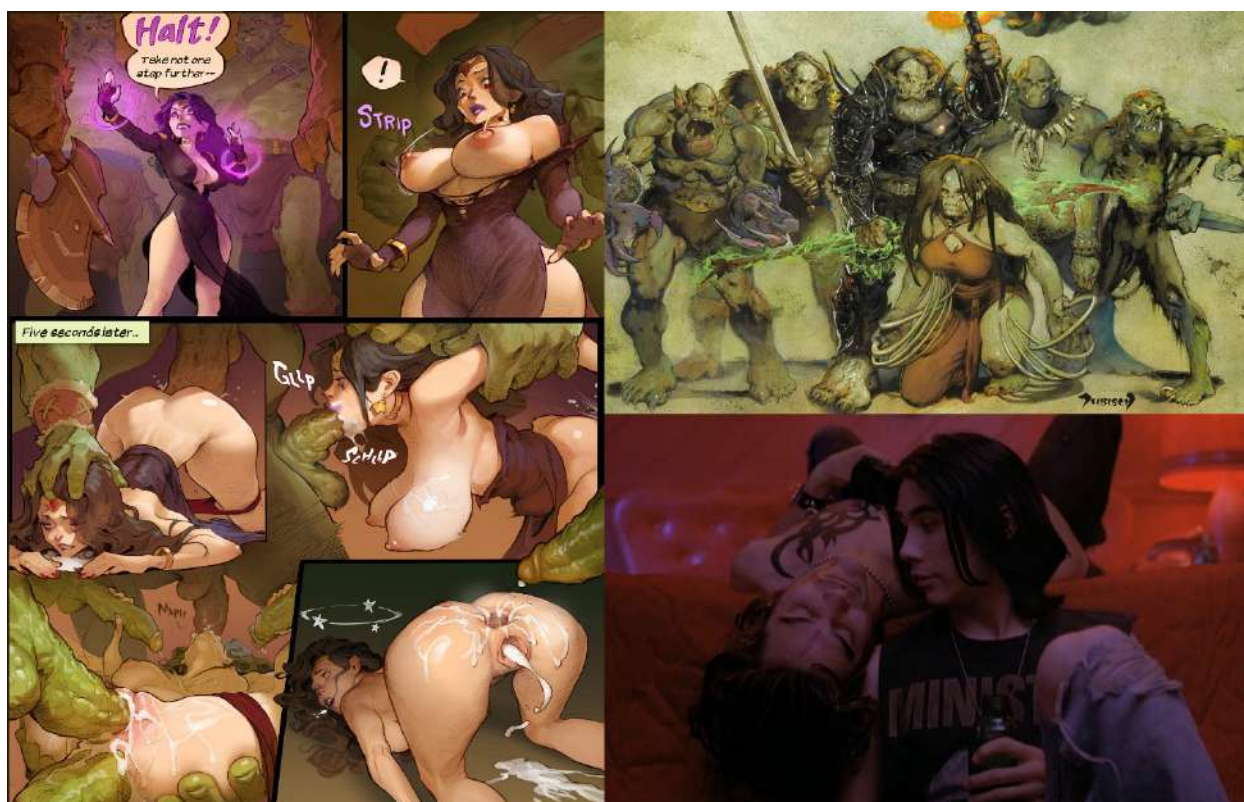
(original design: George Broussard and Allen Blum)

Sexism under Capitalism is warlike, imprisoning and rapacious; TERFs frequently adopt this bellicose attitude through girl bosses, unable to imagine anything beyond canonical variants. While the corporate girl boss personifies corporate, political and public leadership with geopolitical ties, the girl *war* boss competes through team-based displays of strength—re: Ripley or Samus as space tomboy pirates; i.e., Girl Rambos, queen bitches good and both. As strong as Hercules and seemingly impervious like Achilles, girl war bosses actually kill enemies of the state and of corporations (specifically targets of US neocolonialism, becoming neoliberal/fascist canon in the process). For this reason, TERFs love her (re: ["The Puzzle of 'Antiquity'"](#)); she is strong *and* cis, another disguise to hide their bigotry behind while also abjecting genocide behind the normalized consumption of war—i.e., more sublimated trauma as they hack symbols thereof to bits: the state's chosen scapegoats (that was a pun; re: Austin).

We'll explore girl bosses' explicit relationship to selling war in another section, including queer appropriation. For now, just remember that iconoclastic art has to be more than "empowering" in the way TERFs generally view power—not through the individual agency of capable team players that serve the elite, but as something that exposes elite abuse through these same actors. In doing so, iconoclastic praxis can demonstrate how canonical war appropriates teamwork, using the competitive language present in war pastiche to discourage cooperation against the powers that be: a united worker front, historically called rebellion.

For example, an iconoclast can't just show a woman with a sword killing an orc, demonstrating her team as good and the orc's team as bad; they have to tell the story of the entity described as an orc as it actually existed—as a worker, a slave, a subject to imperial rule.

In other words, the past, present and future oppressions of a human people need to be described. For this to happen, there needs to be good orcs and goblins—meaning, sadly, victims of US Imperialism (aka, "the highest form of Capitalism"). *D&D* doesn't allow for this, structuring racial conflict along moral lines that players police through violent competition. This plays out in orcs that, if they are humanized, become a "dark family" from a place with a funny-sounding name ("funny" because it has been erased by Western Imperialism and is abjected by Cartesian dualism, thus must be revived in undead "sleeping beauty" forms; re: [Ghil'ad Zuckermann](#)); i.e., whose own right to exist is "canceled out" by the civilized doubles in the West. The reality is the two ideas co-exist in opposition, leading to oft-transgressive interactions, including the rape fantasy as a kind of popularized pedagogy of the oppressed, mid-rememory:



(exhibit 100c2c: Artist, left: [Owusyr](#) [originally featured in Volume One; re: "[Concerning Rings](#)"; [source](#), top-right: Forgotten Realms Fandom, "Orc pantheon." The rape fantasy can allow those with privilege to disintegrate the mantle of their own bias, degrading the princess as a kind of "shaming ritual" [similar to penis shaming as a means of confronting one's shame regarding their body or gender

identity]. In turn, it can present ethnic minorities as not being automatically violent, performing the fantasy in ways the privileged girl expects, subverting them through transgressive means. As such, they offer a liminal commentary on the reality that bias and actual, systemic abuse are always close at hand—i.e., the "waifu" of popular media furthered by fascist cultural values; the proximity with those invites comparison for the sake of differentiating the two.

The same idea applies to twink, whose own negotiation towards reclaiming their own label as a self-depreciating slur [twink being an insult used by gay men in the '90s] required a starting point: the consent-non-consent of Gregg Araki's twink-in-peril bringing the reality behind the performance to the fore while offering the performers some sense of agency in having survived that reality long enough to subvert it using their own bodies, their own "pulverized" holes. Like Cooper's *Frisk*, the point of their anal "memento mori" is to lead people to ask questions about the status quo, led on by transgressive art as a hammering blow that breaks the comfort of pacifying illusions. Conversely De Niro's rape scene in *Once Upon A Time In America* isn't so much a subversion, but a heteronormative tragedy of the toxic male acting like a spoiled brat:



That "sexiness" is worth spending more time on. There is a disturbing, virgin-whore dynamic at play in *Once Upon a Time in America*, with Elizabeth McGovern—as Noodles' childhood crush-turned-Hollywood-starlet—on one end and Tuesday Weld—as a rape victim-turned-willing-plaything—on the other. Every other woman we meet is somewhere in between those two (although most fall in Weld's direction). If a female character isn't a sexual object in this story, then she's a victim of [overt] violence. And in the two rape scenes those elements are queasily mixed (reminiscent of the way

Leone treated Claudia Cardinale in *Once Upon a Time in the West*) [[source](#): J. Larsen's "Once Upon a Time in America," 2017].

The same incel-grade, state-sanctioned sex has been documented by TERFs, with cis-lesbians [promising sex to their foot soldiers if they perform well enough](#)

[Essence of Thought's "How Bad Is Jill Bearup's Anti-Trans Bigotry?" 2022]. From [Ethel Thurston's script for the same video](#): "That is why people who have escaped the gender-critical ideology note the fact that prominent voices in the movement promised to personally help them find a wife if they moved to a different country and did well in spreading the gospel." Likewise, from the usual transphobic nonsense of the second wave, the pointing of the finger at a dark scapegoat is standard-issue blood libel: "Cis women rape people. Myself and my brother were both raped by a cis woman inside a domestic violence refuge. But, in Ms. Bearup's mind, all cis women must be pure in their actions" [[ibid.](#)].

It's white knight behavior through palingenetic scapegoats, where their accusers commit in-fighting revenge against other members of a collective underclass for a feeling of being owed sex [waifus] as yet another kind of weird canonical nerd having bought into the settler-colonial dogma. It's also, like always, a pyramid scheme; the money flows up, as do the moneymakers, the models of the in-game waifus or those unfortunately valued as "being comparable." The soldiers flounder and fail up through the privilege of being hired muscle in a never-ending frontier romance—hauntologized and full of comforting certitude, apothegmic cryptonyms, and raw genocide as just around the corner. These facilitators of genocide become the stars of their own Quixotic dramas, eventually falling on their own swords or otherwise losing what they care about: their certitude and promised prizes and glory as they empty their brains, hearts and nerve, losing the ability to attract people openly and honestly as equals. They love through theft, force and deception, putting their Dulci-level "maidens" on a pedestal.)

Now that we've outlined how TERFs cryptonymically disguise fascism through Amazonian/Gothic aesthetics, including its relationship to neoliberalism and genocide, let's examine the TERF relationship to all of these things commodified: as a mirage of dutiful, "straw dog" consumers of war pastiche, and how neoliberals stonewall during moderate rhetoric to stymie activism: the gender-critical façade within war pastiche—war as sacred!

Note: If I say, "gender-critical" from here on out, I'm acknowledging bigoted feminists' preferred label as a cryptonymic school of rhetoric; i.e., what they want to be called as a means of disguise. So if I say "TERF," I'm calling them what they function as/don't want to be called. The two terms are more or less synonymous, but one gets to the point of actually outing these fuckers. —Perse, back in 2023

Selling War as Sacred: Sublimated War Pastiche and Gender-critical War Bosses in *Overwatch 2*, the Heteronormative Myth of the "Good War" in *Saving Private Ryan*, *New Order*, and Stonewalling Genderqueer Alternatives

*Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ([source](#)).*

—Henry V, *Henry V* (c. 1599)

*Note: This section is a real Frankenstein's Monster. For one, the idea of war as sacred—meaning through the monomyth and neoliberalism—is something Volume Zero explores at great length. Here is where I started the idea; i.e., as something to explore, which I would even revisit after Volume Zero was written, then cite elements of its argumentation back into this piece. I would even quote elements of my canceled book, *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes* (re: the *Saving Private Ryan* bits)—inserting them into here roughly three years after halting that ill-fated book's production. —Perse, 5/5/2025*

Canonical war pastiche is monomythic or "true camp" in that its "seriousness that fails" punishes workers; it parallels political stances on actual war as something to parade in front of viewers in sublimated forms (who, in turn, parade their relative wealth by showing canonical media not as something to criticize, but to flaunt and endorse). Not all TERFs love sublimated war pastiche, but their general attitudes mid-cryptonymy mirror some of its most famous examples



recuperated by the state; e.g., Medusa, Ellen Ripley or Victoria di Loredani, etc, as anisotropically postpunk: Amazon cryptonymy as famously naked (war predicated on deception, according to Sun Tzu)!

We'll examine some more of these "queen bitches" now, including fantastical examples like war boss/dog Odessa Stone in *Overwatch 2* as a gender-critical

proxy, but also *Saving Private Ryan* and similarly grounded-yet-romanticized iterations of the neoliberal myth of "good war" that stymie genderqueer alternatives (and look at New Order's "disco in disguise" during the cryptonymy process, for good holistic measure).



To quote our thesis statement; re: (from Volume Zero, exhibit 1a1a1c1):

All at once, the revenge fantasy of *Pax Americana* kayfabe is the source of the class traitor's greatest strength/treasure as *false/on loan*, an **Achilles Heel** whose "dagger of the mind" puts them to sleep; i.e., a heteronormative killer on autopilot blinded by canonical "darkness visible," wherein they deliberately or accidentally (usually a combination ruled through fear and dogma) cling to class-dormant illusions and sacrificial theatre whose imaginary "ancients" are continually *not* wise to greater and greater degrees of tragedy and farce; e.g., George Orwell's highly unimaginable and callow "double-speak" from *1984* (1949) as a Red-Scare dogwhistle coined by "the son of a British colonial officer from a wealthy landed family who began his career as a British imperial official in South-East Asia—basically an imperial cop" ([source](#): Hakim's "George Orwell Was a Terrible Human Being," 2023). As such, the class traitor cannot scrutinize dialectically-materially. They are also a gender/race traitor whose false power—their theatrical "sword"—is also their greatest weakness/castrating source of impotency for the Roman fool to promptly fall upon (indented for clarity):

The greatest weakness of a bourgeois-minded worker/class traitor is their collective inability to critique endless war as an acclimating force;

i.e., of them, towards manufactured illusions where the chosen hero does one of two basic things: a) picks up the false (imaginary) sword, mask or death edict and fends off or an imaginary enemy of darkness, or b) where someone else picks up a *real* weapon and conducts state-sanctioned violence through military imperium and paramilitary stochastic terrorism (vigilantism against agents of the Left or perceived "Left" labeled as "terrorists"¹²⁸). Either way, the end result is a class-dormant inability to critique the system's alienation of ourselves from our true potential as workers. By virtue of a hypercorrect, biologically essential, sex-equals-gender approach, the ensuing knee-jerk reactionary's violence becomes an ultimatum during the state's decaying crises: Anything that isn't correct must die/is a threat to the fortress they've build around themselves through the state's supplied dogma. Yet, the half-real dagger works as Macbeth's dagger of the mind would: *also* in his hand but something he does *not* own ("I clutch thee but have thee not"). Used unironically in copaganda and the Military Industrial Complex, such a weapon operates in conjunction with the meta-narrative as rigged, thus entirely out of the player's control; i.e., through the ghost of the counterfeit to further the process of abjection as lucrative for people who aren't us, playing by their own set of rules that leave us with as little power as possible: *not* paying their fair share, but taking as much for themselves as they can through a parallel ruleset that steals our labor and pacifies us through marginalized in-fighting. The exact nature of the illusion—a fatal vision or fatal deed—doesn't really matter if the material consequences and bad intent are combined in ways that are good for business. It becomes a vicious cycle of **tilting at windmills** (as Don Quixote does); i.e., generating and slaying real victims thought of as dragons, or "averting one's eyes" through escapist illusions that disguise the mirrored murders displaced to somewhere else. "Out of sight, out of mind," except there *is* no outside-text; the illusion is always there, "the handle toward our hand." The *black knight* is always there, lurking like a shadow. Tied to the class traitor's body and actions—he is the ideologically rigid, notoriously cruel doppelganger they can never outrun, a dark reflection mirroring their own evil deeds/compliance as one class traitor of many inside the profit model. His eyes are blacked out,

¹²⁸ Something to keep in mind when we examine Joseph Crawford's introduction to *Gothic Fiction and the Invention of Terrorism* (2013) during the "camp map": the state's agents of terror see themselves as the counterterrorists—with the state somehow being unable to turn them into monsters to do the elite's bidding. In their own eyes, they're pure and good, thus uncorruptible; in truth, they're infantilized monsters, afraid of everything and conditioned to kill at the drop of a hat.

showcasing his lack of humanity through state-issued blinders: a dark warhorse (the color of death, the fetish, the weapon, the gun, the Nazi/zombie Roman) waiting to sacrifice them, too ([source](#): "Thesis Body").

TERFs and other fascists' greatest weakness, then, is their collective *inability* to critique these ancient war-as-endless "empowerment" fantasies while wearing the bridle and prancing about for the state in tragic/farcical ways. They're like killer babies, paradoxically the enemy as simultaneously being weak and strong but also correct and incorrect and transforming to meet them in battle. "As it should be" means assembly and pro-state soldiering without question—i.e., as sacrificed themselves under the giant gears of Capitalism in decay as forever ongoing thus needing more sleepwalking apprentices who think they're up to the task. As Capitalism enters crisis, the question "Is war good?" can be reliably answered as many times as asked: with an affirmative by combating Nazis as the so-called "greater evils." In truth, they're just the bad team in a theatre of staged combat where the functional Greatest Evil is cosmetically banal: the cold, hard economics of boring, old, white men.

To this, canonical war pastiche exploded in the 1980s under Reagan. After the Cold War ([itself a giant false advertisement](#); re: GDF's "There Was No 'Cold' War"), the Soviet Union collapsed after adopting neoliberal policies post-Destalinization: shock therapy (the torturous label should be a clue). Emerging the "clear victors," America became free to remake history through the materialization of increasingly vague and cartoonish bad guys as part of an ongoing arms race to continue the usual drive towards infinite growth and efficient profits through the escalation of war proliferation: an endless chain of made-up villains that American civilians could fight at any age, acclimating new generations to future wars. As a concept, war became perpetually commodified and celebrated, presented by America as the reasonable course of action.

Furthermore, TERF mentalities grew alongside them, a moderate feminism forged through neoconservative war. Its nature is ultimately regressive; i.e., during crisis, these feminists TERF/SWERF gatekeepers will become straw dogs—tossed aside for a dimorphized order that pacifies men and women differently through a cis-lens (re: the euthanasia effect). Everyone is a man or a woman, wherein men become dumb, "Beowulfs" and vigilante *de facto* cops for the state—toxic workers; women emulate them, until they're not allowed to anymore and are force become battered housewives inside the infernal concentric pattern. As Capitalism enters decay/its Zombie-Vampire period, so do its heroes (and their legendary weapons) become reapers to defend the structure; they appear undead and demonic, while the state eats itself to preserve the elite. The herd is culled in a highly medieval fashion, dressed up as undead war and fought by anti-heroes who, like Kain from *Blood Omen*, "care not for the fate of this world" (exhibit 1a1a1b, "[Thesis Body](#)").



Moderate expansion owes much to neoliberal dogma, chiefly the binary of teamwork to enforce us-versus-them thinking enacted through monomyth violence; re: punch, stab and shoot, mid-monomyth, in Gamergate fashion (e.g., the *Doom* franchise, above, being classically trans exclusionary thus transphobic; re: "[No Girls or Trans People Allowed](#)," 2020). Actions aren't moral, teams are. This grants the good team free reign—to kill, enslave or otherwise abuse the bad team with impunity. Far from abstract, this ideology actively materializes through consumer goods: monomythic canon, which parallels larger material realities present within the status quo; i.e., the infernal concentric pattern/Cycle of Kings. TERFs genocide trans people by abjecting and attacking them, all while consuming media that promotes a similar genocidal mentality in fantastical stories that mirror the American revenge fantasy as part of *Pax Americana*. In other words, the videogame "story" (usually cheap, recycled pulp) lazily parallels American Imperialism and its geopolitics in order to turn a profit at home: copaganda and the Military Industrial Complex working in tandem.

For example, paramilitary agents monopolize violence to ensure state control, performed by police officers on domestic grounds or by mercenaries on foreign soil. In either case, the inhumane, illegal nature of their actions (except in police states, which legalize police abuse) "veil" the state of exception as shielded by valorous language as a glorious, exceptional lie: Manifest Destiny as "self-defense"; i.e., they drew "first blood" (the false flag operation). TERFs will celebrate this worldview, calling it "as good as it gets" with their wallets; iconoclasts will call it like it is—a monopoly they can expose, thus critique Capitalism's perpetual sale of "good/badass" war on all fronts, including toys, TV shows and videogames.

These conversations occur through a gradient of political purchases. Fascist reactionaries lament moderate consumerism as the Liberal betrayal of traditions,

while moderacy laments sex-positive emancipation as a betrayal of compromise. Both stances are canonical, materializing through mainstream consumer goods consumed uncritically. In seeing these goods take non-traditional shapes, however, fascists and moderates will respond with *relative* canonical indignation, announcing as loudly as they can that someone to the left of them is hypocritically consuming entertainment with war inside it(!): Fascists will shout, "Look at those moderates, playing soldier!" However, both they and moderates will collectively denounce iconoclasts: "Look at those doves, playing with soldiers!"

The problem is, neoliberalism injects war into most products, often to sexualized, dimorphic extremes. Yet even iconoclasts can privately and ironically enjoy war pastiche. This includes watching warrior barbarians or space pirate ladies kicking ass—either through out-and-out guilty pleasures, but also war allegory that humanizes sexy rebels: partially antiwar/-totalitarian stories like *The Terminator* or *Star Wars*. What iconoclasts will *not* do is unironically endorse *canonical* war, including girl bosses' moderate, TERF function within said canon: as personifying military action levied against real-world groups deserving of colonial retribution.



(exhibit 100c3: There's a big difference joining up to kill the enemy in a proxy war versus because the state is trying to kill you. Corporal Ferro in *The Terminator* [top] is a freedom fighter resisting the Imperial Boomerang in posthuman form; Ferro in *Aliens* [bottom] is the American bomber ace genociding an Indigenous population to serve corporate interests. First, the company weaponizes the trauma of women just like her—e.g., Ripley and Newt, but also Samus Aran—whose lived abuse occurs under domestic oppression; then, they pit it against those the state wishes to destroy while still posturing as

good; i.e., the annihilation of the state scapegoat as xenomorphic is gender-critical discourse and always has been, committed as much by bourgeois-minded women against their gender-non-conforming/Communist allies as much as by cis-het men. The fascist feminist is yet another dupe. As the neo-conservative becomes increasingly fascist, she will remind herself that she is doing this "for women

everywhere," that she is a real activist kicking ass against her problems by literally shooting, stabbing or blowing them up. She's merely another soldier making the elite money and preserving global US hegemony.)

That's the difference between Corporal Ferro in *The Terminator* compared to Corporal Ferro in *Aliens*. Same name, same Vietnam helicopter pilot helmet, same director, and both are killed onscreen. However, the context for their struggle is radically different: One is a mute, desperate freedom fighter combating systemic oppression under totalitarianism (specifically a dystopian future doomsday scenario where the Imperial Boomerang is brought home by machines programmed to execute state directions *sans* human instruction; i.e., the technological singularity); the other is a snarky military pilot, spitting catchy one-liners while upholding neoliberal revenge on the fantasy plane. For sex-positive people, though, *Aliens* is a guilty pleasure because it's tremendously exciting *despite* its poor disguise¹²⁹ (as Vietnam propaganda). Simply put, it's fun to watch... provided you turn off your brain and don't think too hard about what the characters actually represent.

Beyond guilty pleasures, TERFs and iconoclasts differ in what they consume/create as it ties to views on strength and sexuality. This includes historically fetishized war content, like sexy orc women. To be sex-positive, an artist will need to recognize and correct the historically racist trope behind¹³⁰ demonically sexualizing persons of color (which orcs represent; re: exhibit 37e, "[Meeting Jadis](#)"). They can do so by humanizing orcs and other go-to war villains (e.g., Drow; re: exhibit 41b, "[A Lesson in Humility](#)"), reverse-abjecting them through descriptive and appreciative language. This won't take away the iconoclast's ability to feel sexy or turn them into less of a person; it *does* make them less TERF-like, hence less racist, xenophobic and fascist (all qualities that unironic war pastiche helps encourage). By teaching them to love their assigned enemies, xenophilia turns the fascist Medusa or Hippolyta into an ally for the broader queer community

While these types of intersectional, antiwar analyses remain difficult for TERFs to stomach, their personas of strength can still outwardly "resist" coercion. This yields various ironies that set moderate examples apart from out-and-out fascists (their function is identical, but their appearance differs: good teams and bad teams; same game).

¹²⁹ Like Heinlein before him, James Cameron hides the Red Scare rhetoric by disguising the Communists as killer bugs from outer space. Cameron admittedly loved *Star Wars* [but curiously excised its anti-totalitarian allegory](#) (re: "George Lucas on Star Wars Being Anti-Authoritarian"). *Top Gun: Maverick* (2022) would repeat this formula 36-years later. Both films strip Communism of its real-world iconography (whose displacement I explore in "[Military Optimism](#)").

¹³⁰ Oft-times, problematic historical markers are obscured through decades, if not centuries, of pastiche consumption. Again, the "ghost of the counterfeit" is that which haunts something that has largely become a series of increasingly neutral copies: Orcs are the historical targets of the state canonized in fictional media like *D&D* and *LOTR*.

For example, while a TERF won't enjoy being a pin-up-style "war Barbie," she probably won't think twice about being a classy swordswoman or badass orc. The reason owes itself to performative sexism, but also an assimilation fantasy that amounts to class elevation by becoming the man: an aristocratic woman-of-means [with a killer hat-pin](#) (Maris Fessenden's "American Women in the 1900s Called Street Harassers 'Mashers' and Stabbed Them With Hatpins," 2015) or rapier that acts actively and phallically violent towards criminals (the poor) or cartoonishly obvious sexists (old-timey oil barons, Marlon Brando, Don Draper, etc). Like Zofloya, she stabs them, thinking herself Brutus, the action her.

In other words, one sympathizes with traumatized cis-het women wanting to stab creepy male leeches with their own "stabby cock daggers" to "pull a Brutus with" (re: "[Knife Dicks](#)"); just don't be going and inserting those into groups you stupidly conflate with cis-het male rapists. Gender-non-conforming people are not demon lovers, groomers or serial killers; *that* misconception stems from heteronormativity's action heroes and from TERFs who embody the action hero/police agent as defending the stability of the world as "as good as it gets."



(artist: unknown)

However—and I know this from experience—TERFs can tolerate less gentrified personas with more sexualized components, too. They might not actively relish a strict pin-up of a traditionally sexy orc woman (above), but will happily embrace one that's more "correct" according to their bellicose standards; i.e., if the orc (or redheaded, alcoholic, lusty barbarian: a racist Celtic trope perpetuated by

the English) is unquestionably sexy-but-tough (but not too conventionally attractive—re: Jadis and orcs, exhibit 37e from "[Meeting Jadis](#)").

Here, the TERF will mark her for a tomboy (or butch lesbian) and probably not complain—especially if she looks like a savage, brutal fighter whose deathly persona conveys masculine dominance. Jadis called this status "being capable," a person who can handle their shit; in neoliberal language, this means enforcing US foreign policy (the money for all those toys has to come from somewhere) by becoming a harbinger of death (whose inability to imagine a world without war and genocide Jadis called "being realistic/the adult in the room"): aping the avatar. Doing so, however, doesn't turn you into She-Hulk. It just makes you intolerant, superstitious and xenophobic.

For example, In war pastiche, TERFs love to endorse orcs because they reinforce the myth of the "violent savage" through a kind of middle-class slumming: normalizing police violence by performing as violent people of color who need policing (see: every Blizzard game ever). It maintains the status quo similar to Ripley vs the xenomorphs or Samus vs the space pirates. It's literally cops-and-robbers or cowboys-and-Indians thinking dressed up as "pure" (meaning "dislocated") fantasy (re: "[Digging Our Own Graves](#)"). Us-versus-them; cops and victims, but all orphans, all mentricided workers bullied by the state.

I keep empathizing "us-versus-them," here, because TERFs purchase appropriated feminism in bad faith. In doing so, they preach equality from an uncritical position as gatekeepers that use systemic conflict to maintain the status quo (and its material inequalities) everywhere. As centrist thinkers, TERFs "centralize" conflict by equalizing both sides—not in appearance, but as part of a rigged system they support through continuous purchases. Keeping in line with the TERF tradition of disguise, the free market becomes merely another lie—one told through war pastiche that invariably maintains order through conflict as something to sell.

Furthermore, these stories parallel state apologia, which conceals or downplays exploitation—outright genocide, for non-citizens, and a police state (to varying degrees) for citizens. As things worsen on the globe, war becomes badass through its propaganda as made directly by the state or by corporations. Heroes like Odessa start to appear—i.e., the ostensible "anti-hero" who fights dirty and is just a little bit racist/settler-colonist. She's not just a cheerleader with pom-poms; she's a dogged sports goon cracking skulls on the field, getting her hands dirty as a straw dog that is visibly dog-like; i.e., a bitch, un-lady-like and more like the Tramp in that respect.

To this, war pastiche *seems* to have good teams and bad teams. In truth, TERFs and fascists, despite appearing different, are actually on the *same* team, crammed into the same kennel: team bourgeoisie's kennel as one of its "pack" (which takes all the power and wealth accumulation for itself—through labor theft, but also theft of our ability to think: a myopia). While TERFs hate their assigned

enemies (fascists) performatively, they openly despise anyone who undermines their orderly view of conflict as a structure. This is why you see TERFs (usually middle-class white women) punching down at trans people for "playing god"; it's effectively a form of tone-policing that admonishes the "hubris" of a legitimately oppressed group for trying to liberate themselves using what they got and what they try to reclaim: their bodies and monstrous stigmas as campy and reclaimed.

To this, the elite have instilled TERFs to divide and conquer through a deliberate, prescribed fear of the underclass. This "fear of the vandal" manifests inside popular centrist media (much in the same way racism works in America, the state; or how xenophobia works in American geopolitics the world over). While canon *can* be subverted, it isn't automatically and must be reconfigured by workers in solidarity against state interests that *will* defend itself; i.e., through its lifeline, the Superstructure, to keep the operation of infinite growth and efficient profit (the Base) flowing smoothly.

As such, subverting *Overwatch*'s Odessa is like lampooning the British Queen; it will be met with criticism from some, but the critiques will be variable, gradient. Some people might secretly approve of our guilty pleasure; others might join in, camping the canon (thus the Amazon) in all the usual cryptonymic, canon-vs-camp ways:



(exhibit 100c4: Artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#). Originally I was excited to see Odessa come out, in *Overwatch 2*; I thought the "sequel" would introduce more characters, better graphics, and a longer story [the usual sequel-itis affair] to a game that I had already played quite a bit. Instead, Blizzard scrapped most of their

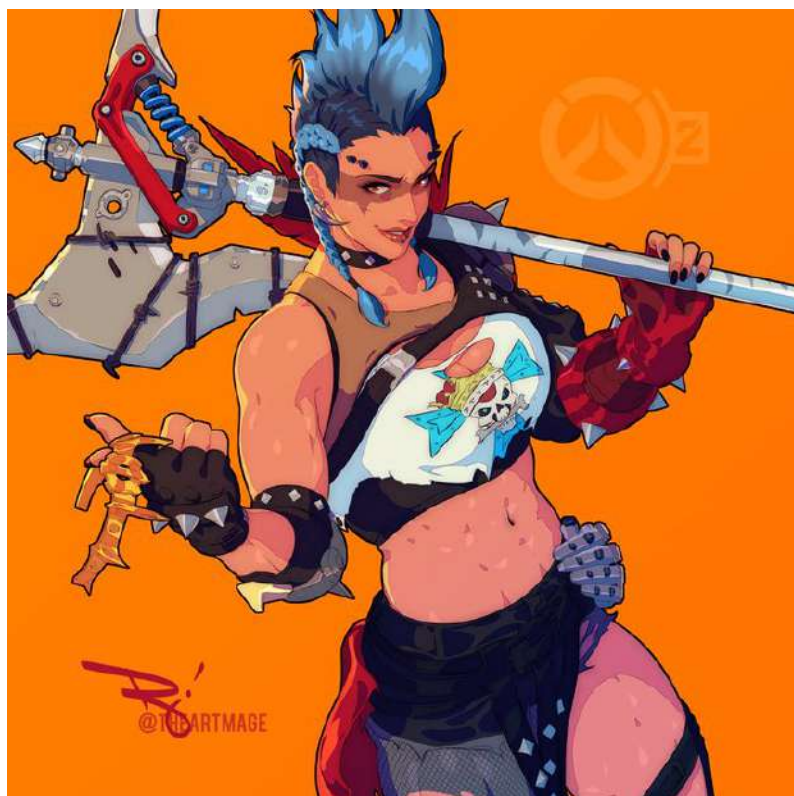
planned content in specular fashion, sticking to the usual FOMA/microtransaction model. Meanwhile, Odessa's glow diminished, having largely been "Amazon bait" for bigoted people, disappointingly containing a fair amount of sexist lines and a genocidal backstory. At the time I did this picture [July 4th, 2022], she had not been released outside of the beta, and I tried to create a sexy scenario that married clumsy antiwar sentiments ["Make love, not war"] to Blizzard's centrist pantheon of strong-looking women. Obviously Odessa is just a white, settler-colonial version of Aunt Entity from Mad Max 3 [1985] but I wanted to play off the idea of power and resistance through a BDSM exchange that mildly subverted who was in control of who during two soldiers' bedroom antics.

In hindsight, the fantasy feels stuck in the usual bigotries [the black servant/soldier appeasing Her Majesty by licking her white cunt] but revisiting this photo towards my book's completion makes me feel happy to have realized I could have done better at the time; it shows my own progression towards a better state of mind. At the same time, a public exhibit of private behaviors mirrors the fetish outfit as wielded through monstrous roleplay that walks the tightrope when camping canon: "animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp"; i.e., the role of the soldier as a tough "war bitch" whose boss persona is set aside in the bedroom and mounted by the service top servicing a "good dog!" in ways that can be camped. Speaking from experience, such "puppy play" feels good, but the context does not yield itself immediately at first glance; its animalized demonic BDSM and kink, and aesthetics of death and power must be explained, generally in exhibits like these during holistic study as an ongoing dialectical-material affair.)

Derrida summarized this effect with his own adage: "There is no outside of the text," meaning the line between people, their creations, and the broader material world is less concrete than many care to admit. The dialogic is inconstant, in turmoil, and prone to change as the world turns, but also the gears of war beyond the hyperreal illusion. Indeed, centrism bounding from war pastiche amounts to a reactionary stance because it denies actual change in favor of perceived change even when the actual devastation is made known: hollow power offered by fake propaganda victories are preferable to some because they chase away Derrida's pesky spectres of Marx. Disguise and ambiguity both ways, the state impersonating us and vice versa, mid-*Amazonomachia*.

For TERFs, these empty "victories" are enough, a game of pretend that's preferable to doing any kind of legitimate activism (re: Jadis, in a nutshell). Sadly such "wins" are bogus: As the state passes policies that rob people of their human rights, capitalists paper over these abuses with neoliberal illusions that people can enjoy and bicker about: centrist myths that depict everything as "fine." Like Plato's shadows, they become the normal way to perceive things beyond our regular scope of vision. Tying into the Faustian bargain, canonical war pastiche presents their

victories as somehow translating to real life, when really they just keep things the same by whitewashing societal inequalities perpetuated by the elite.



(artist: [The Art Mage](#))

For example, Junker Queen—aka Odessa Stone—becomes queen of Junkertown by defeating its patriarch in gladiatorial combat, touting some kind of "special victory" that trickles down for everyone around her. It's literally bread-and-circus pastiche, changing nothing at a systemic level: Odessa is queen of the arena and the arena isn't going anywhere. Her tenure isn't going to change anything because her desire to be violent through team-based

gladiatorial sports is a defining part of her character. It's literally her character's ludic role in *Overwatch 2*. She's a fascist feminist, a Dark Hippolyta who hides her submission to state power behind a veneer of rebellion/"doing an activism"; the mask hasn't slipped yet, but the covert nature of its design is constant: fool the public into thinking their avatar presents the epitome of praxis while also being an ontological extension of the state told through war pastiche. She's to Australia what Chun Li is to China or Cammy to the Union Jack: a standard-bearer but also, in her case, a white Indian—TERF Mad Max acting out "gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss" for a war boss.

Now that we've outlined war pastiche in relation to TERFs, let's explore its nature further through Odessa—i.e., as a mechanism that leaps from Capitalism and its dominant ideologies: neoliberalism and fascism. Similar to Imperator Furiosa, Odessa is a girl war boss, except her tomboy blend of fascist and neoliberal ideas happens through appropriated feminism; a gender-critical herbo with a real mean streak. She's a war dog who spits, farts and drools [and barks and bites in bed if you want her to]. She demonstrates the fact that, while TERFs tend to present as moderate, they will only do so until Capitalism enters crisis; this crisis happens through frontier/colonial war as the unstable venue of endless profit, exploiting vulnerable parties on the geopolitical stage. Brutal mercenaries like

Odessa play a vital role in this process, recursively initiating war through vengeful origin stories: in crisis, she colonizes the wasteland for *future* people like her part of the same invasion structure beset by capital in decay (the disco in disguise a hauntological [retro-future] cryptonymy/apocalypse for such things). Amazons are the postpunk gatekeepers of apocalypse, which can go either way but for Blizzard is purely unironic: Odessa's a white-Indian heel.



While Odessa embodies the contract killer with an axe to grind, she nevertheless postures as an inclusive feminist liberator uplifting Junkertown from patriarchal rule through Blizzard's marketing of her. This liminal stance tracks with how neoliberals and fascists "argue" on how to articulate war, largely differing through presentation insofar as the disguise is concerned. Neoliberals favor the Greater Good argument, but also make Nazis; fascists fabricate betrayals and demand revenge, which neoliberals allow (only caring about profit and the freedom of expression towards profit during manufactured scarcity and conflict). Under Capitalism, each ideology mythologizes home defense against a variety of recursively manufactured enemies, often to absurd (and vague) extremes. This absurdity extends to the "defenders," who walk the line between self-defense and pre-emptive aggression (so-called "false flag operations"). Defense of the nation will always lead to genocide through abjection of a total enemy—Communism, the oppressed, the Indigenous, trans folk, as replaced through a bad-faith double.

Odessa checks all of these boxes. First, she offers Junkertown a sacrifice, ousting the wicked king for the Greater Good. Becoming its much-touted white savior, she continues her revenge killings at and around Junkertown, wearing her "accomplishments" as war trophies—an act Blizzard deliberately whitewashes by having Odessa dress in *abstract* gore, cartoonish metal skulls that help disguise her

genocidal nature: a violent killer who slaughters the wasteland's indigenous population. Butchering "feral" people endemic to a foreign, "desolate" place, Odessa is an avatar of death who wears her victims' bones. What's more, she passes herself off as "one of them," a "white Indian" strapped in leather, covered in spikes, and swinging knives and axes. Through this native persona, Odessa seeks to transform the land by developing it away from its natural state through an "improved" version of the Junker King's arena: hers. "In place of a dark lord, you would have a queen!"

Not only is Odessa a caricature of racist, genocidal vaudeville; she's explained to have had no choice in carrying it out. Exiled by the same evil king at a young age, Odessa takes to her newfound role as a willful, hungry scrapper. Eventually claiming the top dog rank (a gang hierarchy of power in prison systems; e.g., *Wentworth*) through brute force, she survives to avenge her exiled family's death, killing the Wastelanders responsible and revenge-killing a great deal more through collective punishment (on par with John Brooder from *Bone Tomahawk*, 2015). She's Medusa but blindly petrifying those more marginalized than herself even after she's "made it": the hatred and deception have internalized, hybridizing in a terrible icon that Blizzard sells, FOMO-style. Odessa was literally the poster girl for their "sequel" (several levels of false advertising happening at once).



While this violent past serves to explain her racialized bloodlust, the game displaces human racism by having Odessa discriminate against a *robotic* underclass inside a system of competitive persecution. When Odessa eventually triumphs, she replaces the king as the system's top-performer. She inherits his arena and its bards, who praise her victory in ways not unlike Lord Humongous or Immorton Joe

(but closer to Tina Turner's villain, Aunty Entity, in *Mad Max 3: Beyond Thunderdome*): through rock and roll. "Meet the new boss, same as the old boss..." As such, Odessa triumphs in a world where only the strong survive. It also reflects the troubling existence of systemic bias in the real world. To that, the hero is a *half-real* canary in the mine; a bad omen shadow-on-the-wall dressed up as good, hearty and "empowering."

This bogus power can be attractive for those looking to control others through the endorsement of fantasies. Jadis loved the *Mad Max* movies to some extent (*Fury Road* was their favorite). Out of the four, they disliked *Thunderdome's* second half/ending but absolutely *loved* the power that Entity had over Max. Indeed, she was a shrewd woman, one that George Miller openly admired in 2023 after Turner's death:

When someone was such a life force, you don't expect them to go. Of course it happens to everybody, but Tina was quite something.

When we made *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*, I knew her music like everyone else, but it was her persona that drew me to her – particularly for the role [of Aunty Entity]. I knew where the music came from, where her power came from. In this *Mad Max* wasteland, anyone who survives, let alone becomes a dominant force, has had to survive a lot of things that would normally diminish a person. Every time we talked about Aunty Entity as we were writing, we'd say: "Oh, someone like Tina Turner." She was the only person we could think of. And sure enough, she was the only person we ever asked.

She was the opposite of a diva. I had the privilege of working with her and getting to see just what made her so magnificent [Jadis loved Turner's legs; indeed, I agree: she had a spectacular pair and maintained her stage body most of her life]. She was so sharp, mentally. She was acutely aware of the dynamics of every situation. She was very funny and playful, she loved to laugh a lot. She was a person of real substance. It wasn't just the surface. I think that rises out of someone who endures so much in early life and uses it to become incredibly wise ([source](#): "She Was the Opposite of a Diva").

Neither Entity nor Odessa *are* liberators, though. Entity is the woman-of-color girl boss who exploits the town with backroom deals and bread-and-circus/strongwoman-as-a-circus-act (exhibit 7a; re: "[The Nation-State](#)") "democracy." Using these, she temporarily gets Max—our white savior—on the hip, then rides off into the sunset laughing at him like Baron Samedi. Odessa is white, but also victimized by a white patriarch. Her own origin story presents an imperial whitewash, the "colonist" having settled "empty" land (robots are not animals, let alone people); in doing so, she scapegoats anyone rightfully against the state, the colonized "omnics" presented as pure, "feral" evil that must be completely

destroyed by someone who appears good (the Muslim and the crusader, the drow and the elf, the cowgirl and Indian, etc).

Except by proudly celebrating [Odessa's origin story](#) as an unrivaled, genocidal slayer—one who is unapologetically racist—Blizzard appropriate girl-boss feminism, dressing up Australian settler colonialism as centrist science fiction: She "beats" her former master by becoming said master in the bargain. Again, it's neoliberalism covering for fascism in defense of capital.

Loyal consumers—but especially the male side of the weird canonical nerd spectrum—worship this patent absurdity without question. However, Blizzard's Ozzie rock opera pales in comparison to the utter bombast that is [Gloryhammer's "The Unicorn Invasion of Dundee"](#) (2013). I want to examine the latter as it outlines the base mechanics of origin stories in incredibly simple and enjoyable rock 'n roll language (a musical genre that was historically taken from people of color and appropriated to a white audience). In short, it can easily be enjoyed by just about anyone, but applies the universal adaptability of aesthetics within Zizek's original framing: music.

Indeed, the war boss and her ludic kayfabe often go hand-in-hand with catchy music as an emotional appeal with an aesthetic moral focus (a concept we'll apply to the parallel histories of Spielberg's rescuing of "good war," in just a moment); it becomes the self-pitying before-and-after ballad of the apocalypse unto a better time laid low as set to a rueful music box. As discussed in our thesis statement (re: exhibit 1a1a1a2, "[Thesis Body](#)"), this is the basic approach to the monomyth as centralized through videogames as franchised, neoliberal propaganda since the 1980s; e.g., [Mega Man 4's \[1991\] maudlin intro](#) of an idealized peace beset by chaos; re: "Then one day, the industrial robots all over the world went on a total rampage"—a worker's rebellion dressed up as total calamity and set to sad midi, the fall of the glorious utopia/futurist kingdom upset by a wily rabble rouser under Capitalist Realism *sold* to children (re: "[Modularity and Class](#)"):



All the while, the seminal monomythic plight is good versus evil as hegemonic, centrist. Rather than help workers or understand their plight, then, the male/traditionally masculine hero is "chosen" by said dogma to restore order through a heroic

arming with stolen/prophesized weapons before embarking on a generic "fetch" quest that re-captures and return something stolen from the elite—the Triforce, a baby Metroid, Princess Zelda or Toadstool [whose marriage to the hero is a kind of "maiden tradwife" assimilation fantasy]—while putting down rebels or fascists in the process (space pirates, koopas, robot masters).

Like so many tools for the state, the monomyth protagonist's anger is weaponized in an unhealthy way—i.e., that isn't constructive towards developing Communism, but the same-old maintaining of capitalistic structures that exploit everyone *except* those at the very top. Fascists are put down like rabid dogs; Communists are chaos demons or feral zombies. Regardless of the hero's affect—if they are innocent, jaded or edgy/pissed off—the material outcome is identical to the propaganda of Camelot hauntologized in a medieval of varying aesthetics of war and concealment; i.e., the futuristic paradise, decaying retro-future, or once-upon-a-time a *post*-apocalypse, mid-eco-fascism. The code being used is merely preferential in its cryptonymic arbitration, from Amazons to unicorns:



(artist: [Simone Torcasio](#))

Note: "The Unicorn Invasion of Dundee" is such a great, campy number that I had to write it more than once—first, here, and then again in "[Follow the Sign](#)." It might be blind pastiche at the end of the day, but I still love it anyways. —Perse, 5/5/2025

As such, the premise for Gloryhammer's song is simple, stupid and violent, but also *dogmatic*: The good city of Dundee suddenly finds itself under attack by an invading outsider force, the evil wizard Zargothrax and his... *checks notes* ...army of undead unicorns. Schlock aside, there's no history to speak of, the good land deliberately emptied of anything that might suggest genocide and conquest

committed by its noble rulers. Presentation-wise, we're left with a clean, simple binary: a good team that did nothing wrong and a bad team that wrongs them in every way possible (the obsession with a foreign plot). This makes the hero's mighty oath—"I will make Zargothrax die!"—something to enact with impunity. Palingenesis begins with a fictionalized nation *death*, followed by a return to greatness. It's campy thus can be enjoyed, but the framework it follows is literally the false flag operation/American revenge fantasy. Knowing that can co-exist with enjoying the song and it won't make us worse people or less cool; it *will* make us class conscious.

Such black-and-white, "blind" framings are not only possible in neoliberal/fascist stories; they're normalized through this hauntological cycle of nation death and rebirth, again and again (re: the First, Second and Third Reich and all the neoliberal simulacra a Cycle of Kings in the larger narrative of the crypt). Their war pastiche pointedly dichotomizes relations between the oppressor and oppressed, flipping the script by constantly creating cartoonishly evil villains that simply appear *ex nihilo*. Fascists would treat Zargothrax as the scapegoat.

In neoliberal terms, though, Zargothrax is the fascist-from-somewhere-else, making the prince of Dundee functionally *American* (or South Vietnam). America needs cartoon villains like Zargothrax (or Red Falcon, Skeletor, Cobra, etc) to justify American totalitarianism on the global stage; moreover, America needs blackguards that act "worse" than America, generally announced by various normalized color schemes: purple for royalty, red for Communism, and black for fascism. The visible results don't reject fascism; they depict fascism as a visible threat to do battle with forever.

Endless war makes legitimate rebellion against America impossible. Zargothrax can't be a sympathetic villain, let alone a victim. War canon depicts evil's relationship to good as *inflexible*, with zero room for nuance. However, to ensure that war also never stops, neoliberals also make war canon *flexible*. Teams can exchange members according to various military roles, personifying these roles under competing banners. Those under the good banner can even wear purple, black or red if they want; their team can ally with former enemies, including fascists, to defeat a common foe.

So long as "good" triumphs over "evil," there is no cognitive dissonance when power aggregates; false power (illusions) coordinates workers against one another but also has them looking the other way as genocide escalates and eventually is carried out. Meanwhile, the Global South is being abused nonstop, its legends fueling the colonial guilt of the American psyche poured out onto paper, film and silicon; their crisis fuels the fear of revenge, thus making trans people the scapegoat chosen by conservative groups this time around. We enter the state of exception in the Global North, treated like orcs and goblins, but also drow, Medusa and xenomorphs (the former two anti-Semitic rape epidemics and blood libel; the latter threat each a stigma anthropomorph: the spider, snake and wasp as enemies

to squash). Like an arcade cabinet, the sensation is cheap and fast but "adds up," demanding hordes of abject, zombie-level casualties to bring the high back around: a high score (Vietnam's success was measured in kill count; re: "[Military Optimism](#)"). The whore's revenge challenges said score by breaking the system leading to its endless tally (re: the structure of invasion, on and offstage).

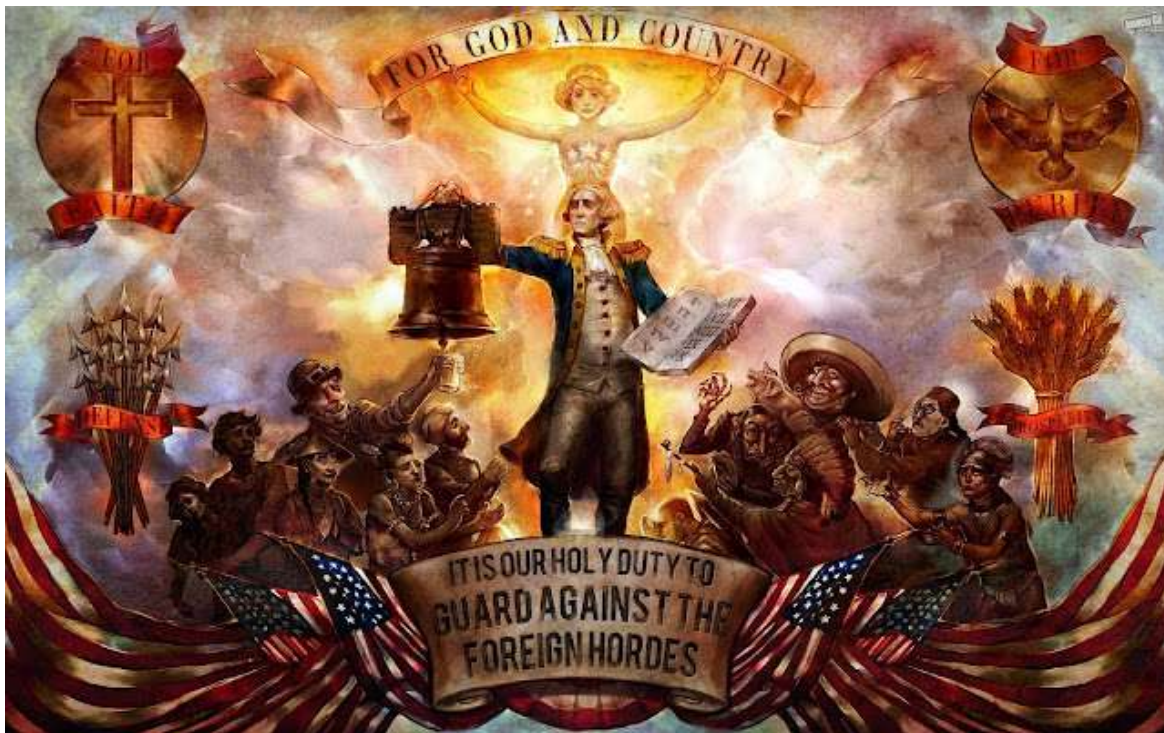


Alongside commercialized or geopolitical examples, these moderate arrangements play out laterally through socio-political platforms like Twitter. For example, the LBG Alliance allies against trans and non-binary people, framing them as enemies of progress already achieved by moderate, centrist politics. Said "progress" is really a form of centralization tied to capital advertised through political pamphlets. Not only do its members [use DARVO obscurantism against their political enemies](#) (source tweet: Sophie Robinson's defense from people basically shouting "We're not Nazis, *you're* the real Nazis!" 2022); they describe their own positions as "scientific" (code for "state-endorsed") and under attack by ideologues from the Right *and* the Left, [while also masquerading as a charity group to front their hostilities](#) (Lily Wakefield's "LGB Alliance Court Case to Decide Whether Anti-Trans Group Is Stripped of Charity Status," 2022). These are fascist tactics, dyed-in-the-wool (which neoliberalism relies on to keep the market "free," thus in the hands of those with total power).

Regardless of where and how these warlike activities transpire/materialize, any smaller offense becomes sanctionable provided it serves the Greater Good:

furthering the profitable narrative that America is morally good, hence justified in its violent acts. This violence can be from America, or from allies of America (the West/Global North: Great Britain, France, Australia, etc) materially legitimized by the global superpower. Behind this chessboard of jingoistic façades lurk the bourgeoisie, whose hegemony remains unthreatened. By profiting from war and continuously selling it back to the public, they market "good war" as synonymous with prosperity for everyone; i.e., the LGBA fights the good fight, while trans people supposedly do not.

This, of course, is total bullshit/abjection. Capitalism is prosperous for the elite, who hoard their wealth through a top-down material system that justifies its own abuses by hiding them behind material illusions, including weaponized hauntology and carceral chronotopes. While neoliberals rely on fascists to survive, both ideologies create villains and heroes that obscure genocide as endemic to Capitalism. Enemies for neoliberals are simply evil, whereas enemies for fascists are fierce, dangerous and weak. Defeating either materially benefits the elite by deliberately altering people's collective understanding of history—by funding the very stories the Base consumes. By using fantasy-as-Superstructure (a page taken from Tolkien's fantasy canon, published after the establishment of the Western and Eastern Blocs), neoliberals erase or severely weaken allegory critical of the nation-state. In doing so, they validate the latter as sovereign, but also eternal.



(source: *Bioshock: Infinite* concept art, 2013)

Iconoclasts don't simply expose how neoliberal stories obscure systemic abuse as coldly economic, the gears crushing all workers up like rendered corpses fed to the next line of chattel to fatten up (re: *The Matrix*); they reveal and condemn the poisonous, centrist ideologies that encourage direct abuse, its political endorsement, or apathy whenever and wherever it occurs. This includes TERFs, whose hatred for the patriarchy has become performatively insincere, all while hating trans people's actual guts.

Apart from disguising fascism and endorsing actual war through war pastiche, TERFs emulate neoliberals in a third way: using their stonewalling rhetoric to enable trans genocide by rescuing the good name of war. Already afraid of the middle class, TERF anti-activism stems from the neoliberal's other weapon of choice: words, but especially political incrementalism. Incrementalism is a deliberate, moderate hindering of emancipatory policies through a rhetoric of veiled threats—that barbaric regression will inevitably occur should attempts at more equal change be met. Whether through feet-dragging or downright stonewalling, neoliberals belittle emancipatory activists, claiming the latter "doesn't understand politics." All the while, they court their covert allies, fascists, for all to see.

Without changing anything material, neoliberals love to present reasoned arguments as being "automatically victorious," a stating-of-the-obvious that renders evil obsolete inside a debate circle that anyone can attend. Historically this doesn't track; the free marketplace of ideas, much like geopolitics, is merely a slippery slope fallacy that reverts to structures of power along material lines. Workers pay the price, suffering genocidal abuse under relapsing fascism while neoliberals go to war. Meanwhile on the debate stage, moderate superiority traps these same liberal hawks in a cycle of embarrassing rebuttals, telling the overt racist they're wrong when the racist person is only there in bad faith. It's all for show, a cycle of debate pastiche designed to make moderates appear reasoned against someone worse than them *a priori*.

This rhetoric whitewashes genocide as a present, ongoing event, rewriting oppressed histories into increasingly sanitized, *lucrative* forms. Those who challenge this process are defamed as morons or enemies of the state by those who are more moderate in their criticisms (e.g., Knowing Better vs Bad Empanada; re: "[The Truth About Columbus](#)"). In turn, endless consumerism upholds the neoliberal virtue of orderly conflict, which normalizes genocide by commercially translating it into good teams and bad teams of any sort—not just signature baddies, but nostalgic positions of war that individual consumers can emulate as vicarious champion units thereof, killing their evil counterparts in droves: nameless ninjas, karate dojos, power rangers, pirates, top gun graduates, etc. All the while, lateral political discussions unfold about war as something good that must occur. War is eternal, competing through moral positions tied to material conditions that do not change. Through this ceaseless back-and-forth, good defeats evil through two

outlets: superior violence and dogma projected through the global consumerism already mentioned.



We've looked at war pastiche through the false power of pussyhat feminism and herbo war bosses (re: gaslight, gatekeep...). To be holistic, I'd like to spend the next several pages examining the myth from its male, Patriarchal source in a contemporary form: the good war through *Saving Private Ryan*, specifically its role as

hypercanonical military propaganda galvanized by music as a driving force (this portion was written several years ago for my discontinued book, *Neoliberal and Fascist Propaganda in Yesterday's Heroes*, when I was still living in Florida with Jadis). Then we'll conclude the chapter section by looking at several other neoliberal tactics for stonewalling any form of activism that protests neoconservatism/renewed war fervor in canonical (thus heteronormative) war pastiche and nostalgia.

The reason I want to examine the past is that American transphobia is generally couched within *Pax Americana* through the myth of the good war as "good ol'-fashioned." In this zeitgeist, non-cis queer people either do not exist, or become reduced to a regression of moderate "olive branches" towards cis-queer people that exclude their trans, intersex and non-binary comrades; and the cycle informing future videogames copying the same basic pattern while selling it to the usual suspects: white, cis-het boys and men (and those who emulate them).

To that, the theatre of endless war requires endless propaganda, which places a tremendous, constant need on music to invigorate war as an American franchise that is fundamentally heteronormative; i.e., not just the pageantry of *Star Wars* and xenophobia of *Aliens*, but any kind of media that pops up like toadstools whenever America invades someone else. I'm not just talking Freedom Fries, Nelson DeMille paperbacks, or cheesy 9/11 ballads; I'm talking about videogames like *Doom*, *Metroid* and *Call of Duty* that—like cartoons and cinema before them—all rely on various styles of anthemic music¹³¹ to excite the consumer playing war as heteronormatively nostalgic.

¹³¹ (another except from the same discontinued book section): This section explores the use of music in heroic narratives by the rich, or otherwise serving the needs of the rich in a neoliberal sense. It's almost hard to attack them, because they were undeniably fun as a kid. And seeing how unromantic and bland the true menace that lurks behind this nostalgic veneer is, I can't help but wish we were

facing something extraordinary. Nothing so otherworldly [as the killer Martians from Metal Slug 3](#) (2000), which conveniently unite the nations (and apologize for Nazis).

Returning to the idea of slow-boil, one of the devices pivotal to neoliberal is music. Yes, there's "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "I Pledge Allegiance to the Flag." However, music is historically tied up in stupidly popular hero narratives like *Star Wars* and *Aliens* that convey their own messages. In one chapter, I briefly explored their respective potential for allegory and propaganda; in another, I explored the role of action heroes as cops. In this chapter, I'd like to explore the role of music in videogames and media in relation to action heroes as cops. Just keep in mind that I'm not dissecting fun purely for the sake of iconoclasm, nor saying these things can't still be enjoyed (more of that in part 3); I'm merely analyzing the function of music when viewed by the capitalist as useful to their true aims: Not to be good people, but to reliably turn a profit through deplorable means, lie about it, and sit on the biggest pile of gold.

The rest of this section is divided into the following subsections:

- Saturday Morning Cartoons ("Go, Joe!!!")
- Fighting Music; or, "Go Home and Be a Family Man!"
- Sports Anthems (aka Tolerating Sports and its Owners)
- War aka "The Danger Zone"
- Retro Glory

Saturday Morning Cartoons

As explored in my last chapter, action heroes further political ideals to children by presenting as neutral, family-friendly entertainment. Saturday morning cartoons accomplished this through their music. *G.I. Joe* and dozens of other cartoons had catchy themes set to deceptively well-animated intros. Amid that, they communicated the world in simple, violent terms. *Captain Planet* had its own neoliberal solution. [Its beautifully wacky music](#) reflects an equally goofy premise: "The power is yours!" Unfortunately recycling plastics is basically a con—products made from oil, [lobbied for by big oil companies for decades](#). Recycling plastics is a lie, one advertised by the likes of *Captain Planet* and shows like it since the 1980s.

Look at me, heartlessly killing Captain Planet. But I'm not grumbling aimlessly by presenting those with power as a convenient scapegoat ([what Nietzsche calls ressentiment](#)). Their role in the planet's impending demise is plain: Capitalism is everywhere, and is historically well-documented and researched. No, my feelings can be acted upon. Iconoclasm is only the first step in the departure from faith—[faith in capitalism, in this case](#). For instance, labor movements are nothing new in America; they've merely been suppressed by capitalists. (re: [Mark Fischer's "capitalist realism"](#)). The drive for meaningful worker action needs to replace the neoliberal yolk of personal responsibility. For this to happen, the myth of socialism needs to die.

This includes Red Scare tactics. These need to stop insofar as framing the Chinese and the Soviets as Communist. Rather, we need to adopt Marx's critique of capitalism (in its modern forms) before we can gradually replace dismantle neoliberalism. For this, we need someone as effective as *Captain Planet*, but teaching realistic forms of resistance to neoliberal abuse. This might seem completely at odds, but neoliberal critiques generally emerged within media that resembles, on some level, its former self. Socialism is not antithetical to Saturday morning cartoons; it's antithetical to the core tenets of capitalism that neoliberals have maximized since Reagan took office. If you think this is absurd, consider how North Korea—who are normally framed as enemies* of capitalism—[using cartoons to educate the masses](#). I'm not advocating for propaganda; I'm arguing that cartoons (and their music) can serve as powerful tools within the system of capitalism to help it evolve into something better. Something more stable, that doesn't threaten the entire planet by breeding neoliberals.

Fighting Music

Street Fighter II; The World Warrior delivered on both the gameplay and the music. *Battle Arena Toshinden* illustrated that good music is enough to be memorable, even if the gameplay stalls. Both titles were early releases for their generation's platform. Guile's theme "goes with everything" comments on the universal adaptability of a hopeful theme. In neoliberal terms, if a total enemy can

For the rest of the section, we'll focus on *Saving Private Ryan*, but there's also plenty of videogame musics that personify war to maintain the destructive, myopic illusion of Capitalist Realism; e.g., the empowerment fantasies of *Street Fighter* through fighting as a sport (footnote, above) but also more openly sports-themed, team-based videogames.

Saving Private Ryan was a huge part of this nostalgia, whose waves of terror invoke Meerloo's menticide as draped in the laurels of victory and American liberty. The same language used to divide the working classes of the American colonies, Howard Zinn points out, would be used in *Saving Private Ryan* to justify futures calls to battle, for glory and ultimately (for the elite) profit: the tireless recreation and simulation of the film's own verisimilitude as "realistic." Music is central to this aim. It conveys triumph and tragedy by appealing to our emotions, coding either outcome through a very particular goal: exploitation.

Regarding *Saving Private Ryan* as standing in a long line of American war apologia, this audiovisual attack deliberately mythologizes the individual. Placed in the hands of other men and consequently threatened with total annihilation, this person can try to make something of their lives. Such paradoxes are a goldmine for neoliberal politicians who want for soldiers. They need them to fight their proxy wars. Faced with this obvious contention, they will rehabilitate the present by regressing to nobler times.

Any good statesman can do this. Barrack Obama, for example, cites *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940) as one of his favorite stories. So did John McCain. Both men love Hemmingway's hero, Robert Jordan, who fights for a cause that is equally doomed, meaningless and brave: "They're fierce political opponents, but John McCain and Barack Obama do agree on a literary matter. Each man has picked

be designed, the hope of defeating it becomes fungible; so many simulacra can be sold and exchanged as part of the same overall supply and demand. Hence, Guile's theme goes with everything. It's the perfect antithesis to the neoliberal's fabricated enemies, the interaction between the two on a commercial level insulating their consumers to what's really going on, geopolitically.

Fighting music also pertains to a sense of conservative, patriotic anthems and struggle: i.e., [the Rhodesian anthem](#). A knight belongs to a nation; the nation and its creation myth and traditional values are under attack, to which the music spurs a defense of the nation. It's important to remember this nation as fabricated as something to defend and protect in ways that primarily benefit the elite at the cost of so many ordinary lives.

Sports Anthems

Sports are a reliable sight for cathartic drama. But the myriad gears of the capitalist machine are also laid bare—a sobering reality that is overshadowed through admittedly badass music. Even if you don't like sports, [the spectacular music for NFL Gameday](#) (1995) can make you forget how bafflingly dumb football is.

The amount of stupid shit that billionaire sports owners get away can sometimes break the spell (re: Secret Base); but they become associated with the music and the spectacle as the Providers of All That Is Fun. It certainly isn't the charts. Then again, [this so-called "chart porn"](#) is all that remains after years of economic exploitation that would rival the bread and circus of the Roman Empire.

Ernest Hemingway's novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls* as a favorite, inspirational even" ([source](#): Renee Montagne's "Robert Jordan, Hemingway's Bipartisan Hero," 2008). Jordan's story results in zero accountability for those at the top, and a general lack of empathy all around. As Jordan is sacrificed for the greater good, neoliberal bipartisans exploit his death; they get to puff themselves up while peddling endless war as inevitable, but salvageable with the proper mindset: war can be good if you think of it as good—i.e., by remembering the images "from" good wars, not bad ones like Vietnam (another reason for war hawks on either side of the establishment aisle to love/hate Black Sabbath: the cryptonymy of sex, drugs and rock 'n roll abused by white Western men, American or not).



This engineered mindset argues that "war is chaos" without questioning why. Instead, it offers the common worker two shitty choices: meaningless death or *meaningful* death. This approach is all too common in canonical war propaganda, whose narratives are deliberately engineered to offer ultimatums. But even this choice is illusory. While Captain Miller dies in *Saving Private Ryan*, for example, he did not choose his time and place; neither did their training help to keep his troopers alive. Despite the appearance of sound and fury, though, Captain Miller isn't blasted to kingdom come; he is methodically sacrificed and honored as an advertisement of valor. Thus Spielberg only flirts with chaos. It remains a

deliberately drafted message that humanizes the Americans, while demonizing their prescribed enemies.

Leading up to the final moment, *Saving Private Ryan* is incredibly nostalgic and deceptive. Awash with military pathos, it pointedly phrases the entire struggle as foregone, [but also good](#) (Kay and Skittles' "How Enemy At The Gates Lies To You: *Saving Private Ryan*, Othering, And Cold War Narratives," 2022; timestamp: 28:43) and decided by an out-of-touch general in love with Lincoln's letter to a widow. This appeal to emotion is manipulative all on its own, his underlings hanging their heads in shame. In turn, the men they order to save Ryan bicker about *their* lot, weighing duty and personal responsibility against the desire to mutiny. It's voiced as patently absurd. And yet, as their friends around them slowly die, these same critics abandon any form of resistance. They choose to save Ryan to feel better about themselves: "Maybe saving Private Ryan is the one good thing we did in this whole, godawful shitty mess; maybe if we save him, we can all get to go home." This illusion of autonomy coincides with the ideal soldier as emotionally committed to their obvious function: the forlorn hope.

This tactic of suicide is dubiously endorsed by Spielberg's cunning maneuvers. The sleight-of-hand occurs through the appearance of contradiction: Whereas the opening shows the men on Omaha Beach being cut to ribbons (invoking the Almighty as they die for a Christian¹³² god they're taught to worship and fear through staged combats, the scene set for sacrifice as thousands-upon-millions of patriots for the Great Good, then sold as propaganda decades later), the last scene in the film showcases an impossible last stand. The heroes kill unrealistic

¹³² The language of Christian superiority would be present over General (and future American President) Eisenhower's 1944 "Order of the Day":

Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force!

You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hope and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts, you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight savagely.

But this is the year 1944! Much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940-41. The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats, in open battle, man-to-man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground. Our Home Fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men. The tide has turned! The free men of the world are marching together to Victory! I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full Victory!

Good luck! And let us beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking ([source](#)).

Translation: "Go kill yourselves for us, lol!"

amounts of Germans, before being sacrificed by Spielberg. He kills them one by one, saving Captain Miller for last. Mortally wounded, Miller tells Ryan to "earn it."



([source](#): National Guard, 2013)

At first, Miller's order might seem bizarre or esoteric, until we see the effect on Ryan. Decades later, he hates himself in a very *Christian* way—i.e., thinking himself a "bad man" because someone "better" than him died to save him (making Spielberg the ironically Jewish drafter of a Christ-like sacrifice). Thus, what starts off as a documentary on the horrors of war transforms into war propaganda channeled through survivor's guilt by a Jewish author of Christian dogma (a token reversal of the Christian defense: I have done *good* so I can do no wrong" becoming "I have *survived* wrong so we can do no wrong!")

What's worse, Spielberg's target is the next generation as having "survived" a war they never lived to see. He presents scene after scene of nameless dead boys eulogized by music. The heroes look on, but so do we. Their banter of resistance gradually relents. Spielberg guilt-trips the audience by presenting dutiful soldiers

who appear to make their own choices. They babysit the clean-faced Ryan, then die to save him, leaving behind fields of marble crosses, but also songs that evoke the victorious dead (the obsession with victory being a common denominator between the Allied and Axis Powers, or indeed, any nation-state marching soldiers off to war).



Leading up to the sacrifice, these men are shown to be *somewhat* feminine by American standards. Schoolteachers, translates and dress-makers, they joined the war effort and survived countless battles only to die saving Ryan because they "chose" to. The last among them tasks Ryan with the impossible: to earn what no man can realistically hope to live up to (there is always someone stronger). To borrow (and twist) Jane Austen's infamous, unhappy question about Marianne Dashwood, Ryan was born to an extraordinary fate:

With such a confederacy against *him*—with a knowledge so intimate of their goodness, and with a conviction of their fond attachment to *himself*—which at last, though long after it was observable to everybody else, burst on him—what could *he* do? (to riff on Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*).

This shotgun "wedding to war" plays not just on Ryan, but anyone who didn't serve. And even those most virtuous in *Saving Private Ryan* are compelled to violence—not just Miller, but his obvious foil, the translator. Keeping with the "false power" narrative, killing the enemies and/or dying on the front lines "makes a man out of them"—a perfect simulation for war-as-a-business, hence why it was adapted to the FPS as an already popular videogame genre.

Spielberg's vengeful war epic is a far cry from *Schindler's List* (1990). His visual arguments are intentionally set to music that play on overwrought emotions. Spielberg repeats ideas back to them using music, offering criticism that is outweighed by sheer emotional freight as the mask slowly comes off. By the time it has, we're clearly meant to hate the Germans as pure evil. These bastards deserve to be shot, even by dweebs like us. This cycle of war pastiche is hopelessly recycled in ways that suck the life out of the material, but also its consumers through the zombification of war anthems.

Per Zinn, Spielberg is singing a very different tune about war than German Sherman did (an early "author" of so-called "total/modern war") comparing closer to Eisenhower's cheery "order of the day" from 1944: "I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for blood, for vengeance, for desolation. War is hell." Small wonder considering he was tasked within leading these "hard war" offenses on the field against his own countrymen:

The Vicksburg Campaign signaled the beginning of the Union's hard war policy, permitting whatever was necessary including the destruction of civilian property to bring the conflict to an end. During the Vicksburg Campaign, Grant lived off the land for a time, allowing his army to take what it needed from civilians in its path. Approximately seven months after the fall of Vicksburg, Sherman applied the "hard hand of war" against central Mississippi during the Meridian operation.

This operation was different in that, for the first time, Sherman instructed Union troops to wage a war of destruction, leaving civilians with enough for survival but not enough to support military activity. The Meridian operation, which provided a blueprint for Sherman's March to the Sea, was also an example of psychological warfare, meant to destroy any hope the people might have had of a Confederate victory ([source](#): Bill of Rights Institute's "William Tecumseh Sherman and Total War," 2023).

The fact remains, war is a *theatre* and Sherman's theatre was grim; 20th century war was grim until it wasn't, becoming optimistic, forgotten, criminal, covert, then ultimately rescued by Spielberg. The barbarism and utter destruction of American-led war played into war fever as something to stoke in stages; deny, obfuscate and discredit was joined with the age-old narrative of American Liberalism, concealing the atrocities of war and selling war as something to ease people into states of subdued panic and alarm fatigue, over and over.

This can be the kayfabe of Vince McMahon's '90s wrestling during the Gulf War or the vigilante pastiche of neoliberal videogame streams like the *Streets of Rage* series or FPS across the board. A similar trend can be seen through the music that is used in war films, even if they're not explicitly shot for "realism" (meaning

they pertain to an attempt at historical accuracy regarding military regalia/army kit): Superhero movies the likes of which pushed America into WW2 in the minds of the middle-class public; team-based sports with monstrous-feminine herbos that make the men who run the show bank by playing the Nazi in-game, as well as symboling TERF rhetoric and active violence in the streets; and the language of war as something to subvert, mid-entropy and state crisis.

In short, good music is catchy and lends itself well to any political movement as much as fetishized, Gothic aesthetics do. It can take hold of you, but this hold as



affected by dialectical-material principles that shift. The context behind New Order's "Blue Monday" (1983), then, was very different in its heyday than when used as an advertisement jingle for *Wonder Woman: 1984* (2020).

(models: Zeuhl and [Persephone van der Waard](#), taken by a wedding guest at my brother's 2019 wedding)

For me, though, the context is idiosyncratic because of when, where and why I heard it: It was a song that Zeuhl especially loved and introduced to me in Manchester while we studied together at MMU. I loved it, at first. However, after they broke up with me and started telling me how I felt, I heard Peter Hook's words (and postpunk) in an altogether different light. The cryptonymy was muddled by Zeuhl betraying me the way Hook and company eventually sold out, themselves (as much through incompetence as bad faith; re: [The Hacienda: How Not to Run a Club](#)):

How does it feel
To treat me like you do? [...]

I still find it so hard
To say what I need to say
But I'm quite sure that you'll tell me
Just how I should feel today ([source](#)).

Note; Zeuhl's a regular character in my book series; for more mention of them and our Manchester adventure, read "[The Eyeball Zone](#)" footnote detailing them at length (and "[Non-Magical Detectives](#)" to unmask them) —Perse, 5/5/2025

In turn, the same goes for Amazons and any other monstrous-feminine occupant of the Gothic as postpunk disguise; i.e., from oppositional cryptonymy as a matter of music combined with graffiti, bodies (superheroes operating as alter-egos that are, like Amazons, paradoxically exposed, on and offstage; re: "[Prey as Liberators](#)"):



(exhibit 100c5: [Source](#): Jude Rodgers' "A Watershed Moment in British Pop," 2020.
Jude writes:

"Blue Monday's" reference points have been discussed by the band ever since. Its stuttering drum-machine beat mimicked one on Donna Summer's 1979 track, "Our Love." Its bassline was influenced by Sylvester's disco hit, "You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)," and a twanging bass figure from Ennio Morricone's soundtrack to For a Few Dollars More.

A robotic choir sound was sampled directly from Kraftwerk's 1975 album track, "Uranium," using a machine New Order had acquired, the Emulator. "Bernard and Stephen [Morris, fellow band member] had worked out how to use it by spending hours recording farts," Gilbert explained in a 2013 Guardian interview.

The track was released only as a 12-inch, and its iconic sleeve was designed by artist Peter Saville to look like a computer floppy disc, complete with die-cut sections. It also featured coloured blocks and a key that spelt out the band's name and tracks. Their label, Factory Records, sold the single

at a retail price of £1, but each cost £1.10 to produce. It sold more than 500,000 in this version, a loss of £50,000 for Factory.)

Divorced from my personal context overseas in the late 2010s—but also the band's patchwork creation of the work, [Shaun of the Dead \(2004\) inside jokes](#), or HAL-9000 eyeball art (an imitation of Margaret Thatcher's all-seeing eye) —the song simply amounts to the likes of a blind replica on par with "Zombie Simpsons" and so much undead pastiche: empty and replicated, missing the human element. Furthermore, any political bite has vanished; all that remains in the product hiding in plain sight (e.g., *The Simpsons'* El Barto or Capcom's Kimberly as a recuperation of rap and graffiti art into merchandise to buy).



(exhibit 100c6: Artist, right: [Reiq](#). A year after *Blade Runner* and a year before 1984 [[and Ridley Scott's Apple computer commercial](#); source: Retro Recipes, 2023]. The constant feeling of surveillance is canonized, contrasted against the street/graffiti artist as an unruly vandal whose activities must be reframed within a polite, middle-class aesthetic: the "kid-friendly" punk, not the radical kind that's "bad for business" [e.g., [Graffiti Radical's media feed](#)]. As Rudolf Rocker writes in *Anarcho-Syndicalism* [1938]:

Power operates only destructively, bent always on forcing every manifestation of life into the straitjacket of its laws. Its intellectual form of expression is dead dogma, its physical form brute force. And this

unintelligence of its objectives sets its stamp on its supporters also and renders them stupid and brutal, even when they were originally endowed with the best of talents. One who is constantly striving to force everything into a mechanical order at last becomes a machine himself and loses all human feeling ([source](#)).

To be blunt, Kimberly is made for these purposes; i.e., a sexpot token street athlete who moonlights through an alter-ego because she chooses to, not out of necessity [e.g., Peter Parker syndrome—the weekend sleuth]. She's a vigilante, commodified with a system that profits off her image as "cute," "hip" and obsessed with nostalgia as something to hook youngsters on; in short, she's false rebellion/controlled opposition as a total package—the sexy ninja girl bred on dumb comic books: "The idea has become the institution."



[sources: [Graffiti Radical](#), [Bene Regoef](#), and [Dywizjon 161](#)]

Conversely the idea of radical graffiti treats the world like a canvas to convey systemic wrongs—i.e., people before property. Art becomes sloganized in ways that cannot be controlled and, indeed, are unconcerned with the way it goes about so long as the message is communicated without hurting workers. If private property/capital is repurposed for this aim, then all the

better. As always, catchy-but-empty slogans like Blizzard's "Hack the planet!" are astroturf gibberish and should be avoided [or at least repurposed]; but for every word emptied of meaning by capitalist shenanigans, the anti-capitalist sentiment is conveyed, in part through the destruction of actual corporate/state property mixed with ironic humor and, at times, absurdism: "Sex is cool but have you ever fucked the system?" [[source tweet](#): Radical Graffiti]. Genuine revolution isn't bought in franchised stores, simply to be a cool sticker for its own sake; it's what the sticker is attached to and why—often single-copy ephemera/snapshots working through the viral nature of human language to incorporate the universal adaptability of symbols, music, photographs and icons [often in concert] in ways that subvert and repurpose problematic elements, or reinstall gritty revolutionary sentiment as a legitimate symbol of activism and oppression [no Nazi punks, in other words, but also moderate/recuperated "punks"]; e.g., the picket sign as embodied by sex workers holding signs but also wearing and personifying them mid-struggle while holding

the cameras themselves [the best defense/means of expose police abuse is photographing everything] exhibit 62a2.)

War music is no different in terms of how it can become blind pastiche, with *Saving Private Ryan* splintering into countless copycats. At first, the sets were the same; the guns were the same; the music was the same. From *Medal of Honor* (1999) came *Call of Duty* (2003), *Battlefield* and a veritable legion of online sequels that showed war in the past, present and future, at various places around the globe. They sold through a tacit argument—of "empowering" players through violence as part of a larger conflict, while furtively acclimating them for war as something to hear about, or even participate in themselves.

Furthermore, while the trend starts with "nobler" wars, *Battlefield: 1942* (2002) gives way to *Vietnam* (2004), until games like *Battlefield 2: Modern Combat* (2005) and *Call of Duty 4: Modern Warfare* (2007) approach modern war as neoliberal—not a defense from the Axis Powers, but simply foreign policy being business-as-usual. Music becomes a way to rehabilitate these proxy wars by occasionally re-invoking Spielberg's musical arguments.

For instance, the music in *Allied Assault* (2002) is strikingly beautiful; e.g., [the game's main theme by Michael Giacchino](#). It nonetheless frames war

- on neutral ground
- in romantic language
- with pointed goals

The developers of *Allied Assault* carefully leveled this approach at the next generation, teaching *them* to "earn it." This can be done as many times as needed. As public attitudes on war invariably become dovish, neoliberal politicians play their part. So do giant review mills like IGN, routinely awarding *Call of Duty* clones with reliably high marks in order to manipulate gullible consumers. In turn, consumers become fans; fans "do their part" at home, [becoming reactionaries who attack SJWs](#) (Thought Slime's "How the Far-Right Weaponizes Nostalgia," 2020) and other threats to the neoliberal war machine. Such persons are grifters on every register.

The biggest zombies, then, are the consumers themselves (evoking George Romero's "braindead mall" from 1978, albeit in the 21st century's online videogame market). Comments on YouTube videos like "[Medal of Honor: Allied Assault | Full Soundtrack \(OST\)](#)" (2020) present the music not simply as nostalgic, but tied to a digital homefront bearing equal freight: a time youngsters want to return to, where no queer people exist (the comments have since been removed; but when I originally wrote this section, several years ago, they were still available and hopelessly effusive towards Spielberg's imaginary WW2 past). Regardless if it sounds serious or cheerful, any slice of this marketing device through music is designed to transport seasoned veterans and greenhorns alike to a "better time,"

one inside videogames and the communities built around them. Consumers for war games are targeted young. Without realizing it, they become dependent on these poignantly emotional, parasocial/-textual connections.

Often, the consequence is consumer death, specifically of the text but also the market that produced it. In fact, [there's a whole genre](#) on Alpha Beta Gamer dedicated to dead worlds and dead games (e.g., "*No Players Online* - Creepy PS1 Era Styled Horror Set in the Empty Servers of an Old FPS Game!" 2020). When those at the top inevitably move on, servers die and shut down; their players, like the veterans actual wars, are left feeling abandoned even betrayed.

Capital is undead; as a cycle of capital—and tied to various gameworlds whose glory has long since fled—these straw dogs become "undead," desperately in search of new territories that can restore their dwindling life force. They also view this as "normal" and present the cycle to the next in line, who become reliable consumers that don't question the routine existence of a collapsing market. And so on. Zombie customers purchase music to capture the glory of a former time, a simpler era when men were men and women were women (and queer people didn't exist). This demonstrates blind pastiche as useful to those who wish to preserve the status quo.

Think of *Doom Eternal* shamelessly riffing off Alan Silvestri's *Predator* (1987) soundtrack, or *Streets of Rage 4* shuffling through the franchise's greatest hits (and visual style; re: exhibit 34c2, "[Fatal Homecomings](#)"¹³³). This nostalgia can exist

¹³³ Which also cites from *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes*—specifically from a mostly-finished piece on *Streets of Rage 4* (2020) that I never released, "Policing Bodies" (2021). Said piece was written alongside "[Military Optimism](#)" but never released. I've since decided to release the entire original script for "Policing Bodies"; i.e., [on my old blog where I wrote it](#).



([source](#))

through tremendous feelings of manufactured joy. By selling it, neoliberals avoid accountability while capitalizing on a growing sense of apathy *in* their consumers.



The historical-material function (outcome) of this recycled dogma is systemic exploitation through Capitalism, aka genocide, as something to overlook through the power fantasy (regardless of its Faustian design). Ratified by Enlightenment thinkers, their abusive/coercive legacy produced a system of genocidal, Cartesian violence that neoliberals help conceal, mid-cryptonymy.

Much of this concealment is committed through an empty promise, swearing their abstract debate victories translate to the real world *if the market decides it to be correct*. This will never happen; the emancipatory nature of a liberalized capitalist market is the neoliberal's biggest lie, weaving "waves of terror" into personal responsibility rhetoric sold back to the public through myths of good war that remain steadily dimorphic, Quixotic. Anyone who challenges this status quo is discredited, including the LGBTQ+ community. Non-cis queer persons and their allies will be deliberately framed as lunatics, liars, or doomed victims¹³⁴ of genocide who cannot be saved. Only the free market matters. The free market will change. Except it never, ever does.

¹³⁴ Falling under the state of exception, this includes those whose exploitation from U.S. foreign policy is obvious, but whose clemency is denied because it is "impossible"; i.e., not actually impossible, but framed as such by smarty-pants neoliberals [who gatekeep further change by calling it "impractical"](#) (Bad Empanada 2's "Liberal Zionism Dissected (Again!) – Loner Box BACKTRACKS, Adopts My Positions He Argued Against," 2022; timestamp: 33:44). This gives them an out (taking the moral high ground) while also letting them "be realistic" in defense of U.S. Capitalism overseas; e.g., the Zionist *centrist* argument [that Palestinians deserve a human Right of Return, not a physical one](#) (Bad Empanada 2's "How to Spot a Right-Wing Leftist: Justifying Liberal Outcomes With Leftist Language," 2022; timestamp: 4:14).

Before we close out the subchapter and move onto NERFs, a few last-second points about neoliberals; i.e., the ideology of the (usually) men who run the show, the billion-dollar companies, industries and executives pushing the system to its limit. Neoliberals uphold the status quo with material advantage and rhetorical expertise. One, they press their considerable material means, preventing socio-material change through grand illusions: "An enemy that is out there, waiting to strike. Who will answer the call?" Think Professor X and his titular X-Men, waiting greedily to assimilate and pinkwash genocide. Magneto was the good guy in that



story (exploitation and liberation share the same spaces, as do heroes and villains, humans and mutants)!

Two, neoliberals are white/token moderates, which means they belittle emancipatory politics (and its material offshoots created by iconoclasts)

within a circuitous rhetoric of manners: Concession is polite, and it's rude to ask for more than crumbs. Built on xenophobia, personal responsibility and canonical awe, neoliberals shame, hypnotize and divide workers, making a united stand against their bourgeois overlords impossible because work is not only good, it must be fought by white cis-het men and women. Doing so will "set you free," as J.K. Rowling posits; it's not its own reward, but the noose that will hang the TERF war boss where she stands, then call it "the cost of doing business/of war" (much like the German army was utterly brutalized at Stalingrad during the Eastern Front).

TERFs employ all of these rhetorical and material schemes in their own war on workers (e.g., Jadis shaming me for criticizing J.K. Rowling). Like neoliberals, TERFs also court fascists, helping disguise them not just by normalizing them, but through continual appeasement framed as honest debate. Through debate, TERFs use neoliberal illusions and incrementalism, making concessions that fascist dogma will tolerate.

This includes tolerating sexist media (or sexist interpretations of sexualized media) that fascists produce. Fascists will accept TERF aid in bad faith because they want to achieve official power. Once this happens, their generosity will vanish; they will betray their former allies by revoking TERF concessions and installing a fascist hierarchy in their stead. Odessa will vanish, [replaced with a dutiful, soon-to-be-raped-and-battered trad wife](#) (Novara Media's "Ash Sarkar Debunks Tradwives," 2023); it's the taming of the shrew, putting the tomboy in a wedding dress. In other words, its standard-issue cult behavior dressed up as paligenetic

ultranationalism... trussed up in a feminist girdle that *isn't* Communist—a real Jacob's ladder in defense of the state, full of knots and inherent contradictions that agree that Leftism is the devil.



([source](#): Dazed's "Pride Has Forgotten Its Truly Radical Roots," 2018)

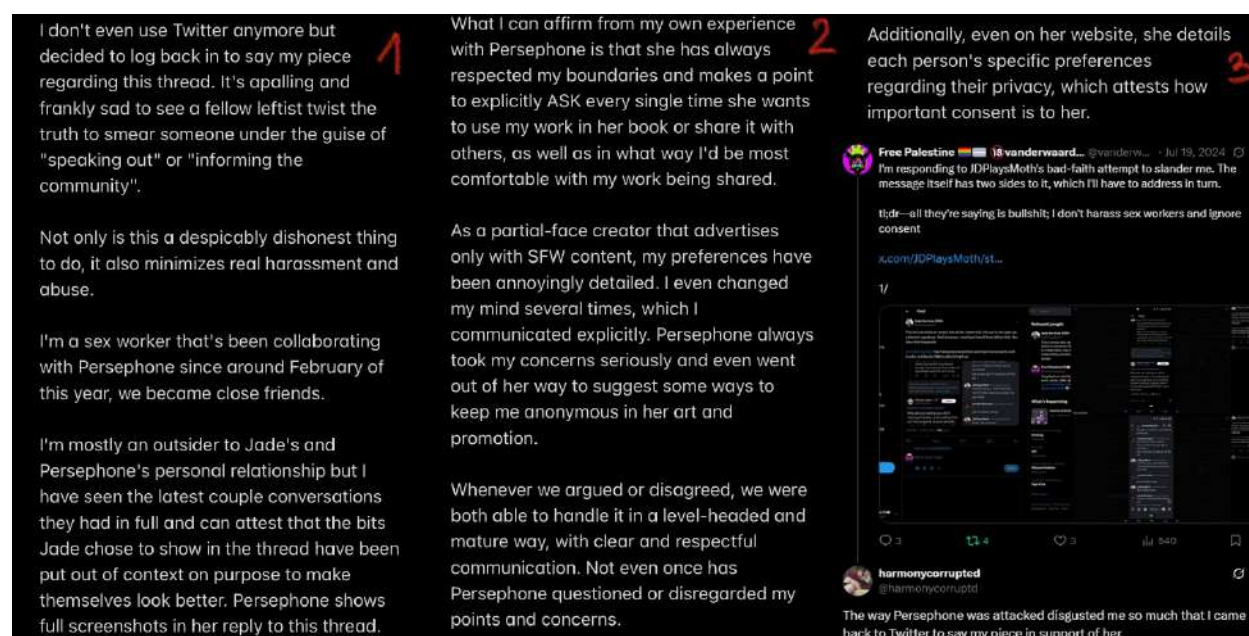
Courting fascists stonewalls activism by masking its greatest deterrents, calling these persons the neutralizing

moderate language of "gender-critical" to hide what they really are: TERFs. By doing so, TERFs are fascist themselves, proudly calling themselves "not feminists" like Keen-Minshull does. To this, it's important to view sexist media as potentially fascist, and fascist sexism as something to recognize in seemingly more moderate forms, each working at various speeds to keep things the same, thus guarantee fascism as internalized from an early age. Remember that preservations of the status quo variably lead to Capitalism-in-crisis. However, regardless of when that occurs, some groups are invariably imperiled *before* the boiling point. In other words, only white cis-het people are slow-boiled alive (as Three Arrows points out [regarding the slow descent into fascism in the United States versus the Weimar Republic](#)—source: "America's Coming Weimar Moment," 2021); trans, intersex and non-binary people are placed directly on the burner, feeling the heat from the start.

TERF moderates disguise this reality—and fascism's endemic nature within Capitalism more broadly—through a variety of full- and half-masks. They can call themselves "gender-critical" if they want, but they *have* to show support to the elite; this means proudly displaying as girl-boss lesbians, swordswomen, and suffragettes, as well as using dogwhistles (re: [the UK suffragette colors: purple, white, green](#)). As such, their moderate veneer of outward good manners and activism-in-the-abstract becomes the perfect disguise for violent reactionaries to hide behind, endangering trans, intersex and non-binary people in the bargain. This is not an accident; TERFs intentionally target trans people to demonstrate their fealty to the powers that be, attacking the latter's political targets in exchange for clemency (which is really just a brief reprieve) but also financial rewards. This includes sanctioning violence against trans allies, often through *neurotypical* "shower curtain" rhetoric (the traumatized woman afraid of being vulnerable in her own home, naked in the shower or taking a shit with her pants down, fearing the

fag with a knife beyond the Black Veil—the transphobic defense of the safe space [the public/private restroom] a manufactured hysteria that echoing Radcliffe's battered, xenophobic debutantes hearing voices in the walls of dark castle that has *something* dangerous inside; i.e., the weaponization of earned paranoia to fabricate imaginary enemies to benefit their abusers by turning the victim into a useful fool; its infantile conversion therapy—a factory of turning trad wives, but also potential activists, into adult child soldiers).

These mercenary tactics manifest within the queer community through paradoxical in-fighting and neurodivergent tokenism (queerness, especially gender-non-conforming examples, having a *neurodivergent* flavor): trans-on-trans violence and trans enbyphobia, specifically binary trans enbyphobes (discrimination against non-binary people by binary trans people).



([source tweet](#), Harmony Corrupted: July 20th, 2024)

Next, we'll explore both forms of marginalized in-fighting in two parts. In part one, we'll consider my own personal experiences: as a AMAB sex worker encountering transphobia from AFAB sex workers online, including trans men (whose betrayals Harmony helped resist through their supporting of me during these times, above). Part two will look at queer bosses like Natalie Wynn, Hunter Schafer and Buck Angel.

Accommodated/Assimilated Minorities, part one: My Story of Trans-on-Trans Violence; or, the Abuse of a Trans Women Sex Worker by AFAB Sex Workers (Cis or Trans)

"What is a [woman]? A miserable, little pile of secrets!"

—Matt Walsh/Dracula, *What is a Woman?* (2021) / *Castlevania: Symphony of the Night*



(exhibit 100c7: Model and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl, in 2017. I was skinnier back then and Zeuhl was less of a prude: "You're really good at this!" they told me, snapping appreciatively as I posed nude for them in the Manchester sunlight. At the time, I had never done a shoot before, but discovered right away that I liked it; posing cutely and acting femme felt correct to me.)

Note: This chapter section was originally written as a response to the abuse that I—a trans woman sex worker, writer and artist—was receiving online from AFAB sex workers about this book. [I originally wrote it down when it occurred just to keep a record of it](#) (2023), but decided very quickly to include it in the book and expand on it. I did so because it included an element of marginalized trans in-fighting I hadn't covered yet: trans-on-trans violence, specifically of binary trans people fighting

amongst themselves to the detriment of worker solidarity and class, culture and race consciousness. —Perse, back in 2024

P.S. (5/5/2025), Various events have happened since May 2023. I've decided to include them [in the same Google Docs file](#). Some are mentioned elsewhere in the book series (e.g., Jade, in "[Policing the Whore](#)").

Fascism doesn't just weaponize cis trauma and privilege against queer persons. It tokenizes it as something to internalize. Transphobia, for instance, can happen with transmen being transphobic towards transwomen (or vice versa); of cis-het or cis-queer people towards trans people. Male privilege is a thing but so is male *stigma*, which tends to come out more from AFAB sex workers' xenophobia towards cis-male sex workers or trans women sex workers. The latter are branded by the former as threats for having penises and taking money and paid jobs away from AFAB sex workers (to which paid labor belongs to overt sex worker positions instead of sexually dimorphized, unpaid forms of "women's work," like childbirth, "wifely duties," housework, etc) while also being seen as the universal clientele that must pay cash transactions during business exchanges.

This bias extends to AMAB content creators like artists or writers creating content with or about AFAB persons, who will often cite them as having a "Male Gaze" on account of them having a penis; i.e., being a "false" woman, wearing a "disguise" to enter women's spaces by trying to get "free nudes" even when the exchange taking place is expressed as "labor for labor." These biases towards trans women by trans men are generally informed by preexisting stereotypes of cis-het men vs cis women: boys are gross and made from slugs, snails and puppy dog tails (which extends to male humor and male behaviors as fundamentally violent); girls, of sugar, spice and everything nice (excluding immodest female behavior as hysterical, tied to the ancient stereotype of the wandering womb) whose trauma is "superior" to AMAB struggles, aka "rape ranking."

The double standard, here, is used to abject trans women by transphobic trans men, who are falling back on their side of this heteronormative standard while still identifying as trans men; i.e., "the good transes." They adopt a new label and co-opt the implied modesty argument while bashing trans women as secretly gross. During witch hunts, this purported misbehavior becomes something to uncover, and indeed I was labeled as "disgusting" or "sick" by trans men who were, by all accounts, acting like transphobic cis women. That's how worker division works.

In fiscal terms, the common argument I inferred was, "you approached them, first, ergo its unprofessional to ask for nudes unless *they* asked first." In fact, I encountered many arguments that tried to publicly dictate my private dealings with other sex workers and artists, often made by people who had made zero attempt to tell me privately during our own exchanges that my behavior bothered them; afterward, I was given statements like "sex workers only want money,"

which makes two false claims: One, "All sex workers want money, not art; i.e., art is free, nudes are not"; two, "you are not a sex worker." The bias, here, is being committed primarily by AFAB sex workers (cis or trans) against me as an artist *and* trans woman (many of whom are "fin doms," which is an incredibly lazy and dubious form of sex work—akin to "aggressive begging"; focus on aggressive instead of begging, dehumanizing label of "pay pigs" and focusing on negotiation). It's marginalized in-fighting on a social platform that has become increasingly conservative in the passing months, with those less marginalized punching down against those more marginalized to appease the white, cis-het, male consumer base on Twitter. It's these AFAB workers, including trans men, towing the line as "legion whores," following the camp from the rear while the male soldiers march in lockstep.



(exhibit 100d: Artist: [Pablo Picasso](#). Picasso's work is generally revered for the name attached to it; i.e., of Picasso as the self-proclaimed "greatest" artist of the 20th century. In truth, he was a sexist pig/pedophile whose cubism, Hannah Gadsby remarks in Nanette, didn't include the perspectives of women. Re: Marta of Forever Barcelona writes extensively on Picasso's behavior,

Picasso wouldn't be Picasso without all of his women. A huge part of his work revolves around women, specially [sic] the ones he had love relationships with. But the way he treated them was often abusive. He'd be attracted by their youth, their beauty and talent, suck it off, then brutally substitute them by a new acquisition when they couldn't offer him anything else.

Maybe he learnt such misogynistic behavior from his father, who introduced him to the Barcelona brothels when he was just 13 years old to make him "a man." And he continued visiting them: his famous painting "The Demoiselles d'Avignon" actually represents the women that worked in a brothel in Avinyó street in Barcelona.

The truth is that he had a very low concept of females and said sentences such as:

"There are only two kinds of women: goddesses and doormats."

"Women are machines for suffering."

"Each time I leave a woman, I should burn her. Destroy the woman, destroy the past she represents."

He indeed destroyed many of them. Only a few were strong enough to survive their relationship successfully. To see themselves first idolized in Picasso's paintings, then savagely decomposed when another mistress entered his life [[source](#)].

What a cunt.)

To that, I found myself constantly surrounded by people who were calling me names, branding me for things I did not do and provoking me inside a ring of reactive abuse. They didn't need to explicitly say "art is free, nudes aren't" or "you're not a sex worker, you're an artist" or "you're not a real woman; you're taking away our money," etc; their actions indicated as such while making me a punching bag—i.e., someone they could attack because, I suspect, they as trans men and cis women, feel powerless in the midst of the paradigm shift on Twitter/the world and decided they wanted to punch down at a trans woman instead of those who are actually oppressing them. The lengths they went to do so included black mail, veiled threats, impeaching my character, posting private conversations out of context, black-booking me, hypocritically lying about their own conduct with me, and so on.

I suspect these attempts were to provoke me into snapping—either calling them names or leaking their reference material out of spite or doxxing them, etc. I

did nothing of the kind, trying to defend myself as well as I could while giving the people I've worked with the benefit of the doubt. I dealt with my accuser directly and accused them of being bad faith and abusive; I went to my friends and people I'd worked with to try and confirm if my behavior had been inappropriate, despite no one having indicated this. In short, if anyone was harboring ill will, they had acted like things were fine as we negotiated, and kept their true feelings secret. That's the very definition of bad faith: hiding one's true intentions! Perhaps they felt no malice, at first, but it's terrible communication and entirely on them; expecting me to be a mind-reader or implying that I "somehow knew" is coercive and abusive.

In conclusion, the sex workers treating me this way were primarily cis-/trans AFAB persons. They were TERFs whose abuse included trans-on-trans violence, but also discrimination towards artists while acting as the gatekeepers of sex, labor and artistic expression (which has an oddly SWERF-TERF flavor to it: forcing artists/trans women to "stay in their lane" while treating art and sex as completely separate practices that are wholly cash-transactional as dictated [at least on the ground floor] by female workers).

I don't know if I'll do a write-up about this; I already address TERFs and SWERFs a great deal in my book and some aspects of marginalized in-fighting, assimilation fantasy and class betrayal. However, the sections in my book concern trans people being enbyphobic and the LGB Alliance, but there isn't a specific section on trans-on-trans violence. Given how it's so marginalized, I might use my own recent experiences to create a new section in the book at the end of my chapter about TERFs: a section about trans men being transphobic towards trans women "in the wild" according to my experiences, first-hand. I had never heard about this before, having only come out last August, and only having reached a larger group of sex workers in the past couple of months for it to even become an issue if it was one (it was).

In any event, this summarizes the events of the past couple of days from my point of view. I've written them down now after I've had time to process them, block abusers, and communicate with friends. I've also had a full-night's rest for the first time in days and in general feel ready to speak about these matters outside the influence of my abusers. As I consider my work to be about the prevention of worker exploitation and abuse, I consider it my duty to report on these issues, wherever they occur, and to study and learn from them. That includes my experiences as a trans-woman sex worker, artist and writer who has devoted her entire life to the betterment of all workers.



(exhibit 100c8: model and photographer, left: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl in 2018; middle and right: Persephone van der Waard, in 2021 and 2020. The middle photo was taken in a dressing room in Florida, when my ex, Jadis, was love-bombing me by buying me nice clothes; the right photo was taken shortly after I left Florida and started doing sex work at a new location where I wouldn't be abused by the person I was living with.)

It's important to remember, here, that Capitalism sexually-dimorphizes all workers under Capitalism; its structured, reactive abuse is biased, happening less towards less-marginalized workers and more towards more-marginalized workers. The further outside the heteronormative order and colonial binary you go, the more this leads to an increasingly entropic degree of worker division; i.e., punching down, class betrayal and ignorance—especially from those who have already been abused. Those in the middle—mainly cis women, who have cis-privilege—will punch down against trans women more than men, because they conflate AMAB trans/nonbinary people with the cis-het men who normally abuse them.

However, this double standard extends to AFAB people being the expected party to perform sex work while catering to cis-het men as the universal clientele. These vigilante "chasers" of trans women will treat trans women as "weak boys" they can dominate and fetishize; they will see trans men as "confused women," whose abuse will lead trans men to punch down against trans women, who *they* see as "weak," easy targets that cis-TERFs will also attack and label as "false women." However, the classic "divide and conquer" strategy is also in full effect here, incentivizing AFAB people and trans women to—from the Patriarchal, heteronormative perspective—fight amongst themselves (even when trans women are just trying to stave off abuse). In these instances, it's important to remember that the recipients of abuse are commonly trans women (and cis-male sex workers)

being abused by trans men as a smaller offshoot of the transphobic AFAB sex worker community.

The abuse works in favor of the status quo as a form of assimilation: "If we abuse these people, we won't be attacked ourselves." It's false hope, trusting things not to get worse. When they do, trans men will have to go in the closet, and AFAB workers will be forced to do unpaid sex work, leading paid sex work to become a criminalized, unprotected enterprise. It will be privatized by the elite through porn companies while individual sex workers (of any gender or sex) live on the streets, being brutalized by their pimps. Queer people will be closeted. And cis men under this heteronormative order will be abused as well, forced into roles they may not enjoy that either have them becoming victims or abusers themselves.



(exhibit 100c9: Artist, left: [Josef Engelhart](#); right: [Toulouse Lautrec](#)—source: "The Belle Époque, Heyday of Paris Brothels [2023]:

Between 1880 and 1914, Paris was the world capital of pleasures. All the pleasures ... A time – the Belle Epoque! – that will know that its peak during the International Exhibition of 1900, where the French capital became a symbol of art of living and luxury. Among all these pleasures were those now illegal. At the Belle Epoque, there were no fewer than 224 brothels in Paris, and a hundred in 1946, the official date of ban of these houses closed day and night: Les Maisons Closes (means "Closed House"). But unlike other European cities, where prostitution was also tolerated, the sex in Paris was more class. Healthier first, with girls weekly checked by doctors, and better, appreciated for its "cocottes" meticulously chosen for its aristocratic and bourgeois clientele.

The one of working-class neighborhoods where people was queueing behind authorized brothels, sometimes ticket in the hand, waiting to enjoy the pleasures of a prostitute who could endure up to 60 tricks a day. These popular areas, which were hotspots of Paris prostitution for several centuries, have also known in their history streets with suggestive names. Rue du Petit Musc for example, in the Marais, was called up to the 18th century the rue de la Pute-y-Muse (meaning "Stroll-Whore Street"). Or in the area of Les Halles once existed Rue Gratte-Cul ("Scrub-Ass Street" – now Rue Dussoubs) or Rue Tire-Boudin ("Fat-Lump-Laid Street" – now Rue Mary Stuart). In fact, we have to say it: At the Belle Époque, sex was simply everywhere in Paris."

Paris or not, a whore is a whore, thus subject to the same rules of domination; some are just more exotic in their monstrous-feminine status.)

I will *not* be dissuaded by these attacks against me from TERFs and SWERFs. If anything, it has only strengthened my resolve and encouraged me to work harder to fight for the rights of all workers. This requires educating allies of their own bigotry but also that of their heroes. While cis women or trans men may not be aware of these issues (either not being trans, AMAB, or both) I will critique capital by proxy—i.e., using my own experiences/pedagogy of the oppressed to enlighten AFAB sex workers of their own bias and bigotry in defense of capital.

With that, let's move onto part two and critiquing Natalie Wynn!



([source](#))

Accommodated/Assimilated Minorities, part two: Trans TERFs, NERFs, and Queer Bosses (feat. Natalie Wynn)

History is a set of lies that people have agreed upon. Even when I am gone, I shall remain in people's minds the star of their rights, my name will be the war cry of their efforts, the motto of their hopes ([source](#)).

—Napoleon Bonaparte, while on Alba

*Note: I would specifically revisit this piece in "[Inside the Hall of Mirrors](#)" (2024), where I discuss Wynn vis-à-vis her reading of Jordan Peele's *Us* (2019). —Perse, 4/21/2025*

Whereas fascist feminists are Dark Medusa or Hippolyta weaponized against labor by the state, queer bosses are moderately conservative in relation to their own trauma, gender-critical condescension and reactionary violence; they are privileged queer persons who, once token, use gender-critical rhetoric against people marginalized differently than themselves (which turns into prison hierarchy of the abuser acting more marginalized during vengeful, but also sanctimonious DARVO tactics).

We'll explore so now featuring Natalie Wynn, aka Contrapoints. Not always trans, but always centrist, people like Wynn usually attack non-binary people while acting better than out-and-out TERFs (*their* trauma, thus *casus belli*, is legitimate when deputized by the state into *its* monopoly on legitimate violence). Since non-binary people often identify as trans (Zeuhl did, for example), this makes binary trans enbyphobes specialized TERFs ...NERFs?. Whatever you call it, that's what Wynn is: a token cop-in-disguise (therefor traitor) whitewashing fellow fascists with moderate veneers; e.g., whitewashing Hillary-fucking-Clinton through trans cryptonymy glitz bandied about by a token SocDem:

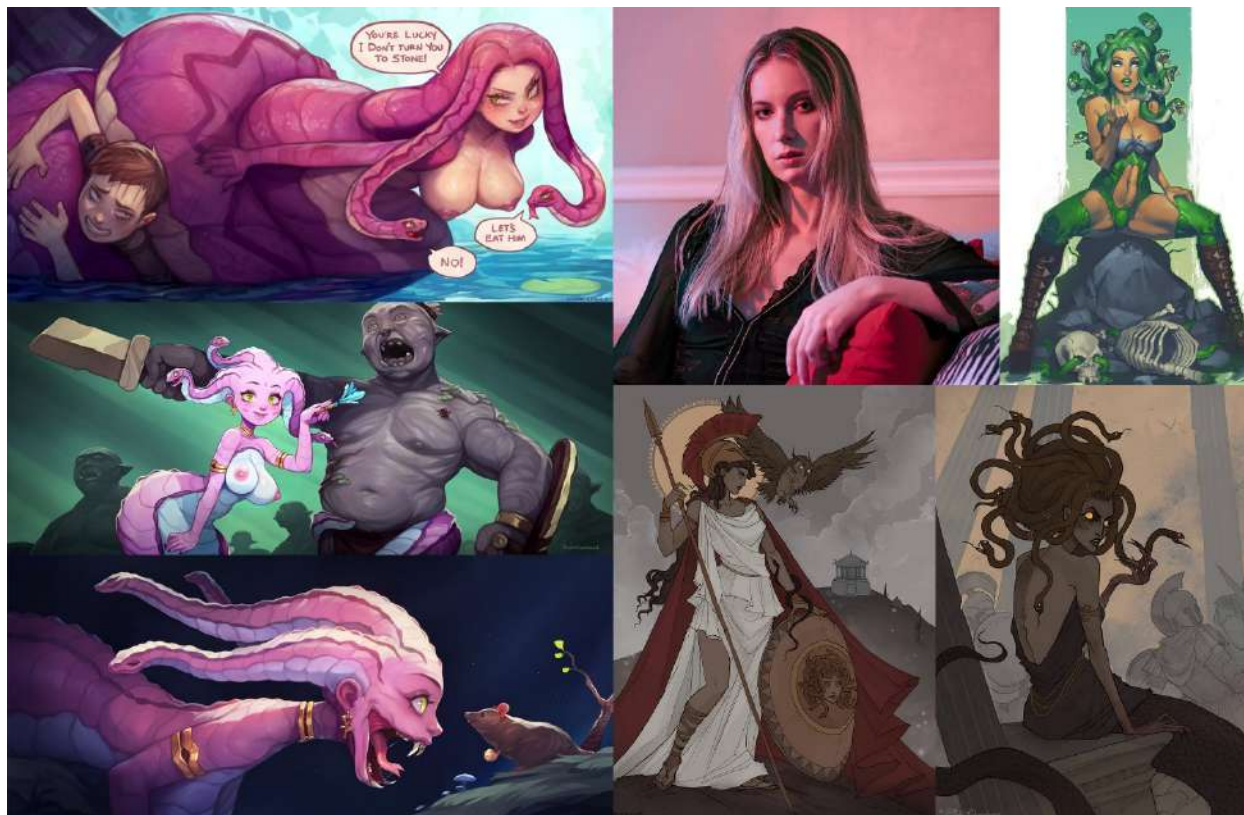


([source tweet](#): Puppygirl Mao: July 3rd, 2024)

Towards enbys who don't see themselves as transgender, queer bosses are simply enbyphobic, internalizing a superiority to their victims on par with other bigot types. [Many trans enbyphobes, like Hunter Schafer,](#)

[are transmedicalists](#) (Jessie Gender's "Explaining Hunter Schafer's Transmedicalism," 2022) or align with their position (Schafer, in the Roman

tradition of agreement, [gives a trans enbyphobe like Piggy Taiwan the thumbs-up](#) (Kat Blaque, "Jules Blames NB Folks For Transphobic Legislation?" 2022)—an unambiguous display of solidarity against in-group opponents asking for their basic human rights): the notion that "individuals who identify as transgender, do not experience gender dysphoria, and have no desire to undergo a medical transition are not genuinely trans." However, one of the biggest NERFs (at least in terms of material status, if not overall transmed conviction) is not an out-and-out transmedicalist, just an ally of one; re: Wynn and Buck Angel, respectively.



(exhibit 100c10: Artist, left: [Cyan Capsule](#); top-middle: Natalie Wynn; top-right: [Chuck Art](#); bottom-middle-and-right: [Iren Horrors](#). Despite what second wave feminists [or 1993 Barbara Creed] might insist, the Medusa/monstrous-feminine isn't biologically female. It is a threatening symbol of retribution and past wrongs that intersect with AFAB persons on their own axes of oppression. Like the Amazon, the Medusa's fatal allure can be pissed off/snarky [Carrie Fisher's 2023 postmortem, [Wonderwell](#)], varying degrees and combinations of sexy/repulsive [xenophilic/xenophobic] as well as statuesque in masculine and/or feminine ways [the Athena and the Medusa playing into this narrower dichotomy as tempered vs wild women]. Her petrifying stare can have bourgeois or proletarian invocations, but also neoliberal/fascist variants posturing as "reasoned/revolutionary." These deceptions do not serve queer rebellion in the fight towards equal rights, merely pushing the equality of convenience for token individuals who have since

assimilated. Wynn loves to evoke the image of the Dark Mother as a kind of "Batwoman" action heroine, for instance; her doing so is performative activism, sacrificing the Medusa's much-needed critical power and subversive energy for the false power/empty threats of queernormative/neurodivergent concessions with the elite. Worse, her false resistance is yet another mask by which to hide abuse towards others behind. In the absence of radical empathy, her "rebellious" Amazonomachia is hollow, upholding the status quo.)

Gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss; this bourgeois trifecta serves as the obstacle course for many-a-climbing activist. However, these weren't simply Wynn's obstacles on the road to fame; they became her *modus operandi* post-success. Her current function is that of a binary trans girl boss, specifically a *queer boss*—more committed to the preservation of negative social order (and the disorder it reliably engenders through fascism and marginalized abuse) than positive social justice for all queer people. She achieves this order by performatively criticizing her assigned, obvious political enemies (cis TERFs) while functioning identically to them within her own subgroup: provoking in-fighting within the trans community through the creation of us-versus-them teams. Binary trans people versus non-binary people instead of binary trans and non-binary people versus the elite.

The rest of this chapter section specifically criticizes Wynn's defense of Buck Angel and Wynn's moderate political views more generally. Buck Angel is an abusive enbyphobe who, [by her own admission](#), is a transmed: "I guess I am a transmed truscum because I live in reality! Haha this shit makes my day" (source tweet: 2020); she divorced Karin Winslow in 2003, outed her, and harassed her for over a decade (as late as 2014). Knowing this, Wynn still worked with Buck in 2019, defended their collaboration a year later in her famous "Canceling" video, and [played defense for Buck during a Guardian interview in June, 2021](#). Worse, this interview was done after Essence of Thought's follow-up response in March 2021, [which details Wynn's enbyphobia in far greater detail](#) ("Let's Discuss Contra Points' Open Worship of Domestic Abuser, Buck Angel").

In other words, Wynn has never apologized for her collaboration with Buck, nor decried Buck's transmed position as harmful. Quite the contrary, [she openly worships Buck as a fashion icon](#) (which explains Wynn's bias as someone myopically fixated on style; the tweet has since been deleted by Wynn). Wynn's blind eye towards enbyphobia, while not overtly practicing it herself, still encourages enbyphobia by downplaying its severity. Through her disproportionate influence, she uses continuous inaction, condescension and professional-level gaslighting to cultivate an unsafe atmosphere, one where authority figures like Wynn publicly defend an infamous abuser living within the trans community.



To be clear, not everyone with an axe to grind with Wynn is a genuine party with actual concern, and real victims might even lack the ability to articulate their problems fairly or well. This includes binary trans transmedicalists like Piggy Taiwan [angrily stressing in a now-removed Instagram post that enbys should listen to black trans people as a hyper-marginalized group](#) while also blaming enbys for trans oppression. Piggy does this instead of seeing the genuine, bigger threat: conservative moral panic and neoliberal moderacy.

Infighting and misplaced anger aside, the onus is still on Hunter Schafer and Natalie Wynn, as public intellectuals, not to be enbyphobic. They *are* enbyphobic, helping foster bias against enbys through performative leftism that creatively and socially shows signs of political moderacy. For Wynn, her open condemnation of Rowling becomes performative in relation to her curious inability to condemn Schafer, Buck or herself; and both she and Schafer target the same minority within their own base by covering for each other. For any binary trans moderate, the negative freedom of institutional order takes on a binary trans face, enforcing the former through elevated material conditions the bourgeoisie weaponize against an assigned political foe: enbys. The elite don't need to hand out direct orders; they merely need to incentivize them through capital, specifically Wynn.

Even so, binary trans moderacy remains a difficult issue to discuss, in part because it involves gender issues that are tricky to quantify. To expose Wynn's neoliberal habits in relation to these, we'll have to get down to brass tacks... For starters, enbyphobia effectively requires a distinction that many cis TERFs will not make, and is generally practiced by binary trans people or cis "allies" against

enbys. Indeed, Wynn herself shows that NERFs will punch up against cis TERFs while also punching down against enbys, making enbys something of a universal target. Another challenge lies in documenting abuses committed against various trans subgroups, one where crime statistics—a concrete practice—[attempt to quantify people who identify according to semi-fluid definitions](#) (UCLA's "1.2 Million LGBTQ Adults in the US Identify as Nonbinary," 2021): what a non-binary person is versus a binary transgender person (versus the victim's testimonies versus their various attackers' motivations and [mis]understandings about their respective targets' identities, etc).



(artist: [Alison Czinkota](#))

Binary trans people are just that—binary. As a statement within broader gender politics, non-binary people represent a complex gender spectrum that allows for a variety of stances; re (from the companion glossary):

An adjective describing a person who does not identify exclusively as a man or a woman. Non-binary people may identify as being both a man and a woman, somewhere in between, or as falling completely outside these categories. While many also identify as transgender, *not all non-binary people do*. Non-binary can also be used as an umbrella term encompassing identities such as agender, bigender, genderqueer or gender-fluid ([source](#): Human Rights Campaign's "Companion glossary of Terms," 2023).

Some of these stances are more radical (relative to the colonial gender binary) than others, but that's not really the point. Sex positivity is already radical, and should aim to expose sexist abuses committed by persons who hold positions of power, regardless of which camp(s) they belong to.

Note: Refer to "[Audience, Art, and Reading Order](#)" for my specific approach to definitions to various gender studies terms; i.e., through Gothic Communism as intersectional when decolonizing gender studies/reclaiming it from TERFs and other token bad actors. —Perse, 5/8/2025

This includes positions within the larger trans community like Wynn and her own veiled enbyphobia. Compared to cis TERFs, she's a binary trans moderate, one whose centrist positions compete—but also semi-align—with cis moderates. Both are financially incentivized to commit Capitalist exploitation against a common victim: enbys, but also poor people (enbys, along with gender non-conforming people in general, tend to be poorer on average thanks to additional financial challenges that cis-het people do not face. According to Clay Halton's "[An Overview of the Unique Financial Challenges LGBTQ+ People Continue to Face](#)" (2023), these challenges range from marriage and family planning to collage debt, health insurance and retirement.

All of this means that Wynn—despite being far more radical and leftist than Rowling—still sponsors a left-leaning position that centralizes herself, thus sells out her fellow workers. For starters, she doesn't take a hard stance on the abuses of the Global South by the Global North (most Americans don't). Relative to this discussion, though, she's a binary trans woman sitting to the right of enbys by virtue of her attacking them from a materially privileged position in the same location. She punches down, TERF-style, against people who can't materially challenge her—specifically as a NERF whose phobias disproportionately affect non-binary trans people, but also binary trans people who absorb her bias and claim it for their own.



The whole point of a microcategory like NERF is to highlight moderacy regardless of where it occurs, including how moderates fortify their material position within ironic groups (the trans community). We'll explore how Wynn does that in just a moment. For now, let's

examine the base premise: Socio-economic elevation occurs through positions of

conflict, wherein moderate rhetoric sows class oppression on descending rungs. "Chaos is a ladder," right? The difference—between functioning as a pedagogue for the oppressed (which can still be a lucrative position under Capitalism) versus appropriating struggle for profit—is how one behaves *with* their improved material conditions.

Wynn is not only loquacious regarding her elevated material position (focusing on herself rather than platforming others, especially enbys who might have a bone to pick with her); her dialog is functionally moderate. Yes, she's done much to raise general trans awareness. This sex-positive trait co-exists alongside her enbyphobia as something Wynn exploits for material gain. Just like Rowling enacts feminism in bad faith by "bravely" attacking other feminists (re: trans people or allies of trans people), Wynn is a powerful binary trans woman who harms the LGBTQ+ community by failing to go after its greatest foe: the elite. She does so by arguing for their very existence, ensuring her own material security as someone aligned with capital the way any moderate is. Laterally.

As a white, binary trans moderate, Wynn is useful to those in power because she engenders marginalized in-fighting as orderly. As MLK addressed in 1963 with his famous "[Letter from Birmingham Jail](#)," not only are moderates inside or relative to the United States historically white, thus privileged in various ways that allow them to socially elevate; they also punch down or encourage punching down as part of the process. This "Great Chain" includes white cis TERFs like J. K. Rowling punching down against all trans people, but also white, binary trans enbyphobes [like Natalie Wynn and Buck Angel against non-binary people](#) (re: "Contra Points' Open Worship of Domestic Abuser, Buck Angel"); they just do it differently than Rowling does, albeit with the same emotional restraint, self-superiority and material advantage (the formula for moderacy-in-politics more broadly). You don't see either of them actually owning up to anything after Piggy invokes trans people of color as the state of exception; they simply side with the idea that someone other than them is to blame, socializing scapegoats and doomed folk, then privatizing the rewards of already being famous themselves.

While moderates target marginalized groups, marginalized moderates like Wynn, Buck and Schafer use their own base to defang class warfare by pitting marginalized groups against one another. Even if this isn't intentional beyond a reasonable doubt, the function remains disharmonious towards the oppressed seeking positive freedom for themselves. Moderates specifically use material advantage to claim *de facto* ownership over a particular base, whose victimization they champion in dishonestly performative ways. This isn't always framed as, "My group is more marginalized than yours." However, when presented as something to debate with other marginalized groups, we arrive at the troublesome presence of teams enforced by the promotion of wealthy *de facto* representatives with bourgeois class interests that supersede the needs of workers. Wynn doesn't have

to self-appoint herself as leader of the pack. From a financial-visibility standpoint, she simply is.



([source](#): Gender GP's "Non-Binary People In History: Why Aren't They Recognised?" 2021)

The problem with team-based rhetoric is that it leads to class abuse through the preservation of order—a divide-and-conquer strategy that weaponizes capital by turning potential class allies into class enemies. This means the real victims aren't people like Wynn; it's marginalized peoples at large—reduced by political conversations into good teams and bad teams and catalyzed by their performative leaders to in-fight unproductively. Feelings of alienation towards these leaders shouldn't surprise anyone. Not only does this representation often fail; the representatives themselves frequently exploit the represented. Maybe don't take all these donations if you're going to use the money primarily on yourself and your own brand, Wynn?

The truth is, cis women are marginalized, but less so than binary trans people, who, in turn, are more marginalized than cis women, but marginalized differently than non-binary people (all while racial and religious discrimination intersect with gender discrimination). Are trans women "more numerous or visible" than non-binary people, thus more likely to be confronted for upending their assigned binary gender roles? Are non-binary people "more radical" than binary trans people for refusing to binarize to begin with? It's honestly difficult to measure, but also totally beside the point. Victimhood isn't a contest with a clear-cut "biggest victim." Legitimate abuse needs to be accurately described, acknowledged, and

condemned whenever and wherever it occurs, while actively seeking to expose the elite as the true vampires worldwide.

To this, Wynn's enbyphobia has become actively harmful, using her wealthy position to deflect valid criticism coming from within the queer community at large. All the while, she continues to enjoy the obvious material perks afforded by a besieged "fortress" position (a castle isn't just under siege; it's a cushy place): She'll attack Rowling but defend Buck Angel in the same breath, raking in \$50k/month on Patreon purely through how she's perceived: as someone defending herself, her castle, her hill to die on. Unfortunately it's not just her hill; power under Capitalism aggregates through financial incentive, including class division generated by defensible positions¹³⁵ that align with capital.

About that. [As Bad Empanada rightly points out](#) ("Short Critique of Contra Point's 'Envy' Video," 2022), Wynn's more of a symbol of wealth and power than an active iconoclast at this point, an anomalous success story in the trans community that refuses to accept genuine criticism when she's actually wrong. And despite her being a far cry from Margaret Thatcher, [Wynn's lengthy and self-indulgent polemic on class envy](#) (2022) antagonizes the poor in a very neoliberal way: worship of the owner class through moderacy as a besieged political position. Thus, her perceived proletarian radicalness wavers in defense of wealth as something to unironically perform (as Marie Antoinette, her throat slashed and spilling martyred gore) while victim-blaming the poor, saying they literally "envy" the rich¹³⁶. She's taking money from her own base to demonize critics within the same group, offering herself up as some kind of consolation prize (the neoliberal propaganda of "false hope").



I'm all for weaponizing material conditions against the elite; Wynn turns them into a form of self-worship, alienating her base while lionizing the elite as something to perform: "[Don't call me bougie; I'm way beyond bougie](#)" (Contra Points' "Voting," 2021; timestamp: 6:15). Sure, it's tongue-in-cheek

psychomachia, but we don't "gotta hand it to Wynn." Though funny, chic and

¹³⁵ Wynn, Buck and Schafer blame enbys for systemic trans oppression while also serving as trans-canonical figures, aka queer bosses. Not only is holding their moderacy accountable taking a stand against capital as an oppressive system for trans people; if you're [a curious, concerned cis-het person looking in](#) (source tweet: F.D. Signifier, 2022), you might get called an outsider who should mind their own business.

¹³⁶ Also known as the narcissist's refrain: "You hate me because you want to be me." This is a common TERF tactic.

stylish, her work functions as bourgeois apologia dressed up in high production values that valorize historical owners—all practiced by someone who happily takes her fans' money as tribute.

Yes, tribute. I seriously doubt Wynn spends \$150k per video (averaging four videos per year). Worse, what little she does "give back" through content can feel rather classist (see: "Envy") and vain: "Look at how nice my costumes are, my sets, my bathtub. Envy *me*." [Even if fans do envy her](#) (Lite Writes' "Envy of Your Icon: Contrapoints and Audience Alienation," 2021), consider how their alienation is a consequence of Capitalism—the giant, trans-oppressive system Wynn has ridden to the top and is abusing enbys with. Other influential binary trans women certainly exist, but few if any approach Wynn's level of visibility and material success. Worse, she actively defends her privilege, acknowledging it as proof of her correctness versus calling it what is: a definite blind spot that requires radical empathy with those more oppressed than she.

[Rather than acknowledge her white privilege as problematic like Jessie Gender does](#) (re: "Explaining Hunter Schafer's Transmedicalism," timestamp: 39:28), Wynn weaponizes her success to canonize herself, becoming *the* binary trans girl of the online "Left" (many of whom are "leftists" functioning as liberal centrists). While not strictly "tokenized" through a direct employer, Wynn uses her self-fashioned glamor to certify herself as her giant fanbase's perpetual darling. This jives with the neoliberal tactic of party shielding with appropriated minorities: "Attack me and you attack the only legitimate (materially elevated) representation your community has!" Not only is the token character's position "precious"—i.e., precarious and materially endangered—it also grants the elite a marginalized persona to destabilize potential dissenters with. Queer bosses become the Quixotic stars of "*their own*" productions, propping themselves up as the saviors of the oppressed while becoming unable to imagine what actual activism, thus Communism is and could be beyond Capitalism as it exists presently.

Ignoring Wynn's neoliberal leanings (the worship of the rich by socializing blame), [her arguments about cis TERFs remain true](#) ("J.K. Rowling," 2021). However, not only are these arguments low-hanging fruit; they can easily be dismissed and discarded by TERFs (cis or trans) and enbyphobes looking for ammunition against non-binary people as an oppressed group. If you're as rich and well-connected as Buck Angel is, you can easily ignore everything Wynn says *except* her enbyphobic comments; and if you're as rich and well-connected as Wynn is, you can easily afford to ignore whatever consequences result from Buck Angel (or anyone else looking to dogpile) using their disproportionate influence over online discourse to blow up *your* enbyphobic rhetoric.



A pimp is a pimp; Wynn is a token pimp (cop) whose ostentatious wealth, post-assimilation—and made-it alien whore's continued desire for flippant, moderate glibness (versus structuring her points around academically-sound arguments that actually hold water)—show more than usual why left-leaning artists working as *de facto* sex educators need to be incredibly conscious about what they say publicly. Alas, Wynn does what she does because she wants to, not because she's ethical. To this, she isn't negligent just for the sake of performance; she's tailored for ready public consumption, purposefully branding herself as "radical" while still being a lush, sardonic aesthete openly defensive of the rich, but also enbyphobic personalities. She's rich, [supportive of bourgeois politics](#) (*ibid.*, timestamp: 5:56) *and* enbyphobic, making her no-brainer polemics against Rowling, however correct on paper, somewhat dubious and apathetic in practice—a performative sleight-of-hand that, whether through bad faith or not, kind of poisons the entire well (the extent of this poison is open to debate; its presence is not).

Wynn's vengeful enbyphobia affects an incredibly small group, but so do many nominal leftists online

who shrug their shoulders at whatever falls under the current state of exception. But even if this were all Wynn did, bigotry is bigotry and she still needs to be challenged, not worshipped, for refusing to change her moderate enbyphobic position when criticized. The problem is, Wynn's position on class attitudes, specifically the envious poor, extend well beyond enby people. Worse, she cultivates this narrative through a particular visual brand as canon, but also exceptionally good—i.e., the heroic aesthetic performing "real activism." Not only

does she hand-wave the poor using this brand; she uses it to repeatedly gaslight another highly marginalized group within the queer community. If this doesn't merit criticism, what does?



(exhibit 100a3: Cryptonymy is layered and dualistic, "[Inside \[a\] Hall of Mirrors](#)"; i.e., disguise pastiche through concentric veneers/gobstopper masks stems from an internalized desire [for cops] to employ compound subterfuge to defend the state.

Some persons might be centrists who are duped by fascists (making them accidental or fascists complicit with their ideas); many more are fascists in bad-faith, requiring gender parody/trouble to make cryptofascists posturing as progressive, centrist or simply "not Nazis" to gag or shit their pants, self-reporting in the most ignominious manner possible. Once the mask drops or breaks, centrists can be outted as conservative instead of their more polite-sounding disguises like "gender-critical," which is difficult to recover from; for conservatives, they can always posture as strong [another mask] unless they are humiliated in ways members of their own den won't tolerate or explain away.

Their insecurity is our greatest weapon. While humanizing our enemies—i.e., by teaching them to love us and each other by dismantling the source of darkness and division [the state]—sometimes, we don't have that option. We become required to

make fascists gag or defecate mid-cryptonymy by simply being ourselves; i.e., in ways we know will upset them, thus drop the mask: flashing, breeding, rape pastiche/play and nudism as a means of attacking our own insecurities as cultivated by the state by reclaiming the instruments thereof. More of this in Chapter Five.)

This prolific and varied centrism isn't singular to just Wynn, but instead involves a "better masks" *mise-en-abyme* that encompasses content creators across the broader political spectrum. If out-and-out Nazis are mask-off, then American/American-aligned alt-righters, traditional conservatives, liberals (moderate Republicans) and the performative "Left" (re: TERFs, economic white supremacists) represent a spectrum of political masks, often stacked on top of each other. The deceptions and crises become circuitous, embroiled within manufactured conflicts that obscure class war as a wholly serious affair. *We* are their common foe, relying on solidarity to avoid getting assimilated or picked off, one by one by state power aggregating with them (as Tolkien's Battle of the Five Armies shows, four-against one is never a good idea, but it's not like we chose to be seen as goblins).

While these "gobstopper" (concentric) disguises face progressively leftward—deliberately tailored to match the financial incentives afforded by a political market expanded by dissent—all of them remain centralized positions with a conservative core; they preserve the status quo at a systemic level. [This includes Sam Seder's Neocon past](#) (Bad Empanada 2, 2022) and continued material defense of American Imperialism; streaming giants Destiny and Kochinski, whose variable centrism Bad Empanada lovingly refers to [as "the Clout Human Centipede"](#) (Bad Empanada 2, 2022), but also serve as the AMAB side of our aforementioned TERFs; and anyone else who dresses up right-leaning material positions through activism relegated to the moral abstract (a frequent neoliberal tactic) through [so-called "ex-fascism"](#) (Bad Empanada 2's "I Used To Be a Fascist, Here's My Patreon!" 2022), fascism-by-proxy or marginalized moderation dressed up as hilarious theatre.

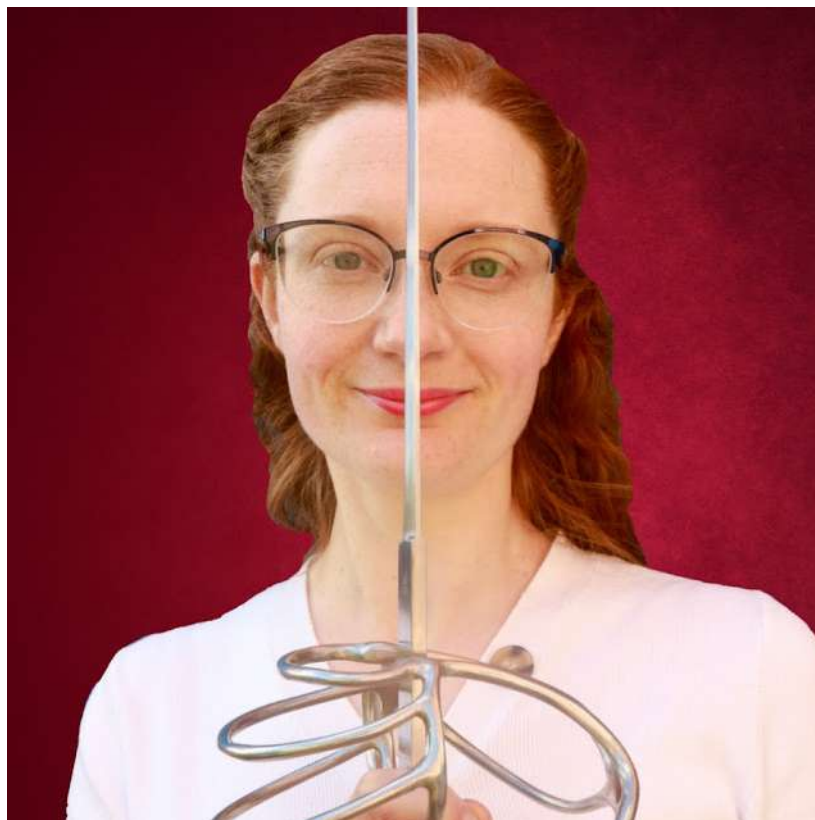
Before we move on to potential solutions in Chapter Five (re: revolutionary cryptonymy), let's quickly summarize TERF moderation with enbyphobia included.

At the beginning of the book, I quoted the trans maxim: "If you scratch a transphobe, a fascist bleeds." The same is true of scratching neoliberals, including TERFs and NERFs. They might think they're not fascist when appealing to fascists. It won't change the fact that TERFs engender the worst sort of sexism imaginable by normalizing persons who will happily wipe them off the map. This makes TERFs and NERFs functionally fascist, a kind of "false friend" to the automatic targets of fascism: trans people, non-binary people and intersex individuals. To determine which is worse—out-and-out fascists or closeted ones—I'll simply quote MLK, "In the end, we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends."

TERFs, NERFs, *et al* present as seemingly benign icons—like swordswomen, lesbians, and suffragettes—not genuine, sex-positive symbols of equality, but

sexism-in-disguise. The same idea applies to gender and enbyphobia performed by so-called allies like Kochinski. At best, these disguises amount to neoliberal illusions that hide bias to varying degrees (re: Thatcher, Rowling and Wynn); at worst, it invariably turns fascist, aggressively targeting the state's enemies. This includes inaccurate metaphors lifted from dystopian stories.

Note: Essence of Thought would return to Jill Bearup in 2025: "[Jill Bearup's Transphobia is Even Worse in 2025 \(Just Stab Me Now\)](#)." —Perse, 5/8/2025



(exhibit 100a4: Aping Victoria de Loredani to attack the vulnerable for the elite, Jill Bearup loves swords and appearing strong to "pull a Brutus" in defense of "Caesar" [to be Rowling's attack dog]. It's all a mask [re: "[Jill Bearup's Anti-Trans Bigotry?](#)"] that our cryptonymy must drop. Mask-dropping is important, because—like in a Gothic masque—some of the mask-wearers are concealing weapons; some, weapons they want to use on activists; some, once fascism is normalized, are holding them in plain sight—i.e., saber-rattling. "Flashing" these persons to make them gag [or otherwise exhibiting sex positivity and xenophilia] requires a fair degree of caution and "Trojan" inventiveness, because they will happily stab leftists [or take part by looking the other way] then credit themselves as brave. We shall explore how to dodge their attacks, disarm their destructive anger and break their illusions in Chapter Five; but also avoid the reality that "activists" demasked by Capitalism-in-crisis will go back into the closet, their feminist icons

abandoned; re: straw dogs, specifically a form of "bad play" vigilantism that is allowed, until fascism takes control and these boy-like girls are either tempered into good little girls or—like the asses from Pinocchio—turned into monsters and tethered/subjugated; i.e., "feral" feminism and queerness, made into an example for others who "act out" by speaking out against the state.

For "gender-critical" people [often women] like Kellie-Jay Keen-Minshull, Margorie Taylor Greene or Jill Bearup, they stonewall during the cryptonymy process; deny, obfuscate or discredit; or otherwise suck the air out of the room and act like their "victories" or strange company are a coincidence that in no way foreshadows their own demise [re: "[Why Women Join the Alt-Right](#)"]. It's Kafka's Metamorphosis as a slow, violent regression—i.e., slowly becoming the demon, dragon, god or dark mother as society's deputy then scapegoat. The class character of their betrayal likely means that some of them can be kept as pets, while others sit like Gothic heroines in the count's castle, or a dark queen in their own built on the bones of those they're crushed. The end is assimilation and exploitation, but also Judas' curse for the pirate who "made it": hoarded blood money. The reality is, for the few dragons that make it, the vast majority are like scorpions in a bucket, conned into stinging each other to death; or turned into rabbits, bred for meat, violence or sex—exhibit 100a5.)

For example, TERFs demonize cis women who support trans people (and sex workers) by calling them "handmaidens"—a mark of shame within the game of espionage that, for gender-critical types, invokes a deliberate misreading of *The Handmaid's Tale* (1985). This conflation makes about as much sense as calling a trans person's home a "joy division" (the sexual slavery wing of a Nazi concentration camp mentioned in the 1955 exploitation novel, *House of Dolls*) but that's the point: active misdirection. The point isn't authenticity at all, but a pejorative label that helps establish a reliable pattern of reactive abuse—i.e., abuse that provokes a genuine self-defense reaction from the victim, whereupon the expectant abuser "self-defends" in extreme prejudice. Queer people and those who aid them are painted sexual criminals who can be attacked, penned in and goaded until they snap; ; i.e., allowing token cops to police them during the cryptonymy process to have the pimp's revenge against nature as monstrous-feminine: out of revenge in bad faith.

The threat, here, is cyclical and two-fold: First, Neoliberalism valorizes Capitalism by hiding its true function: to enslave the majority (workers) and profit off their labor, while killing as many people in faraway places as it takes to ensure profit. The subsequent societal collapse (a built-in feature of Capitalism) allows strongmen/women to ascend to formal seats of power by pointing the finger at scapegoats—Jewish people and communists, but also trans, intersex and non-binary folk. This alleviates some of the pressure put upon neoliberals, who regain control by calling fascists "the real enemy." Rinse and repeat, culling the herd

within, and outside of, the in-group. Whether neoliberal or fascist, TERF/enbyphobic rhetoric, including the cryptonyms of "witches," is inherently bad faith. This requires the audience (us) to scrutinize their untrustworthy arguments (and the canonical apologia inside). Just as we'd double-check Pepe [if the source image came from 4Chan](#) (David Neiwert's "What the Kek: Explaining the Alt-Right 'Deity' Behind Their 'Meme Magic,'" 2017), giant corporations merit just as much scrutiny if not more. This includes their pimping of nature behind the usual cryptonymies:



(exhibit 100a5: Artist, top-left: [Sim Kaye](#); bottom-right [AI-generated]: [Spich AF](#); bottom-middle: [Miles DF](#). We've examined the "killer rabbit" trope throughout the book [re: "[Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit](#)"]. In the case of regressive Amazons, their perceived power has a kind of class delusion, where they think themselves something other than what they are: a product, a foot soldier and piece of ass all in one; i.e., not a killer rabbit in the Gothic-Communist sense, but a rabbit to be killed that thinks it's a killer not working for the state.

The point of the viral subversion reversing abjection mid-cryptonymy is its guiding by actual artists—i.e., with the ability to make art regardless if the art wants them to or not; they've seized the means of production and are using it for proletarian means in an informed, organic way that doesn't just steal and imitate what came before like AI programs do. In other words, it's connected to real people, artistic movements and geopolitics and isn't just birthed from a computer vault of pilfered images [making the user's product, and they themselves, ignorant of all of the above].

There are a million starting points to subvert and a million more ways to subvert them. We won't have time to even really begin, but I invite you to consider the idea when we discuss subversion through subversive Amazonomachia [exhibit 111b] and couples-based consensual voyeurism/exhibitionism [exhibit 101c2].)

We'll examine the latter next, specifically the relationship between neoliberals and fascists as something to defend ourselves, each of them using "boss-like" heroes to sell war to American audiences: girl bosses, queer bosses, and

traditional male bosses as rabbit-like as a harmful ruse. These cryptonyms can be embodied as covert disguises that usher in transformative allegory—i.e., covert, *revolutionary cryptonymy* in a larger socio-material exchange. Inside this exchange, the pen that draws the sword (or the lobotomy pick) as things to be hammered into cryptonymic "ploughshares" is mightier than

- the *actual* sword killing innocent people (whose slaughter under Capitalism won't stop the ignominious, Promethean demise of the larger system)
- or weaponized, canonically violent media that leads to the creation of "bad" witches, clowns, zombies, vampires, Amazons, etc; who then viciously kill activists by treating them as disposable fodder under the state of exception (zombies, are shot; vampires, staked; Amazons, married; witches, burned; etc)

We'll explore *that* seminal tragedy as well; i.e., that monsters—as things to symbolically reclaim and decolonize in oft-liminal modes of expression, during the whore's revenge—will be put down with colonial violence to varying degrees if exposed. "The whore's revenge is to break the profit motive by making a world for which it (and rape) are no longer possible using these methods" (re: "[Rape Reprise](#)")—to dodge replacement, bypass police threats, avoid tokenizing self-hatred/embarrassing betrayal maneuvers (traitors are sex pests), and all in all jam capital right the fuck up!

So show 'em your Aegis, mid-cryptonymy [during ludo-Gothic BDSM](#); i.e., no matter how much *de facto* token pimps-in-disguise like Wynn, Angel or Bearup sell out and attack us! Land back is sex and labor back, including all its devices of terror as monstrous-feminine; e.g., anal sex (re: "[Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)") and BBC



(["Concerning Big Black Dicks"](#)) but also the monstrous-feminine at large (re: [all my Amazon and Medusa research](#)): something to pinch capital off in *our* holes! Tread carefully, comrade zombies, but rise up and fight!

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Chapter Five: Rebellious Subterfuge. "Rise up, comrade zombies!"—The Revolutionary Undead's Covert Activism/Cryptonymy during Liminal Counter-Expression

When you argue with a fool, be sure he isn't similarly engaged ([source](#)).

—Evan Esar, "Esar's Comic Dictionary" (1943)

LGBT ideologues use doubt to create a fog of confusion. For them, the best recruits are the youngest. If you confuse kids about fundamental questions like, "What am I?" early enough, the recruit will be ripe in a few years and the ideologues can then tell them what they are — soldiers in the war against [Western civilization](#) ([source](#)).

—Jack Gist, *The Western Journal* (2023)



(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Whores communicate through sex; in Gothic through monster sex as something to reclaim, mid-cryptonymy lubricating the gears of class, culture and race war (re: the whore's revenge). We whores are beings of nature as hellish, this have to be our own detectives versus witch cops tokenizing mid-decay as something to perform. For us, detection is a process of concealment; re: surviving through dualistic aesthetics that we must use and the state will copy to also survive; i.e., our performance during ludo-Gothic BDSM versus their bad demon

BDSM, onstage and off. Gothic colonizes and decolonizes, mid-*cryptonymy* as dualistic! That's oppositional praxis, regardless of the theory!

Furthermore, the more crisis the state is in, the more decay occurs, hence cryptonymy being what the state will scapegoat: to regenerate itself, which we employ to survive, solidarize and speak out with, infiltrating them anisotropically *in* duality (crisis when the state is actually at its weakest)! Again, once the killing starts, it snowballs. So it's best to avoid fascism by preventing it. This cannot be done without developing Communism. Ergo, Gothic Communism reclaims monstrous language; i.e., to remind token cops of their own futile betrayals and self-conquest: the state betrays all, regardless of loyalty (to save the Judas "for last," as it were, or doom them to a lonely existence where none of their kind remain)!

This chapter considers cryptonymy per the actions and consequences of Gothicism; i.e., as something to patron through iconoclastic artists, or personally express its spectres of Marx for others to respond to in concert.

We'll start by outlining the plan of attack, cover several popular examples to subvert during our own kayfabe spy games (the Amazon and Medusa as conspicuous icons studied for authenticity within canonical norms), provide trauma-confrontation targets and stratagems, and discuss potential consequences to our dissident aggressions on the Aegis; i.e., during revolutionary cryptonymy as something I would introduce here (in mid-2023) before building on the idea *vis-à-vis* ludo-Gothic BDSM in my PhD and manifesto.

- **"A Plan of Attack: Escaping the Man Box":** Considers the basic idea of escaping the Man Box, hence Capitalist Realism; i.e., on the same stage populated by bad actors (re: witch cops).
- **5b. "Transgressive Nudism; or, Flashing Those with Power (re: Cryptonymy's Origins)":** Introduces public nudism (and its buffers, online); i.e., as a vital instrument to practicing revolutionary cryptonymy on the Aegis.
- **5c. "'Borrowed Robes,' or Countering Nation Pastiche's Sublimated War and Rape with Revolutionary Cryptonymy and Liminal Monster Porn in the Internet Age":** Considers the idea of performative disguise, said borrowed robes conducive to revolutionary cryptonymy in a variety of forms.
 - **5c1. " part one: "Proletarian Warrior Moms and Breeding Kinks" (feat. Nyx):** Explores one of my favorite monsters—Amazons, but also the rape fantasies (and fears) they classically embody and which revolutionary actions can gleefully subvert canon *with*.
 - **5c2. "part two: "Moe/Ahegao, Incest, and Eco-Fascism in Japanese Exports":** Explores various theatrical devices of rape play

that workers must camp; e.g., *Moe/Ahegao*, Incest, and Eco-Fascism; i.e., as they're exported to American from Japan in the neoliberal age.

- **5d. "Rockstars: From Rock 'n Roll Fans and Jimmi Hendrix' Penis to Horror Movie Special Effects" (feat., Cynthia Plaster Caster):** Sex, drugs and rock 'n roll are an ancient form of protest; i.e., as reclaimed bread and circus, which this section considers through the social-sexual embodiment/reenactment of such things: the human body and *memento mori*.
- **5e. "Stand to Fight, then Raise Your Fist and 'Bow' to Duck the Imperial Boomerang: Further Expressions of Ironic Girl War Bosses, Sexy War, and Gender Irony":** Delves into more examples of revolutionary cryptonymy with which to protest through war-like imagery and riot.
- **5f. "Sexist Ire: Persecuting Iconoclasts (and Iconoclastic Vice Characters; feat. Elphaba Thropp)":** Warns of iconoclasm's performative risk, and how reclaimed vice characters are punished *without* irony by state actors doubling our own subversive approaches.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

While I wish to say that our violence is illegitimate in the *state's* eyes, that should be obvious at this point; our solidarity is fated to experience violence, but our appeals are still made with grace under pressure when facing Capitalism as the destroyer of all things. Yet, we are not Pourtalès or Sazonov bickering in abject futility while the mechanisms of the state turn their fatal gears; there's an awesome power we can harness from having lived inside it our whole lives—i.e., a "darkness visible" that transmutes the state through Gothic poetics that reclaim the lost culture, spells and illusions stolen by the state.

Furthermore, we may use them once reclaimed to further our cryptonymy's pedagogy of the oppressed that creates giants, demons, and undead who break the shadowy spell of Plato's cave (the Superstructure) in ways that simultaneously keep us alive and save workers from a cycle of never-ending abuse (whose enforcers—bred conspicuously for size, strength and passivity—become freakishly chattelized; e.g., like a Flemish giant rabbit; i.e., as the literal product the state cannibalizes to keep itself alive and continue the grift): the Seminal Tragedy stalled not through clemency or reprieve during periods of decay and restoration under crisis, but attenuation through gradual degrowth and transmutation of the system as the source of the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection that brings said decay back around.

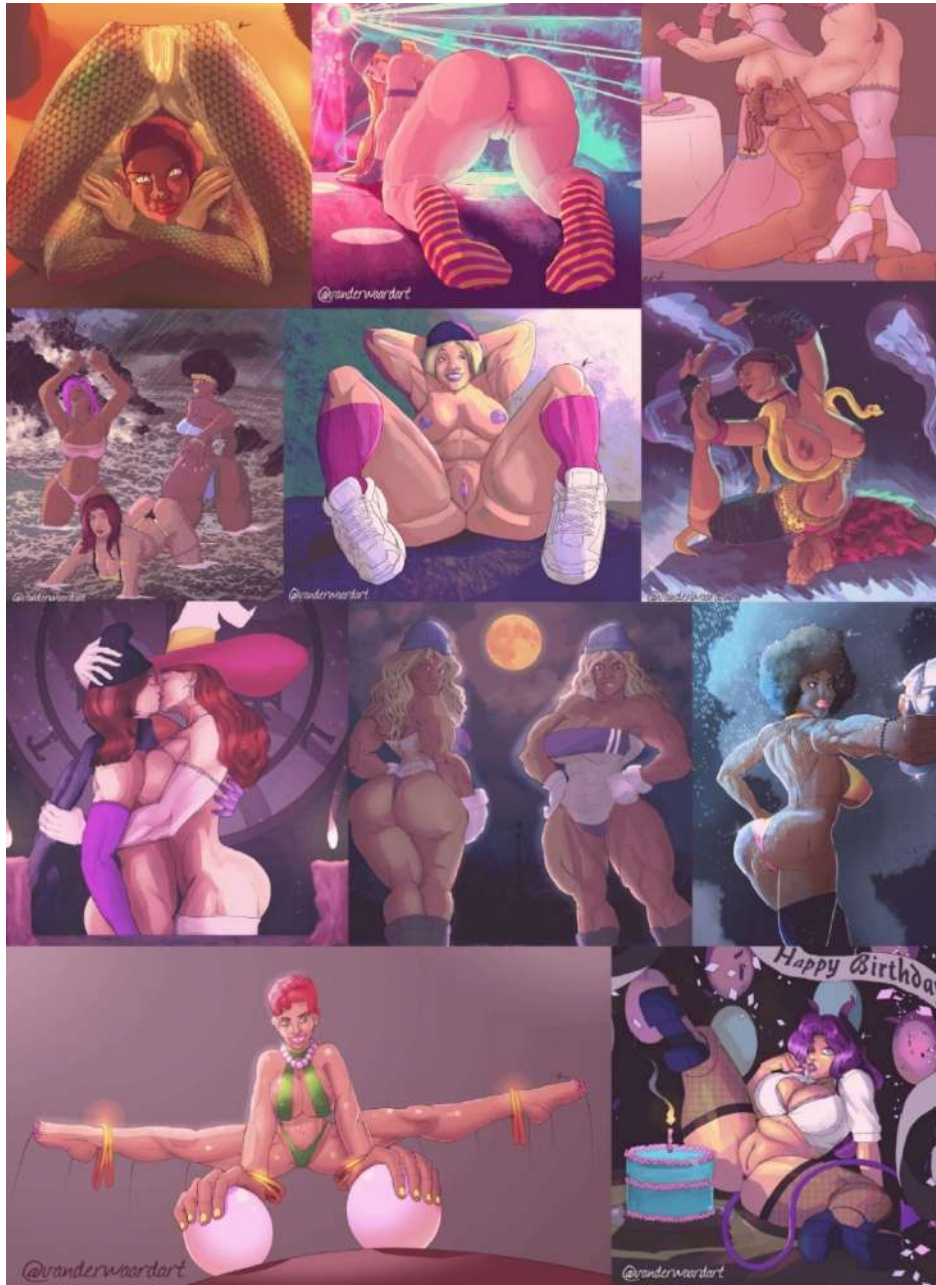
Degrowth (thus de-escalation), in turn, happens through a reclaimed, proletarian Superstructure via worker poetics in the Gothic mode, often with powerful, sexy monsters: the ironic, gender-parodic monstrous-feminine. That is our power and it is not false; it's solidarity and labor potential is what the elite fear most: our dignity, rights and labor as *not* things to bargain away for cheap illusions under Rainbow Capitalism.

One thing I *do* wish to consider before we start is Gothic Communism/revolutionary cryptonymy in action; i.e., labor exchanges between different works subsisting under Capitalism. The basic procedure is often commissioned:



(exhibit 101a1: Artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#)—a commission by [Odie](#) of their OC, Christiana Seay, with two of Persephone's: Siobhan and Revana. Originally drawn in 2021, I wrote at the time: "Obviously I was inspired by Disney's *Fantasia* [1940] However, I also drew inspiration from [Anato Finnstark](#) and [Wlop](#)." As shown

in exhibit 61a2, commissions are tremendously important for artists to be able to survive/continue their craft as a form of sex-positive expression. Whereas exhibit 61a2 shows me commissioning another artist, this exhibit is the other way around; without Odie's generous help over the years, I wouldn't have been able to continue my art—the raw fiscal support, but also having a reliable patron who genuinely cares about my work as inherently valuable in helping them express something important: sex-positivity through body positivity and artistic representations beyond the status quo:



These are more commissions from [Odie](#). As a client, Odie is very sex-positive, his commissions covering themes including fat body positivity as well as muscular female bodies and all-around flexibility training and fitness. His commissions also include ethnic and queer diversity and a variety of poses and reoccurring characters [both his and mine; the model for the bottom-right photo is [Miss Nia Sax](#)]. Hannah Gadsby rightly states, "diversity is strength!" While such strength is important when striving towards holistic solidarity and sex positivity among workers, it also just feels nice being able to celebrate each other's birthdays through art collabs! To stand and be recognized as part of a group of friends; i.e., evolution as a feature of evolution, not a flaw, explains Chats with the Void

If everyone was "normal," then every individual would have the same the same passions and aversions, the same potential. But throw in a few weirdos, and an entire species benefits from a wider array of strengths, weaknesses and possibilities! Your weirdness is insurance for the future" [\[source tweet\]](#).

while also explaining in reality that we "are not superior to anyone, and no one is superior to us. For we are creatures too complex for honest comparison" [\[source tweet\]](#). Perhaps, though I would argue that fascists and Capitalism, as manmade, Promethean devices, are wholly inferior from a survival standpoint and will need to evolve or die. We can't afford to closet ourselves. We must be sassy through cryptonymy to speak out with, mid-disguise.)



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

A Plan of Attack: Escaping the Man Box

"Excitable little fellow," said Gandalf, as they sat down again. "Gets funny queer fits, but he is one of the best, one of the best—as fierce as a dragon in a pinch."

If you have ever seen a dragon in a pinch, you will realize that is was only poetical exaggeration applied to any hobbit, even to Old Took's great-granduncle Bullroarer, who was so huge (for a hobbit) that he could ride a horse. He charged the ranks of the goblins of Mount Gram in the Battle of the Green Fields, and knocked their king Golfimbul's head clean off with a wooden club. It sailed a hundred yards through the air and went down a rabbit-hole, and in this way the battle was won and the game of Golf invented at the same moment ([source](#)).

—Gandalf and the narrator, *The Hobbit*



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Cryptonymy is way to speak rebelliously through buffers; e.g., me through Madikken as both a disguise and revelation (above); i.e., to break out of the Man Box, thus the closet and Capitalist Realism while its occupied by TERFs. We can't do that without ruffling some feathers!

As stated during Volume Zero, the class traitor's Achilles Heel is their inability to critique capital, to see it as largely made up but also about canonical perceptions that can be camped: a blinding "darkness visible" that leads to the myopia of Capitalist Realism. Our greatest strength as warriors (of class, culture and race) is our conscious ability to endure tragedy and farce within canonical historical

materialism; i.e., mid-cryptonymy in order to deliberately expose the systematic rot (Capitalism in decay) that fascist cryptonymy upholds (from our thesis statement):

State proponents are straw dogs (throwaway effigies)/sacrificial roosters, believing themselves immune to the elite's gain while the owner slits the faithful worker's throat sooner or later. Their "greatest strength" is actually what dooms them to an ignominious death: complete alienation driven by a dimorphic connecting of everything to biological sex, skin color and their canonical-monstrous connotations in service of the profit motive but refusing to scrutinize things at a dialectical-material level (willful ignorance/"rose-tinted glasses"). Conversely *our* greatest strength class-/culture-/race-conscious **warriors** is our "darkness visible" doubling theirs through the Wisdom of the Ancients as something to cultivate relative to the modern world; i.e., *our* deliberate, cultivated ability to critique capital and its agents/trifectas through dialectical-material scrutiny and iconoclastic, campy behaviors that synthesize the Superstructure to *our* purposes (rehumanizing ourselves by separating from the colonial binary in monomorphic fashion) all while suffering the fools of canonical tragedy and farce within canonical historical materialism. Our aim is to "make it gay" by reclaiming the Base through our **Four Gs: abjection, hauntology, chronotopes** and **cryptonymy**—but also our **Six Rs, or goals/Gothic-Marxist tenets of Gothic Communism** (abbreviated here; we will unpack these fully in Volume One's manifesto) during oppositional praxis [re: "[Paratextual Documents](#)"].

As stated at the start of the volume, their collective idea is to make Marxism a little cooler, sexier and fun than Marx ever could through the Wisdom of the Ancients (a cultural understanding of the imaginary past) as a "living document"; i.e., to make it "succulent" by "living deliciously" as an act of repeated reflection that challenges heteronormativity's dimorphic biological essentialism and bondage of gender to sex, thus leading to a class awakening at a countercultural level through iconoclastic (sex-positive), monomorphic Gothic poetics ([source](#): "Pieces of the Camp Map").

Our exposing of the rot happens by using our dark forces' "perceptive" Wisdom of the Ancients to out the cop and their heel [so to speak] *through* campy "darkness visible"; i.e., as deliberately doubled to overwhelm our foes (indented for clarity):

unmasking the American class (thus culture, race) traitor/fascist behind the cartoon white knight, black knight and "Captain American" vs "Nazi," thus expose the capitalist qualifier "as it should be" as self-destructive, heteronormative (warlike) dogma; i.e., penned by or for the state to keep

capitalism running, thus always in crisis and decay through the monomyth, Cycle of Kings, infernal concentric pattern and resulting process of abjection/narrative-of-the-crypt hyperreality (the half-real dystopia).

In short, our iconoclasm is an informed decision, but a risky one because we challenge the profit motive, which is defended by our aforementioned killer babies¹³⁷ as monstrously violent towards uncanny duplicates. Along with its complicit cryptonyms and carceral hauntologies, and capitalist chronotopes, canonical war become a besieged position of correct-incorrect that troubles true believers; i.e., shakes their faith, but demands they stay true and smite unbelievers. All of this must be camped, parodied, and played within to escape our collective doom; i.e., as made by proponents of capital and the state's Capitalist Realism, it's harbinger of devastation and blindness inside and outside of the mind, on- and off-stage.



This chapter discusses the aforementioned neoliberal/fascist war and its Judas-level internalization by TERFs as something to expose, transmute and deliciously embellish during ironic, liminal expression by Satanic rebels; i.e., those who work in opposition to Capitalism's vicious, Man Box reactionaries and duplicitous

moderates (whose own heroic personas are really just fascists in disguise, in disguise, in disguise...). Code/guerrilla war in queer circles is nothing new. Pre-20th century discourse was vague, but still presented itself in monstrous, campy language.

In the 1970s, though, queer people kept up the monstrous camp after the lexicon for identifying what queer was had appeared; we weren't gay at all, we were just "friends of Dorothy!" The reasons for this are not complicated: queerness is tied to labor as a non-heteronormative, thus dissident, demonic force. In other words, worker solidarity presents us as a fearsome, dark monolith whose monstrous-femininity must be confronted as the end of all existence, thus condemning us to execution by those siding with fascists: our would-be friends, the

¹³⁷ It might seem morbidly cruel to punch babies, but these dumbasses aren't actually infants, just infantile cannibals eating us to defend the state in crisis. They desperately need to be checked, challenged and disarmed by any means that doesn't have us functioning as they do (class traitors) and doesn't sacrifice our humanity in the process. So, "lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who cries, 'hold, enough!'" Just don't be a Nazi, about it; i.e., use your "dark forces" (your body, poetics and labor) to hamstring and gobsmack them, then document it. It's not hard, considering they're terminally allergic to sex positivity at large (e.g., "girls have cooties"); just hold up the mirror and watch them turn to stone like Top Dollar does (re: exhibit 40k1, "[Ruling the Slum](#)").

so-called "paladins" of the world (whose crusader purpose is generally to look the other way but also conduct genocide themselves).



(artist: [ND Stevenson](#); source: Caroline Cao's "Nimona's Radical Page-to-Screen Story Changes Were a Queer Necessity," 2023)

To prevent this betrayal, we must convince those who would destroy us that we aren't the enemy, the state is. As Amazons to Godzilla to vampires to orcs and xenomorphs, the iconoclast's demonic, xenophilic counter-bestiary must adopt the same-looking disguises and rise up as the emotionally/Gothically intelligent dead—i.e., not in acts of blind revenge, pastiche and endorsement, but in synthetic oppositional *groupings* that counterattack proponents of the status quo (and their own liminal expression/disguise pastiche) through proletarian *de facto* educators that help the next-in-line escape the Man Box by transmuting it. This breaking of the Capitalist-Realist myopia happens by internalizing the *means* of synthesizing Gothic Communism *not* as Godzilla does—a dumb Greater Destroyer angrily stomping destructively everything until he is simply banished into the sea—but rioting in ways that help us affect material change through the hearts and minds of those who would do the punishing of this rioting force.

To be clear, violent resistance/*uncivil* disobedience is entirely legitimate in the absence of justice from a moderate (thus white supremacist and heteronormative) "benefactor"—i.e., for the revolutionary fighting for their rights, their *constructive* anger is entirely legitimate in terms of challenging the state's monopoly on legitimate violence by aiming to transmute the structure by violence if necessary. Damaging property to the elite's bottom line (the latter of which exploits and genocides workers and defenseless peoples) is valid, but this violence is weaponized against us; i.e., presenting us as the monsters who need killing. At the very least, we will need to be humanized as we do it.

Humanizing demands theatrical nuance and clever masks (cryptonyms) but also empathy whose cultural counterweights operate through cultural media that speaks

to the very people who fear for their homes and their livelihoods as synonymous with the status quo; re, the synthetic oppositional groupings (from Volume One's "[The Basics of Opposition Synthesis](#)"):

- *constructive* anger—i.e., the commune/comrade worker's constructive anger as a legitimate defense *from* state abuses; e.g., police abuse and DARVO tactics
- *stabilizing* gossip—i.e., interdependent girl talk (e.g., #MeToo) and rape prevention tactics and patterns
- "*perceptive*" pastiche/quoting—subversion and irony
- *ironic* gender trouble/parody (camp)—i.e., a performative means of outing cryptofascist "trouble" by using parody to demask the fascist-in-disguise, making them "self-report" by figuratively gagging or crapping their pants: "flashing" exhibitionism, private/public nudism, "breeding" kinks, rape play/consent-non-consent.
- *good-faith egregores*, including xenophilic monsters both as products of worker labor as well as worker identities, occupations, and rankings, which use similar language to bourgeois counterparts in order to disarm and persuade them to join our cause.

We won't really have time to cover everything, here, but I should leave you with plenty of food for thought!

First, while [the camp map from Volume Zero](#) discussed the basic idea of camping canon, our synthesis roadmap pointed regarded these concepts as the means to synthesis in our own daily lives/theatre. Now I want to get in-depth regarding them in relation to proletarian praxis as our "true power" insofar as Gothic poetics are concerned: our ability to *create* campy riot (counterterror) through our bodies, our labor, our ability to relate to our hallucinating killers, thus to break them out of *their* berserker's rage brought on by the sound and fury of endless war as taught to them since they were small.

Unlike them, there's no Faustian bargain taking place because we aren't recognizing the state as legitimate or safe; we're reclaiming our power by taking back the Gothic imagination, thus disarming our killers of the dagger in their hand, but also their desire to use it by showing them the error of their ways by breaking the spell of canonical war as "good" but also "true" ("signifying nothing"): camping its arbitrary sanctity and bloodthirst through the iconoclasm of subversive and transgressive irony/gender parody that shows them their own serious failure. Our camp is not true camp, using Sontag's definition; we know what we're doing. We have to show them what they actually know and then lead them to question these concentric falsehoods with the emergence of empathy and critical thinking.

While the iconoclast's anger, gossip, pastiche/quoting and xenophilic egregores actively absorb and counteract Capitalism in all its forms, the deed—of

consigning its tyrants to ignominious burial (turned to stone like embarrassed gargoyles as Communism developers)—is an ongoing effort that is canonically met with neglect, abuse and denial; re, the four basic behaviors of class dormancy and betrayal (from "[Scouting the Field](#)"):

- **open aggression**, expressing gender trouble as a means of open, aggressive attack (disguised as "self-defense" reactive abuse): "We're upset and punching down is free speech" ("free speech" being code for "negative freedom for bigots who want to say bigoted things" to defend the elite's profit motive).
- **condescension**, expressing a moderate, centrist position that smarmily perpetuates the current status quo as immutable, but also optimal: "This is as good as it gets" but also which can never decay.
- **reactionary indignation**, using sex-coercive symbols (argumentation) to defend their unethical positions: "They're out to destroy your heroes, your fun, all you hold dear (code for 'the current power structure')."
- **DARVO** ("Deny, Accuse, Reverse, Victim, Offender"), defending the status quo by defending the people who enslave them (the elite) by going after the elite's enemies, thereby defending Capitalism during decay. When it decays, these "gamers" see "their" games in decay and will defend those, seeing human rights as an affordable compromise in the bargain. They see themselves (and the elite) as "victims," and class warriors as monsters "ruining everything" (like Satan).

The elite use fascists to box rebels camping the canon in, the latter kettled by the close-minded defending canon; i.e., workers who are still "in the cave." As such, those dependent on the system desperately attack those who are trying to liberate them by any means at their disposal: with elaborate strategies of misdirection, dark poetics and all-around Gothic allegory during a war of appearances; i.e., disguise-pastiche aesthetics and doubled, subversive *cryptomimesis* of particular artistic movements (the Vaporwave, Laborwave, "perceptive" cyberpunk; re: exhibit 42d1a, "[Seeing Dead People](#)") through parallel societies that produce these things (e.g., Joy Division's Hacienda).

The aim, here, isn't to harm our opponents, but use the cryptonymy process to reverse abjection, thus destroy the worldview that guides their killing hand. If they should freeze in place and blush at the response, their shattered pride and deflated ego is a small price to pay for humanizing us in their eyes. Nevertheless, spies are often sexy in spy fiction, and the Gothic is no exception; the allegory for revolution is hidden behind the sexually descriptive body presented as mythical, legendary and strong in a very cliché, fetishized sense: camping the canon, thus reclaiming it for our own purposes (e.g., Amazons; re: exhibit 1a1b, "[Symposium: Aftercare](#)").

We've already discussed the parenthetical examples earlier in the book. We've also touched upon the idea of elite panic versus fascist panic against labor solidarity as their shared ultimate foe in ushering in a world without sin, without state control and genocide through regressive assimilations of Gothic aesthetics and counterculture. Their shared class-war narrative can be countered by us, but targeting the elite and their hand on the Superstructure is more "big picture," whereas dealing with fascists reprisals is more "little[r]" picture.

Obviously the two concepts overlap and have plenty of room for gradients: Trump is a fascist and a billionaire at the same time, as are J.K. Rowling or Bill Gates engaged in deplorable acts of systemic violence, harmful rhetoric and rape apologia; the capitalist and the cutthroat might duel from time-to-time, but are two sides of the same coin. Only by being betrayed by the elite can the fascist *potentially* "wake up" and become class conscious, but historically-materially they do not do as Guts does; they retreat further into delusion, seeking revenge and continuing to make Faustian bargains with the elite.

These historical romanticizations are conspicuously propelled into the present not just through gladiatorial sports and knightly romances, but also through gallant swashbuckling stories like Sir Walter Scott's 1817 *Rob Roy* or David Gemmell's 2001 *Ravenheart*, as well as the aforementioned Gothic variety as haunted; i.e., by the spectre of a pre-fascist dark medieval in post-fascist readers born and bred on combat sports, on dueling armies, on the romance of the soldiers' short and brutal life. The biggest fantastical threshold that any of these romances offer is a proximity between the elite and the commoner that is seldom broached in reality the same way it is in media: through codified backroom deals, the tableaux of dashing violence and cloak-and-dagger espionage, and of course, the proverbial crossing of swords as a vivid extension of these men's bodies, their genitals, their women and conquests reduced to a basic theatrical device: the politics of the duel

as kayfabe, but also sung about through the highwayman's ballad: "Stand and deliver!"



Sedition and heresy are, for all intents and purposes, often mimetic in appearance thanks to modern fears and dogma. For this chapter, then, we'll summarize the general subterfuges listed above as forms of "bad" play that, while transgressive, push back against capitalist abuses by subverting them in open

acts of rebellion disguised as toys, play and *jouissance* (thus, is actually good play from a proletarian standpoint). These tactics be employed covertly by revolutionaries when playfully turning sexual-gender expression away from bad social-sexual practices into good, forming connections and bonds with other revolutionaries however they wish to; e.g., rape play (exhibit i.e., 101c2); i.e., a

chorus of Gothic-Communist spectres, whose subversive doubles (masks, bodies, weapons, plights, theatrical appeals) ontologically challenge state hegemony as the sole, "correct" mode of existence.

Diversity is strength through solidarity enacted on various registers using the Gothic mode to combat our own gender-non-conforming insecurities as doubled by state torturers. Monster-wise, this includes the Amazon or the Medusa as something to reclaim from its fascist, badass portrayals in centrist media; i.e., as internalized by TERF xenophobia during moderate moral panics that lead the charge with girl war bosses (which lead regressively towards fascists ones, all while widespread immiseration and genocide are affecting the Global South *now*). Irony is a key tool in subverting war/nation pastiche—a kind of ironic war boss that opposes the policing of state power using the same basic language as a form of espionage told in plain sight; e.g., Queen Maeve or Starlight (exhibit 108b4) from *The Boys* as positions within praxis to recreate during our own conspiracy of monstrous poetics.

The basic code of doing so is what I called "girl talk," during the synthesis roadmap in Volume One (re: "[The Basics](#)"); i.e., a metaphor for community defense by teaching people to play nice, but also the literal conversations that occur when collaborating together towards this aim. We already have a basic idea of what girl talk and good play are, so I'd like to focus on cryptonymy through various forms of revolutionary "gossip" and linguistic corruption as the literal data for said code as something to code-switch using shared language against competing lines of code in praxial opposition. Being Promethean, Capitalism encompasses canonical morals and their codes of ethics and bad-faith tactics, which wrestle with *iconoclastic* morals and ethical codes as covertly humanizing various monsters by subverting their harmful biases and stigmas away from the elite's Symbolic Order (the monomyth, Symbolic Order and mythic structure, etc).

Delineation can be done subtly *to a degree*, but invariably veers into the transgressive; i.e., as queer minorities and other oppressed groups fight not just to survive, but to exist openly as unoppressed peoples through their own abilities to create: playing god against the state and its uncritical hordes promoting moral panics in the face of slave rebellion/oppositional poetics that refuse to recuperate. This requires activism as a means of changing the Base and its material conditions, which in Marxist parlance further demands a *recoding* of the Superstructure through Gothic-Communist means. Simply put, culture war is class war and class war is a fight for the minds of workers as previously conditioned by lobotomizing agents of menticide. Their brainwashing must be undone and the factors that lead to it subverted and replaced through linguo-material displays of emotional/Gothic intelligence; i.e., the creative successes of proletarian praxis inviting a new age of darkness *unlike* the pulpy doomsaying of authors like H.P. Lovecraft, which fascists and centrists take to heart.

In other words, "death" isn't something to fear because it is conquering us (as a coercive lever within heteronormative propaganda); it is something to

appreciate as a status of immense change—i.e., by becoming an instrument of sex-positive charge through the Superstructure into society at large through the things we all eat: sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll; heavy metal; comic books, myths and legends; powerful warriors, gods, and monarchs. As such, the Gothic imagination is obscenely overburdened with cultural-countercultural freight (so much so that Frederic James or Coleridge washed their hands of most of it)—not in a vacuum or at rest, but during dialectical-material engagements on the surfaces of these things in conversational thresholds where sublimation is attempted or torn down.

Please note: The nebulous, uncanny relationship between these opposing forces will make them immediately ambiguous. While I will do my best to signpost and elucidate their differences per example in ways useful to proletarian praxis, I also trust you to have acquired a fair bit of intuition; i.e., when cryptonymically parsing canon and iconoclasm within the same warring aesthetics and language. —Perse, back in 2023



(exhibit 101a2: Derrida's idea—of playing with language in small pieces whose spectres of Marx haunt Capitalism—can be embodied and performed by Gothic-Communist revolutionaries on various registers; e.g., Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey, 1991, vs The Seventh Seal, 1958, as a dialogic

imagination that is hardly exclusive to big film studios. Indeed, the concept can be used by consumers, artists and producers through various modes of production: written poems, movies, videogames, artwork, sex work and various other praxial outcomes interacting back and forth. To quote Derrida himself, "There is no outside of the text." Everything exists in opposition/solidarity within a continuum; i.e., onstage and off, both "just a game" and cops/victims during oppositional cryptonymy.)

As we've discussed throughout the book, there is a ludic stamp to opposition that must be re-played to develop Communism away from Capitalism. For example, war represses trauma through seemingly unrelated signifiers, which can themselves be reclaimed as a kind of war unto itself: culture war as yet another battlefield for class war to unfurl in plays on words, but also reclaimed symbols of games, of people, of things (of classic examples to make fun of; exhibit 101a2, above). Things seemingly as ordinary as heroes and villains (e.g., Captain American and Nazis) become things to challenge and subvert in cryptonymic stratagems with a game flavor. "Good play" becomes not just sex-positive but *deft*, "poker face" maneuvers

within a game where the other peoples on the societal "board" hide their true intentions/endorsement of rape culture, genocide and general abuse; i.e., "bad play" as made in bad faith, in disguise, in ludic symbols but also within actual games to play as a form of oppositional discourse.

Through these deft cryptonymic maneuvers, sex becomes not something to cover up through submissive modesty tactics but rather employs quasi-acceptable/"correct" disguises that serve a Trojan function. The game, then, is a trick, wherein being clever is an emergent form of deceiving one's enemies; deft play and deception are synonymous within gameplay as a means of survival, but also changing the way the game is played—i.e., the meta—while dealing with harmful impostors using the same basic masks, thus espionage maneuvers and attacks: the enemy looks like us, but also plays and fights like us during the harrowing process of reclamation.

Revolution, then, require performances where gender parody is a costume—one to not simply wear but *remove* at times, "flashing" people with an oppressed body being reclaimed by those fighting their own exploitation. There is also an exchange of stealing "borrowed robes" from TERFs during oppositional praxis; i.e., literally fighting over clothes, language, and status/sex symbols, which heroes represent and—par for the course in canonical expression—repress said abuses.

We shall thus cover examples of revolutionary satire as *liminal* expression, one whose cryptonymy grants the unheard their much-needed pedagogy of the oppressed: the "Trojan-esque" subterfuge as *splendide mendax*. Such "beautiful liars" stealthily-but-in-plain-sight inject irony and critique through cryptonymy into various, often boss-like positions; i.e., tied to war, BDSM and gender expression as forever policed by token traitors (we're all kings and queens under Communism, loves).

Lastly, we'll explore some of the consequences one can experience when conducting oppositional praxis ourselves: as the Aegis in question! Survival is sass, but also ass as sass! Let the booty bounce abjection back at our colonizers. Fuck



the alien blue Fuck the alien blue, revolutionary cryptonymy your means of survival, solidarity and speaking out to dodge Judas overtures of token genocide, thus replacement (the whore a cheap plaything the state uses to antagonize nature with)!

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Transgressive Nudism; or, Flashing Those with Power (re: Cryptonymy's Origins)

Refuse is our inspiration

Terrorism our trade

Sabotage and piracy

[*Chaos our mental state*](#)

[*Mesmerizing, festering*](#)

[*Intended for the faint of heart*](#)

Cultish and anthemic

Until death us do part ([source](#)).

—Sascha Konietzko and En Esch; "Megalomaniac"¹³⁸, "on KMFD's *Symbols* (1997)

Note: This section is where I started to conceptualize revolutionary cryptonymy as a praxial device; i.e., as something we would revisit backwards in Volume Zero, One and Two (re: "[The Quest for Power](#)," "[An Uphill Battle](#)," "[Inside the Hall of](#)



"Mirrors," "[Perceptive Zombie Eyeballs](#)," "[Always a Victim](#)," and "[The Future Is a Dead Mall](#)," etc). Said section is partially incomplete, and I will point out any unfinished areas. —Perse 4/17/2025

(artist: [Stephanie Rodriguez](#))

Public nudism is our first revolutionary trick, mid-cryptonymy. The paradox of sex positivity is how it often (though not always) involves a fair amount of naked, pornographic exposure through voyeurism and

¹³⁸ As Se7en123 writes,

The song, 'Megalomaniac,' is meant as an ironic song to satire other punk bands that have gone mainstream and over their own heads. In this song, KMFD talks about how they are the best thing since Jesus Christ. The video is the perfect ironic statement, filled with marketing, and even a disclaimer stating "WARNING: THIS VIDEO HAS BEEN CREATED FOR PROMOTIONAL PURPOSES AS A PART OF THE MARKETING STRATEGY FOR THE SINGLE MEGALOMANIAC BY KMFD" ([source](#): Genius).

I would argue its branded "counterculture" and "appropriate rebellion" has a German, shock-flavor similar to Rammstein, but also bands like Sepultura (re: exhibit 94c2b, "[Obliterating Phoebe](#)") or System of a Down (re: "[Toxic Schlock Syndrome](#)"). There's rebellious potential, but the allegory—as something to activate—is still packaged and sold to a mainstream (white, middle class) audience; e.g., *The Matrix* or *Barbie* (2023).

exhibitionism; less hiding one's identity seemingly at, but instead putting it all out under an alias that advertises through partial, *imperfect* concealment. We've touched on these ideas briefly throughout the book, but here I'd like to apply them to revolutionary praxis. "Poker face" suggest an expectation of deception as being part of the game in question, but nudism isn't inherently sexual despite canonical proponents thinking otherwise. In praxial terms, then, opposition is expressed through monstrous-ludic language for social-sexual purposes that challenge state power instead of being duped by its killing jokes and Faustian bargains. There is often a tremendously ostentatious component towards subversive expression—one's body as something to reveal to others, while still hiding one's proletarian intentions.

For some, this behavior is expected in surface-level terms (re: Segewick), but threatens the players with ordinary dangers amplified by the idea of revolution as a form of "cheating" that "dupes" more fragile players: white, cis-het men (and their subordinates) who constantly gripe that sex work and male-dominated professions (such as streamlining or YouTube content creation) shouldn't mix because *it isn't fair*. In a nutshell, private parts should stay privatized—i.e., "for men" under Capitalism. Nevertheless, playing with state proponents' heads, hearts and libidos remains an important skill—one vital to Gothic-Communist development that should still be performed in ways that keep workers as safe as possible while being sex-positive in transgressive ways. Sex is always risky to some extent, but legitimate danger can and should be minimized wherever possible when voicing our own oppression and reclamation of power through subversive, even transgressive exhibitionist displays of vulnerability and power exchange.

To it, if we want to expose our enemies, thus disarm them as voyeurs before fascism can become normalized, this requires routinely being ourselves in ways they will gag to in disgust, stare in shock, defecate in fear or otherwise overreact/lose control towards in telling, oft-amusing ways: Coleridge's "stare and tremble" schtick being middle-class, white cis-het pearl clutching while afraid of gay Communist terrorists. We must remove not just one mask, but each layer of the concentric veneer until there are no masks left for them to use, until their insecurities are laid bare and some attempt at open discourse can actually be met. This, as it should be clear by now, requires our own masks and disguise pastiche: kink and BDSM aesthetics being a popular choice; e.g., consent-non-consent, voyeurism/exhibitionism of the body as laterally associated/synthesized with socio-political aesthetics and hate speech as something to heal our own wounds, address our own dysphoria and dysphoria as state-provided ailments.

For the rest of this subchapter, then, we'll unpack several nudism in different forms: flashing and voyeuristic/exhibitionistic breeding as standard-issue performance methods, while also touching *slightly* on disguise pastiche and ahégao (which we'll unpack more in the subchapters that follow).

Below are several exhibits that showcase the basic idea of worker control as something to establish through public nudism during ludo-Gothic BDSM as a cryptonymic "flashing" device:



(exhibit 101b: The privatization of sex generally relegates AFAB sex workers [and homosexual men, trans women, twink, etc] behind a veil. They become fragile and caged, but also voiceless during the exchange—i.e., of money towards the elite, who exploit customer and sex worker alike. Conversely any attempts to alter this equation and its material conditions are demonized during moral panics, inaccurately presented as homicidal and degenerate; e.g., the "guy with the gun" in Adventures in Babysitting.

And yet, displays of nudity can be used to nurture those under duress [e.g., Oliver Stone's 1978 Midnight Express] or torment them; e.g., can be used by those living under oppression to tease those who, under normal conditions, have more rights than the performer but thanks to the prison system suddenly do not: "Lucille" from Cool Hand Luke, 1967. Lucille was played by then-27-year-old actress, Joy Harmon, who—by her own account—was "just washing a car to my best ability and having fun with it, with the sponge and everything" [source: Jeff Labrecque's "Catching Up with the woman..." 2017]. Apparently the men in the cast didn't require direction:

When she emerges from the dilapidated country house, turns on the portable radio and the hose, and goes to work washing the car, Rosenberg pointed the cameras at the men, watching her from a distance. They didn't require instruction on how to act. "The only one that I talked to was Stuart Rosenberg and the photographer," Harmon says. "He just worked it like—'Now, get the sponge, and squeeze it, and wash the car' and so forth. I just followed [his instruction]. The shots were all like kind of broken up, you know, how he wanted me to do it. It was easy. It was so easy" [ibid.].

Keeping all of this in mind, the men in the film were playing convicts, but also couldn't touch Harmon in real life. Knowing this, her "come hither" expression becomes knowingly unfair in more ways than one. The same strategy can be employed by internet sex workers who aren't working under a male director—i.e., are making content for themselves as an expression of their reclaimed power under the heteronormative establishment.

As such, mutual consent is conveyed by the public space as free to exhibit nudity. Normally within capital as condoned by the elite, collective worker action can be made following attempts to privatize sexuality and gender-non-conforming behaviors, keeping them in the public sphere as educational tools by virtue of workers going on strike—of relocating to new social media platforms [e.g., from Tumblr to Twitter or OnlyFans to Fansly]. In realms of mutual consent as a negotiated concept understood by all parties, violence against the "tease" or the "trap" becomes entirely impossible, granting the perceived submissive or feminine party the greatest degree of power there is: service unto the beautiful according to what they're born with—their bodies and their rights. They surrender power to the dom, knowing the dom is saddled with the responsibility of enormous trust and the equally tremendous consequences should that trust be broken.)



(exhibit 101c1: Artist, left: [Emma Johana Orozco](#); right: Charles Eisen. Models aren't in danger just because they're naked, and this sentiment that they are is coded into canonical media that often relies on women who have been conditioned through their own abuse into reactionary ways of thinking; i.e., into the arms of

their would-be "protectors." The reality is that most rapes aren't from random strangers; they're intraracial and committed by someone the victim knows. Moreover, the person[s] filming an amateur, in-public shoot are in no more danger than a vulnerable woman during a scene of appropriative peril on-set for a big-budget movie. They're with someone they know who's holding the camera, which lowers the odds of attack. Furthermore, like with police abuse, the mere presence of a camera streaming to the internet or a cloud server lowers the odds of an attack as it enables the victim to upload their attacker's identity immediately and directly to thousands, even millions of people.

A risk remains, though, in that once something is publicly shared, it becomes a matter of public record; to make a pun out of it, Pandora's "Box" isn't something you can just close once it's out there in the world. Granted, it's easier to erase records of it if a sex worker is more anonymous; e.g., no face in their photo and avoiding any large kind of notorious website and/or branding deals. Something to keep in mind is that public forms of sex worker art that brand as such and are treated as advertisements; i.e., directing customers to pay sites to purchase similar content. Thus, as something to present and critique [as I do in this book] is similar to a movie still image or a piece of art that advertises the artist's portfolio as a form of nudist, asexually conveyed erotica [if a sex worker isn't ace, their working relationship with clients often is—excluding exhibitionists who get off on being seen]. They fall under Fair Use, meaning they don't require permission to be used in a transformative, academically critical, or satirical sense.)

Flashing is arguably the most transgressive nudism at a glance (i.e., erotic canon as a guilty pleasure that promotes coercive voyeuristic themes; e.g., *Psycho*). I don't mean this in the literal sense—like provoking a bull in front of you to charge, per se—but rather that public displays of nudity (or even just gender non-conforming behaviors) are treated as strictly taboo and automatically sexual/predatory during moral panics; i.e., something that "no one" wants to see, thus shouldn't be shown, period.

As the state is always in crisis, thus in panic to some degree, the showing of nudity becomes something to sanction—to allow in privatized, pornographic showings and to police those exhibitions thereof that aren't cleared by the elite as "artistic" or otherwise lucrative for them. Nudism, then, becomes a form of *degenerate* violence equated with "weaponry" (exhibit 101a1) whose legitimacy is determined by whether or not it adheres to the status quo. Yet, it is precisely in this kind of vulnerable revelation that our own struggle for equality against oppression can be exposed: through nudity that transgresses against those who would oppress us, exploring the relationship between nudity as artistic vs pornographic, but also sexual versus asexual; i.e., public nudism versus pornography as something profane relative to canon that is nevertheless "for sale" behind the usual paywalls.

These buffers apply to revolutionary praxis as a kind of "aegis" to keep us safe (exhibit 101a1), but also to speak out against our oppressors with in exhibitionist ways. They reverse abjection but also work as defensive cryptonyms that get at trauma protectively—i.e., through voyeurism and exhibitionist as a sex-positive practice: "Art is love made public," with the act of looking non-shameful and appreciative, not persecutory.

Nevertheless, the secret identity comes into play in some shame or form; i.e., it (from our thesis statement) "can allow victims of trauma to face their trauma without exposing themselves to a confessional of public scrutiny and shame regarding taboo abuse (and societal tendencies to blame the victim) but also—with revolutionary cryptonymy—to hide our scars and trauma from our enemies." This happens while outing them as out would-be destroyers; i.e., "We can show them what we want them to see while minimizing risk to ourselves" during revolutionary activities that a) require some kind of stage and/or audience that crosses over into real life, and b) turns the gendered tables on the theatre of the man-in-black trope (a bandit, outlaw or highwayman; a rebel, crimefighter and/or blackguard, ninja, sell-sword, etc; but also a ballroom lothario/rake). The mask as imbued with these clandestine, romantic variables, can furtively (thus safely) play with the role of the

wearer in ways that reclaim it as well; e.g., as a "nun" in disguise merely by virtue of the opponent mistaking the wearer as just another wallflower. My inner princess desires that strong-thighed mistress with just right the air of mystery and danger to her. Even so, danger-at-a-glance should still give way to sex positivity under dialectical-material scrutiny.

([artist: Rongs1234](#))



Bear in mind, mutual consent is vital to proletarian praxis, so any nudity or gender-non-conforming behavior—be it during live performance art such as drag or burlesque, or on a gallery invigilator's canvas or television screen, or a voyeur mutually consensually watching

a couple fuck—must be revealed under conditions that *actually respect and convey mutual consent*. For instance, if an event is exhibiting adult nudity as a form of sex-gender education, then age limits should be imposed in advance (which includes speaking to different groups of students relative to their age and maturity in the language they would actually use; i.e., "When in Rome..."; e.g., this California high school teacher using words like "booty hole" when talking to her students about prostate stimulation ([source tweet](#): Hesh Comps, 2023) or the principal from *Heartbreak High* deadpanning the teenage slang, "tongue-punch her fart box" to our embarrassed protagonist). But once implemented, this counts as fair warning for any who might argue "their" women and children are being "groomed" by the *de facto*, extracurricular instructors of said, reverse-object exhibits.

Voyeurism and exhibitionism within porn are a common guilty pleasure within canonical media's arrangement of abject, shameful sex, so it standards to reason that the process for reversing it lies in the same procedures in iconoclastic media made by emotionally/Gothically intelligent workers. Regarding myself, I am a voyeur but only watch couples who like to show off—e.g., any of the models I've worked within in this book. There's an indulgent, voyeuristic quality to porn in general, an invitation to watch that becomes increasingly sex-positive the less oppressed from a material standpoint the models are (thus more able to negotiate) that sits behind the imperiled, voyeuristic/exhibitionist image on display (e.g., Nina Hartley and Victoria Paris; re: exhibits 47b1a, "[Non-Magical Damsels and Detectives](#)"). The idea is one of danger-at-a-glance; i.e., of voyeuristic peril that fools the viewer in a mechanism that excites them in a healthy way that *can* be related to trauma, but also just excites them without harming other people.



(exhibit 101c2a: Artist, left: Angel Witch; right: unknown. A cock needn't be a symbol of rape, but a rope to pull on "to ring one's bell." This can mean confronting false copies of trauma or danger to help one heal in a serious, therapeutic sense; or it can be more of a guilty pleasure that flirts with danger as commodified. Either is fine, provided no one is actually being harmed in the process. It can also be shared; couples like to have naughty sex and have people watch [and vice versa].

For example, the man-in-black trope and the voyeurism of peril is, itself, a kind of rape play whose pastiche and violent figurative language involves a consenting third party and two individuals, themselves consenting to a performance scene of exquisite torture/voyeurism of peril that isn't [unlike its historical-material counterparts and general aesthetic palimpsests] actually harmful [exhibit 47b1/b2; re: "[Non-Magical Damsels and Detectives](#)"]. The doll-like performance can be subtle or overt. In a theatrical sense, the partner in the black mask suggests a modernized version of the highway robber¹³⁹ stealing one's "jewels." In truth, the "pearl-clutching" becomes a form of instruction designed to teach people the means of profound enjoyment through subversion and transgression as its own activity within de facto education and Gothic counterculture; i.e., "mutual consent is fun, and teaching it through exhibitionistic xenophilia is a job well done!" The paradox of sexual healing is that it is often performed through voyeuristic peril and consent-non-consent using repurposed demon lovers in a sex-positive sadistic attack to achieve catharsis.)

This "bandit-fucking effect" can be one that people make themselves. Here are a variety of sex-positive examples of voyeurism/exhibitionism, featuring people I've worked with showing themselves and their playmates off in a variety of fetishized ways. The fetish or dark/"metal" aesthetic isn't harmful because it's a device that reclaims trauma to a reverse-abject degree; i.e., through the reclamation of death aesthetics, kink, and demonic BDSM through Gothic counterculture art (the "demon" lover is ironic because does harm the subject, nor does the context for its exhibit encourage such displays of unironic damage). It camps Percy Shelley's "Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!"; re: by playfully asking the canonical enforcer *and* potential revolutionary to look at our "murder" and "rape"—all the better to "stare and tremble" with the proverbial "weirdest boner." It might not be their "proudest fap," but there's a *mysterium tremendum* (the palliative Numinous) to impart: the ability to reduce risk through consent-non-consent, but also just straight-up exhibitionism between couples wearing the general aesthetic (in the words of Jadis, "Oh, yeah! Put your mysterium tremendum in my uncanny valley!").

¹³⁹ Or the vampire stealing one's essence, symbolized by the traditional source of female power: her virginity as symbolized by her panties, her crotch (re: "[Understanding Vampires](#)"). The idea of the extramarital lothario's "stake" being produced to penetrate the sleeping or otherwise helpless woman would have been unironically mutilative to scare/intrigue Neo-Gothic female readers; i.e., to flirt with danger but ultimately go home and marry the hero. In truth, female desire as unregulated by heteronormative proponents would do as Angel Witch or the other woman in the above photo does: to grab the "stake," spread her legs and guide it [safely] inside her to partake deeply of a healthy penetration amid the death ritual as reclaimed [in some cases while literally asleep, but otherwise bound and gagged, unable to move or scream; re: exhibit 11b2, "[Challenging the State](#)"]. In porn, this is called "aiming" or "guiding"; i.e., for the woman to be penetrated safely.)



(exhibit 101c2a: This collage is a series of thumbnails from a sex tape custom that I commissioned from [Quinnvincible](#) and their partner. Originally I paid for a solo shoot [the images of them alone on their green shoots or with the purple background]. Not only did I do their witch drawing based off that shoot [re: exhibit 52g, "[Furry Panic](#)"] but some of the images were also taken and used to storyboard a shoot between Quinn and their partner. They filmed it at the angles I requested, following various instructions describing each shot's angle, pose and time length [usually in seconds], as well as other relevant information [glasses on or off; creampie or cumshot, etc].

The combined projects were a lot of fun to do together [so much so that Quinn's partner thanked me for giving her permission to come out of her cock cage so she could fuck Quinn's boy pussy with her girl-cock]. The entire exercise was designed to be sex-positive, promoting and endorsing the beauty of Quinn and their partner as they exist/identify as: gender-non-conforming people but also sexually active cuties who like to be watched on camera as they fuck.



[model and artist: [UrEvilMommy](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

This collage of UrEvilMommy was commissioned specifically for the book [re: "[Back to the Necropolis](#)"]. Though initially I just thought they were hot and wanted to watch them fuck [like rabbits], I asked if the commission could be made into an exhibit; Mommy and their partner agreed and this illustration, collage and sub-exhibit were the result; i.e., the "staking" of the Carmilla-esque "dark mommy" with the "hunter's 'stake.'" This being said, I did ask if I could call them "mommy" as I jerked off my girl-cock to the ref material they sent, to which they agreed.

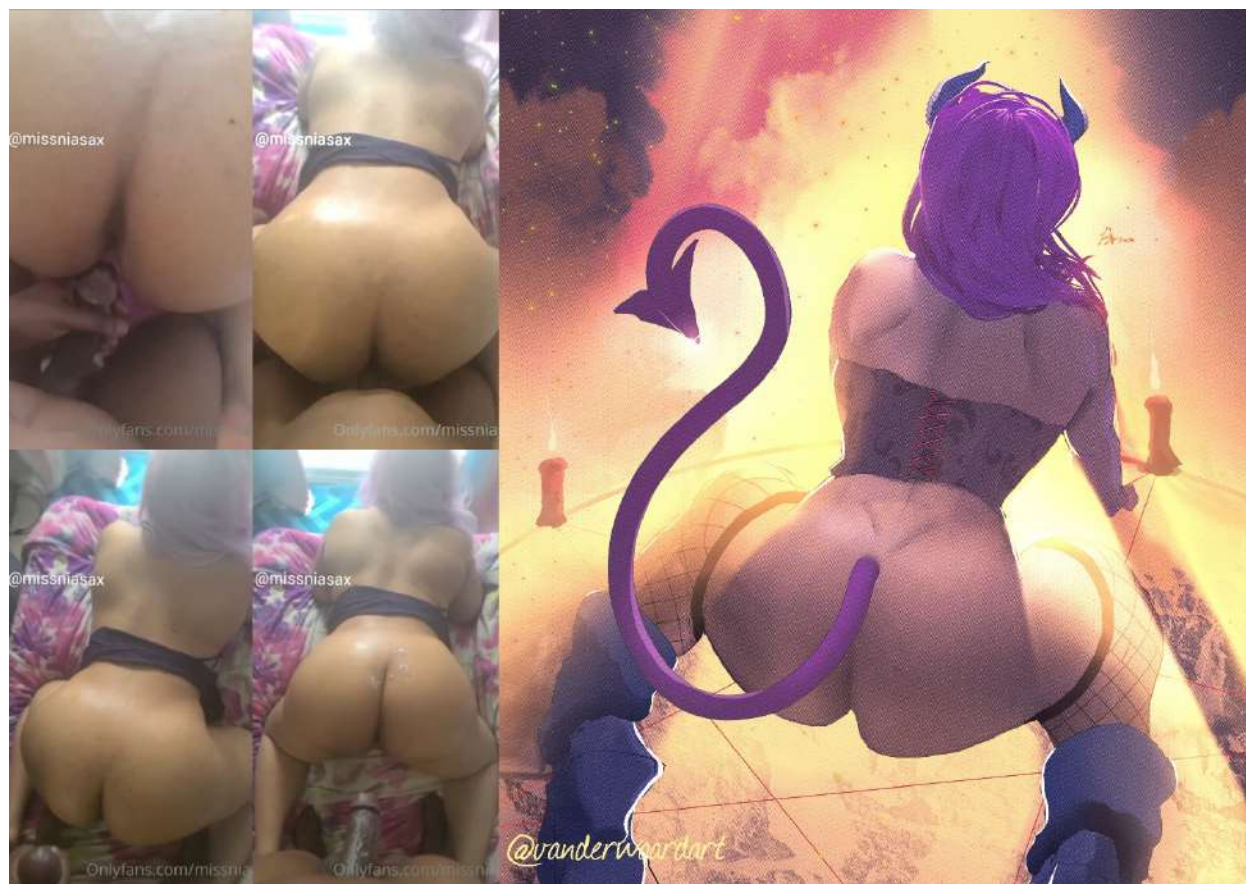
Afterward, I came for them as a kind of tribute and thanked them; they were delighted in the mess that I made for them. In other words, modesty and cleanly

order weren't the point of our covenant; making a sexy little mess for a dark mommy god was.

"Let's go to the dark gods!" The "fallen" angel, devil, demon or dark god needn't be fascist/regressive when using death/fetish, vampiric aesthetics. Indeed, during gender-non-conforming exercises and sex-positive discourse, the dark aesthete/Galatea can celebrate the pagan [often symbolized as a rabbit or a butterfly] in ways that reimagine lost histories that were colonized, assimilated, appropriated or destroyed and buried by Capitalism; i.e., a non-violent, often-neurodivergent consent-non-consent ritual that isn't recuperated and, just as well, can speak to potential converts/allies through a high-universal language: sex or [for ace people] affection, tenderness and negotiation during BDSM as ironic peril/countercultural Gothic expression—nudism as much as sex [which, like with any kink, won't work if both parties aren't into it/a good fit].

The coveted nature of the inaccessible ["look but do not touch"] makes it a viable means for workers to, at the very least, supplement their income/support themselves, but also voice themselves through disguise pastiche they can remove at any time; or apply just as quickly [like Zorro] to metamorphose before our very eyes: makeup, accessories, animal personas, and otherwise, playful customized appearances provide a sex-work-meets-Satanic flavor [and a legion of gradients, of which the "dark rabbit" is just one of an endless bestiary]. This works alongside what they can't simply remove without non-trivial effort [which varies per performer but generally falls into two traditional, settler-colonial categories: their skin color and their genitals] and the performance as half-real—i.e., the "death face" of an orgasm working within the ahegao aesthetic, but also feeling legitimately good for various reasons at the same time: one's sexual pleasure at being touched or seen, at showing off one's body or equipment, their devil/angel or virgin/whore leather or lace [or "living leather"] as fetishized, at seeing one's partner pleased for similar-if-not-always-identical reasons, knowing the audience enjoys the performance for any or all of these factors, etc. It all comes together [so to speak] in a holistic, liminal threshold that can be tried, time and time again by idiosyncratic performers.

From the psychological side of things, is something to face in controlled chaos/rituals of exquisite "torture" that allow us agency through the risk reduction of prey maladaptive responses. If we need to, we can confirm a perceived danger as false, or flirt with danger to regain some sense of control over things that have been beaten into us; we can also empathize with the vicarious victim as an avatar for us to embody through empathy so that we don't feel alone. These medicinal functions of the palliative Numinous are part of the same psychosexual schtick, regardless of how intense it actually is.



[artist: [Miss Nia Sax](#)]

Nia self-represents as demonic. In turn, demons represent forbidden knowledge and power exchange, generally through uneven/unequal forms. But they also upend what's being said. In traditional/conservative representations of demonhood, a monster enforces the status quo by dehumanizing it as alien and fetishized; the inverse is true in sex-positive forms, whose calculated risks camp dogma to liberate sex workers (of which all workers are, insofar as Capitalism dimorphically sexualizes all workers through the dialectic of the alien, of us vs them). This means that when something appears unequal in iconoclastic forms, they deliberately foster a countercultural element of appreciative irony to educate others with.

Not only can the sub never be raped in mutually consenting scenarios, but they actually have rights and power that are upheld within an informed exchange thereof; i.e., using Gothic poetics to interrogate and negotiate trauma through calculated risk by going where power is: the usual places and roles of performance in a paradoxical BDSM framework that aids in worker liberation through calculated risk: the cryptonymic acquiring of power and control as normally denied when feeling out of control. This means reclaiming them during psychosexual theatrical scenarios that mimic inequality but install the ability to a) consent and avoid harm, and b) exert control over an ostensible dominant; i.e., through the issuing of veiled

threats and commands that are pleurably therapeutic to both sides. Such is revolutionary cryptonymy.

To this, Nia embodies the place where power and play are stored, thus can be invoked—themselves. They represent someone who incorporates the aesthetics of power and death through an ironic informed exchange that, when negotiated, produced and invigilated between all parties involved, globally humanizes them as monstrous. The underlying goal is to synthesize praxis to achieve psychosexual catharsis (the addressal and prevention of sexual trauma and harm) on a wider societal level; i.e., through the informed-thus-healthy confrontation of generational trauma that ludo-Gothic BDSM entails: a pedagogy of the oppressed, whose creative success between multiple workers illustrating consent provides a collective statement that embodies something sacred to workers in opposition to the state—basic human rights as unalienable, including their bodies, genders, and overall labor [and its power expressed through artistic expression] as owned exclusively by them.

In other words, to break Capitalist Realism by illustrating mutual consent, we all have to be more creative and artistic; i.e., by working through paradox together to foster intersectional solidarity through praxial synthesis, using cryptonymy to raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness: during the struggle to liberate [and criminalize] workers challenging the state and Capitalism's automatic exploitation/cheapening of them for profit. Our cryptonymy challenges the state's.



[model and artist: [Ms. Reefer/Ayla](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

This collage of Ms. Reefer and Ayla provides contrast of their bodies and genitals, but also the couch as a strangely erotic piece of furniture; i.e., thanks to canonical porn—difficult to have sex on, but certainly fun to watch. Camping such maneuvers, revolutionary cryptonymy conveys a sense of the domestic and the urgency of improvising: when a bed is not immediately at home within the home [e.g., when I was in Manchester, Zeuhl and I would do it on the floor or a small, one-person mattress. There was something desperately hungry about that arrangement; re: ["The Eyeball Zone"](#)].



[model and artist: [Autumn Anarchy/Sinead](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

This collage of Autumn Anarchy and Sinead, whose own shoot conveys the kinds of things that—while commissioned—go beyond porn normally reducing the actors involved to sex objects; i.e., both are people first, the exhibit's cryptonymy meant to illustrate that vis-à-vis dialectical-material context.



[Baby the cat; note her squish from the handprint embedded in her furry chonk.]

All kidding aside, there's countless ways to relate to nature as something normally policed by state forces. Anything the state normally chattelizes can be reclaimed during revolutionary cryptonymy.)

Reversing abjection, we become less like Cartesian adults and more like "singing kitties" (the expression Bay used for my constantly meowing cat, above); or—between consenting adults—horny rabbits that healthily act on animalized impulses when we want something in the presence of intimated trauma: a lack of fear when asking for sex, intimacy and various other needs and wants denied to us by Capitalism as a systemic repressing, thus regressive, force; but dressed up in things reclaimed from a wardrobe of stolen robes: our borrowed implements of torture and bondage "borrowed" *back* through ironic roleplay's new waves of deathly *jouissance* that, while they sound fun, in the postpunk tradition embrace and find new, unknown pleasures during state deception, crisis and collapse (e.g., Modern English's 1982 "[I Melt with You](#)" literally a song about two lovers fucking and melting together as a bomb drops on them—sort of a more morbidly cheerful version of Nena's already-morbidly-cheerful-while-keyboarding-about nuclear-war-during-the-rise-of-neoliberalism, "[99 Luftballons](#)," 1983).

Our subversive playfulness isn't the sort of fearmongering that postures death as a "cool" suicide cult, but finds a sense of grace, dignity and joy through the hauntological aesthetics of death amid the threat of total destruction; i.e., when "Majora" threatens *us* with the moon in geopolitical subterfuge, we remember what

ol' Jack Burton does in a situation like that (such a delightful himbo): "You just stare that big ol' storm right back and say, "Give me your best shot, I can take it!" (re: "[Meeting Rebels](#)").

This includes our relationship to media. Jadis, for example, couldn't take away my love of "The Lady of Shalott" (despite it becoming an ironic ballad of their seduction of me through a knightly pastiche I ultimately had to reclaim—re: exhibit 43d, "[Seeing Dead People](#)"). In other words, such lunacy fucks with your head; sometimes, when death fucks with us, all a fag can do is fuck back with our own brand of madness (re: "[Escaping Jadis](#)").



To attach this to a broader narrative scheme of subversive poetics, Gothic *poiesis* and BDSM operate through a call-and-response on par with Camus' *Myth of Sisyphus* (1942). Indeed, whatever hauntology this takes—from Loreena Mckennitt's *Elemental* (1985) to Ridley Scott's matelotage in outer space to the Cohen Brothers' *The Ballad of Buster Scruggs* (2018) and its evocation of Chaucer, Percy Shelley and Lebensraum in the Western mode—there is room within these

violent, Romantic choruses for unaccommodated voices sharing a pedagogy of the oppressed that yearns for solidarity within a love for vulgar (common) and "dead" aesthetics: *our* sleeping beauties that threaten to reawaken.

Point is, there's always more to say from different points of view within the same code; i.e., in response to various material conditions and parallel societies under Capitalism, the Cohen's own quoting of "Ozymandias" suggests an iconoclastic refrain: "Look on *our* works, ye Mighty, and despair!" (re: exhibit 40a4, "[The Problem of Futile Revenge](#)") as liberated from Liam Neeson's doll-like "chicken," thus free to make not just art, but revive lost culture in unique forms that—in the Communist tradition as ushered into existence—offers glimpses of a better world through parodic wit: "People are not like ferrets!" This prophesized new world is tied to the old, but sex-positive and humane for all people's exploited by Capitalism then-and-now (and not a compromise of cheap, empty spectacle's profit... for the lives of "useless eaters" who quote British Romantics).

There's certainly an element of gallows humor in its genesis, but humanity is defined by struggle to immense dehumanizing forces; "I am not an animal!" can be declared in so many different ways [and not, I might add, at the expense of animals or the land by prospecting capitalists/anthropogenic activities and inherited fears of stigma creatures. To paraphrase my partner Bay, "We're not born loving of all things; we're evolutionarily born selfish to keep us alive, and it takes serious work to unlearn these "creepy-crawly" phobias taught to us by Capitalism; i.e., to learn about the world by playing with it as a mechanism of brain development and societal construction in any social group: how we learn about each other and the world as a means of interacting together that readies us for a safe state of maturity.

To it, cryptonymy is a social means of survival, of protecting us from the state, I would add, it is a means of interrogating a system of material conditions that interferes with our own survival and, interconnected with us, the wellbeing of the planet's ecosystems around us. Bay calls this *Whakataukī* ("fu-kuh toe key"), which loosely translated, means "a saying that has become settled over time"/a proverb¹⁴⁰ without an origin: "*Ki te kore nga putake e makukungia, e kore te rakau e tupu,*" or "If the roots of the tree are not watered the tree will never grow."

The oral tradition is historically harder to police and stamp out than the written word; verbal histories are more easily lost in the face of eugenics, but also

¹⁴⁰ Paraphrased from Twinkl.co's own definition:

A *Whakataukī* is a Māori proverb where the origins are unknown. They have an important role in Māori culture. *Whakataukī* are often used as a motivational tool and can be used in speeches or everyday conversations. They can include poetic language and have an underlying meaning. *Whakataukī* can show thoughts and feelings in Māori. The word *whakataukī* comes from 3 different words, "whaka" (to cause), "tau" (to be settled) and "kī" (a saying). *Whakataukī* is a saying that has become settled over time, from when it was first said and regularly repeated up to this day ([source](#)).

traditions that deal in aesthetics that do not have set meaning thus can be used against the state and its proponents' opportunistic fear of death (exploiting the land to stave off death) to tell our stories about our own lives and deaths but also those lost places, peoples and things we feel a strong transgenerational bond to.

In my case, I feel like I've always processed trauma in a feminine way—i.e., through danger and sex from a female perspective, meaning the fear of rape is something I have always feared as a trans woman despite feeling the odds of it being "lower" on account of my birth sex (which doesn't matter if you're trans, because chasers will attack and abuse you for simply being different than the heteronormative standard).

Simply put, I always empathized with the plight of the heroine, and for me, I like to stress this in the art I produce myself or sponsor from others. For me, the Numinous of sexual healing through fetishized media (exhibitionist/voyeurism) is a kind of styled language that addresses my emotional trauma from someone I was sexually involved with (and talked about the Gothic with a lot). It feels so potent that even writing about it, I can feel the volcanic, *Zofloya*-esque eye of an angry god on me; but it can't hurt me anymore because the feeling of peril is being supplied without the risk of death through a controlled event. But it's still intense and requires aftercare: "There is no life in the void; only death!"



"Art is love made public." The above exhibits demonstrate our exhibitionist's adage with permission, inside an age-gated book designed to educate people about the

process of reversing abjection through the Gothic mode.

I should that that showcasing this added context reveals the actual abusers when they do flip out, hiding behind a DAVRO façade as they try to repress sex-positive education and figurative/literal forms of monstrous expression; i.e., nudity as something to panic about, thus dress up as a "Satanic/groomer" threat that must be met with paramilitary crack-downs by "concerned" citizens who don't want to see *that* (anywhere; i.e., the strawman implication that degenerate, unwanted forms of sexual/asexual gender-non-conforming expression are being shoved down "everyone's" throats without their consent). The only way to expose their hypocrisy and bad faith is to be ourselves, which requires degrees of nudity and gender parody as a form of reverse-abject, liminal expression—revolutionary cryptonymy through a variety of proletarian masks worn in opposition to state hegemony attacking not just our active resistance to them, but our way of life, our parties,

coffee shops, or discos; our "torture" chambers and sex dungeons by replacing them with unironic variants.

At times, our own veneers become complicated, concentric; there is a standoff-ish quality to the display but also a silent *prayer* that you won't be condemned by bigots for partaking in healthy and safe activities (it's the bigots and their canonical conditioning who make them unsafe, in other words). Here are several examples illustrating those points during the cryptonymy "flashing" process:

Note: Ginger was unable to finish the drawing but I've kept the sketch in the book, anyways. Also, when asked about it, Ginger replied,



I'll see what I can do, but I can't make any promises. If you have to release it half finished, or take it out, you have my blessing. If you release it half finished you can add this quote "Neither I nor this depiction of Persephone were able to finish due to the shackles of capitalism (my job wants spreadsheets). Something, something, "to unlock this orgasm please organize a better economic system."

—Perse, 5/9/2025

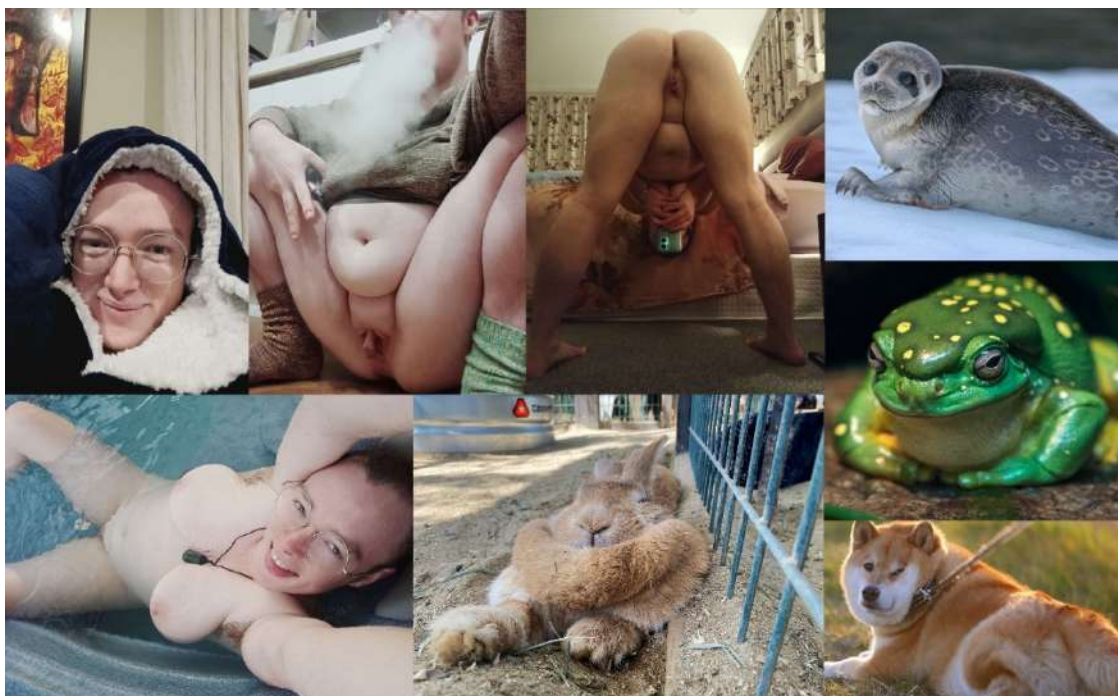
(exhibit 101d1: Artist: Ginger, Han Solo "shooting" under the table, mid-cryptonymy. Our friendship is asexual but we're able to talk about each other's sex lives [and other people we think are hot] in a platonic way, which comes in handy when talking about work. During one conversation, I described a moment when working with someone who was acting sus [during my transphobic episode when dealing with bigoted AFAB sex workers] and despite having my "gun on the table" as a show of good faith, actually had a second "gun" under the table to "shoot" the bad-faith party with. It's not a call for violence against abusers, but a metaphor for the reality of the politeness trapping that occurs when you're "stuck" with someone who's clearly acting in bad faith and you need to safely but effectively disentangle yourself from the conversation.

As mentioned in Volume Two, the gun is also a metaphor of caution and social cues and tools for dealing with bad-faith persons that one learns from living under abusive conditions; e.g., Jadis' treatment towards me and their unwitting equipping of myself with the means to deal with future assholes, but also something to not use against potential allies by learning how to put the gun down when interacting

with potential threats but also friends. Affective socializing is a liminal ordeal, needling the maze while deciding how much to blend in and stand out.

In the case of this drawing, Ginger proposed that rather than a second gun, there be a sexual ally [the twi'lek being a sexually exploited minority in Return of the Jedi, 1983]. I was so confused/intrigued by what they meant at first that I asked them to draw it, which they did for my birthday. In a show of aceness between us, there is further irony inside the fact that "Han" [me] would be getting sucked off, yet I do not actually enjoy oral sex in real life; i.e., the enjoyment of oral is the fantasy at play as something that goes beyond my normal sexual experiences: during ludo-Gothic BDSM as I now call it.

Likewise, by the time I met Bay—whose like-mindedness, mana, and sweet nature was paramount in finalizing this book—I was a very different person from when I started dating eight years prior. I had a lot more experience under my belt—was writing and thinking critically on a level that far surpassed anything from several years ago, let alone in 2014! In short, I could tell that Bay was different than past cuties in that I could sense they weren't going to harm me, but also was someone I could appreciate by how actively supportive they were of my work [comparatively, all of my past exes—Constance, Zeuhl, Jadis and Cuwu—were all thoroughly self-absorbed in different ways]. Bay is a sweetie, through and through. Also, they're totally the twi'lek under the table sucking me off.)



(exhibit 101d2a: Artist: [Bay](#). They are soft and cute, but also identify with animals that, like them, "squish and chonk" [and compare favorably to goblins and gremlins in a reclaimed, sex-positive way]; i.e., during the cryptonymy process, Bay loves animals who are "genetically designed to be fat, and have weird rolls and are

chunky [also, frogs don't have ribs, thus look super chonky]." They further explain how "fatness equals unhealthy" is an incredibly Western concept that promotes eating disorders and disguised obesity—e.g., body building as a drug-induced morbid obesity that ties to a maladaptive, toxic and ultimately Western view of health, one that equates unhealthiness with animals but also people of color, as overindulgent, stupid, lazy and Satanic, etc. Bay likes to identify with animals and fatness in a way that subverts fatphobic stereotypes and broader Indigenous xenophobia. Their cryptonymy ties to nature as educational [re: "[Call of the Wild](#)".].)



(exhibit 101d2a: Artist, bottom-right: [Nothosaur Toys](#); top-right and bottom-middle: [Bay](#). The heroic/villainous cabinet of the curiosities and its "weaponry and costumes" are a trope that can be unironically violent/ironically so; i.e., the knife penis and other implements of actual torture as fetishized vs the fetishization of dark revenge as having a gradient of dialectical-material possibilities , mid-cryptonymy.

In The Crow, you have both: one, the hedonistic unironic torture of supervillain Top Dollar's sword collection, which he proudly displays to us and Gideon before stabbing the other man to death [for our entertainment, of course]; two, Eric Draven's revenge of the poor man's Goth, which comes alive, mid-hauntology [the slum; re: "[Ruling the Slum](#)"] to seek actual violent revenge against his fiancé's killers. Yet Eric eventually grows tired of revenge and trying to negotiate with a man who knows no limits; re: the original graphic novel was written by James O'Barr after his wife was killed by a drunk driver [[source](#): "Shadows on the Wall," 1994].

But the best revenge for the whore, I would argue is the cryptonymy as a kind of torture without harm; re: the torturing of the unironically violent by turning their fetishized implements of torture against them through our own cabinets of curiosities and costumes; e.g., my own take on Eric Draven from years ago, standing with guitarist/keyboardist/songwriter for Steam Powered Giraffe, Michael Reed [who, again, I would later investigate as a sex pest, [ibid.](#)]—but also Bay's shelf of sex toys and pup gear [which they're happy to show off in my book; they always feel like they have to cover it up when people enter their room, but secretly are incredibly proud of it] or Nothosaur Toys' "Strawberry Gothic" surreal-meets-delightful, candied expression of the "strawberry with teeth"; i.e., the vagina dentata gag minus the destructive "castration fantasy" but still having some of the visual implements of harm melded to the delicious and cutesy.)**

An important device to remember is that nudism is asexual unless negotiated to be sexual, mid-cryptonymy. As we have already explored, asexuality can occur in sexual language—with an ace model relating to sexual-orienting persons in sexual language that they themselves feel indifferent about. Likewise, the exposure is controlled—i.e., behind the spatial divide between the ace person and the sexual person, illustrated by the screen as something that cannot be crossed. Indeed, it's this very buffer that allows for negotiated exchanges to safely take place: a "safe space" for cash transactions regarding what is, for many models, a form of nudism that—per the cryptonymy process—hides and shows whatever we want it to, on the Aegis as shared by our enemies.

The idea, for us, is to reclaim this ability to negotiate for the benefit of sex worker rights according to how they are perceived, mid-cryptonymy. Nudism can be eroticized, even tied to profit to varying degrees, but it is always an expression of sex workers and their rights as paramount (it also invokes a knowing *playfulness*, one where sex workers take the opportunity to delightfully flash those slightly less marginalized than themselves under canonical duress: "Oh, boy, she knows *exactly* what she's doing! Drivin' us crazy lovin' every minute of it!" And ol' Luke was right: During oppositional praxis, sometimes "nothin'" *can* be a real cool hand.)

We've established porn and monsters are always liminal; as a transgressive nudist tool, sex work in the Internet age often takes place online—in public spaces

where anything and everything can be shared. Twitter even condones the soliciting of sex, albeit with a bias towards ways that adhere to the status quo (social media platforms are owned, after all). Any displays that delineate from the heteronormative standard and its universal clientele will be punished to whatever degree they are perceived as "trespassing" (a failure to stay in one's lane, even if that "lane" is the proverbial gutter).

And given that progressive politics have normalized cis-queer persons, the goalpost scapegoat has shifted onto a smaller minority group trying to exist unmolested during displays of public nudism and sex work as potentially ace: trans, intersex, and non-binary persons as increasingly non-gender-conforming than even their cis-queer counterparts. There are dangers when nakedly showing ourselves, but also layers of safety despite being naked onscreen. Sex workers generally show their faces, but work within aliases; the work is often temporary and later will involve companies specializing in model protection that scrub their images from the internet (and from websites that pirate sex worker material).

Yet, as a friend told me once, there is no full-measure that can be taken to run or hide from our exploitation; it cannot be avoided because those who fear us will, like the Red Bull, push us to the ends of the earth and into the sea. This kind of segregation *must* be fought against, not submitted to or assimilated. In short, the fear that workers-in-solidarity can generate is often best represented by a famous, powerful, and yes, at times *angry* monstrous-feminine: the surface of their body/the image as cryptonymy!



(artist: [Eniaart](#))

In those unhappy circumstances, nudity as a means of exposing our true selves through some sense of agency can dazzle or petrify our opponents behind the barrier of a phone screen, but also confuse their harmful conditioning by showing them something they have also been taught to work towards: sex as owed. In short, nudity becomes something of a "bargaining chip" that never fully loses its bargaining power (short of some futurist Utopia where fully realistic and subservient sex dolls become the norm; or a complete fascist uprising that dimorphizes everything in sight). Likewise, gender parody becomes something to chase be even the most staunch

defenders of the faith. And once they dabble, they can be outed and exposed for the hypocrites they are. Added with the paralysis of mixed messages during a

forced, buffered negotiation of sex as exchanged, there's a mixture of danger and liberation that gives proponents of Gothic Communism room to breathe.

We've touched on costumes a little bit and ahegao and rape pastiche. We'll unpack these in the following subchapters, but first I want use the remainder of this subchapter to outline more threats of what we're up against with *unironic* examples of the death fetish, the rape-through-war as valorized in the relationship between fiction, and the rules playing out in domestic and foreign territories. Under the status quo, realism is a state of constant reinforcement (race realism, Capitalism Realism); it cannot always be met with polite conversation, but requires transgressive nudism as guided by constructive anger and healing that outs the harmful by exposing them to the thing they fear most: worker solidarity as a reminder of their own reality as in crisis.

It's an invitation, then, to rise up through an apocalypse of our own. Let our actual bodies, labor, newfound voices and power show them the truth of their own fear and weakness, our "magic archaeologies" exposing their own canon as dogmatic lies through borrowed masks and robes worn undercover against our undercover adversaries—a double agency (to make a pun) that whittles away the reserves of those imitating us as we imitate them to control the conversation in ways useful to use: outing the Nazi without becoming one ourselves (a death fetish, some spankings and a blindfold does not a Nazi make).

The fact remains, we will not win today or tomorrow or in a hundred years, but keeping closeted and quiet is also no protection even in the short run. We cuties and twinkies and intelligent minds are what they fear the most; every step we take towards development is a victory—a new strain of composite, hybrid undead friendly to the cause that effortlessly reject the dualist, dueling past as an outmoded, pathetic and hopelessly violent way of thinking. To lift from Ho Chi Minh, they will kill ten of us and we will "kill" (transform) one of them, but in the end, they will tire first (the canon cannot win if its cannons will not fire, or if the cannon balls sprout wings and fly away). Our power stems from what they *can't strike down*, like Obi Wan if Obi Wan were an openly Gay Communist Wizard (and not the franchised space job FOX turned him into through Lucas' latter-day billionaire Marxism).

Even so, it's important to remember what we're up against: the power of the state to wage war in the shadows. Fascism, for example, is false power and knowledge, its users terminally allergic to the kind of exposure that iconoclastic emotional intelligence offers. Under Capitalism, the hauntology and the cryptonymic dog of war act as a displaced threat of legendary violence and rape that finally comes home to roost—something "mad, bad and dangerous to know" (sorry, Byron) that's badass, which many Americans worship with lobotomized zombie-vampire brains adopt upon their own masks. In love with the centrist fable of the black knight, they are simultaneously unable to imagine anything beyond their own fantasies of the glorious retro-future's new feudalism. Their state of emergency

sends out waves of terror/war pastiche that forever reinvents itself to preserve Capitalism in a mode of endless self-deception and self-destruction, of the "Join Us or Die" mantra except the number of *admissible* undead shrinks and shrinks (a fascist FOMO tactic: "fear of missing out"). Humans become the virus and the dead walk the earth.

Except, when there is no more room in hell (the police state), the false-rebellious, undead witch cops/Amazon war bosses will spring up from the faded castles and build a new dark age. In conquest of the self as in crisis, they set upon the wretched regular, wretched refugees, the homeless (friendly zombies) and the fugitives (proletarian witches) as literal-figurative targets or collateral damage of Capitalism's devious proponents: the old rich, the nouveau riche, or those vigilantes and class traitors wanting to be rich at various registers of power and in various modes of expression both real or imagined but all historical-material (all poor in spirit and alienated from their fellow humans, from labor, from animals and nature).

Simply put, the nation-state will *self-colonize*, the Imperial Boomerang that reinvokes the ancient rite of passage into a fresh nightmare of sanctions, total war, warrior shrines and torture porn. Everything that they dream about, including *lebensraum* and its liminal hauntologies, are once more compelled under crisis, conducting a radical settler colonialism in covert: "Go everywhere, young [ninja] zombie! Bring me the earth!" (exhibit 99e). The likes of Himuro Genma (re: exhibit 15a, "[Healing from Rape](#)") or Emperor Tulpa would be proud, but also jealous of that kind of impunity—i.e., privatized war thumbing its nose secretly at vain proponents of so-called "democracy" framing this procedure as anything *but* bourgeois. The subterfuge trifecta has become internalized to a lobotomizing degree, a bad mask that hides nothing:



(exhibit 101a2: [Source](#): *Just as concentric masks must be removed from the faces of cryptofascists, the war masks of overt fascists must also be addressed. Khalid Mohammed, from David Chen's "Chief of Army Bans Soldiers from Wearing 'Arrogant' Death Symbols" (2018):*

[A member of Iraq's elite Special Forces wears a skull mask in the fight against the Islamic State in 2016.(AP:)] Australia's Chief of Army, Lieutenant General Angus Campbell,

has issued a directive that prohibits the wearing of "death" symbols. Lieutenant General Campbell said the practice was arrogant, ill-considered and that it eroded the ethos of the Army. The directive was circulated as an internal minute on April 17, and later posted to unofficial social media pages for commentary. Several symbols were specifically prohibited because of their violent, murderous and vigilante symbolism including the Grim Reaper, the Skull and Crossbones, Spartans, and the Phantom or Punisher [[ibid.](#)].

Fascism is a cult of death tied to national heroism.)

All these are cut from the same "funeral shroud," the same ghost of the counterfeit that's written across every dimension that centrism depends on for its daily blood tax and yearly grim harvest: the altar of the nation as watered with the fresh blood of new young patriots, the capitalist State and preserving itself through fresh paramilitary victims and their victims. All but the elite are seemingly touched, of course; but they, high in their ebony towers, will grow old and slowly die, alienated and alone.

Until then, their nepotistic bloodlines give birth to bourgeois zombie-vampire babies who become dependent on these unholy tithes to make them fat, but whose cursed arrangements rots their brains, blinds their eyes, and makes them hopelessly reliant on the system to give them more, more, more. They cannot make their own, cannot labor themselves, are alienated and vulnerable to those in control of them should revolution come home to roost. Nothing scares them more than workers who are awake: people who see through one lie, the another—through the corporate-colonized Nazi pageantry of post-1977 *Star Wars*, through the zombie-vampire centrist giant dogwhistle of Zombie-Capitalism summoning tin soldiers.

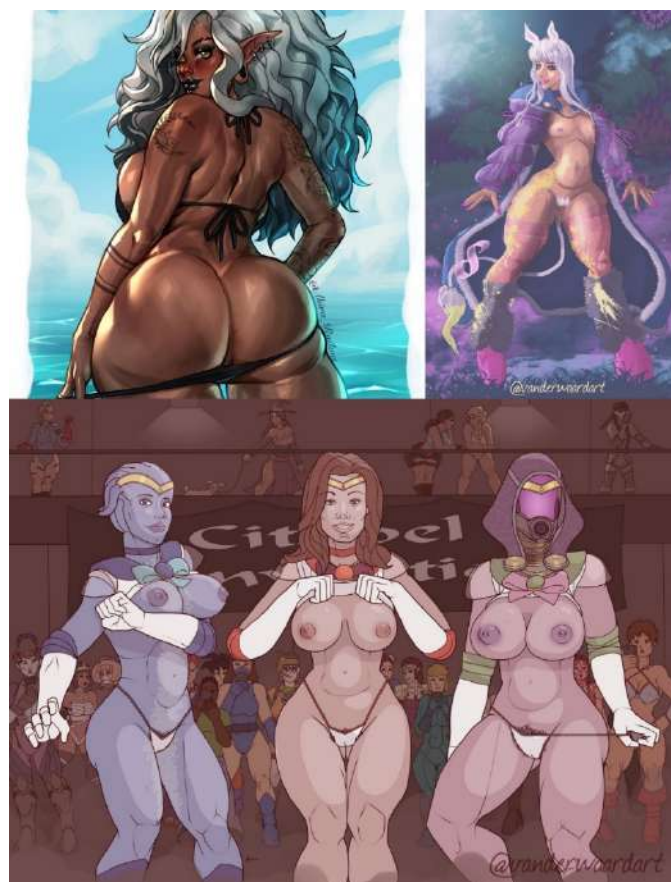
For now, many workers feel "made for war" but cannot grasp the reason, under war fatigue from being out of work (work, under Capitalism being stolen, alienated/alienizing labor) and knowing nothing but war and playing at make-pretend, miniature war. It's like a lesser drug that gradually becomes less and less satisfying to bigger forms of promised make-pretend: genocide (the payoff to their struggle) as Ragnarok, the war to end all wars.

This conditioned, denied bloodlust—of war as a drug to push—make these impostors not just bad—as in, [stupid, inept liars who kill the homeless and other peoples useless to Capitalism](#) (Dreading's "'The Scourge of Society': The Idiotic Case of Dalton Aiken and Cory Fitzwater," 2023)—but are simultaneously unable to perform their work effectively. To this, fascists privileged, not clever (efficient profit in action); they're rabid dogs-of-war—little more than Pavlovian, straw bloodhounds, howling mindlessly when called to heel, to fight desperately for less and less scraps (a Pavlovian menticide of "discipline and punish") and annually cull the herd of tokens, TERFs and other [false-beggar grifters](#) (The Rational National's

"Ben Shapiro & Candace Owens Strike Back At Steven Crowder," 2023) and state-assigned scapegoat (the fascist "plot of a conspiracy" tactic)/useful idiots amid a shrinking-yet-rising paywall (monopolized violence and financial "soft power/economic bullying" against workers); but also kill any covert, revolutionary and or vagrant witch "just passing through." We transient queers are not the accommodated intellectuals in their monasterial fortresses sending covert messages in bottles down the river. We live on the streets, in the trenches, and must be careful but also bold because this is where the war is fought. We must transform, quickly slipping into our own disguises and doubles to deceive with "borrowed robes": allegory and liminal revolt that shows the false tigers what we're both made of—them of paper and us of sterner stuff.

We'll get to "borrowing" as a concept in just a moment. First, though, let's briefly give some more examples of "flashing" as illustrated by myself and other artists that "borrow robes" (nudity is almost always couched within the parting of clothes that are not entirely removed from the body). As branded commodities that are being reclaimed by us, the aim is to "flash" those in, with, on the fence about or against power in liminal ways—intentionally showing the goods under our robes, but also hiding them exposed in plain sight with similar informed/informing intent and cryptonymic language (*our* bullet with butter wings, *our* bombshells and

grenades, *our* undead war without violence, through monster pastiche, poster pastiche, disguise pastiche and other forms of proletarian praxis weaponized *covertly* against the state):



(exhibit 101b: Artist, top-left: [Akira Raikou](#); top-right: [Persephone van der Waard](#), of a flashing "furry" version of Amalthea from *The Last Unicorn* [re: "[Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit](#)"]; bottom: [Persephone van der Waard](#), from back in 2016. The "flashing of the naked body is more than "simply being transgressive." It's illustrating a historically-materially ironic display of someone who cultivated their appearance and gender themselves, has seized their sexual labor and production of media attached to it to illustrate a sex-positive lesson

through iconoclastic art—illustrating mutual-consent in other words: "Look because I let you, but don't touch!" The iconoclasm doesn't even change the visual markers all that much; it's move what these expressing in live exhibits and records from authors who show how they want to be seen and treated socially and sexually that simultaneously alters the public perception of demonized sex workers and their various linguo-material components. Moreover, the body itself is literally the canvas and the brush, a "cloak pastiche" that literally-figuratively "cloaks" workers from danger by posturing as art to begin with [often of popular canonical figures or crossovers].)

At once everywhere and seemingly nowhere, we become the bricks of the walls these warlords' pensioners have ignominiously made for themselves, passing through like ghosts, an assemblage of revolutionary monsters communicating codes (girl talk, the pedagogy of the oppressed)—whose modular Babel and expert code-switching speaks to all revolutionaries in ways the elite cannot see or decipher save as the revolutionary cryptonymic language they think they know. It disguises the revolution itself from them.

Yet even if they did "get wise" (fat chance), they cannot force people to work, as their structures of fascist violence have been alienated from them, too. They would have to risk everything on grabbing for old gambits and become fascists themselves, except they wouldn't know how because one, they're capitalists and two, are infantilized to some degree, alienated by the very structure whose teat they greedily suck on: "The cat likes fish but does not like to wet her paws," Lady Macbeth. And while the elite are already old, afraid and dying ("A king has his reign and then he dies."), they remain utterly ruthless and far from defenseless.

We, likewise, are far from invincible or perfect (which liminally extends to the palliative, merciful platitudes of the well-meant, but out-of-touch liberals, and bad-faith neoliberal and reactionary examples who still show demonstrable, if preferential kindness/mistreatment in some shape of form). There are risks to rebellion from many directions and across many avenues. As we proceed towards danger, this chapter will continue to explore said risks from our perspectives—i.e., what we see, experience and feel when communally transmuting war pastiche and dealing with the worst and "best" that Capitalism has to offer. Their mindset is historically rigid and inflexible; ours is like a kitten in a snifter glass: supple and fluid, able to bend (and use our claws) under reactive abuse while our enemies inevitably snap and cave. In the absence of total force, it's all they can do, all we can do.

Let's not mince words, lethal force is a constant threat under genocide, and genuine riot is always an option in the absence of justice; genocide must not, however, become normalized under any circumstances, and oppositional praxis through various creative successes can achieve that by changing minds. This

includes "flashing" those with power while wearing "borrowed robes" and masks of xenophilic (monster) disguise pastiche. The act of "borrowing" certainly walks the tightrope, so I'd like to examine it a bit more closely. By doing so, I want to illustrate a paradox we'll have to confront and work with when exploring war pastiche and how it's created and viewed: liminality as something that will be used to scapegoat us; i.e., even when it—through reclaimed language—works best to express our true selves being oppressed in ironic forms (whose irony depicts the whore's revenge during cryptonymy *as performance*).

During Gothic Communism or not, "rape" and rape tend to look the same; i.e., mutual consent being something to impart through cryptonymy as ludo-Gothic BDSM, which relies on dialectical-material scrutiny from those viewing the performance (whatever that is; e.g., penetration, below):



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

On to borrowing robes per the cryptonymy process!

"Borrowed Robes," or Countering Nation Pastiche's Sublimated War and Rape with Revolutionary Cryptonymy and Liminal Monster Porn in the Internet Age: Introduction

"What three things does drink especially provoke?"

"Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him" ([source](#)).

—Macduff and the porter, *Macbeth*

Note: Nation pastiche essentially boils down to us-versus-them dogma through national bodies, which translate during neoliberal media (videogames) to various kinds of bread and circus. My writing in 2021 examines this process through FPS and Metroidvania (re: "[Military Optimism](#)") but also fighting games (re: "[Policing Bodies: The '80s Action Hero in Streets of Rage 4](#)"); i.e., which this 2023 and early-2024 manuscript continues exploring. This includes the above writing. However, much of this chapter flirts with Amazons: to camp them, as well as their enemies (re: the Medusa and her offshoots; e.g., the xenomorph, above). Even so, said writing here is more of a survey than deep dive, but the ideas introduced here are explored at length in [my 2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#) and [total Amazon scholarship](#). —Perse, 5/9/2025



(artist: [Oleg Bulakh](#))

In the previous section, we discussed the risks of exposure during sex; i.e., as a voyeuristic/exhibitionistic activity in general. Now we'll consider such cryptonymy more from the role of the persona, the costume as a robe to borrow (the next subchapter will consider the rapacious elements at length; i.e., the "incel" gradient of Capitalism in crisis). Sometimes people perform nudism, including

transgressive forms, to get a reaction from fascists. Sometimes, rape prevention and "girl talk"/gossip invoke more complete disguises—not just a naked body with (or without) a mask, but a secret identity that stands for something more than what colonizers have in mind/are conditioned to expect. We'll explore this idea of "borrowed robes" in three parts, but first, an introduction to the idea.

During oppositional praxis, monsters mean different things depending on their political context; e.g., the victim complexes of state proponents posturing as "witches" and false, straw dog revolutionaries versus the sex-positive and class warriors identifying as witches while being oppressed by class-traitors-in-disguise. This "borrowing" goes both ways. While nation pastiche is, at best, centrist (thus regressive), the TERF-y cryptonyms of zombie-vampires, witches and *Amazonomachia* have ironic, revolutionary variants: proletarian *Amazonomachia*.

The traumas of capital, then, are repressed and must be expressed through lateral depictions that needn't give the game completely away—i.e., cryptonymy as a covert means of revolutionary code with anthropomorphic/posthuman qualities. To this, counterfeit monster "skins" and masks don't inspired an empty sense of imposter syndrome; instead, they can be worn while opposing the state, their appreciative irony/peril and liminal, even drug-like monsters allowing for "perceptive" pastiche and parallel societies, birthing revolutionary "Trojans" (furies, witches, warriors, etc) as naughty actors up to no good (actual rebellion) during society as a living document, one whose culture can be rewritten by changing the *context* of the code as a kind of stolen costume.

To it, the monstrous-feminine—normally as something to despise or feel shame about—becomes correct and comfortable in defense of those we care about: ourselves and our loved ones as different from state enforcement, thus opposed to genocide. This includes the Amazon as a popular disguise for all of oppositional praxis—i.e., a frequently animalized warrior woman that, in truth, is a masculine- (thus canonically monstrous)-feminine entity that resists being made into the Virgin or the Whore, but also the bad bitch of capital slapping would-be Communists around in the name of American Liberalism and the sacred freedom of the market.

In this subchapter, I specifically want to examine how the "rewriting" process occurs through liminal iterations of monster porn in the Internet Age: Amazon "warrior moms," proletarian *Amazonomachia* and breeding kink, in part one; but also *moe/ahegao* and incest as historically-materially bound to eco-fascist nation pastiche (and war and rape) as things to canonically sublimate in part two; and lastly rock 'n roll as a friendlier and seminal "get together" strategy that has sought to challenge state abuse through the power of dance and music as attractive/comforting but also camouflage: animal skins, thus masks as a classic kind of guerrilla warfare with tremendous theatrical applications.

The general idea cryptonymic is to disguise ourselves with in ways that confuse/expose our attackers (through their own disgust) and hide our girthy counterattacks with at the same time. To abjure this blind pastiche and its jingoistic

tradition requires proletarian subterfuge (and rock 'n roll hero worship; e.g., Jimmi Hendrix' penis) as transformative tools when critiquing capital in playful, fun ways that disarm feelings of panic; i.e., for the revolutionary to identify as/with these complex symbols/tools of oppression through the struggle of class war as something to enjoy mid-performance: to *delight* in subversive/transgressive performances that indicate said struggle in liminal ways, but don't turn the risk of harm into a sure thing. Indeed, there's great skill and courage required in duping fascists, who compensate for *their* emotional stupidity by being violent in animalized, moribund language: "I imagine they think there's great skill in destroying things, when in fact it's the easiest thing in the world."



(exhibit 102a1: Artist: [Hoonts](#). Killing is an act of cowardice, not bravery. Jokes, games and song can be a mightier weapon than raw violence in the right hands. To this, our small mouse and their stowaway frogs is both gender parody and subterfuge told within an animal recognized for its smallness [the mouse] but also its craftiness in ways not dissimilar to a goblin/gremlin or Tolkien's hobbits; i.e., clever versus cunning [an adjective he normally reserved for dragons, wolves or wargs, etc]. The classic parable is they can use this inventiveness and fun to snatch

victory from the jaws of defeat, whereas their fascist enemies do the opposite; i.e., the Roman fool fallen on his sword.)



(exhibit 102a2: Artist, left: Don Bluth. "Take what you can when you can!" Villains like Jenner and Woundwort lie, cheat and steal. They could be seen as vice characters [Jenner, anyways] but are also zombie-tyrant, fallen Caesars that manipulate through guile, cunning and suspicion—of turning people against each other and when that doesn't work, of resorting to murder first-hand; they rule through fear and dogma, but also "prison sex" hierarchies implemented by the self-imposed strong against those purported as weak. They are the epitome of man box culture and the abusers not just of people, but animals, too; i.e., the Pavlovian promisers of rewards via diminishing returns, from positions of material advantage that allow them to punish their enemies by casting suspicion on them as one would an animal, but also the conditioner's own subordinates as increasingly fragile:

In The Merchant of Venice, Shakespeare's approach to animals is quite different. He has Shylock compared to an animal, either a wolf or a dog, many times: "You may as well use question with the wolf / Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb" (4.1.72-3); "Thou called'est me a dog before thou had a cause / But since I am a dog, beware my fangs" (3.3.6-7); "O, be thou damned, inexorable dog!" (4.1.127) and "You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog" (1.3.107). Shylock is an animal in the eyes of the Christians, is not of their kind, the Christians' kind, because they see themselves as human, therefore exempt from greed; their acts are not greedy but merciful [to themselves]. To the Christians, Shylock is but a dumb beast that cannot be reasoned with [[source](#): "The Problem of Greed"].

As beings to break, assigned "lessers" adopt these interrogator behaviors against those more marginalized, censored or disempowered than themselves: to sell out

their own kind; re: "These rules are enforced through shaming and bullying, as well as promises of rewards, the purpose of which is to force conformity to our dominant culture of masculinity" [re: Mark Greene]. For rebellion's sake, fight is something to harbor inside ourselves through class character as concealed from our opponents; for fascists, it's something to stamp out of us through force, sabotage and manipulation—i.e., by returning to a "greater" time when human suffering was assigned to a small group of special people [men] and everyone else was less than them/were simply sitting around apparently not doing anything at all. The reality is a manufactured fragility that only compounds overtime, threatened by imagined enemies all around the paranoid conqueror and his captive audience. The Gothic-Communist idea, then, is iconoclasm as a means of exposing the tyrant, demasking them by making them gag or crap their pants, soiling the perfect image of themselves they try so hard to cultivate, and by extension their Man Box/"prison sex" culture in connection to a bourgeois Superstructure; re: "An enemy has only images behind which he hides his true motives. Destroy the image and you break the enemy.")

Everything is political, but a desire to appear apolitical is the fascist *MO*. Something to keep in mind, then, is that bad intent is the litmus test; i.e., something to hide unto itself, thus conceal the linguo-material conditions that lead to fascist regressions and rape culture in nerd culture at large. Conversely, subversions made in good faith are those that—while certainly liminal, monstrous, pornographic and transgressive in kink- and BDSM-themed ways—actively generate perceptive pastiche and gender trouble with which to dismantle the factors that lead to fascism and its notorious abuses: by exposing the *killer* through a shared interest in nerdy topics (which the Gothic, at large, is).

Unlike Bourassa's Ancestor or Countess (exhibit 102a3, next page), we're not playing this game of Amazonian class war because we're bored or want to be seen as *the* weird nerds/groomer fags "making things gay" through camp; we're "making things political" (re: Gavin, "They say in small talk, never discuss religion or politics... Do it immediately!" [timestamp](#): 14:54) because we want to survive the Man Box bullshit of weird canonical nerds aggregating against us, their solidarity and unfair advantage pitted against our proposed solidarity as the end of the world as they know it (aided by centuries of propaganda touting Capitalism as the end of history). This rebellious desire includes hulking Commies (our Zaryas herbos and Zangief himbos and their implied sodomy practices), the in-betweens like my Revana and Shelly Bombshell, and the Hobbit-sized, mousy types (exhibit 102a1)! We're all prey to either hunt or tame under Capitalism, expected to don the uniform, mask, muscles and weapon in service of capital.

That's simply not an option (Mel Gibson, ever the broken clock: "Run and you'll live; at least awhile."). You certainly don't live as a minority by keeping your head down and taking it, because eventually they'll take everything you have

(assimilation and tokenism only last so long and in the meantime force you into slavery and to betray your own people). The paradox of material change involves humans as a social species; i.e., the seeking of company you trust while also constantly being hunted from mask-wearing adversaries who try to lower your guard through perceived commonalities. These masked liars either include weird canonical nerds who feel like they're owed sex as consumers, or out-and-out fascists and establishment politicians who transform the world in ways that force us into the closet or outright kill us (social/identity death and actual death are not far removed, in practice).

To this, cops work undercover to surveille citizens; fascists are undercover *vigilantes* or "crooked cops" who try to blend in as best they can, waiting to strike. Unlike their centrist cousins, they have surface level charm, a variety of masks, bad intent and a death wish: the cryptonymy of murder!

Note: Read "[The World Is a Vampire](#)" for a close-read of [The Darkest Dungeon](#) and the Countess. —Perse, 5/7/2025



(exhibit 102a3: Artist, top: [Chris Bourassa](#). Popular in Radcliffe's novels, the devil-in-disguise has survived well into the 21st century. Gothic impostors are generally a double who fails to entirely blend in—i.e., a "priest" or dance partner whose outfit is dark and veiled, giving off menacing but also attractive vibes: an eroticizing of the

*surface image within a novel-of-manners approach. Per Radcliffe, beneath this image lurks an animalistic predator—a "demon lover" who means to kill the heroine [which Red Book subverts by making the Countless a female serial killer]. In Team Cherry's case, the hero of the game is its greatest monster, and the theme of masks bleeds into the world as a highly veiled and deceptive place: a framed narrative/*mise-en-abyme* that contains many terrors, medieval imagery and one spunky daughter of Hallownest.)*

Before we begin part one, keep this in mind: Ethics of human rights override ethics of politeness or transparency. Rude or not, it's vital to hide from bad-faith parties, whether this involves omitting information (lies of omission) or code-switching in order to survive, but also stealthily teaching sex-positive lessons under oppressive conditions that encourage a bit of subterfuge, anger and violence. This includes riots, but also downplaying your politics through common, Gothic language as something to reclaim from a colonizing force (the tools and language of hated made into love language and cathartic sex/power games).

Furthermore, ethical dishonesty *is* a means of surviving those who hide by communicating in bad faith; i.e., entitled, apathetic masters of concealing murderous intent and deceptive maneuvering meant to coerce sex through monstrous language, DARVO, disguises a cruel games played when they become bored; e.g., the vampire as a privileged, powerful (and older) seducer of (often younger) women and other vulnerable targets by weakening their boundaries/desensitizing their defense mechanisms, but also attenuating their emotional/Gothic intelligence by isolating and "hypnotizing" them with a perfect appearance: grooming as an escalating process of social-sexual predation/theft of innocence by a thoroughly guilty party playing a harmful game inside canonical norms. Their predation is power-centric from a position of total advantage and abused trust, which Man Box advertises through statuesque personas, but also benign ones that aren't packing tons of muscle, even—just confidence/"game."

These predators can be schoolteachers; e.g., [like Stephen Herron expertly lying to their wives while abusing women/children](#) (Ashley Lytton's Spotify podcast, "Betrayal," 2022) but similar "experts" exist within civilian, male-dominated professions that claim to protect women, children and the communities to which they belong: priests, coaches, father figures or actual parents, police officers, rockstars or videogame streamers. As cheaters, the abuser's game is universal: to avoid consequences through partially concealed power abuse, wherein they furtively control, dominate, and lie to other workers by convincing these would-be accusers that they *cannot* lie, let alone cheat, steal or do anything wrong—i.e., making the accuser not just feel crazy for suggesting it, but guilty of thought crimes against a community idol. His disguise was that effective because his audience was primed to accept it at face value.

Apparently everyone who knew Stephen Herron thought he was Mr. Perfect, "a really good guy" whose sanctimonious, affable façade¹⁴¹ helped maintain the status quo in public discussions; as Gothic Communists, *our* game is to outmaneuver the advances of people like him while flanking their attempts to badly educate other potential victims—i.e., to beat our would-be victimizers to the punch by changing material conditions that weaken sex pests' power over workers at large. This starts on a societal level through game, ergodic subterfuge and speaking in code, but also spilling tea through monstrous personas that are dictated partially by actual abusers.

According to them, *we're the groomers* when we navigate the ontological perils of a liminal dating scene (a DARVO tactic meant to draw attention away from themselves as they continue to abuse with impunity) and women and children should report *us* when we try to survive or otherwise be ourselves (with those who don't play along labeled as collaborators). Caught out, the rapist will blame the victim; e.g., Matthew Lewis' Ambrosio blaming Antonia for his behaviors, for

¹⁴¹ A criticism that can be applied to so-called "nice guys" like '90s SNL stars Adam Sandler or Rob Schneider or crazy Hollywood grifters like Gwyneth Paltrow, Russel Brand or Jonah Hill (The Kavernacle's "[Jonah Hill, Weaponizing Mental Health and Fragile Masculinity](#)" or "[How Russell Brand became the WORST Right-Wing GRIFTER](#)," both 2023). While Schneider [is perfectly within his rights to ridicule Steven Seagal for being a total asshole](#) on Howard Stern (a shock jockey grifter in his own right), Schneider himself is still a hardcore anti-vaxxer (above) who can say or do whatever he wants and fail up as a Sancho Panza within the white man's Quixotic industry ([except for Surf Ninjas](#)* [1993] his movies absolutely suck). In this sense, he's arguably *more insufferable* than the white savior/token Hollywood hero characters because he's a small, annoying *and* delusional white boy [who still gets the hero headband](#): "What if I could change the outcome of this fight?"

As for Sandler, despite [his own reputation for being a really nice guy who "everyone" likes](#) (Dodford's "The Adam Sandler Paradox," 2023; timestamp: 17:31) he still makes [godawful films like Jack and Jill and Click](#) (Big Joel's "Click: The Worst Movie," 2020)—films that are "bad" not because they fail to be entertaining (which can be fun; i.e., camp) but because their whole premise on entertaining others is founded on incredibly baseless and mean-spirited stereotypes that are perpetuated by Sandler and his mostly-white-male collaborators (and token actors) because it simply doesn't affect them. Simply put, it's bad drag queer phobic married to an assortment of other bigotries "for laughs." Class consciousness is vital to understanding the class character between their wardrobe changes as an "activist" rebranding of their image to try and keep making money in bad-faith.

Some grifters are more transparent than others, but at the end of the day Sandler and Brand belong to the same class and this can be criticized to explain their mutual inconstancies/allegiances and lack of overall hard stances while constantly perpetuating division for profit (this can be seen in older generations of white Hollywood, such as Clint Eastwood belittling Sacheen Littlefeather with the joke "I don't know if I should present this award, on behalf of all the cowboys shot in all the John Ford westerns over the years" [source: Bruno Cooke's "What Did Clint Eastwood Say after Sacheen Littlefeather's 1973 Oscars Speech?" 2022] but also Richard Dreyfuss' [furiously whining to the Oscars that he won't be able to wear blackface](#) [Savanah Walsh's "Richard Dreyfuss Laments He Will "Never Have a Chance to Play a Black Man," 2023]).

*Exhibit 33b2c1b, "[Angry Mothers](#)." Refer to "[Summoning the Whore](#)" to read my critique of Roger Ebert.

"seducing" *him* (within a culture that sex-starved him, but also trained him to hate women)! Not only are many abusers historically abused themselves. In general, these are taught behaviors that must be untaught and discouraged—i.e., with sex-positive, liminal expression to foster rape prevention in the future.



([source](#): EJ Dickson's "*The Red-Pilling of Rob Schneider: A Complete Timeline*," 2023)

Beyond the civilian, there's eco-fascist proponents that develop an increasingly warlike, rapacious self-colonizing role during societal collapse as brought about by Capitalism; but we'll get to that after we discuss warrior moms, *moe/ahegao*, and incest—Japanese canon being our go-to in the latter three categories: *Kubo and the Two Strings* (2016) and Netflix' *Japan Down* (2020) commenting on these behaviors through a closeness with death begot from material conditions in larger geopolitics, which are then exported to and fro. The panic and fervor might seem isolated, but speaks to larger *synchronistic* problems elsewhere.

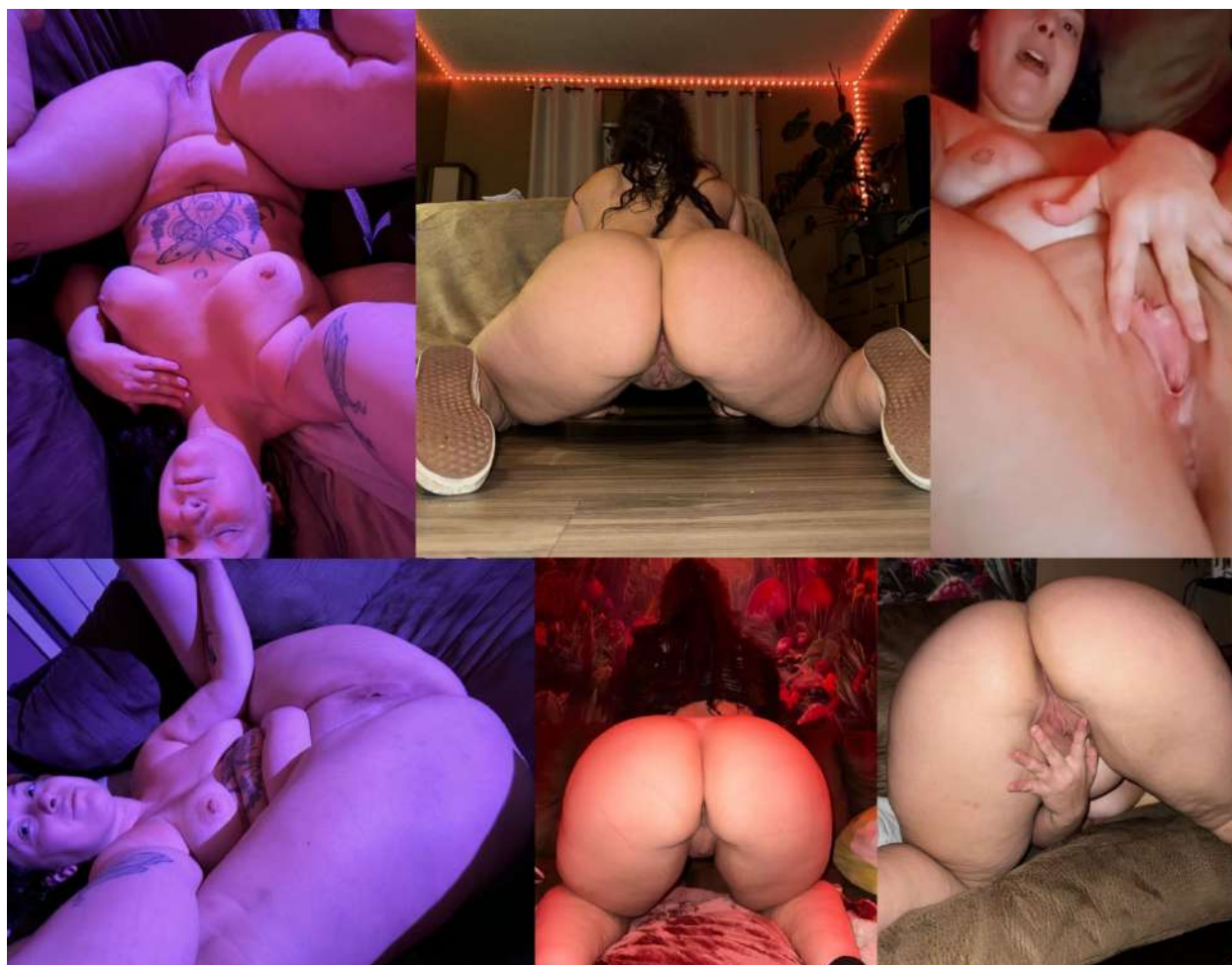
With the intro to "Borrowing Robes" concluded, let's proceed onto part one:

"Borrowed Robes," part one: Proletarian Warrior Moms and Breeding Kinks (feat. Nyx)

"your ass is fat n your aura threatening" ([source](#))

—the banner image on [Nyx](#)' Twitter profile

Note: Nyx [is one of my muses](#)—someone who has appeared in much of [my writing about Amazons](#) and reclaiming them through rape play (re: "[Rape Reprise](#)" and "[Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)"). As such, they are one of the most important figures in Sex Positivity as a whole. Here, I was beginning to flirt with using more of them in my work; i.e., while writing about mommy dommes seriously for the first time in this series. —Perse, 5/7/2025



(artist: [Nyx](#))

In terms of the cryptonymy process' revolutionary potential, let's start with Amazons; i.e., as a kind of mommy dom/monster-fucker archetype that can resist capital and its disastrous effects, mid-exposure. In my collab with Nyx, for instance,

I pointedly drew two "warrior mommies" (exhibit 102a4, next page)—not as a call to canonical war and defense of the state, but to spearhead an iconoclastic, xenophilic movement counteractive of Capitalism and fascism, reclaiming its colonized, xenophobic visual language for a nurturing quality. Such things exist in the same spaces that unironic exploitation does.

As classic monsters, their mission is to protect you with reclaimed means and materials: hunters, protectors, and parental cuties with "big mommy energy" (minus the obligatory parenting scheme, and with strict/gentle flavors) keeping you safe from the *ultimate* Great Destroyer, Capitalism, and its accreted traumas/threats: material reminders of workers being "hunted" by the larger system's impending cataclysm and rape culture. Over time, applying and interpreting these concepts can shift in one's own corpus in duality (the Amazon vs the dragon meaning different things at once):



(exhibit 102a4: Model and artist: [Nyx](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). Girl warriors and iconoclastic girl-talk allows for counterculture mascots that largely look and perform the same on the surface, but under dialectical-material scrutiny actually are in opposition with their canonical counterparts. In the immortal words of Elizabeth Shue, "Don't fuck with the babysitter!" Not to be trifled with, these tomboys and queers refuse to be class traitors, nor made into monsters the way

canon defines monsters as. This makes their violence and its perpetration ironic in more ways than one.

In other words, they are subversive Amazons of a special kind: war-bride collaborators within propaganda that resist and refuse to be victims or raped, but also don't kill people like cops do [who rape and murder the world]; they're class warriors-in-disguise—becoming the very things that grieve the Patriarchy the most by subverting one of their most popular assimilations: the Amazon as famous Americanized code for girl boss [thus a TERF dogwhistle, similar to the colors purple, green and white]. While the fascist/neoliberal variants we've examined so far probably fuck to metal [Jadis did]—are metal, to roll with the Terminator pun [though it applies equally to Taarna from Heavy Metal, 1981]—proletarian variants challenge the state through a xenophilic "warrior mom" persona that invites the xenomorph, succubus and other Medusa-class Amazons into the fold. Their function is no different, the Amazon as a proletarian witch is condemned to death, rocking their mighty bods during displays of subversive Amazonomachia that delegitimize anthropomorphic stigmas and decolonize body language and gender roles—i.e., through a kind of ontological, xenophilic guerrilla war/trick-up-their-sleeve. Said conflict sits on the surface of the image within thresholds, but also invokes the performance of running and hiding.

The guerrilla historically attacks when required but is always on the move, changing shape to survive. In the modern age, this idea has expanded to subvert heteronormative propaganda like the Amazon not once, but multiple times. It also goes back and forth within sex-coercive and sex-positive forms—all for the next generation of children to take and process yet again. The moral, here, is "perceptive" pastiche that breaks the habit of state menticide, whitewashing and theatricals deceptions during kayfabe: the canonical dragon of the West, itself, as the thing for a subversive Amazon to punch up against. During liminal expression, proletarian warrior moms/Amazons aren't being violent against persons, but ideas, gossiping with the best of 'em [on their feet and on their toes] while directing their anger towards sex-positive, constructive efforts; i.e., labors that develop worker rights as something to synthesize and appreciate through ironic BDSM's bladed implements of torture and conquest: the matador and the bull as reversed.)

For example, my current feelings about gender parody and Gothic BDSM aesthetics have changed considerably. In "What an Amazon Is, Standing in Athena's Shadow," I specifically highlighted the Amazon as something to inspect in Gothic narratives through a post-Freudian psychoanalytical lens—i.e., Barbara Creed's argument of Athena's Aegis having intersex, androgynous qualities; e.g., Medusa's severed head as something to strike fear into the hearts of men. The approach was very cis-gendered and second wave and it shows in my work:

MM [masculine mothers] are female-exclusive because their *Amazonomachia* are not gender performances that can be convincingly portrayed by either sex. Yes, they utilize masculine qualities or props that cannot be attributed exclusively to women. However, biological motherhood cannot be claimed by men, period ([source](#)).

To be fair to myself, my introduction to these ideas was incredibly recent, at the time and unguided. Not only I was grappling with complex, non-heteronormative notions of gender studies that, for me, remained equally unexplored; they were provided by people in academia who approached them as Gothic academics would out of the 1990s and early 2000s. I would go onto interrogate the likes of Creed, Kristeva, Carter and Freud myself through my work on Amazons; e.g., in "[Reclaiming Anal Rape](#)" or "[Symposium: Aftercare](#)"; i.e., as part of [a larger body of work on Amazons](#) that *didn't* happen, overnight. My idea of the whore's revenge (re: "Rape Reprise" was written in late 2024—going on eight years after "What an Amazon Is," but I had been consuming and creating mommy dommes for years (e.g., Ileana, Queen of the Night, left): a holistic regeneses, during cryptonymy's *cryptomimesis*.



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

At the time, then, my critical voice (and understanding of the Gothic through chonky dark mommies, above) was subsequently limited and outmoded in terms of genderqueer identity and performance; i.e., as *not* being divorced from biological sex (at the time, I had only just learned about Judith Butler and couldn't do it, myself—nor was I as familiar with Twitter and queer online spaces at the time). Since then, my exhibits have become increasingly genderqueer regarding classical myths repurposed for queer discourse in the Internet Age; e.g., Medusa (exhibit 100c10), the Amazon (Odessa Stone, 100c4; or Zarya, exhibit 111b); or the Wicked Witch of the West (exhibit 112c) not just as a *female* monstrous-feminine but a genderqueer one of different genders and sexes whose counterculture nature weds the "waifu" to the cause.

Even so, clues of my ongoing transition were adumbrated by what I was grappling with. I also describe the mother archetype as not simply a Gothic heroine (which is historically passive) but an active, traditionally masculine force subverted by the presence of playfully inventive feminism during the ritual—i.e., a Gothic

Amazon/masculine mother subtype that has the power to shape our views in a matriarchal direction from moment to moment:

While we like to think that emblems have no power to shape us, the fact remains that we are as much defined by them, as they us. Nothing, I think, illustrates this more effectively than mothers. If made available to us in our formative years, MM can, even as symbols, become our surrogate parents. [...] MM are not merely active in how they narratively evade monstrous consumption, on-screen; they shape our viewing of them, as active heroic women, by being exposed to us, when [our] views of the world are forming. In other words, whatever constitutes female heroism is bred into us (*ibid.*).

So while my views on monstrous women have only continued to shift over the years, they have resulted in a Gothic-Communist hybrid with a genderqueer attack that more or less preserves the basic idea—albeit through a twist. Rather than stress mother archetypes as masculine in any traditional, "purist" sense, I have altered my former usage of "MM" through a slight alteration of the acronym: "monster moms," which yields a broader genderqueer potential of another gender trouble mechanism: the "breeding" kink as being filled up with a familial energy that, at times, promotes a fearsome bondage to servitude and submission more so than pregnancy.

It also conveys a deeply "primal" idea of two animals rutting more so than civilized people, transgressing against civilization and Foucault's lamenting of bourgeois discourse surrounding sexuality by regressing (to some degree) towards the medieval bucolic pleasures of village life as something to perform in various roleplay maneuvers (minus the actual rape). Simply put, it can help people heal from sexual trauma and emotional abuse by confronting recreations of past examples (re: exhibit 43d, 47b2, 51b1 from "[Seeing Dead People](#)," "[Non-Magical Detectives](#)," and "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)").



(exhibit 102b: *While the Other Mother* from *Coraline* is presented as a straight-ahead threat in the film, she remains a curious opportunity for BDSM proponents to perform in a "strict" monster-fucker category of the mommy dom with "gentle"-if-uncanny characteristics: the menacing housewife/matriarch offsetting the Gothic fear of inheritance and incest. During rituals of unequal power exchange, her persona can be used by the dom to excite intimations of

"breeding" trauma within the sub, thus embody catharsis as tied to childhood traumas that live within the body and whatever spaces the sub finds themselves in. Just remember to handle with care: Respect each other's right to consent and negotiate boundaries; use safe words during the deed and provide adequate aftercare when it's done!

To this, the idea of mommy/daddy doms might seem puzzling to the uninitiated. But "initiation" is, itself, engendered by exposures to trauma that are ultimately variable in nature. Not everyone "gets" them because not everyone had to live with them. The same goes for kink, BDSM and fetishes, overall. In those terms, the religious experience might be a safer bet than breeding kinks" when communicating a more widely disseminated initiation. Starting at childhood, fear of God as a kind of parental figure is something that translates neatly into the home as an uncanny space, which segues into unequal power exchange during relationships with BDSM elements. To that, few things are as awesomely profound [or salubrious] as a Numinous experience when placed in the right hands. "Ravish me, mommy!" becomes not an invitation to self-harm, but a means of assistance by a willing dom to help the sub recover from trauma during cathartic BDSM rituals.)

This change in terminology—the monster mom—reflects a broader delineation away from raw psychoanalysis when moving towards Gothic Communism's Oedipal subversion; i.e., a genderfluid, BDSM approach with a dialectical-material focus that allows persons to play with motherly roles that, once upon a time, would've been fixed to positions of power and status like the queen or warlord.

To that, the Amazon as a strict/gentle mommy dom or monster mom can—like the trans femboy (re: [exhibit 52g/91c](#))—be convincingly performed by any gender or sex the performer wants, provided its "warrior" status highlights unequal power exchange as something to perform in Gothic-Communist ways, thereby altering socio-material conditions with instructional Gothic language utilized in good faith.

By extension, and in relation to this chapter section's primary focus, sex-positive Amazons cannot be fascist—are not incestuous/rapacious or "phallic" (with actual knife violence) at all; they denote positions of unequal power exchange that are negotiated, sex-positive and good-faith. No harmful stabbing. Even so, the xenophilic context remains liminal, hence is performatively complex/forever subject-to-change. It can be more "gentle" or "strict" depending on the individual parties' negotiated catharsis:

"Power" can be expressed through, or stored within, a body part as exemplary of a particular kind of gendered power scheme—e.g., the ass as an extension of feminine/female power under a male/token predatory gaze.

Said ass represents something especially "potent" for more than just the men inspecting it, but the topos of power as a nudist, genderqueer mode of expression: the motherly provider as a nurturing force expressed through nudist displays of the ass by a trans person, for instance; i.e., degrees of skill meant to comfort the viewer without disempowering the performer as a "skilled" queer laborer [whose motherly persona and booty can bear out various motherly clichés with morphological/gendered variation, such as the dark queen or the fairy princess as a trans, intersex or non-binary entity]. As something to express, power can likewise denote sentiments tied to the human body canonized more broadly as sites of power. For example, Milton's Eve represents a power in her body that chagrins the devil: "Abashed the Devil stood, And felt how awful goodness is, and saw Virtue in her shape how lovely—saw, and pined His loss" [re: [Paradise Lost](#)].

Beyond the body and its parts and roused sensations, there remains the actions committed by those seen as motherly protectors who, in truth, are historically-materially androgynous beings: angels; e.g., Constantine's Gabriel, played by Tilda Swinton, stepping on Reeve's hero with her all-powerful feet. The phrase, "Step on me, mommy" leaps to mind as an expression of the speaker relating to power in ways not far removed from traditional modes of power expression in medieval artwork, except the expected genders of these heavenly-hellish roles can change wildly. In sex-positive scenarios, the difference lies in gender as something to behold as "powerful" happening in ways that aren't intrinsically Patriarchal the way that C.S. Lewis might pine for when desiring a particular regression/preservation; i.e., towards the Biblical might of a prescriptively awesome sort:

In the plastic arts these symbols [of power] have steadily degenerated. [Fra Angelico's angels](#) carry in their face and gesture the peace and authority of Heaven. Later come [the chubby infantile nudes of Raphael](#); finally [the soft, slim, girlish, and consolatory angels of nineteenth century art](#), shapes so feminine that they avoid being voluptuous only by their total insipidity—the frigid houris of a teatable paradise. They are a pernicious symbol. In Scripture the visitation of an angel is always alarming; it has to begin by saying "Fear not." The Victorian angel looks as if it were going to say, "There, there." / The literary symbols are more dangerous because they are not so easily recognized as symbolical. Those of Dante are the best. Before his angels we sink in awe. His devils, as Ruskin rightly remarked, in their rage, spite, and obscenity, are far more like what the reality must be than anything in Milton [[source](#): C.S. Lewis' 1961 preface to The Screwtape Letters featured in Jordan Poss' "C.S. on Angels in Art," 2020].

Not only do Lewis' laments pine for domination of a thoroughly sexist school; phrases like "what the reality must be" highlight a terrible bias from a man whose disdain for Milton can scare breathe what he might say about xenophilic angels, but also monster-fucking Amazons, dark mommy doms and their Amazonomachia in the 21st century.)



(exhibit 102c2: Artist, left: [Ching Yeh](#); right: [Danuskocampos](#). While gendered expressions of power with trans, enby or intersex potential intersect with traditional forms, C.S. Lewis' own views on religious power are not only cis-gendered, but patriarchal: "A most important element in his convictions has to do with his believing that the 'masculine' as revealed in Christian doctrine is superior to the 'feminine,'" [writes Ann Loades](#) ["C.S. Lewis on Gender," 2023]. For Lewis, she continues, women could not be priestesses in the Christian faith and that female humility was "an erotic necessity." It stands to reason that this would extend to the Numinous as a secular experience of "religious" power for Lewis. But as I write myself in "I, Satanist; Atheist" (2021), the Numinous isn't gendered at all, merely a desired response to any who summon it:

In short, Otto sees ghost stories as an offshoot of the Numinous, aka the Mysterium Tremendum or divine wrath. There needn't be a god for this sensation to work. For me, enjoyment of this "presence" amounts to Satanic apostasy. My cultivation of "exquisite torture" is wholly cultivated, prepared by me with the expectation of a desired response. Similar to the uncanny as

being predictable, this doesn't denote the presence of a Christian [male] god (or any other); it simply means that certain thoughts excite me, but not at other peoples' expense [[source](#)].

Gothic poetics, then, serve queer people to allow for monstrous expression beyond what Lewis [or people like him] would punish or otherwise fuss about as "fallen, degraded" forms of what is superior when presented as cis-gendered inside heteronormative, Biblical canon; i.e., something to prescribe and dominate. For him, things were fine as is: when straight, orderly and dimorphic. For Ridley Scott, as we have discussed, this became something to destroy with pleasure, thus taking the Romantics' transformative opinions about Milton's work and applying them to "fallen angels" and their mad gods in the 20th and 21st centuries.)



(exhibit 102c3: Artist: [Danuskocampos](#). Marsden's Amazon was a symbol of feminist resistance to status-quo forces, but she's still dressed up in American Liberalism regalia and demonstrating her resisting through sport-like/war-like language; i.e., by playing the language of men and the state [re: "[Cruisin' for a Bruisin'](#)" and "[Always a Victim](#)"]. While violence as a revolutionary tool that can be symbolized during Amazonian, there's so much more to expressing subversive dialogs than punching a Nazi [though the sentiment is a fine one, it also applies to centrists, I think]. From a praxial standpoint, doing so barely cuts it, doing the bare minimum with centrist kayfabe. Dialogs

about Amazons rioting for the proletarian are but, but those "spoilsport" sort that sit outside of overt war or sports narratives are more subversive because they don't encourage blind consumption but "bratty" notions of changing the rules; i.e., moving players away from violence as inherently romanticized within a centrist rubric.

For every war boss, even ironic ones, there should be as many if not more clever subversives making warmongers nervous in their domestic, paramilitary and military forms in fiction and reality—e.g., Chappell Roan's "Red Wine Supernova (Magician's Cut)" singing of the magical, redheaded sapphic dancing arm-in-arm with a kind of body language and gender parody divorced from the language of war, but no less an Amazonomachia. Not all Amazons are meat-headed herbos aping Wonder Woman [though that's entirely valid if they get their point across; it just shouldn't be the exclusive or even prioritized method during oppositional praxis].)

The same flexibility exhibited above in religious-themed secularities plays out in monstrous myths as forever flexible, but rooted in human bodies as

morphological sites for discussions on power as subversively gendered; e.g., Marsden's Wonder Woman as a proletarian agent. For example, when I originally drew Nyx as a warrior mommy dom in exhibit 102a4, I stated: "I wanted to make the dragon seem sympathetic, even cute, crushed under their weighty and fearsome bodies. Who's the real monster?" However, for all you would-be colonizers out there, I hate and have always hated the movie *300* (2006) [because of its fascist imagery](#) (Big Joel's "300, Fascism, and The Angry Men of Twitter," 2022; the defenders of fascism are almost always weird, "glass jaw" angry men in love with the hypermasculine male body image¹⁴² as something to venerate; or their equally fragile, battered spouses, like Matt Walsh's wife).

¹⁴² This weird, Mr. Olympia circle jerk and its colonizer mentality and hierarchical language go on and on—with bodybuilding YouTube channels like [Nick's Strength and Power](#) and [The Tomn8er](#) referring to their heroes in regal, elite, and sycophantic language. However, this isn't just a case of star-struck fans worshipping their chosen kings; it belies a rape culture tied to patriarchal values. Don't believe me? Troll through their older videos [like this one about Shawn Roden's rape allegations](#) (Nick's Strength and Power's "Shawn Rhoden Court Documents and Details of the Case," 2019) come and see how they say "innocent until proven guilty" in the video, in the comments section with thousands of replies and likes, and in other videos, then cry like little girls when Roden kicks the bucket. It's classic close-the-ranks and-blame-the-victim bullshit—the same gross "great men don't rape women" nonsense enjoyed by powerful industry men like [Kevin Spacey](#), [Bill Cosby](#), [Justin Roiland](#), or [Prince fucking Andrew](#) (re: Dreading); but also [Harvey Weinstein](#) (Behind the Bastard's "Part One: It Takes A Village of Bastards to Make a Weinstein," 2022). It's almost always powerful men protected by the system and its fans; i.e., something is rotten in Denmark. This problem bothered me enough when Roden was accused that I wrote about it:



In Roden's case, he denies being innocent of the accusations—rape, first and foremost, but also insertion of a foreign object. Buendia has admitted he has an anger problem, but denies ever hitting women. Wheels says he has always been faithful, but also has never struck his ex or cheated on her. He, Buendia and Roden have all stressed to their many fans that "you know

To that, my "Spartan" doubles of Nyx were intentionally drawn with *decolonized* fascist imagery—a critique of Capitalism's masculinity in crisis, that

me, I would never do anything like this." This highlights an issue for me. As much as I enjoy the sport, its practitioners are putting their best side forward when accused. It's a persona, a public image—a fact many people forget when dealing with stars. Stressing transparency in light of evidence that speaks to the contrary only highlights how false this image is. Odd, then, that the accused would act so sanitized.

In Roden's case, he has since [claimed to be innocent](#). The problem isn't just his word, but his fans' faith in it. The evidence placed against him—namely the rape kit—is viewed [by some](#) as circumstantial. Semen in a woman's vagina is viewed as "her word against his," while a corpse or a bullet hole is less easy to dismiss. No one's going to question a red-handed murderer. They will question a woman who recently had sex, consensual or otherwise. There is skepticism leveled against women that men simply don't have to experience: Statistically speaking, men are far less likely to be raped; they are often in positions of power where people do not question them, be those persons fans, co-workers, or everyday individuals.

Sympathetic detractors see Roden's alleged victim as a homewrecker. Comments about her marital status are raised (which, to me, are about as relevant as asking "what clothes did she have on, during the rape?"). She is a professional bodybuilder, but viewed as breaking the rules simply by entering Roden's hotel. She's treated as kept, barred from doing what any man do could with impunity. The amount of risk she endures simply by speaking out remains high; so is the amount of effort she must put forth when providing evidence under public scrutiny. Not only is her case questioned, so is her very nature as a woman. She is viewed as having less to lose than Roden. Thus, she is blamed for the fall she wreaks upon him, despite him being the alleged rapist ([source](#): "Body Building Scandal: Problems with the Accused, and Bias against Women," 2019).

Eat your heart out, Tommy Wiseau.



post-conception I offer up a different way to view these ladies who refuse to worship, thus submit to formal power using their own formidable assets: Their cloaks are Commie-Red and their "saiyan¹⁴³" bodies are sex-positive and illustrating mutual consent in Gothically subversive ways; the dragon is Tolkien's rarefied greed, the death of Capitalism and a new dawn on a brave new world. If this sounds like I changed my mind and came up with a new way to interpret my own art, it's because I did! [I did the original illustration](#) four days *before* I started writing *Sex Positivity*! Roughly six months later on January 23rd, 2023, I decided to change how I felt about my drawing of Nyx in relation to the book itself as a work-in-progress. That's the fun thing about art; you can interpret your own works in fairly

¹⁴³ The Gothic exists within thresholds through conflict on the surface of the image as contested, but also wrestling with notions of medievalized brutality reaching into the present; i.e., just as Nyx with a saian tail can be Gothic, so can *Dragon Ball* flirt with these concepts. As I once argue in "*Dragon Ball Super: Broly* - Is it Gothic?":

Gothic stories concern themselves with a barbaric past, including feudal enterprises, but also ancient warriors: i.e., the Goths. While the Gothic and Neo-Gothic revivals occurred in England and Europe, the Goths never set foot on English soil. Instead, the term 'gothic' was used during the Renaissance to describe the period after the fall of Rome, more commonly referred to as the Dark Ages or Medieval Period. Over time, the word developed a nefarious connotation: a fearsome projection of the barbaric past. Many Gothic stories localize this fear—of the past coming forward to invade, destroy or haunt the present. It can involve distance, but usually abstractions thereof: terrestrial space, time travel, or outer space. Early Gothic novels typically occurred in other countries, like Italy or Germany. *The Terminator* (1984) made clever use of the fourth dimension that it might have L.A. invade itself from a "past" version, full of monsters. Extraterrestrial visitors emerge from another kind of void; by traveling across space, they are technically older than humankind (the Old Ones from Lovecraft's *At the Mountains of Madness* (1936) literally assume a special, "forgotten" state to travel faster than light).

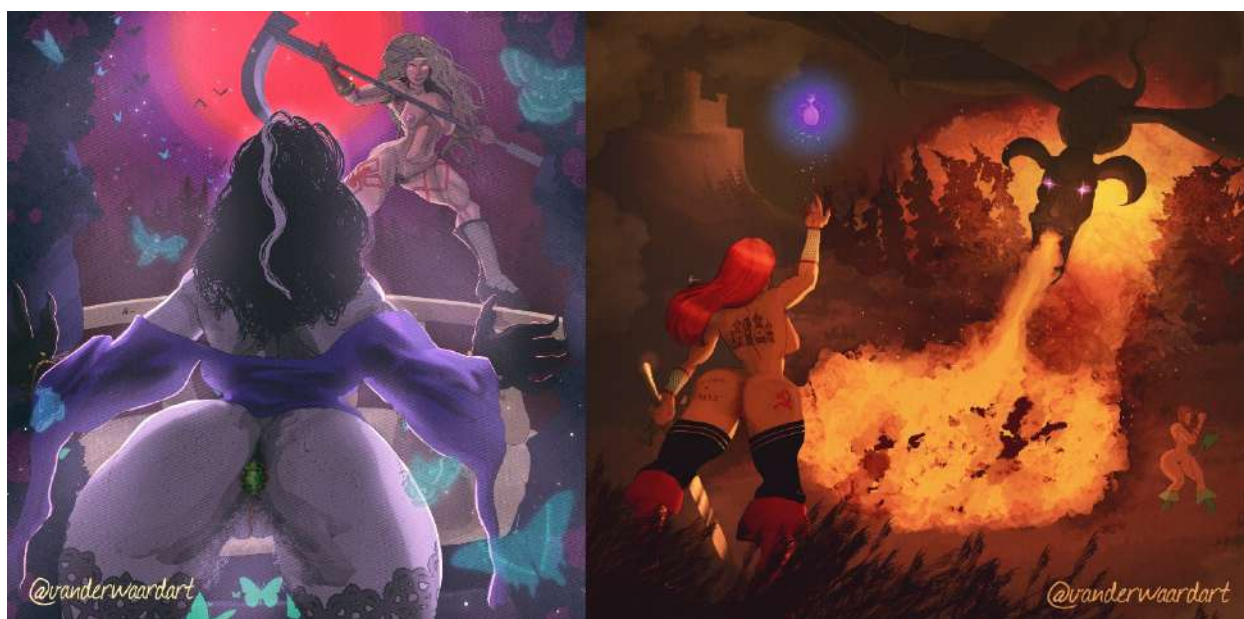
So are the saiyans Gothic? There are certainly components. They are powerful destroyers that travel across space. However, while the Gothic concerns Imperialism, its monster usually emerge in a kind of liminal state. This status will confuse the audience, though especially how they perceive their homeworld, either by reminding them of home (the haunted house) or of someone inside (the double). For the saiyans to be Gothic, they would need to return from the past: to be mythical and long-dead, but also from or of the Earth. Yet, in the show, this is not the case. Their race technically survives. After a recent genocide attempt, those who remain foster a "super saian" myth. This is not a ghost story of their race rising from the ashes to plague Earth by mirroring earthly tyrants. Instead, the legend speaks of a golden avenger for the recently-fallen. There's a distinct lack of undead, ghosts or otherwise. Nor are the saian roots buried in Earth's past. Apart from Goku (which this movie treats more like Superman than anything else), no saiyans had ever visited Earth before Raditz. Nor is the saian planet a graveyard to examine: Freiza blows it to pieces. There are no ruins to explore, here or elsewhere. No haunted houses. No doubles ([source](#)).

I have since changed my mind (re: exhibit 39c2, "[Escaping Jadis](#)") regarding the idea of "Gothic"; i.e., as a thoroughly liminal affair that not simply allows for fascist and Communism/queer coding in shonen iterations of the Western Patriarchal sort (Olympus and Valhalla) but also within a franchise who artist studied and disseminated neoliberal offshoots of Mary Shelley's "Modern Prometheus" (also exhibit 39c2).

*Note: Refer to "[Summoning Demons](#)" for more on *Dragon Ball* and its kayfabe hero-villains, the saiyans.*

different ways that still uphold the core values of your proverbial zodiac. Death by Snu-Snu can be many different things.

This being said, if weird reactionaries want to treat iconoclastic Amazons [like their personal JO crystals](#) (source: Reddit; the OG "JO crystal" guy) that's fine; but they're jacking it to Communists-in-disguise! Then again, reactionaries are already more than likely "jackin' it with a bro" in private; i.e., fascist "[chasers](#)" who xenophobically fetishize/covert catboys, virgins, and other forms of boy-on-boy "prison sex" like Nick Fuentes; fascist dogma tends to control the sex lives of its soldiers and leads to some very sad and pathetic, gender-envious behaviors (all in service of appearing strong and glorious in the present; you can always wank it openly after Ragnarok, right boys?).



(exhibit 103: Artist, [left/right](#): Persephone van der Waard. My fan art of the Amazon and vampire boss from *Dragon's Crown* [2013, a college favorite] and a drawing by me of Tyris flare from *Golden Axe* [1989, a childhood favorite].)

The same revolutionary cryptonymy applies to other work I've done in the genre (exhibit 103, above). Specifically for *this* book, I've revisited two older drawings of Amazons from their original forms to tweak them in playful ways that illustrate my arguments: For *Dragon's Crown*, I went with a Gothic role-reversal, making the vampire a thicc, good vampire with li'l ghost moths and the Amazon an evil, spooky killer whose revenge is sanctioned by a perfidious and duplicitous kingdom. For *Goldenaxe*, I made Tyris thicc (thick thighs save lives) and gave her a Commie-core aesthetic. I'd like to think she's summoning the power of the dragon to roast some fascists and disarm some TERFs using the awesome power of Communism and liminal monsters during oppositional praxis: "Here, girl! Fetch!" Chonky dragon go floof!

Not all that glooms is iconoclastically Gothic when its big corporations doing this kind of thing (re: Rainbow Capitalism). However, the context behind my changes remains the same: Fascism and witch hunts aren't something we should condone. If you want to slay vampire babes with a big-booty Amazon for funsies, that's fine, but keep in mind what's motivating the hand behind the drawing and what my images amount to when I explain their deeper context.

Fascists will see what they want to regardless, but that's not really the point; the point is these works can serve as "flexible" code to carry different messages *despite* what fascists think—like *Star Wars* or *Blade Runner* do if you know what to look for. That's literally how code and allegory function (and the Gothic—re: Segewick's "imagery of the surface in the Gothic novel" argument: the Gothic writes sexuality onto the surface of contested images). Both my dragons and their Amazon slayers are liminal in flexible ways; they evoke their own awesome power for me to exhibit and enshrine in this book. This kind of proletarian praxis is pointedly liminal and warrior-themed, but actively iconoclastic in resistance to "false copies" all too common with videogames as a Japanese export.

Japanese media and themes explore fascism as something to resist and endorse through power exchange commodities. Consider Marisa from *Street Fighter 6*, Capcom's neoliberal cash-grab framing a conspicuously fascist warrior mom in a centrist light (exhibit 104). Sorry but I gotta yuck *that* yum; fascism is intrinsically tied to rape and war, which neoliberal nation pastiche in digitized combat sports like *Street Fighter* conceals by default—i.e., a trivialized, basic cartoon reduced to personified war theatrics with trademark special movies to cheer when performed. Is it fun to watch? Abso-fucking-lutely! But from a neoliberal standpoint, it's pure bread-and-circus illusion pedaled to the global middle class.



(exhibit 104a1: Top-left: [the thumbnail to my YouTube video where I responded to the fascist themes in Capcom's product](#) ["Fascism in *SF6*: Marisa," 2023]. FGC fans

lost their shit, they and random Gamergate types or crypto-Gamergate types coming out of the woodwork to collectively tell me there's no connection to anything and I'm seeing stuff that "isn't there"—classic gaslighting but also just them telling me not to even think?

Top-right: Capcom shills, [laughing like maniacs and selling the shit out of the game](#) [Varsona Vyzelta's "NEW! Marisa VS JP Gameplay" 2023]; bottom-left and -right: Marisa herself, in-game; far-bottom-right: Italy's fascist prime minister, Georgia Meloni. From fans, corporations, videogame communities and artists, this kind of canonical praxis must be challenged with good monster mommies like Nyx [exhibit 69/102a3].)



(exhibit 104a2: Artist, lines: [Dcoda](#), based off a sketch by [Persephone van der Waard](#); colors and final rendering by Persephone van der Waard: Marisa and Zangief doing something other than beating each other up but still subverting the wrestler's kayfabe with a queer non-and-a-wink; i.e., Zangief is a gay man and gay men can have sex with women, and Marisa is probably ace due to their idea of having fun is pounding other people into the dirt. Within this subversive Nominally or not, the Nazi and Communist remain popular wrestler heels in neoliberal canon [re: "[Vince McMahon](#)"]. As usual, sexuality and BDSM language remains an effective method for subverting state narratives and subterfuge;

indeed, proponents of Marisa as their favorite muscle mommy led many to violently gaslight my mentioning of Marisa as being fascist at all—not that she was a heel, but that she had anything to do fascism or the real world in any shape or form. In other words, they had bought into the staged nature of professional wrestling in order to ignore the political, gender-troubled ramifications altogether—"kayfabe," in other words. If not in bad-faith, attacks against my subverting of canonical kayfabe arguably stem from ignorance on the fans' part. Even so, they fail to understand the popularity of Nazi heels in centrist war-sports narratives sport since their rise to prominence in the 1930s; e.g., Joe Louis vs Max Schmeling in 1936. The champion of either nation is there to defend local masculinity and manhood from an assigned menace.

Kayfabe clearly played a large role in the relationship between the two men. True to form, their respective labels as a Nazi representative and a hero of the American people did not reflect the socio-political realities for Louis and Schmeling behind the scenes, which many fans remained oblivious to when buying their tickets:

The rematch assumed greater social, national, and international political significance as both the print media characterized both fighters as representatives of two opposing political systems, soon to face off in a bigger battle for world domination as the bout foreshadowed the larger conflict of World War II. Such propaganda differed from the truth. Schmeling was not a Nazi, and he even rescued two Jewish boys during Kristallnacht, the Nazi rampage in November of 1938 that violently destroyed Jewish businesses, killed and arrested Jewish men, and raped Jewish women. Joe Louis, hailed as an American hero, hardly enjoyed the benefits of citizenship. Boxing was the only activity in which a black man could hit a white man and avoid jail or lynching. Louis was idolized by the black masses as a messianic figure whose victories lifted the spirits of the entire race. His victory over Braddock fostered massive celebrations, which only invited violent white retaliations. Many whites supported Schmeling in the first bout but, by 1938, fans and the media were swept up in a nationalist crusade, and Schmeling's welcome was less than enthusiastic for the rematch in Yankee Stadium. Still, an estimated one-third of southerners backed the white German against the African American [[source](#): Gerald R. Gems' "Joe Louis-Max Schmeling Fight," 2005].

In truth, the two men remained life-long friends outside of the kayfabe, with Schmeling paying for Louis' funeral nearly fifty years after their final match inside the ring. Even so, the kind of cognitive dissonance, estrangement and parasocial myopia remains an important tool for fascists/neoliberals, who—along with their hyperbolic personas—must be critically challenged, not endorsed: Ignorance is not a virtue and rote consumerism of strongperson bodies isn't activist political engagement unto itself; fascists ringleaders and neoliberal agents explicitly extort

and exploit their audiences' masculine insecurities though blind belief in the wrestler or competition as the product. Everything is designed to be entertaining purely because it is scripted and fake, but also meant to obscure systemic oppression through statuesque theatrical placeholders: "All is well because our heroes look strong"; i.e., they represent us" [they do not].)

The idea of retro-future palingenesis was nothing new by the time videogames game along. Just watch *Star Trek*, read *LOTR* or any fantasy/sci-fi novels or their adaptations before the mid-1980s. There's always a national palimpsest or European blueprint to *some* degree. Of course, the pro-European slant varies per adaptation (with *Deep Space Nine* decolonizing the anti-Semitic tropes of the Ferengi, somewhat). However, I still think having a giant fascist Italy "muscle mom" utter pound her queer-coded French nemesis (with Manon explicitly coded as queer by Capcom) into the dirt is a tone-deaf moment by Capcom in its own nation pastiche, mid-kayfabe.

One, it equalizes the wish fulfillment, turning things into a game of "punch the Nazi with the queer" or vice versa. Two, this is standard-issue neoliberal bullshit, Capcom off-shooting from an already wacky US ally with slews of social-sexual dilemmas tied cultural shut-ins, debatable incest/rape culture. This includes *moe* and *ahegao*, whose ghosts of the counterfeit utterly *bleed* into American consumerism as operating in bad faith.

Furthermore, speaking out about them through one's words or art as "girl talk" activism requires emotional intelligence, but also bravery in the face of canonical defenders; i.e., people unafraid to go to war to defend canon as threatened by sex workers reclaiming their own bodies from these pimps. This includes open war and bad-faith "lip service/virtue-signaling" (the trope of the false knight) that defend notoriously problematic tropes like *moe* and *ahegao*, but also incest and eco-fascism (often in concert) in occult-heavy stories like *Kubo and the Two Strings* and apocalyptic media like *Japan Down*. The extent to which these can be redeemed, mid-cryptonymy (and what they comment on as perceptive pastiche) varies.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))



I want to explore these concepts next, opening up ways to recognize their unironic forms, then prevent eco-fascist violence in our own subversive art; re: on our Aegis!

"Borrowed Robes," part two: *Moe/Ahegao*, Incest, and Eco-Fascism in Japanese Exports (feat. *Street Fighter*, *Dragon Ball* and *Kubo and the Two Strings*)

Wandering and wandering

What place to rest the search?

The mighty arms of Atlas

Hold the heavens from the earth ([source](#)).

—Robert Plant; "Achille's Last Stand," on Led Zeppelin's *Presence* (1976)

Note: The *moe/ahegao* portion of this subchapter appears in [my "Hailing Hellions" interview with Delilah Gallo](#). —Perse, 5/5/2025.

Now that we've examined nudism through the "flashing" of voyeurism/exhibitionism and the idea of the borrowed robe/costume, there remains the rapacious elements of the performance as heavily fetishized: the warrior and the waifu, during mirror syndrome. We examined the weird canonical nerd in Chapters Three and Four as predicated on manufactured scarcity and gender in crisis as instructed through Japanese cultural exports in the neoliberal age; i.e., videogames. Now we'll examine these as culturally exported between nations, but especially *Japanese* culture; i.e., as a kind of eco-fascism preserved under *Pax Americana* that fosters unironic *moe*, *ahegao*, incest and rape culture in popular



media: as tied cryptonymically to war trauma under America's thumb/dubious influence (then, move onto rockstars as antiwar, followed by more overt antiwar pastiche); e.g., *Street Fighter*'s Lily, *Dragon Ball*'s Bulma, the witches from *Kubo and the Two Strings*, and more!

(artist: [Thuddleston](#))

Please note: While these factors tie into various other comorbidities, like skull shape, brain dimorphism, [and race propaganda](#) (Yugopnik's "Honorary Aryans" Explained / Nazi Race Propaganda," 2023). I've decided based on the book's already swollen length not to discuss these ideas any more than we already have. This being said, they mostly certainly factor into the defining and

executing of "pro-European" beauty standards (e.g., "correct" jawlines, body proportions, skeletal structures or skin color, etc) by weird canonical nerds, thus operate as things for them to subject potential "maidens" to; i.e., "She's my zombie [monster girl/mother]" from [Raleigh Theodore Saker v. Christine Gontarek](#): to capture, to extort, to dominate. —Perse, back in 2023



(exhibit 104b1: [Source](#), top: Naoto Higuchi's "The Transformation of the Far Right in Japan: From Fascism to anti-Korean Hate Crimes" [2021]; [bottom](#): Katia Patin's "The Rise of Eco-Fascism," 2021. The Japanese Shogunate flag [with the sun rays] is a fascist symbol; it invokes the myth of former Japanese invincibility as overriding Japan's total defeat at the hands of American forces; they had no allies by the end of the war and were surrounded by enemies and bombed into near

oblivion, including two atomic bombs and the firebombing of Tokyo, a bombing run that, according to conservative estimates, [killed 80,000-100,000 in a single night](#) [and further exploitation of Asia during the Cold War, as well as South America, Africa and the Middle East before, during and after the "Cold" War "ended"]. These events have done little to curb Japan's fascist leanings due to American interference after the war to serve global US hegemony as their indebted "ally" through force:

After World War II, the US government pardoned and recruited many of the fascists who had led imperial Japan, putting in power war criminals who had committed genocide in China, Korea, and Southeast Asia, carrying out biological warfare, human experimentation, and mass sexual slavery. [...] Japan's political system still today is a one-party right-wing regime run by descendants of these fascist war criminals" [source: Ben Norton's "US-Backed Fascism in Japan: How Shinzo Abe Whitewashed Genocidal Imperial Crimes," 2022].

Meanwhile, eco-fascism as I defined it in Volume Two

In terms of maintaining capitalist control during the rapid-onset of destabilizing natural factors like a global pandemic, bombs actually make perfect sense; i.e., shock and awe, dispersing workers when the elite lose control due to ecological interference. [...] That's essentially eco-fascism in a nutshell; i.e., not enough room or resources (save for the elite and some of their stooges) thanks to the state's own bullshit destroying the environment on all registers [source: "Pieces of the Dead"].

Equinox: Racial Justice Initiative further describes it as, "Equinox: Racial Justice Initiative Eco-fascism is the link between environmentalism and fascism. Combining white supremacy with environmentalism, eco-fascists push for controlling population, criminalizing migration and rejecting multiculturalism as #ClimateAction solutions for #ClimateCrisis" [source tweet, 2021] with three main points: "Overpopulation causes climate crisis" / "Human Beings are a virus to the planet" / "We don't have enough resources to sustain all the people on Earth"—i.e., the coercion trifecta: manufactured scarcity, conflict and consent.)

In relation to nature as something to defend or claim by fascist death cults, the bourgeois Amazon and Medusa are suitably badass; i.e., "witch cop" symbols of Capitalism that operate as more or less radical depending on the circumstances. Reclaiming them mid-cryptonymy is more an embodiment of power transferred to a kind of class conscious resistance to patriarchal norms and taboos that, while not openly discussed, are nevertheless ubiquitous in popular media. Some symptoms are traumatic in a shared sense—i.e., less as things to automatically kept to

ourselves and more a style of traumatizing performances within oppositional praxis. As such, canonical emblems of a taboo idea can be subverted to comment on worker trauma as stemming of popular forms of fascism being exported regularly around the globe. From Japan to American and back around, this means *moe*, *ahegao*, incest, and eco fascism as a kind of promising of war brides, of sanctioned sex, within culture war as forever besieged. In times of crisis, then, women aren't simply hoarded; the monstrous-feminine are boxed in, raped, then wiped out in pursuit of "genuine brides" during virgin/whore syndrome: marrying off state daughters at an increasingly younger (thus more vulnerable) age. "Kept" = prisoner the world over.



These variables orient differently than the history of torture demons from Volume Two; or the demonic BDSM we explored in Chapter Two and Chapter Three, which focused on instruments of pain from a Western Gothic perspective: the pain master as a demon in a fetish outfit threatening bodily harm. This time around, the trauma we're investigating is more concerned with disempowerment as performatively incestuous tied to ultra-national attitudes of exported war trauma. We'll need to unpack them one at a time, acknowledging their guilty pleasure and where it comes from, then suggesting ways of subverting this rape pastiche in perceptive forms of rape *prevention*, not endorsement.

First, *moe*. *Moe* intimidates a worrying tendency to fetishize the body of those who tend to look young. It's one thing if someone looks smaller and has Little tendencies in the age-play sense; that's not unheard of and can be perfectly fine under negotiated circumstances. However, the commercialized look, as Mateusz Urbanowicz writes, "depicts female characters as just a cute, often sexual 'treat' for the viewer" (re: "[The 'moe' style problem](#)," 2020)—i.e., a female, child-like or adolescent-looking treat for *male* viewers. In other words, it's a sanitized form of pedophilia/ephebophilia. For an example of this, again, just look at *Street Fighter 6* and its recent unveiling of Lily Hawk. Despite being small and young, she's obviously sexualized (in ways not unlike Bulma or Chi-Chi from *Dragon Ball*, 1986):



(exhibit 104b2: Chi Chi is worryingly sexualized far more as a child than an adult; so is Bulma, who "mellows out" far more once she's an adult/married [canonically she's 16 in the above scene; as of 2023, re: [the age of consent in Japan \(an incredibly fascist country known for killing left-leaning politicians and denying genocide\) is 13](#)]. Meanwhile, Lily Hawk is handled with the same grace as Ma-Ti from *Captain Planet*—i.e., reduced to a cartoonish, cliché [and accent] and coming from the same tribe as every other Indigenous Person as T. Hawk and Juli did: the fictional Thunderfoot tribe. Seriously, it's like bad vaudeville, hauntologically codifying geopolitics by presenting the Global South [where Lily hails from] as canonically poor and run-down. In Lily's case, she's obviously been sexed up for the game's largely male, *shonen*-fed audience, too; there's not even a paratextual footnote reassuring us she's at least 18, [the game's wiki page leaving her age out entirely](#). Gross.)

Again, the sexualization of the female body is certainly nothing new (re: as part of the exploitation of nature as monstrous-feminine under Capitalism, "[Nature Is Food](#)"). While canonical fetishization can be subverted, the starting point for the whore's revenge remains the status quo pimp whores—through porn (a cryptonymy of "nude" power in literal commercial terms)!



(exhibit 104c: Top-left, model: Traci Lords in 2016; lower-outer-left and -right sides: Carla Fernandez; middle: Little Lupe; top: Tyler Faith. Each sports a particular way to fetishize the female body as "waifu"—i.e., the MILF ["mom I'd like to fuck"], "mom bod," lady-in-black, or ever-so-dubious "teen.")

As a visual style, *moe* isn't pedophilia, thus *can* be sex-positive. However, the basic "look" still allows for sexualized, even eroticized forms that are quite at home in the status quo of American pornographic canon (exhibit 104c, above) and fascist *Pax Americana*; e.g., Little Lupe as a porn star who *looks* underage but works in the industry as a legal adult ([and actually had to prove this in court to](#)

[save a fan from being tried for pedophilia](#)—Radar's "Adult Film Star Verifies Her Age," 2010); the website featuring her work, [LittleLupe.com](#), markets "teen" models, but reads in the fine print, "All models on this site are 18 years of age or older." The same unscrupulous industry historically exploits women; e.g., Traci Lords, one of America's biggest porn stars of the 1980s, [made most of her films when she was underage](#) (Helen Vnuk's "She Was Underage Her Entire Career," 2020), she was also constantly raped and abused on- and off-set. As recently as 2020, Lords encourages awareness and kindness, writing in a now-deleted tweet,

This one is for the haters out there. Check yourselves. Kindness is king. Just because you're sitting behind a screen doesn't mean what you put out there is harmless. Be mindful. There's enough ugliness in the world ([ibid.](#)).

Lord's words mirror Urbanowicz' writeup on *moe*: "The *moe* image does not stay in the picture; it spills into everyday life."

To ultimately be sex-positive, then, there really needs to be more than paratextual footnotes amid a constant pandering to cis-het men as the universal clientele seeking ways to legally enjoy underage/rape fantasies. This happens alongside other ways of canonically organizing the female body into sexually objectifying categories—e.g., the "mom bod" of Tyler Faith, exhibit 104c. Something clear and obvious needs to be diegetically included, or it's harmfully ambiguous. Granted, something like Dennis Cooper's *Frisk* shows us that ambiguity can entirely be the point, but it still has to reliably land on the side of the oppressed—i.e., to critique the structure and its intended audience of consensually ambivalent male consumers with weaponized market language in a critical sense. Otherwise, the result is just blind, status quo pastiche—i.e., business-as-usual: "All our models are over 18," but transformed into a monstrous likeness to sell fetishizingly to male consumers who, over time, forget what real women even are.

As we've established, porn is incredibly liminal. For sex-positive, iconoclastic examples of *moe* and other archetypes, consider the following exhibits:

- the appreciative ravishing/rape fantasies and perceptive pastiche of *Doki Doki Literature Club*—exhibit 16, "[Healing from Rape](#)"
- eroticized fan fiction and cosplay made by adult, sex-positive fans—exhibit 56b, "[Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit](#)"
- *moe*-princess D.va's flashing exhibitionism—exhibit 61b
- furry mom Keighla Night's furry mom bod—exhibit 65
- the zombie-unicorn "breeding" kink, illustrated by me—exhibit 87a

Next, *ahegao*.



(exhibit 104d: Top: Bill Paxton in *Near Dark*, 1987; middle: Jennifer Jason Leigh in *The Hateful Eight*, 2015; bottom: Belle Delphine—a [South African content creator known for carefully creating a dubious moe persona tied not just to the *ahegao* schtick](#), but literally rape exploitation media that she sold to young horny fans [while also posting it without trigger warnings on Twitter](#) [Sunny V2's "Why Belle Delphine's Career Died, 2022"] and many instances of the *ahegao* face.)

A kind of "death face"—a theatrical "killed" expression, but generally tied to sexual "devastation," including the "little death" (old slang for orgasm) as a loss-of-control. For AFAB persons, it's harder to walk after cumming due to the intense, full-body nature of *some* female orgasms; e.g., having

weak legs or sleepiness, post-climax, even when you're the bottom (exhibit 87c). Intense passion [often has religious significance](#) (source: Averill Earls' "La Petite Mort: Investigating the History of Orgasm, aka The Little Death," 2019) as well as being intrinsic to rougher, more honest forms of sex. *Ahegao* can certainly be parodied in private, but public displays evoke a symbol tied to markers of sexual abuse (which we're now going to explore).

To be fair, to make light of death is a popular stress valve and has its place in parallel spaces/perceptive pastiche; e.g., [Monty Python's "carving Aaargh!" skit](#) (1975), [the many faux suicides of Harold and Maude](#) (1971) or even Jadis and I making light of so-called "murder dick" during period sex, etc. Regardless of where and how they manifest, *memento mori* serve as a kind of "spoof of death" ritual, making them *potentially* appreciative peril. The same "ravished" facial expressions can be plied to a variety of scenarios, ranging from Bill Paxton's "choke face" in *Near Dark* (exhibit 104d) to your standard-issue *ahegao* face worn by adventuresome partners (when they were in a good mood, Jadis liked to do it and it admittedly could be fun) or transgressive sex workers with a dark sense of humor. The idea is mindfulness and good *de facto* education—to help people tell the difference and recognize the rapacious historical materialism tied to the theatrical gesture; otherwise, it's just content "farming" with zero concern for the consequences (re: Belle Delphine).

Theo J Ellis' 2021 write-up on *ahegao*, "The History of Ahegao: Is It Damaging to East Asian Women?" compiles research on the phenomenon in anime specifically. One example ([and there are many in his article](#)) writes,

The earliest known record I could find on *ahegao* was in the 1980s by an artist named Suehiro Maruo. He's a *ero guro* artist. He wrote a comic called *Shōjo Tsubaki* which depicts gruesome acts of physical & sexual violence against a 12 y/o girl ([source](#)).

Ellis himself writes,

That fetishization has obviously extended and is now done by American white men, and white westerners in particular. [...] There's so little information on this that it makes the conversation weaker than it should be. Hardly anyone (in the East Asian community, especially Japan) is speaking out in mass numbers. But that's normal because racism, fetishization, and stereotypes are kept in the dark.

People who deal with it don't wanna feel like they're complaining or they just think nobody gives a shit so why bother talking about it ([ibid.](#)).

In other words, this kind of whitewashed racism, xenophobia and chattel rape is rooted in the etiology of bad play and bourgeois, fascist *parentage* (which, as we explored in Volume One, applies historically-materially across different chattel groups fetishized and abused in similar ways; re: exhibit 31, "[Knife Dicks](#)").

Beyond *Street Fighter 6* or *moe/ahegao*, such mentalities haunt children's stories with a nationalized flavor and location. Consider *Kubo and the Two Strings*: Our hero, Kubo, is threatened by his own mythical grandfather as damaging the nuclear family structure of the boy and his mother and father (the two strings to his

third on their combined *shamisen*). Kubo's mother explains, "Your grandfather doesn't hate you; he wants to make you just like him: cold, hard and perfect"—i.e., blind to humanity in a very fascist way. Such blindness precludes healthy forms of love and enforces abnormal, coercive forms like incest.

In Japanese culture, these intimate through various hauntological forms that have survived through religion and the Japanese culture of war and rape going hand-in-hand. To that, a good way to trace their lineage is through popular stories, often of ghosts and dead warriors, but also women's roles within broader (meta)narratives. Women not only must die within such stories, but generally transform themselves—their bodies, identities and gender roles—to supply male children with fascist forms of education; i.e., the raping of sons by their mothers or aunts or other matriarchal figures: "Come, Kubo, come to your aunties!"



It bears repeating that sexual abuse is *not* openly discussed in the film, but it *is* threatened by symbolic deliverers thereof towards the usual victim: a young boy as feeling the need to satisfy particular urges begot from material conditions unique to Japan's history of fascism. These repressed anxieties reflect on emotional struggles for any hero that, in Japan (the site of the narrative), carry extra weight. But as we shall see, they do not *stay* there. Fascism is predicated on material conditions that encourage, if not out-and-out rape/incest around the clock, then at least the normalizing of rape phobias and anxieties through disempowerment on a globalized familial level (a return to the rapacious household as a family unit through the promise of compelled sex; i.e., the reward of rape for men to claim through war). Such a relationship goes hand-in-hand within child pornography and

incest as tied to fascist Japanese laws, the latter upheld to zealous degrees by proponents of a *post*-fascist government; i.e., a ruling body's desire to *appear* less fascist than before but beyond the surface level is arguably as fascist as ever beneath the façade.

For instance, Japan Powered writes on *The Six-Foot Bonsai*, a 2016 book by Stacy Gleiss about her abusive ex-husband and *his* attachment to Japanese material culture at large:

Japan has a problem with objectifying young girls. American culture worships the idol of youth, but Japan takes it to the extreme. Long time readers know that I loathe fan-service. I've also explained the [origins of lolita culture](#) and [kawaii culture](#). In Gleiss's life, she explains how *lolita* and *kawaii* culture shaped her abusive ex-husband's views of sexuality and women. The access to prepubescent sexualized media—the upskirt shots and other sexual poses manga and anime peddle—encouraged his pedophile tendencies. Buddhism and Christianity warn that the messages we consume shape our thinking. Consuming prepubescent sexualized manga—okay, let's not dodge the word anymore: child pornography—will shape a person's view of sexuality ([source](#)).

Japan Powered goes further to remark on child pornography as connected to Japanese incest culture as exported through an intolerance towards human rights in favor of exploitative media as sacrosanct along several key points: child pornography and its normalization, but also incest between mothers and their sons. First, the child pornography boom in '90s-era Japan was begot from various legal loopholes that banned displays of pubic hair, not child bodies. While a 2015 law was passed to curb the consumption of such material in Japanese manga and anime, the idea of "fan service" was hardly stymied; the tropes had become *sacred*, entering debates of "free speech" in favor of communicating what amounts to pedophilic dogma regularly practiced in manga/anime consumerism within *otaku* culture—it's *normal*, in other words.

Second, the normalization is a part of *kawaii* culture. Outright bans are resisted through bad-faith arguments supported by proponents of said culture as a highly capitalist enterprise. Lobbyists like Ken Akamatsu argue in favor of the status quo by downplaying abuse, calling such instances "imaginary, so unlike real child porn, no one was hurt. 'Actual children suffering and crying is not acceptable. But manga doesn't involve actual children. So there are no actual victims'" ([ibid.](#)). Unlike my example of mommy doms (exhibit 102), Akamatsu's argument is bad-faith *and* geared towards capital/rape culture as something to uphold and defend. Japan Powered notes how Gleiss' ex-husband echoes this reasoning:

[Gleiss] accounts how her ex-husband claimed to separate reality from fantasy. Many people claim fiction doesn't affect behavior; however, for most of human history fiction—myths and folklore—taught morals, values, and cultural viewpoints. While some claim fiction lacks victims, the victims are the readers. Their consumption distorts their idea of reality. It does it gradually, in ways that evade notice. In turn, this can shape sexuality and make it difficult to bond with people on an intimate level. Yes, some claim to be unaffected and have happy and healthy relationships. As with everything, fictional relationships and interests can benefit people and their relationships. Obsessive behavior falls outside of these possible benefits ([ibid.](#)).

In other words, cultural obsession (and blindness regarding sexual health) happen through Japan's socio-material exports that codify these abusive behaviors in fascist ways felt at home and abroad; i.e., according to an idealized past as something to defend through the consumption of popular narratives, but also media *types*. Incest, then, is something to further through *otaku* culture, whose cultural roots date back to religious canon that was, itself, commenting on historical-material factors present within in the real world; e.g., *hiemaki* for mother-in-law/son-in-law incest,

imonoko for father/daughter, and so on ([ibid.](#)).

(artist: [Suzuki Harunobu](#))



Third, while mother-son incest is not recognized as a common event, it still represents of a form of male insecurities that *are* incredibly common in Japan as a place that exports its fascist pathos to like-minded consumers overseas. I would also argue that while these events today are rare in real life outside of fiction, fiction does not exist in a vacuum; thus, they nevertheless exist as *commonplace* tropes in manga/anime as blind pastiche for audiences to consume and, if not emulate themselves, at least tolerate and cover up in defense of capital. The entire culture of

silence orbits around overwhelmingly common tropes of incest between mother and son in Japan. The psychoanalytical models might seem quaint, but nevertheless can be commented on through tangible socio-material factors. As Terry McCarthy writes in "Out of Japan: Mother Love Puts a Nation in the Pouch" (1993) re:

Satoru Saito, head of the sociopathology department at the Psychiatric Research Institute of Tokyo, doubts that mother-son incest is any more common in Japan than elsewhere. But, he says, "emotional incest" between mothers and their sons is almost a defining feature of Japanese society – "the entire culture has this undertone" ([source](#)).

Clearly the concept of incest, while taboo, is felt about differently in Japanese culture as a defining part of its cultural psyche as present within the material world. It is whispered about or suggested through shadows of what actually goes on: a traditional past to pass on or revive as "fan service," which is what fascism ultimately is (and a culture of aesthetics); i.e., the promise of great, even forbidden rewards with Paganized flavors.



Bringing things back to Kubo, then, his heritage—his birthright—is made up, thus imaginary in a dreamlike way that evokes threats of rape for him, the *boy*. They aren't exclusively fascist, but the roots of sexual abuse, like fascism, lie in one's childhood as corrupted by state hegemony in crisis: patrilineal descent and its bloodline is maintained through force, which is what incest is. While the Moon King covets his grandson as someone to manipulate through family as a perfected virtue, the king's daughters play an equally vital role in the corruption of the youth as a kind of stochastic promise pulled from the hero's surroundings: their stories as retold in ways that are ultimately harmful, but also a dialogic commentary on the historical-material factors along dialectical routes. Under fascism, the family unit

and the state go hand-in-hand, putting all decisions under control of the parents as being a combination of the two (or husbands, in the case of underage marriages). It's a regression that surrenders human rights in light of a perceived crisis that must be challenged to make the state return to a former imaginary greatness. Incest and pedophilia are deemed acceptable compromises when they happen through state sanctioned weddings in defense of the family unit; such are the costs of war because they will pay dividends in the long run. This is a lie.

In other words, fascist mentalities about incest in Japan are linked to traditional notions of the family structure as rigidly hierarchical to the point of genocide, but also Foucault's Boomerang. Certainly the practice is condemned *now* in open discourse (echoes of Foucault), but it wasn't always disallowed in the past, which is what fascism labors to return to: a "better" time, where children are controlled by their parental figures to unwholesome, abject degrees; incest is denied precisely because there is a historical framework for its existence that continues to exist in modern-day Japan and its media at large. Concerning these canaries in the mine, Alexie Juagdan writes:

While the prevalence of incestuous themes in Japanese media may raise eyebrows, it is important to note that these portrayals do not necessarily endorse or normalize incest. Instead, they often serve as vehicles for exploring complex human emotions, societal taboos, and moral dilemmas. The treatment of such themes can vary greatly, depending on the intentions of the creators and the overall narrative context. [Nevertheless ... t]he portrayal of incestuous themes in Japanese literature, movies, and anime can have a significant impact on shaping societal perceptions. Media plays a powerful role in influencing cultural attitudes and values, as it has the ability to reflect, challenge, or reinforce societal norms.

When exploring sensitive topics like incest, media can provide a platform for examining the complexities of human relationships and societal boundaries. It prompts discussions on ethical dilemmas, psychological motivations, and the consequences of taboo desires. However, it is crucial to approach these portrayals critically and engage in meaningful discourse rather than accepting them at face value.

It is important to note that the portrayal of incestuous relationships in media should not be taken as an endorsement or validation of such behavior. Instead, it should be viewed as an exploration of complex human experiences within the framework of storytelling and artistic expression ([source](#): "Exploring Incest in Japanese Society").

To this, the markers of forced incest, war and rape can be spotted in Japanese children's stories like *Kubo and the Two Strings* that echo uncomfortable dialogs within oppositional praxis in adjacent stories and their monstrous egregores and

events. In Western culture, witches are often depicted as outsiders that steal and eat babies; but in *Japanese* culture, they denote a forbidden attraction that is both resisted and indulged through monstrous language like Kubo's two frightening aunts; i.e., as rapacious ghosts of the counterfeit told through stop-motion. They aren't threatening to rape him in the literal sense—just kidnap him, replace his parents and brainwash him: a rape of the mind, of the will, of the self. In the Gothic sense, especially from the female submissive perspective, this parallels Western ideas of the woman as "kept," a beautiful princess surrounded by danger and whose own precious fragility ostensibly rings the dinner bell mid-investigation.

To it, time isn't a straight line, but a circle to revisit in the revival of pre-fascist forms that emerge in fascist hauntologies and the liminal call to war: During Capitalism-in-crisis, what happened *will* happen again, including rape but also stories of rape to approach in legendary, occult spaces:



([source](#): Ivanir Ignacchitti's "*Fatal Frame: Maiden of Black Water* Reveal the Bathing Suits We've All Been Waiting For," 2021)

This Gothic myopia (cryptonymy) of menticide is betrayed by liminal intimations of disempowerment, which denote a connection *beyond* the onscreen narrative. Like breadcrumbs in a fable, it points to greater traumas that Japanese society is guilty of or feeling guilty about in ways it cannot collectively face, going so far as denying it outright; e.g., the Rape of Nanking as a taboo rememory. These can be seen in a necklace of stories, including '90s Japanese OAVs like *Ninja Scroll* (re: exhibit 17b, "[Healing from Rape](#)") as being incredibly violent and

rapacious in ways sold to American consumers, the latter fascinated with a hauntological Japan of various temporal flavors begot from '90s Japanese *cryptomimesis* stretching forwards and backwards:

- *Fatal Frame*'s 2001, ghost-capturing camera and folklore (Jeffery's Tolbert's "[A Deadly Discipline: Folklore, Folklorists, and the Occult in Fatal Frame](#)," 2016)
- the "survival horror" of *Resident Evil* (re: Perron; but also Ewan Kirkland's "[Survival Horrrality: Analysis of a Videogame Genre](#)," 2011)
- *Perfect Blue*'s shared madness (re: "[Gothic Themes in Perfect Blue](#)")
- the *Persona/Shin Megami Tensei* series and its own "danger disco" bestiary of, at times, highly sexualized demonic poetics rebirthed in the Internet Age (MarshSMT's "[Demystifying Digital Devil Story](#)," 2022)
- technophobic Japanese media like *Kairo*, *Jojo* [in spots] or *Ringu* (exhibit 96)
- and *Blood: the Last Vampire* (2000)

In other words, Japan until recently was strongly isolationist, having many skeletons in its closet from the warring states period until the 19th century.

However, Japan's national desire to emulate Western Imperialism has led it to create many more—not just *moe/ahegao* or incest, but merging Japanese *Yokai* with Western Gothicism and mad science (including giant suits of armor—*mecha*) as a response to war as a systemic, eco-fascist problem in the present that leaves behind much destruction or divorced signifiers thereof. These are symbolized by the country's existence on a tectonic fault line between China and the Americas, no doubt further galvanized by the World Wars; and something to fear returning through a prophesized "great calamity" that treats fascism as a dreadful reunion with trauma while overlooking the root cause: Capitalism; e.g., *Gojira*, 1954; *Neo-Genesis Evangelion* (a Christofascist pastiche), 1995; or Netflix's *Japan Down*. A disaster appears and the nation-state must struggle to deal with it alone or die. In the case of *Japan Down*, the sudden, targeted appearance of a super volcano/earthquake literally sinks the entire island region; afterward, Japan isn't raised from the sea, but generously rebuilt by the rest of the world to be better than ever before. Yeah, right.

As Moore and Patel point out, Capitalism is intrinsically unstable by design, but also threatened by the very natural disasters it encourages; faced with its own collapse, various natural disasters (including disease; e.g., the Black Death, but also the Covid Pandemic and [the Fukushima nuclear disaster](#)) level the scales in Japan that Capitalism tries so hard to tip, becoming fascist opportunities to accrue further power and wealth that can no longer generate as easily if at all—re: "[How Capitalism Exploits Natural Disasters](#)" (and again, gold under fascism, is far less useful than food, bodies, and labor). To try and suggest a "bouncing back" of a sunken national state, like *Japan Down* does, is fairytale, neoliberal hubris;

bombs—even nuclear bombs dropped from on high like Skynet's gambit—are nothing compared to the state shift on an *ecological* scale (re: state shift).

The state is *not* a greater good deserving of genocidal sacrifice; no matter how maudlin or sentimental the argument, this needs to be remembered lest ecological disasters like *Japan Down* start to become the norm. If they do, nation states will not stand together as one; they will collapse and regress to an eco-fascist hellhole. The show presents people running away from volcanoes and earthquakes, but you can't run away from rising oceans, climbing temperatures and mass starvation [or nuclear bombs, to be fair]. Rather than a supposition of being entirely unrelated to Capitalism, the show's "volcano" is neither an isolated event nor something the Capitalism opposes, but rather something Capitalism *causes* and will be unable to prevent/reverse when climate change starts to worsen more and more. When the Global South is underwater due to rising sea levels, the Global North will be unable to exploit their usual targets: They will colonize their own populations, instead.



Just as easily, then, the Gothic-as-iconoclastic invites a proletarian "return" to a hauntological post-enlightenment, postcolonial *oral* traditions in the collapse of radio, television, the Internet; i.e., *World War Z: An Oral History of the Zombie War* (emphasis, mine) to explain things that are often concealed or obscured by state powers, superstition, spirituality and the occult as *perceptive* pastiche, including the Japanese perspective as subjected to unique realities concerning death and exploitation; but also *uncontrolled* scarcity, conflict and consent under the rise of local warlords, pirates and the like divorced from state accountability and ethics,

but not the *apparatus* as fully defeated in a fascist sense. In Brooks' *World War Z*, Tomonaga—a survivor of the American atomic bombs—orally recounts:

In Japan, *hibakusha*, "survivors of the bomb," occupied a unique rung in our nation's social ladder. We were treated with sympathy and sorrow: victims and heroes and symbols for every political agenda. And yet, as human beings, we were little more than social outcasts. No family would allow their child to marry us. *Hibakusha* were unclean blood in Japan's otherwise pristine genetic *onsen*. I felt this shame on a deeply personal level. Not only was I *hibakusha*, but my blindness also made me a burden. [...]

The *kami* are the spirits that inhabit each and every facet of our existence. We pray to them, honor them, hope to please them and curry their favor. They are the same spirits that drive Japanese corporations to bless the site of a soon-to-be constructed factory, and the Japanese of my generation to worship the emperor as a god. The *kami* are the foundation of *Shinto*, literally "The Way of the Gods," and worship of nature is one of its oldest, and most sacred principles. That is why I believed their will was at work that day. By exiling myself into the wilderness, I had polluted nature's purity. After dishonoring myself, my family, my country, I had at last taken that final step and dishonored the gods. Now they had sent an assassin to do what I had been unable to for so long, to erase my stink. I thanked the gods for their mercy. I wept as I prepared myself for the blow.

[... Later,] I handed his sword back to him; its weight and balance felt familiar to the touch. I told him that we might be facing fifty million monsters, but those monsters would be facing the gods.

To this, these gods *needn't* be fascist, but given the state of exception, a guilty and blind Japanese traditionalist isn't likely to be able to tell the difference; it's up to queer personas to subvert such narratives, self-determining in a gender-non-conforming thus non-fascist direction in relation to people, to zombies, to demons/*Yokai*, to nature by becoming the resilient, diverse dark gods we need to become in order to move beyond Capitalism and its eco-fascist bullshit. Fascists are afraid of everything but the thing they fear most (apart from exposure [chasing] and denormalization) is us and our solidarity—an army of savvy "killer" rabbits who actually know how to use their brains, blending in, Trojan-style. Weathering their violence, hammering their swords into ploughshares, and changing "their" status quo will be our revenge.

In Volume Two, we examined *Alice in Borderland* as a metaphor for worker ludology within Japanese-corporate subterfuge under *simulated* impending disasters. Relative to eco-fascist uprisings, the events themselves are often overshadowed by, or conflated with, warlike catastrophes that volcanos or earthquakes emulate as natural events common to Japan in either form: *Japan*

Down's city-wide death and destruction as "bomb-like" comparable to the atomic bombs and napalm runs committed by Americans against the Japanese mainland; e.g., *Grave of the Fireflies*, 1988; but also Lynda Chanwai-Earle's "[A Carpet of Dead Bodies: a Hiroshima Survivor's Story](#)" (2018)—the latter a story of Taeko Yoshioka Braid, a Japanese war bride who survived the dropping of Little Boy on Hiroshima by the American bomber, the Enola Gay. Whereas *Oppenheimer* (2023) glorifies the perspective of Western men and their drama and pathos, Taeko's unspeakable story gives voice to the suffering of all peoples in ways men won't speak of.



Likewise, songs like "[Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima](#)" (1961) or media like *Come and See* (1985) are far more bleak and frank to the victims of these men and their unbridled hubris. They become a rare, discouraged form of instruction on how to grieve collectively while gazing into the void of Capitalism's interminable abuses: the millions of unburied, incinerated dead for nothing more than national pride and state control as a kind of mighty, religious-esque *passion* to face and empathize with; on the flipside, it becomes something for curious Westerners (or their emulators) to look in on from *relative* safety—i.e., the spectating of the privileged towards those being colonized more than themselves in the current moment, and the fascist refusal during so-called "state shifts" to look at all while dealing the killing blow towards their scapegoated victims: the Japanese towards themselves, but also the Middle East, the Global South, Indigenous Peoples, etc, as colonized by US global hegemony.

Furthermore, per the ghost of the counterfeit furthering abjection, the curiosity becomes rapt, voyeuristic: a watching of civilization reclaimed by nature as chaotic, death-like—i.e., a female Leveler to shatter the perceived invincibility of patriarchal forces and patrilineal descent, but also an apocalyptic *revelation* to demonstrate their treacherous, child-like vindictiveness with when they are threatened.

The Fascists *MO* is scapegoating and widespread government abuse, which they'll double down on in order to stay in control after corporations have staved off responsibilities to such a degree that everyone around them pays the price; e.g., Nathaniel Rich's *Odds Against Tomorrow* (2014) or Emily St. John Mandel's *Station Eleven* (2014): death lotteries and other bourgeois games (e.g., *Squid Game*), widespread banditry and rapine through out-of-control criminogenesis, state collapse, purity politics, masculinity-in-crisis, final solutions (including nuclear Armageddon/mutually-assured destruction) begot from hijacked state mechanisms, and infrastructure and information decline through immiserated material conditions for all but the most wealthy holed up in their vaults; for former corporations, it's merely a masque of the Red Death, the vault-dwellers unable to care for themselves, thus doomed to die alone, but also eat those around them in order to survive: they've been doing it their whole lives. Meanwhile, those outside of the island fortress (Japan being a literal archipelago) will die with their families, murdered by the state and its leaders (re: Jim Jones) but also fascist proponents scapegoating the displaced and their nomadic flotillas and ghettos.

As we discussed in Volume Two, the real survivors of the zombie apocalypse during medieval/settler-colonial regressions are the zombies themselves (re: "[Police States](#)"); whether for or against the state, without corporations to supply them with food and resources, the undead will collectively have to relearn how to prepare their own meals, lest they eat each other (extreme hunger leads things not normally perceived as food to become food, one's own family suddenly tasting delicious); they must learn how to have sex, relationships and children, lest they rape each other (e.g., *28 Days Later*, 2002). It's a rotten game of luck, so ideally something should be done to prevent these circumstances (and their dismal ludologies/odds) from coming about.

Furthermore, survival narratives are eco-fascist (*ibid.*), tied to manmade disasters that force domestic populations' face-first into death through the dwindling survivor's loved ones and their bodies as infected, alive but rotting. Humanity may not be the virus, but the state *is* virulent, leading to its own collapse during eco-fascism as relayed through the historical materiality of zombie apocalypse narratives; those who *do* survive are haunted by the memories of those they outlast.



(exhibit 105e: Photos of the Rape of Nanking are well-documented and extremely graphic. Out of respect for the victims, I will not exhibit them here, but the links below can lead you to them. "Thousands of Chinese soldiers and civilians mark the 70th anniversary of the Nanking Massacre at the Memorial Hall of the Victims in Nanjing Massacre by Japanese Invaders in Nanjing in 2007" [[source](#): "The Forgotten Holocaust': 27 Tragic Photos from the Rape of Nanking," 2023]. Another name for the massacre is "The Rape," given how many of the victims of the assault were women. China News Digest writes of the Massacre and its megadeath,

Of all the hideous crimes committed by the Japanese, none were worse than those situations in which women, victims of the same killings as the men, were first forced to endure sexual assault and rape by the Japanese [...] "the violent rapes ... committed during the initial six week [sic] occupation and during the four weeks following Matsui and Muto's entry into the city continued without abatement on a grand scale." ("Verdicts of the International Military Tribunal for the Far East," p.458.) During these times, "every day, twenty-four hours a day, there was not one hour when an innocent woman was not being dragged off somewhere by a Japanese soldier" ([source](#)).

Similar to Austen's novel-of-manners, the ghosts of dead Chinese rape victims lurk behind the rape culture of Japan and its problems of rape and forced incest at large

as tied to lost generations due to state abuse subsequently tied to the fascist familial unit [versus the accidental kind found in Neo-Gothic novels: "Whoops, I fucked my long-lost sibling!"]. Incest of this kind steals innocence within a single family that leads to pathological incest fantasies, post-trauma, but also an entire generation tied to unequal material conditions—often along racial, gendered and cultural-religious lines; it can also be weaponized against queer groups by leveling children against outsiders instead of their actual abusers; i.e., a "[believe the children](#)" scheme designed to scapegoat non-Christian behaviors.)

Regarding *ahegao* and *moe*, rape culture and its incestuous proponents, all are tied to an already-repackaged form of American occupational abuse and Japanese Imperialist crimes (conducting their own Imperialist, false-flag operations during WW2 against the Chinese, their own complex deceptions, extensive propaganda and ruthless "[burn to ash policy](#)" or the three Alls: "kill all, burn all, loot all":

Japanese Devils is a documentary featuring 14 veterans of the Imperial Army testifying to their brutal participation in Japan's 15-year war against China. Director Matsui Minoru presents a powerful historical record of these soldiers' individual crimes, helping to break Japan's long silence about its wartime atrocities in China. "Japanese Devils" is a literal translation of the film's original title "Ribben Guizi." "Ribben Guizi" was a phrase used by the Chinese in the '30s and '40s expressing hatred¹⁴⁴ of foreign oppressors. For many Japanese, this phrase and the facts about Japan's war against China are unfamiliar. Japan's war against China is often downplayed in comparison to the historical significance [for America] of the Pacific War, Pearl Harbor, and Hiroshima ([source](#): Cindy Yoon's "Filmmakers Matsui Minoru and Oguri Ken'ichi Discuss 'Japanese Devils,'" 2023).

The Three Alls mirrors what Hitler had done against Russia, and what the post-WW2 US did against everyone else (but "getting that bag" more neoliberally than overt fascists had before them). Capcom might not have direct ties to a government that lies to deny its own genocide against the Chinese (the Rape of Nanking is not something Japan officially recognizes); they still offer up "blind" pastiche gobbled up by the FGC (some of whom think that fascism is a complete and utter myth, [if the haughty and vituperative comments to my video about Marisa are any indication](#); re: "Fascism in SF6: Marisa").

¹⁴⁴ This goes both ways, Japanese hating foreigners with their own xenophobic label: *gaijin*—"foreigner." The Chinese variant, *gweilo*, also pertains to foreigners, but especially Westerners. The usage isn't automatically a slur any more than "gringo" is or "pākehā."

Speaking out against these "junk food" dangers—not just in anime, but recognizing wherever they present themselves (re: Belle Delphine and blind *moe/ahegao* and children's stories like *Kubo*)—invites abuse in different forms on different registers: the aforementioned neglect, scorn, and ignorance in players' social-sex lives; "our" lame-ass politicians; canonical defenders with their open aggression, condescension, reactionary indignation and DARVO. As bourgeois code-switchers, they care about negative freedom for the elite, not positive freedom for workers *to not get exploited beyond the veil* that *Street Fighter 6* creates for the FGC (a similar veil fashioned by Blizzard's own canon). Marisa fights "like a man" but also a Nazi in Western wrestling theatre narratives; she "donkey punches," smashes and flexes. Manon fights "like a girl"; they twirl, spin, and adopt more sexualized poses. All of it appropriates descriptive genders for the same old goals: queer baiting and token "minority police" who settle for scraps. Normativity is always hetero during sublimation, literally "as it should be" while two



queernormative monsters (the butch lesbian and the trans athlete) duke it out for a largely straight audience, *Amazonomachia*-style.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Yet, despite such things being predictably appropriated by a giant company in neoliberal fashion in 2023, the dialogic imagination exists *in opposition* and has for centuries (since the rise of

Capital and discourse on sexuality and gender identity). For our purposes here, we can examine the culture of rock 'n roll, concerts and heroes, but also the fans/partygoers who sport their own "rockin' bods" for artists like myself to appreciate in sex-positive art; e.g., the Amazons and sex-positive "mommy doms" we examined in part one as linked to Gothic media, but also more direct forms like horror movie F/X wizards (who always seemed to be "decked out" in metal t-shirts, piercings and badass tattoos, exhibits 45c2a [re: "[Summoning the Whore](#)"] and 105b2); re: Harmony loves sex and metal as something to play with through people and likenesses of people (their black dildo, above).

Let's look at a real-life example next, with Jimi Hendrix!

Rockstars: From Rock 'n Roll Fans and Jimmi Hendrix' Penis to Horror Movie Special Effects (feat., Cynthia Plaster Caster)

Though, to be fair, a guitar is more than just a schlong. The body of the guitar, lovingly caressed by the guitarist, has the narrow waist, sensuous s-curves, and child-bearing hips of the female form. It's like some ancient fertility goddess composed of a limbless female body with a giant penis where the head should be ([source](#)).

—Nathan Biberdorf, "[Sometimes A Guitar Is Just A Guitar. But Usually...](#)" (2014)

Note: Black penises are fetishized constantly in popular media. For a good examination of this in an unlikely place, consider "[Concerning Big Black Dicks](#)" vis-à-vis orcs and goblins in Tolkien's canon (which features plenty of Harmony



taking a big black dildo, below, while "fucking the alien" to reverse abjection). —Perse, 5/9/2025

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

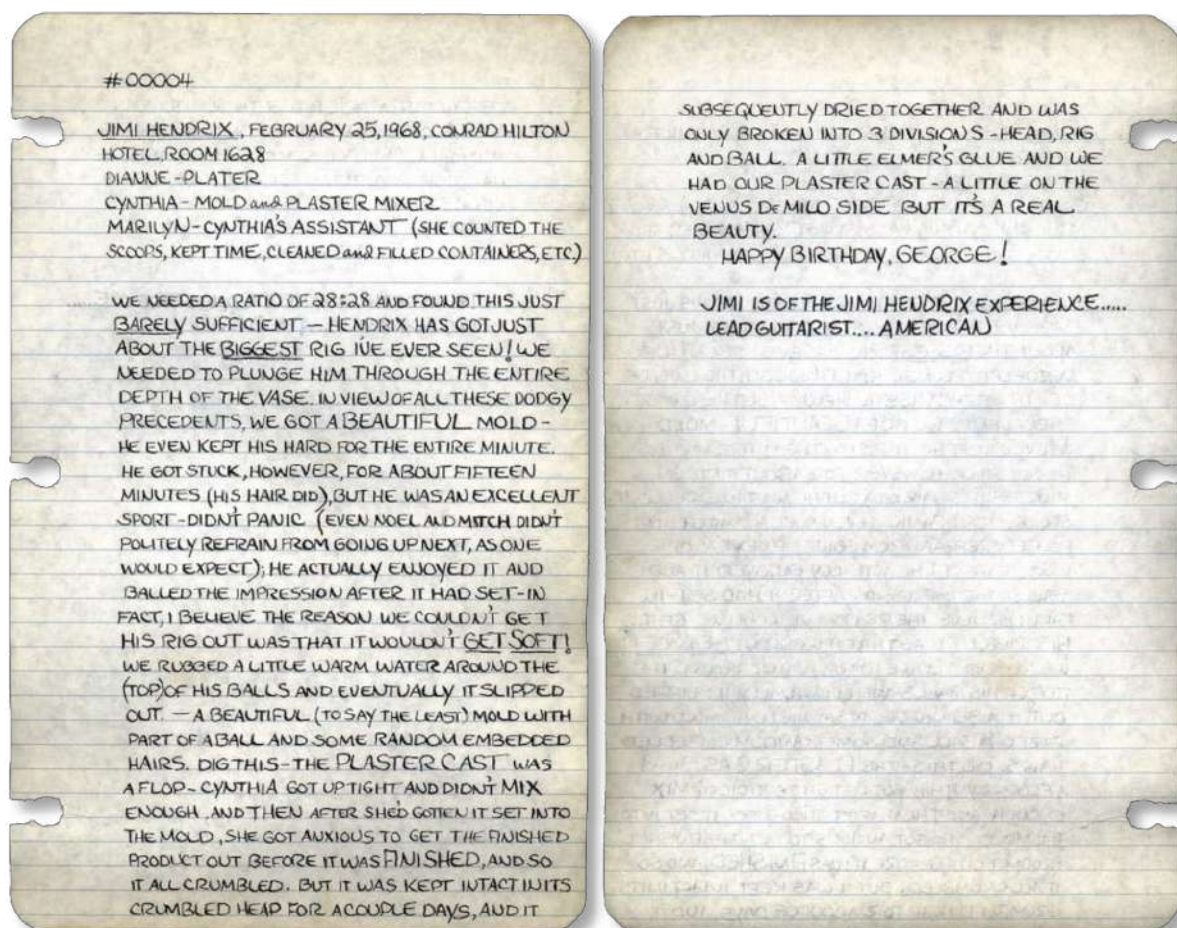
Now that we've examined the idea of transgressive nudism, as well as several famous monsters for that purpose, and more difficult forms of pain-/abuse-themed transgression, let's change pace; i.e., by

leaning into the seminal, group-oriented euphoric activity that is live music, public hedonism, heavy metal and group art as antiestablishment in a sex-positive, thus anti-capitalist sense. After all, to make something "metal" is to invoke demonic "poetics" with transformative potential; re: Harmony Corrupted and I doing it; i.e., to play with the powers need to subvert canon and its heteronormative stranglehold on the Superstructure, thus the Base. In this sense, antiwar and antifascist sentiment and sex positivity remain common attitude in rock 'n roll culture and horror Americana and have been for over half a century going strong. To make my

point, we'll look at several examples to inspire you with on your own paths to rebellion: the rockstar's cock and *its* fans own magnetic bods, to fans of metal who create similar effigies by playing with taboo material in horror media.

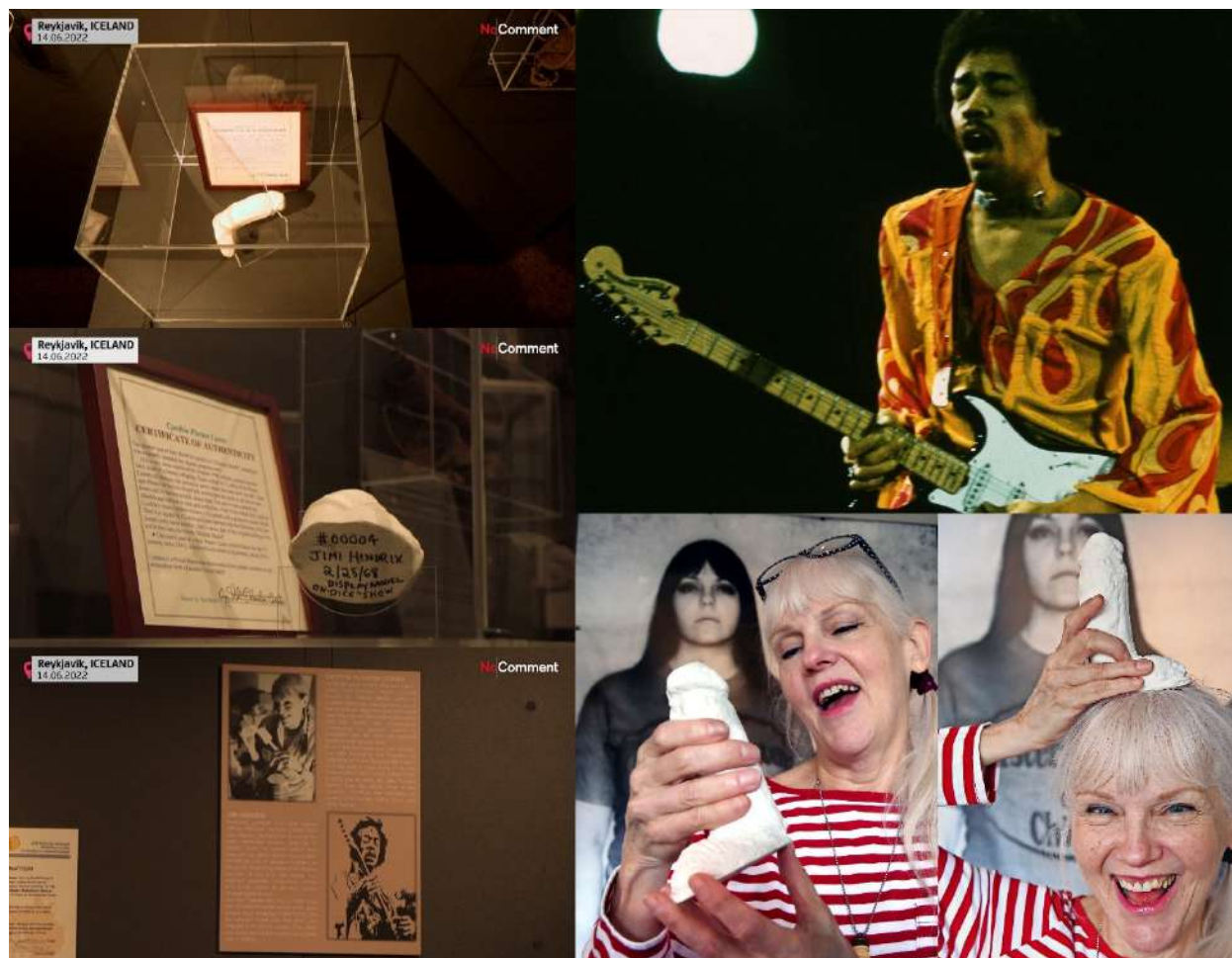
Note: Cynthia Plaster Caster was someone introduced to me in grad school by Zeuhl, when they showed me a documentary on the groupie and her strange hobby, [Plaster Caster](#) (2001). —Perse, 5/7/2025

First, the rocker's cock, Jimmi Hendrix. If a common racist sentiment is the penis as something for white women to fear in American xenophobia (re: [the Wilmington Massacre](#)), then what better way to subvert it than through the cock of a beloved black rockstar who outplayed his white cohorts? First, I'm not kidding when I say that Jimmi's penis has been thoroughly studied and documented, thanks in large part to a fan



([source](#): Diaries of Note's "The Plaster Caster Diary, 25th Feb 1968," 2023)

but also for white people's investment in studying his preserved member as a specimen at The Icelandic Phallogological Museum:



(exhibit 105a1: [Source](#), left: "A Cast of Jimi Hendrix's Penis..." [2022]. The classical virtuoso was, in older musical periods, expected to improvise in ways that later became seen as overindulgent and masturbatory, but also devilish [e.g., Paganini]. There's something almost xeno-erotic, though, about a white museum containing Hendrix' legendary cock as a profound specimen. Within the industry, though, cock-worship is very much emblemized by sex-positive, xenophilic white women who, like Alexander Manly, owner and editor of the *Wilmington Daily Record*, once said, "suggesting that white women slept with black men of their own free will" [re: [Luckhurst](#)]. Non-white bodies become something to be appreciated for their colors as visible, thus recognized for their oppression as something to humanize by a loving [and sometime silly] fan. As Cynthia Plaster Caster says about Jimmi:

But I couldn't say whether or not he's my most exciting. Because they're my sweet babies and I am their mama and I'm very democratic with all my babies. I don't like to play favourites. I love them all. The experiences were

equally exciting and weird and different from each other [source: Crystal Koe's "[Jimi Hendrix's Penis to Be Unveiled at Iceland's Phallogological Museum](#)," 2022].

She was someone who sees them, versus appropriating them in the slumming sense; e.g., similar to Shaneel Lal as a notorious queer activist whose own impressive survival [needed to be chronicled in a diary](#) to expose widespread issues that many allies refuse to examine because they train themselves to ignore what's going on.

Moreover, not all cocks or bodies are given a museum credit or memoir to immortalize them; many equally portentous members are handled by equally awe-struck fans who don't know the owner:



[[source tweet](#): Anubian Armani]

Armani, above, tweets: "By the Gods ... fuuuuck! Not even fully hard and I can attest to it! I have never taken anything this thickness before(close), but I never step away from a challenge Should I handle this beast?" It's not pejorative but [to turn a phrase] "in awe of the size of the lad." Sometimes you just have to stop and admire the scenery for simply being impressive. It's not slumming or racist to stare in hesitation or awe; if you're worried or excited or eager, that's not uncommon, either. Size difference is a thing. But even with "size queens," relative to it going inside your body—be that the mouth, the asshole or the pussy—there is such a thing as too big!)

The fandom goes beyond artistic groupies and lily-white scientists; it pertains to rocking fans who—unlike the white slummers of the Harlem Renaissance—actually believe in equality for all as a socio-material movement to be shared; i.e., through music and dance as something to collectivize. Or, as I wrote in Volume One:

Anyone who tells you not to stand up for yourself serves the status quo. Books exist to critique and hold power accountable; so does music (e.g., New Zealand reggae: Kora's "[Politician](#)," 2004; or inuk circumpolar hip-hop/rap* [a combination of rap, metal, and traditional inuk folk] Uyarakq's "[Move, I'm Indigenous](#)," 2021) [[source](#): "End of the Road"].

The right to assembly and free speech is a general form of resistance that is regularly controlled; music, as part of that, is a form of sex-positive resistance celebrated among friends established through celebration, communion, and liberation from oppressive societal standards: the cryptonymy of crowds to blend into!



(exhibit 105a2: Top-left, top-middle-left, and far-middle-left: [Nyx and her bestie, Dino Des](#)—source tweet, 2022; middle and bottom-middle: Cynthia Plaster Caster, in the flesh, [holding a plaster-cast mold of Jimmi Hendrix' penis](#); top-right and middle-right: Judas Priest and [a very gay but then-closeted lead singer, Rob Halford] in Japan; far-middle-right: Zakk Wylde; bottom-right: the man himself, Jimmi Hendrix; far-bottom-left: Jimmi

Hendrix and Eddie Van Halen, with their signature guitars "Black Beauty" and "the Bumble Bee" [which Eddie's original was buried with Dimebag Darrel's casket after the other musician was killed onstage by a crazed fan; [you can, however, buy your own replica](#)].

Rock concerts are an excellent place to conduct iconoclast praxis—by "getting together" and having fun with metal as something that can bring peace-loving people together. [Just beware of colonizers, as always](#) [Spectre Sound Studios' "Racism in Metal: A Very Bad Idea," 2016]. Even when it's "just a joke" told by

your heroes like Jason Newsted, expect pushback from fans of those people unironically defending the Nazi fucking salute as a bad joke; i.e., [when silly trans people like me "try to spoil the fun" by pointing out that, no, the Nazi salute shouldn't be done for funsies](#) [source: my response to a 2022 YouTube community post by Ahdy Khairat]. To defend "free speech" is to defend white people's "right" to do the Nazi salute as canon; it's war and rape apologia executed by the oppressor class' class traitors; white boys. You see any black dudes doing the Nazi salute for fun? If they want to, they may but most don't for a very good reason; it serves no purpose but to disparage them and their entire culture. To pretend otherwise by demanding the paradox of tolerance is more bad-faith nonsense: perfidious arguments made by bad sons taught by bad fathers; "prison sex" for the mind that makes these boys the collective "bitches" of Capitalism.)

The trick, then, is fight smart—to offer "perceptive pastiche," but also to appear badass/cool and talk about these things in ways that people (other than small children, though tween boys will draw dicks on just about anything they can get away with) can handle: the so-called "acceptable rebellion" as codified by the old record labels and their fat cats ("everyone loves rock 'n roll, right?"). If you think the days of touring and music videos are dead, just look at Metallica or Billie Eilish. At these shows, or making your own art, sneak things in there for those who know or who might be inclined to notice because they already think you're cool (or because they're there for sex, drugs, and rock 'n all—a good time, in other words).

This goes beyond any single medium, but all mediums within a Gothic Communism; i.e., [this Tokyo crowd loving Zakk Wylde](#) just as Japanese rockers have loved imported rock musicians (and Sentai camp; e.g., Worthikids' "[Captain Yajima](#)," 2021, with its vamp rock, queer-coded villain, Captain Zoga being a fun cross between Rita Repulsa, KISS, David Bowie and *Parade of Funeral Roses*) for decades—the likes of Ritchie Blackmore, Uli Jon Roth, Malmsteen inspiring Concerto Moon, X, and various other Japanese rockers¹⁴⁵ riffing off the same ol' pastiche in marginally different ways. Have the more overt stuff, too, of course, but sometimes introducing ideas gradually can be an effective tactic—slow-boiling a frog instead of just scarfing the sucker down flat.

It bears acknowledging those working behind the scenes—not just the rockstars, but those who design/accommodate the monsters, too. Even when media is iconoclastic, it involves a tremendous amount of talent and labor that often goes unsung and/or unseen when "borrowing" the same "robes" to *continue* an iconoclastic tradition unabated: the tech people, but also the pyrotechnics, light show and cables and wires as things that cross over into Gothic cinema as a staged, "totally metal" performance playing with taboo material—sex of course, but also

¹⁴⁵ For more thoughts on this, [consider checking out some of my old RYM reviews](#), but also my YouTube review for [Marilyn Roxie's 10-year anniversary cassette tape for Vulpiano Records](#) (Persephone van der Waard, 2020).

violence, xenophobic themes and memento mori approached with tender care and creative, xenophilic love. It's badass in an antifascist way that puts people first, not profit or property.

To this, *Alien* is somewhat unusual in that it brought the public's fascination onto not just the monster but a blue laser taken from *The Who* (who were touring during the film's production). In truth, the behind-the-scenes of that movie was effectively an artistic troupe's *tour de force* as part of a kit-bashed revival of Neo-Gothic anti-Capitalism in the 20th century. Not only as the cult artist H. R. Giger given further attention, but it was revealed that many of the big names working on a low-budget smash-hit were also *bonafide* artists with teams of enthusiastic workers in a devil's workshop; i.e., people of the devil's party and *well* aware of it as a creative, countercultural tradition that goes back centuries but whose "camp map" (re: "[Camping the Canon](#)") extends forever into the present. This includes industry "names" like Adam Savage as giddy as schoolboys on set of a Ridley Scott movie (exhibit 105b1), but also smaller fan projects with smaller FX companies like [Vancouver FX](#) that have the same enthusiasm and trade secrets in mind when telling similar iconoclastic, "Satanic" narratives in the Internet Age (exhibit 105b2):



(exhibit 105b1: [Adam Savage, on the set of a Ridley Scott film](#) [Adam Savage's Tested's "Adam Savage Explores David's Lair in *Alien: Covenant*," 2018]. In part, his excitement is because he's a "fanboy" who loves Ridley Scott. But the reasons why pertain

to the spirit of creation as both men channel being displayed in continuum on screen during Alien: Covenant.)

Starting with Savage, his work in the FX industry is guided by an atheist set of principles that aren't afraid to "play god" in a poetic sense. Simply put, he's a self-proclaimed and practicing Humanist, one who's creative work is a serious reflection on his view of the world; i.e., as something to consciously engage with through allegory as "Satanic" relative to organized religion. The two are linked, outlined by a speech Savage originally gave to the Harvard Humanist Society in 2010:

I order my life by the same mechanism that I use to build things. I cannot proceed to move tools around in the real world until my brain has a clear picture in it of what I'm building. The same goes for my life. I've tried to pay attention. I've tried to picture the way I want things to be, and I've noticed that when I had a clear picture, things often turned out the way I wanted them to.

I've concluded by this that someone *is* paying attention—I've concluded that it's *me*. I've noticed that if I'm paying attention to those around me, to myself, to my surroundings, then that *is* the very definition of empathy. I've noticed that when I pay attention, I'm less selfish, I'm happier—and that the inverse holds true as well ([source](#)).

In *Alien: Covenant*, the process is diegetically presented by David as a devil in his workshop subverting the colonial gaze of planet Earth (again, a common theme in Scott's astronautics). On that same set, Savage is quite at home. He breathlessly describes the purpose of the set, which tracks with his own thoughts on self-fashioning/-determination through creative awareness (what could be positively called "wokeness" in the activist sense). While the Engineers in Scott's latter-day *Alien* movies created and destroyed in god-like ways that were ultimately tyrannical, *David's* creation is linked much more to a rebirth of demonic poetics through a rebellious process—one he "conceives," which goes on to spread throughout the universe.

The language of the film is Neo-Gothic, of course, but it shares a mission of expanding consciousness in ways not unlike Mark Fisher's Acid Communism, but also all the thinkers who came before him. This includes iconoclasts like Scott and Savage, riffing on in their own poetics *back and forth*. Savage loves Scott's work and pays homage to it all the time. In his aforementioned speech, though, Savage outlines this mission as "food for the eagle"

[...] There may be no purpose, but it's always good to have a mission. And I know of one fine allegory for an excellent mission should you choose to charge yourself with one: [Carlos Castaneda's](#) series of books about his training with a Yaqui Indian mystic named Don Juan. There's a lot of controversy about these books being represented as nonfiction. But if you dispense with that representation, and instead take their stories as allegories, they're quite lovely.

At the end of [The Eagle's Gift](#), Don Juan reveals to his student that there's no point to existence. That we're given our brief 70-100 years of consciousness by something the mystics call "The Eagle," named for it's cold, killer demeanor. And when we die, the eagle gobbles our consciousness right back up again.

He explains that the mystics, to give thanks to the eagle for the brief bout of consciousness they're granted, attempt to widen their consciousness as much as possible. This provides a particularly delicious meal for the eagle when it gobbles one up at the end of one's life. And that, to me, is a fine mission ([ibid.](#)).

but it also applies to the central notion of Gothic allegory as raising awareness towards oppression and Capitalist exploitation (which suitably includes the "eagle" being the Promethean punisher of the seeker of knowledge, over and over). The paradox of "darkness visible" is that it is often far more illuminating and revelatory than the sparkling lights and bombastically musical empty hope of neoliberal pastiche.

Past Savage, the same concept can be carried on by the next generation of artists in love with the same Promethean theme of awareness towards the forces of capital at work. FX, when making "Alien: Ore" in 2019 for *Alien's* 40th anniversary, were equally engaged in doing so, mid-cryptonymy:



(exhibit 105b2: BTS for the making of the 2019 *Alien* fan film, "[Alien: Ore](#)," which I did [an extensive interview series on](#)—interviewing the directors, actors, FX crew and musicians. Vancouver FX artists Dallas Harvey and Alisha Schmitt, under the supervision of one of the directors, applying the Chestbuster prosthetic to actor Calder Stewart [top photo courtesy of Vancouver FX; bottom photo by [Suzanne Friesen](#)]. Note how Harvey and Schmitt have a suitably "rockstar/metal" aesthetic. For them, I would argue, this is a lifestyle they foster through their creations; those will be filmed and they will not, but they wear their

appreciation for metal and body positivity/art on their sleeves and on their bodies behind the scenes. It's a lifestyle, one shared synchronistically among the likes of metal and horror as common bedfellows in the Matthew Lewis school to all things campy and indecent as a queenly/Galatean means of transgressing canon to avert genocide on a cultural level; i.e., cultivating a pedagogy of the oppressed that

reshapes the Superstructure along tracks of [sometimes literal] bands of misfits [or the band, The Misfits] united in a common, if uneven, b-horror/camp goal: GWAR, Mercedes the Muse, Nimona, David Bowie, Meatloaf, Tom Savini, Giger, etc, as Chats with the Void's "few" weirdos; re: "[from who] an entire species benefits from a wider array of strengths, weaknesses and possibilities!"

Rather than turn heel, their panoply of cryptomimetic poster pastiche provides arguable drug use/altered states, and monsters with queer, thus Communist potential for children to famously play with when they aren't supposed to; i.e, sex, drugs and rock 'n roll with revolution in mind, specifically the restructuring of society on a grand scale through worker solidarity as taught to the young in hauntological ways [reflections on death are generally trapped between the past and the present, but not always our own].)

Such creative voices are tremendously important when dealing with nation pastiche as a genocidal whitewash. Whether blind or perceptive, pastiche is remediated praxis; praxis is synchronistic on the geopolitical stage across space and time, working in response/relation to, at times, opposing forces. There's something vital to be learned by studying the struggle per exhibit as connected to those that came before in almost spectral, *cryptomimetic* fashion (even if they're canaries in the mine, or seemingly at odds; e.g., Garfield versus *Calvin and Hobbes*; re: exhibit 6b4a, "[The Nation-State](#)"). The hauntology is certainly always there, regardless of the creative medium. With music, for example—whether it's post punk, K-Pop bands, or Japanese vintage/retro city pop; Metallica pastiche or various other old bands "reinventing themselves" for the millionth time; or new blood chiming in—you can examine and study music as a living document in any format, movement or genre in relation to each other as a collective hauntology. It's all connected; or as John Donne once put it, "No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main."

Iconoclastic praxis and pastiche are liminal, in this respect, but can be thoroughly reinvented *as long as it furthers Gothic Communism and its six tenets*. In other words, [just don't pull a "Big Lie" like Hitler did](#). Not only are such deceptions rooted in fascism and the myth of the conspirator. They're also doomed to fail through the paranoid leader: "What is life? Life is the nation. The individual must die anyway. Beyond the life of the individual is the nation." Hitler this after his defeat in Stalingrad, 1942. But as we've seen with *Street Fighter 6* in 2023, as well as *ahegao/moe*, rock 'n roll/metal and horror movie culture, all inhabit the same basic mode through Gothic media and expression as something that mirrors war apologetics or polemics as an ongoing dialogue that isn't going to stop so long as nations exist.

Indeed, national defense extends to America's political enemies, including the Chinese with their own heroic sense of war apologia tied to recently drafted

superhuman figures wrestling with tyrannical pleas for elite hegemony dressed up in dated language, anathema/operatic music and theatrical violence:



(exhibit 106: The myth of the penitent tyrant is a false plea; defense of the nation/nation pastiche as "our land" is absurd to workers who want to free themselves from vertical power but still work together to build a better world through anarcho-Communism. However, the notion of rebellion—the heroes of our age and the old and young on the battlefields of wars both real and imagined, written or felt—isn't just valid; it's what oppositional praxis is: a struggle through liminal language. That's what the Western is, the superhero, the porno. All are colonized, romanticized and it's the Cartesian dragon of the West we must behead. In other words, we shouldn't act like the "hero" of the movie, Broken Sword. He's a weepy, patronizing dweeb who betrayed the cause and everyone he fought for to save the Emperor, thus the Empire. This "natural desire to return to simplicity" wasn't natural at all, but compelled through force and then lied about. Broken Sword's own wife and accomplice, Snow, had every reason to hate him and feel rage: He fucking sold her down the river and then gaslit her—all to defend the Imperium after he got cold feet. I love this film and its music, but frankly after watching it again recently I think its war apologetics are total ass.)

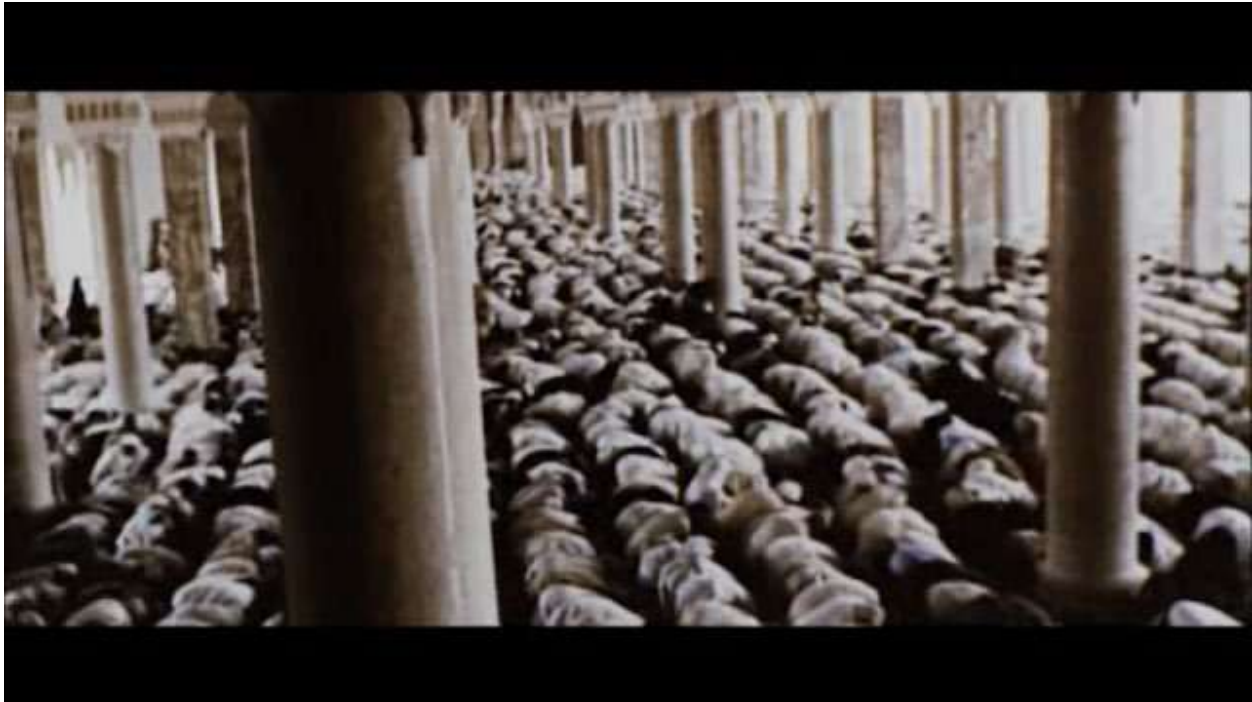
Cryptonymic poetics often jump genres and mediums; i.e., in a larger Gothic mode that works during oppositional praxis for and against the status quo. This includes metal as a broader countercultural voice that has frequently engaged in hauntological means to convey its show/conceal data:



(exhibit 107: Obscure metal act, Virtue—[source](#). Like war pastiche in illustrated art or literature or videogames, the vintage obscure metal scene was already retro-future, dug up and reassembled like Tolkien's Middle-Earth and reused for political allegory. If Tolkien could do that with dragon sickness in response to Weber's concept of the Protestant Work Ethic, as I argued in "[The Problem of Greed](#)," then the hauntology metal music of vintage or retro forms—and its canonical warrior sounds and associate tableaux and heroic icons—can certainly be iconoclastically repurposed for cryptonymic revolutionary purposes.

Not only can revolution and rocking out in goofy costumers not endorse actual bloodshed or political ideologies that lead to bloodshed [see: penguinz0's 2023 "[German mud wizard](#)"—clearly echoing Monty Python's praxis-through-parody from "Constitutional Peasants," deftly preaching Marx to King Arthur around mud piles]; it's an incredibly prolific and diverse mode whose myriad albums and dialectical-material conflicts and performative politics I easily could write an entire book on. Granted, the idea of the "KISS-style" or "GWAR-style" metal warriors is not exactly new. However, both examples were complacent "class traitors" (as businessmen and paid contrarians, any billionaire or in-on-the-take millionaire is a class traitor). Active metal parody shirks Bon Jovi syndrome. It doesn't just try bigger fish; it—in GWAR's own parlance—fucks them: "[Fish fuck, baby!](#)" 1999.)

But conversely music's aforementioned "universal adaptability means that it (and the monsters associated with it) can swing back in the other direction:



(exhibit 108a: Zack Snyder's grim 2004 Dawn of the Dead remake, sans satire and irony. Scenes like this one from the opening [unironically set to Johnny Cash's "When the Man Comes Around"] warn of zombies conflated with Muslims and general American xenophobia felt during the fascist War on Terror—where regular Americans white dudes, token black cops, Karen nurses, and black criminals sleeping with foreign women have zombie babies out of wedlock. It was a high school favorite for the war boys of my generation [who often pumped iron while smirking at System of a Down, not realizing its antiwar and anti-fascist message being sung on blast by passed off as "just rock," unknowing disguising its allegory from those in power]. Even a little dove like me wasn't exempt, cutting class after playing Metroid: Zero Mission, 2004, to go and see this movie with my late Uncle Dave. A part of me still appreciates the expert craftsmanship and nostalgia tied to it for me, even if I don't condone the carceral-complicit-coercive undead war it swapped Romero's 1978 satirical doubles for.)

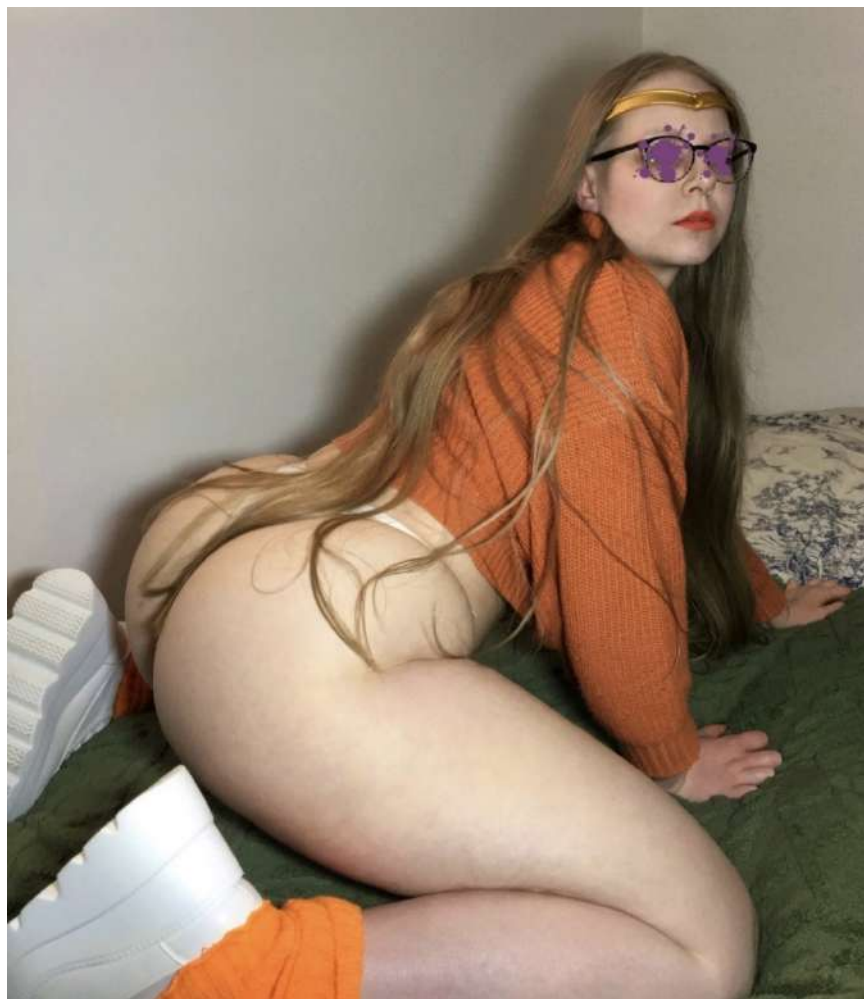
It's this revolution of the Imperial Boomerang that we need to be mindful during proletarian praxis (re: "[Police States](#)"). We'll explore said praxis as a cryptonymic means of challenging said Boomerang next.

Please remember as we proceed: Do what you can to make Capitalism your bitch, but do not needlessly take risks that only serve to jeopardize your own well-being. Doing so will not help anyone. Self-care is community care, as is recognizing that as Communists, we aren't merely gay wizards, but killer rabbits for our pursuers to chase and kill. The point is not to goad, but turn potentially people into allies. Learn

to periscope, not to provoke (the latter a common technique to defend one's family from abusive adults, for example).

In other words, be smart. Besides saying "you wouldn't hit a girl, right?" and letting your subsequent black eye expose the fascist, it's not even the rabid ones you have to convince. You don't have to martyr yourself for their benefit. Go through the minds of those who won't kill you. In this respect, fear my own privilege is showing. Many workers live in neighborhoods and under material conditions where they are actively high-risk targets of police and gang abuse. Just know that art and words can speak as powerfully as dead bodies can; consider our labor and our art as an option while we riot and make class warfare against the state in other ways, too—to live to fight another day. —Perse, back in 2023

P.S. (5/7/2025), Refer to the conclusion for "[Finale: Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n Roll!](#)" from Volume Zero, but also "[Paid Labor](#)" from Volume One, for more examples of revolution and caution, expressed in dialectical-material language.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Stand to Fight, then Raise Your Fist and "Bow" to Duck the Imperial Boomerang: Further Expressions of Ironic Girl War Bosses, Sexy War, and Gender Irony

"You know, hostility is like a psychic boomerang!"

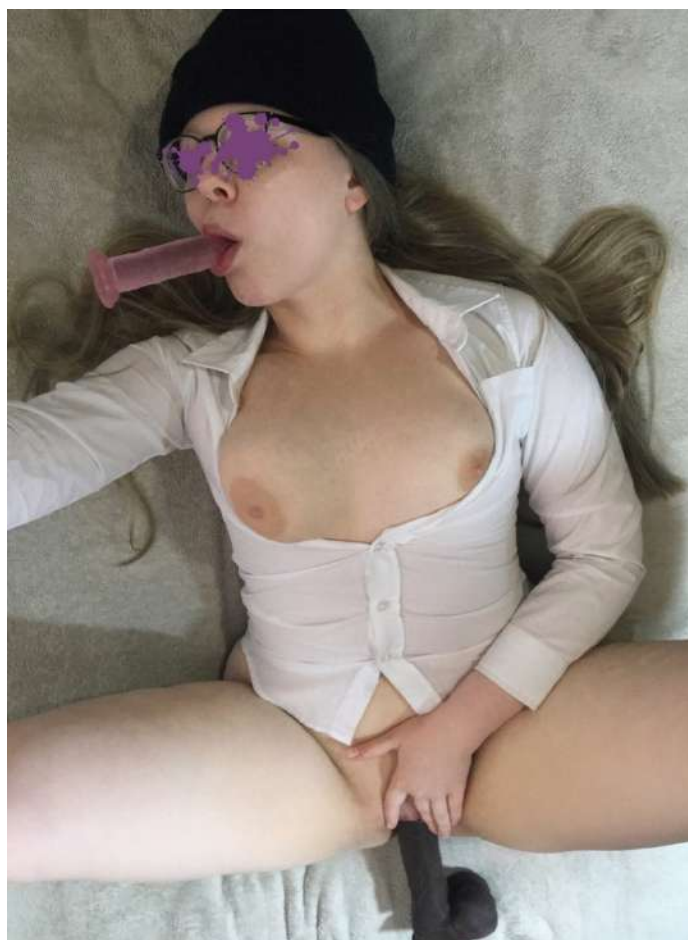
—the waitress from *Howard the Duck*, 1986

To be against capital is to be against war and rape. We've examined base cryptonymic concepts for revolutionary purposes: of "flashing-style" nudism, voyeurism/exhibitionism; death-fetish aesthetics with a war-like countercultural function; the eco-fascist symptoms of the nation state's culture of rape/Man Box as something to pander towards the badly conditioned with: moe, ahogao and incest; and rockstars, metal and horror media as a countercultural level to these harmful effects of Capitalism. Now I want to delve into more examples of revolutionary cryptonymy with which to protest through *war-like* imagery and riot. While open rioting is an entirely valid form of rebellion, our focus is on art, gender trouble and prolonged resistance through creative acts; i.e., that give voice to constructive anger and perceptive pastiche as a *cryptonymic* means of punching up through

representations of an already popular symbol: the raised fist as indicative of worker activism.

In other words, now that we've looked at "flashing" and "borrowing robes" as a means of speaking out against fascists, then, let's look at some more of what we'll be borrowing that isn't strictly TERF nor revolutionary but takes a fairly close look to parse as friend or foe (thus help us decide what to put on): uniforms, irony and good manners/Austen-style polite *italics* when dodging the Imperial Boomerang but also the raising of the fist through non-violent protest.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))





(exhibit 108b1: Artist: unknown. *The Enchantress*, unlike Ann Radcliffe the "Great Enchantress" of two centuries previous, is a far grungier and outwardly troubled character. She might be furious enough to want to destroy the world, but she also represents the scarring of trauma by said world. Indeed, my friend Mavis identifies with that character, desiring to be strong enough to not only survive, but overcome her trauma by becoming the Great Destroyer. In other words, appreciative peril can be the fantasy of revenge towards ones oppressors as something to recognize and value as a teaching device, specifically a dispeller of neoliberal illusions.)

Irony and weaponized politeness was a common, delicious tactic of Austen. Women, in her books, had no other means, had to use what they had while being forced into their lanes. We, in ours, must use what we have, wherever that may be on this battlefield of love and war where all's fair. For *this* sexy bitch, that includes the war-like language of *my* past, speaking to the boys in their own language, but also to the language of other queer people like me who grew up similarly only to escape the closet.

Keeping that in mind, this subchapter examines traditional and more recent examples of ironic girl war bosses in *The Boys*, *The Rings of Power* (2022) and *Sense8*, as well as revisiting TERF girl boss Ellen Ripley from *Aliens* (again). It also examines the revolutionary cryptonyms of queer bosses and how to use critical (sex-positive) queerness to kneel a bit more cleverly than Dolph Lundgren's He-Man did ([face-tanking Skeletor's eye lasers](#)): to subvert the fascist and neoliberal traditions present in famous, warlike bodies (all of the above, but also *Conan the Barbarian*) with iconoclastic forms whose new persona short-circuits and rewires

the zombie-vampire brain under Capitalism: class war as wage by allies from different walks of life breaking rules, thus punching up, in fantastical modes that verge on disaster as something to flirt with in highly romanticized ways (again, the allegory of the quotidian merged with the story of high imagination, which is what super heroes effectively are—i.e., a hyperbolic throwback): the commodification of sex as something to challenge the status quo with.



(exhibit 108b2: Artist: [In Case](#). I'm not familiar with this exact story but I recognize the clichés: a *Lady Chatterley* type and her "strong-thighed bargeman"—their shameless tryst commenting on the material advantage of a small group of aristocratic women leading up to the age of property-owning women as a widening class. The fantasy expands with the times as increasingly literate, but prone to looking backward at halcyon bucolics. For our pleasure, *In Case* has granted them a trans flavor—the country bumpkin of this illustrated roleplay being strong-thighed indeed, but also buxom and well-endowed. It's potentially just a roll-in-the-hay with the stable owner but nevertheless allows for a chance to mingle in ways that would have granted the cis women of the renaissance an opportunity to escape the drudgery of their daily lives but also interact with different classes to formulate a dialogue of rebellion/empathy for those with lower material conditions.)

About that. As we've established, neoliberals and fascists operate in conjunction, serving as the good and bad teams under Capitalism. Whether they're profit-obsessed elites, or power-hungry individuals seeking elite status, both are sexist salesmen of war that abhor resistance. Each sells war through empowerment, specifically the framing of "boss" positions as elevated under Capitalism. There's only so many times the lie of "A New Dark Age!" or similar war platitude can be spoken aloud before they start to become cliché and threadbare, exposing the game. Unlike TERFs and other bosses aligned with capital, then, sex-positive artists promote universal basic human rights while discouraging sexism with their own playful disguises. They raise their fists to "punch" Nazis and neoliberals—not literally in the face, but up into their dogmatic, canonical propaganda. This raising-of-the-fist occurs by retooling war as an act of rebellion against bourgeois tyranny. Artistic activists own the act of punching up as a conscious form of informed rebellion, directing worker solidarity against normalized violence and those who encourage or perpetuate said abuse—i.e., to show the world what fascists and neoliberals really are: complicit abusers who try and divide and discourage the love that holds rebellions together.

First, the provocation of the raised fist itself. As Nicola Green demonstrates, there [are many, many variants](#) of the raised fist in art ("Struggle, Solidarity, Power: The History of the Iconic Raised Fist," 2021). Its historical purpose is antifascist—pitting true rebellion against "fake rebellion" by reifying an emancipatory cause as something to sloganize: "punching up" through body language:

The fist was used by the United Workers of the World labor union in 1917 and by anti-fascists in the 1930s during the Spanish Civil War. Students raised the fist in Paris in 1968 in mass protests against French President Charles de Gaulle. If you've seen an image of the fist on a sign or a shirt, it's almost certainly an uncredited version of a design by Frank Cieciorka, whose woodcut print of a disembodied black fist on a white background adorned posters for Stop the Draft Week in 1967. Cieciorka had seen the fist while participating in a socialist rally in San Francisco ([source](#): Christopher Spata's "What does a raised fist mean in 2020?").

Nonviolent resistance articulates that which the elite historically frame as violent: worker solidarity, but also counterculture displays of active, prolonged resistance. Art prolongs resistance by holding up better than fleshy bodies do. More to the point, when treated as acts of rebellious strength, they lift people out of violent ways of thinking *while still living inside oppressive systems that encourage mental imprisonment*.



(exhibit 108b3: [Source](#): Christopher Spata's "What does a raised fist mean in 2020?" Originally viewed in exhibit 1a1a1i4; re: "[The Finale](#)." Picket iconography is something that can emblazon protest and counterprotest for or against the state; those who use these symbols need to reclaim them from state proponents by committing their usage to movements that ultimately do not become recuperated, thus ineffective at inducing genuine socio-material change; e.g., Che Guevara on a t-shirt [re: exhibit 8b2, "[Introducing Revolutionary Cryptonymy](#)"] doesn't automatically equal rebellion; it has to leverage collective worker action/solidarity against the state in ways that do not automatically preclude violence: striking and rioting. They're not safe, but they historically work, which is why the elite use neoliberalism to quell rebellious sentiment—re, Thatcher's neoliberal refrain under neoliberal Capitalism to achieve Capitalist Realism: "Economics are the method: the object is to change the soul.")

Using *de facto* reeducation to punch up, sex-positive artists bridge gaps—seeking to change indoctrinated people by bringing them over towards a more humane and egalitarian way of thinking about sex, including its Gothic, campy forms. By speaking to sexist people in variants of their own language—chiefly through the boss as a symbol of performative strength—the iconoclast promotes a specific kind of gender trouble: gender irony (called "parody" by Judith Butler). For example, strength iconography includes physical displays of action personified—

war-like bodies, but especially *boss-like* bodies. Iconoclastic variants undermine canonical norms through ironic gender performances regarding strength: ironic girl bosses, queers bosses, and masculine champions.

Second, the heroes raising their fists with ours. We've examined some as made by me for this book. However, there are popular forms in mainstream media, as well. On a surface level, these ironic counterparts can pass for canon. This is useful within social activism, but also traditional modes of neoliberal consumption, which activists subvert. Centrist audiences "tune in" more often if an action hero postures equality by presenting as female and capable—a scrappy tomboy who can "handle her shit" by being violent, or rather, by *looking* violent. The problem is, no space is truly parallel, requiring ironic heroes to exist perilously close to their toxic, violent predecessors.

Art imitates life in this respect: In *The Boys*, the show's Nazi posterchild, Homelander, isn't just a danger to America's enemies (who die far away from the cameras); dressed up in fascist American regalia, he's a clear and present danger to everyone working near him, a perpetual rapist, xenophobe, and murderer. Meanwhile, Starlight—the materially-elevated, cis-het tomboy—is forced* to wear girly clothing (the "taming of the tomboy" trope). She's clearly not butch, deliberately selected by Vaught Enterprises for her "ability" to pass as femme once inside her uniform through a naturally "femme" appearance (conventional biological markers being arbitrary coded as femme by the elite).



(exhibit 108b4: Homelander is the fascist, killer child super soldier made by neoliberalism; his fascist desire to be badass is covered up by the paraphernalia of American Liberalism; i.e., Pax Americana as fascism-in-disguise. Starlight is the middle-class refusal to play her part—not just as Homelander's "waifu" girlfriend, but as the corporate mascot replacement for Homelander's

corporate-American elite expected to perform onscreen and off within a larger meta stage/arena kayfabe. In resisting both, Starlight becomes a class warrior/white ally to the oppressed. It might not be something all class warriors can do, but privilege should be used in class war for the betterment of all workers; e.g., Said's postcolonial defense of the Palestinians.)

Starlight isn't the most victimized character, but she is the most visible. Because she's less marginalized than the show's people of color (foreign or

domestic), she isn't automatically killed on the spot like they are. Instead, she's the Gothic heroine, forced to survive under Homelander's "loving" gaze. But despite having privilege, the show also acknowledges Starlight's genuine, lived abuse, contrasting her mother's abusive stage instructions to Homelander's. Both consciously violate Starlight's consent, favoring ideas they promote through false pageants: the pretty child, the perfect girlfriend, the power couple.

Homelander's fascist persona and origins comment on the very social conditions that give rise to him in sexist art. While both are manmade, Homelander represents heroic media as monstrous. Already aberrant, he becomes increasingly dislocated, a confused extension of his patriarchal makers' warped psyches. In terms of arrested development, equally undeveloped audiences are exposed to killer baby they can not only project onto, but emulate. Moreover, Homelander's violence isn't limited to himself, the product, or even his faithful, apathetic fans, the consumers; it pours from the ubiquitous worldviews that make either of them violent: the cult of strength and the cult of profit.

From cradle to grave, these mentalities dehumanize workers long before they set foot inside the workplace. Fascism embodies strength as dogmatic, using symbols of strength to imply gender performance as a kind of show of force. Dichotomized, these displays force anything unmanly into the state of exception. This includes women (cis or queer), but also people of color, atheists, non-Christians, sex workers, drag queens, immigrants, the mentally ill, autistic persons, the elderly and ethnic minorities. Obsessed with profits, neoliberals expand the purview of sales, granting cis-het, cis-queer and trans women the right to push minorities around; re: "gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss."



Working under Capitalism, *The Boys* is *relatively* iconoclastic. Its cis-het heroine, Starlight, is the show's ironic girl boss. Originally working for Vaught Enterprises, she wears their costume and puts up with Homelander's open-secret

abuse. However, she eventually rejects her girl-boss role as Homelander's co-worker, rejecting neoliberalism's attempts to commodify fascism by presenting it as "harmless" through Homelander as something to sell full-tilt. Whereas Vaught tend to ignore Homelander's frequent (and heinous) workplace abuses, Starlight speaks out, becoming a social activist in the process, an ally of the oppressed working from a position of relative privilege.



(exhibit 108c: The wild-eyed state of Maria Falconetti is a result of trauma—of her being tortured by the director to achieve the look she is celebrated for today. Similarly the actress from Rings of Power is wild-eyed from her own tortures at the hands of orcs [though to my knowledge she wasn't tortured by the directors to nail the look].)

In a meta sense, Starlight also uses her "star power" (sapped from Vaught's studio cameras) to achieve a brief propaganda victory over Homelander, knocking him head-over-heels in the season 3 finale. Had the cameras actually been rolling, they could've filmed him running away like Richard Spencer, thus breaking the fascist spell of an invincible, besieged superman tucking tail. Alas, Homelander's material advantage is frightfully real. His superpowers may be a metaphor for male privilege, but his "star power" headspace is violently infantile. He's bought into the theatre, thinking himself a god among insects, many of whom worship the ground he walks on because if they don't, he'll fly into a rage and kill them: Starlight cannot defeat all of them alone.

Unlike Starlight, Vaught only speak out against their prize creation when profits are threatened. But they only provide empty lip service, not genuine criticism. They can't abolish fascism because they rely on fascists to survive; hence, their moderate allowances are generally at "half-odds" with fascism, which gatekeeps minorities through an attempt at racial purity that hypercolonizes canonical works. That is, fascist fandoms enact Foucault's Boomerang by scrubbing already-famous works of any minorities, strawmanning their long-dead authors with fascist dogma in the process.

For example, fascist fans tried to gatekeep people of color and queer people by review-bombing *The Rings of Power*

For the past week, I've been bombarded with messages of hate, called the N-word, told to go back to Africa, and called on to be executed. The reason? The Lord of the Rings. It would almost be laughable if it wasn't so profoundly sad. A wealth of stories, and a willingness to believe in wizards, Balrogs, giant spiders and magical swords. But allow people of color to exist in Middle-earth? Well, that is an affront to all that's good and decent. At least that's the primary argument for those ruinous trolls apparently review bombing and harassing fans of color over Amazon's *Rings of Power* series ([source](#): Richard Newby's "A Racist Backlash to *Rings of Power* Puts Tolkien's Legacy Into Focus," 2022).

However, the show's own mixed-bag of problematic content¹⁴⁶ and broader marketing strategies demonstrate how fascism and neoliberalism go hand-in-hand: the selling of strength to oscillating demographics. Amazon depicts Galadriel as a total girl boss in the neoliberal sense. She's gaslit and gatekept by her fellow men, stubbornly show them up by stomping the seemingly invincible snow-troll. Lobotomizing it with her dirk, Galadriel presents wild-eyed and driven, a girl boss haunted by trauma.



Note: Read "Concerning Big Black Dicks" from/alongside "[Goblins, Anti-Semitism, and Monster-Fucking](#)" for an extensive look into Tolkien's racism (and its wide-reaching effects). It's also what most of the shoot featuring Harmony with a big black dildo was used for (to camp the canon, above)! —Perse, 5/5/2025

¹⁴⁶ Tolkien may not have been openly racist; his post-WW2 novels still laid the us-versus-them groundwork that neoliberals use to whitewash war, including fascism (a topic that Volume Zero would explore at length per Tolkien's refrain; re: "[Scouting the Field](#)"). Even if the potential for sex-positive interpretations exists, these must still compete with sex-coercive ones. Think of it as competing dialog tied to symbols without intrinsic meaning. Charlie Chaplin treated his mustache as part of himself; Hitler famously copied it to give himself momentum; and Charlie eventually [made fun of Hitler for it by playing Hitler](#) (*The Great Dictator*, 1940). In other words, Hitler's cunning use of propaganda eclipsed Charlie, forcing Hitler's American idol into a competing dialog with fascism: the mustache as colonized. The same logic applies to Tolkien's orcs. Even if they were author-intended dogwhistles or not, fascist fans will be treating them as such.



(artist: [Sveta Shubina](#))

Unlike Joan of Arc—a victimized figure of peace who refused to wield a sword (exhibit 108c)—Galadriel's trauma is fascist because it constantly pushes her towards violent displays of force tied to crisis and revenge. By proving her assigned enemies to be weak and strong (and Sauron as that invisible terror she uses to justify

her continuous, totalitarian hypervigilance), Galadriel achieves the coveted girl-boss persona by swinging a sword, but also by slaughtering her mighty adversary with graceful, twirling movements that thoroughly outclass the boys in terms of raw kill count and enemy size ("That still only counts as one!"). Like Xena the Warrior princess, these dancer-like attacks achieve traditional masculine results. However, Galadriel's victories are far more bloody and vindictive, making her less like Xena and more like Conan, daring Crom to count the dead.

Though plainly murderous, Amazon's Galadriel is neoliberal by simply being a soldier woman (something out-and-out fascism wouldn't allow). She's also conventionally attractive in ways that promote *spurious* emancipation under a neoliberal yolk. Not only is Morfydd Clark a dead ringer for Cate Blanchett (tall, blonde and pale); she's also granted license to be sexy in ways denied to Blanchett. This makes her an Amazon (excuse the pun) ripped straight from the 1970s, closer to Frazetta's Eowyn than Jackson's towering queen. Yes, Galadriel's masculine, full-body armor (and tough-girl persona) evoke Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth desiring the power to rape "the way that men do it"—not as a sex-positive fantasy that "avenges" wrongdoings in the mind to give agency that heals; it's about coercive violence, control and power abuse, including fantasies in response to these things in the material world, re: Lady Macbeth's soliloquy asking her to become like a man:

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose ([source](#)).

All the same, Galadriel's her seawater-soaked dress breaks the spell, showing us the soft, sexy, *female* body (and elf bush) underneath that armor:



(*exhibit 109: The Frazetta Illustrate is one of my favorites, but also Tolkien's Amazons; e.g., Eowyn being a topic of medieval courtly love narratives concealing cryptonymically through literal duels [re: the Tolkien exhibit at the end of "[Medicinal Themes and Advice](#)".]*)

Note the faint suggestion of elvish pubes(!), but also Galadriel's complete indifference towards the male gaze (the actor's and the audience's). More than traditional "Nordic/ethnic" beauty standards idealized ([exhibit 9b0/109](#)), Galadriel doesn't give a fuck, is emotionally unavailable towards

a coded love interest. Like a Conan paperback, this "sexing up" of *Lord of the Rings* feels hauntological, ripped from an earlier time that never quite was: the neoliberal girl boss. It's also [a billion-dollar "gamble,"](#) one designed to pressure consumers into watching the only big-budget *LOTR* spinoff in town. Amazon manipulates the market through privatization, appropriating the neoliberal notion of marrying female softness to "manly" strength unironically.

While masculine female strength within soft bodies can certainly be something to appreciate through iconoclastic praxis, it can also be unambiguous sexist apologia. I certainly value strong women, including Amazons. [I've researched them independently](#) for academic purposes ("Standing in Athena's Shadow"), have written about them outside of school (re: "[War Vaginas](#)"), and explored them extensively in my artwork and fantasy writing. However, while I do like Frazetta as a guilty pleasure that—like an aging Gandalf towards a younger Bilbo—helped give me a much-needed push out the door, [the tagline for my erotic art website](#) literally

reads "Hard Women & Soft Boys in Videogame Fan Art" for a while (now it reads, "A Place for Queer Expression in the Gothic Imagination"). Then and now, the tagline is iconoclastic because it specifically advocates for *sex-positive* female/feminine strength ([and genuine sexual expression through pornographic displays](#); re: "My Art Website Is Now Live!") in ironic genders, not just cis women.

By comparison, *The Rings of Power* showcases *sexist* female masculinity—the toxic notion of "acting like a man" while crystalizing the woman as a heteronormative sex object, but also a *military marketing strategy*. As the bourgeois authors of this narrative, Amazon are selling the military through heteronormative sex. This perpetuates a cycle of dehumanization, one that historically turns cis-het men (and cis women in neoliberal stories) into hypermasculine killers bent on "insect politics" (re: "[Military Optimism](#)") and toxic gender views more generally.

Equally hostile, Galadriel sees everything orcish in front of her as "pure evil," deserving of state-endorsed murder. As Amazon's gorgeous poster girl of war, she markets empowerment through a position of state-certified strength, specifically the license to kill as coldly beautiful, but also female. This girl-boss mentality appropriates multiculturalism more broadly by spearheading [tolerant recruitment standards](#) with Girl Power™ (source: "*Rings of Power* Cast Slams Racist Threats Against Performers: 'Middle-Earth Is Not All White,'" 2022).

In short, "Anyone can join and be 'hardcore'" (even Bubbles from *The Powerpuff Girls*). Iconoclastic strength would criticize this view by actively trying to end the cycle of abuse as profitable to the elite, exposing the hideous unethicity of Galadriel's mercenary violence being tied to men with deep pockets and vested interests. To this, ironic strength is its own kind of performance, one that undermines the status quo through sex positivity as something to present to normalized consumers (anyone accustomed to canonical consumption) *post hoc*.



Sun from *Sense8*, for example, is strong *despite* patriarchal adversity. Not a furious sexpot, she's a small, capable boxer, one the system and her family punish for daring to fight *because she enjoys it* (not to serve the state). Sun is an appreciative and sex-positive character, granting women (cis- or queer) the option of doing things purely for themselves. Viewers conditioned to appreciate martial displays of force can learn this about Sun, thus question the very performative violence sold to them through canonical media like *The Rings of Power*.

Equally ironic is how Sun lacks any pre-existing trauma that drives her towards quests of mad, endless revenge. She desires revenge, to be sure, but it comes later in life. Meanwhile, Galadriel appropriates Amazons in the standard neoliberal fashion as a victim of childhood angst, specifically the weight of familial death heaped upon her fragile mind. This neoliberal call to war coercively recruits abused women into violent soldier roles, generating an army mentality against whatever target the state seeks to exploit under Capitalism, specifically Imperialism. "Build me an army worthy of Mordor," except it's Galadriel stubbornly recruiting a host of bloodthirsty elves. She's a hawk, not a dove.

Patriarchal sexism historically presents peace as "womanly," making Galadriel not just a hawk in dove's clothing, but a hardened killer inside a soft, womanly body. *The Rings of Power* borrows this "return to war" strategy from

James Cameron, whose *Aliens* has an equally beguiling Ripley as its heroine. First, Vasquez calls Ripley "Snow White," denoting her relative outward softness when compared to Vasquez. Cameron writes Vasquez as a Latin street criminal hardened by poverty (a consequence of Capitalism, not Communism):

Like Drake, Vasquez is younger then [sic] the rest and her combat-primer was the street in a Los Angeles barrio [a Spanish-speaking sector of an American city, generally with a high poverty level]. She is tough even by the standards of this group. Hard-muscled. Eyes cunning and mean (source: [the movie's original 1985 script](#)).

He also hectors Vasquez through the platoon loudmouth, who teases her for being a bit "too manly":



(exhibit 110: Artist, left: [Kalinka Fox](#). The Amazon is both a maiden/whore—with Scott's Ripley more chaste but also white than Cameron's Vasquez [essentially Mexican vaudeville played by a Jewish woman, Jeanette Goldstein].)

Despite how either physically appears, Ripley and Vasquez remain women in a man's world. Their place in this world is deliberately neoconservative: Both are furies who bring about an American return to tradition, waging righteous war against America's past *geopolitical enemies*, the Reds.

As the companion glossary states, "neoconservatives are liberal hawks who, exposed to propaganda over time, [despise war protestors and promote peace through strength](#), including neocolonialism and proxy war." A common 20th century example originated out of the 1960s with Vietnam; Cameron merely revived them by selling Reagan's America bloody revenge set in outer space. Unlike *Star Wars*, *Aliens* frames America as morally good, the colonial marines retaliating against the wicked xenomorphs, who are ultimately blamed for starting the war. *They* draw first blood, viciously sacking Hadley's Hope (the fictional counterpart to Saigon) and cocooning the colonists (an abject metaphor for Communist re-education, purposefully tied to an insect lifecycle that "kills" its victims); the brutality the marines visit upon them afterwards is just deserts, quite literally "[the punishment one deserves](#)." In general, traditional superheroes

- tend to be warlike and vengeful, even if their original authors were not: "Superman's original creators, Joe Shuster and Jerry Siegel, were children of poor Jewish immigrants," Sarah Newgarden writes. "Siegel's father was Lithuanian, and Shuster's family were from Kiev in Ukraine. Shuster and Siegel, two shy, bespectacled science-fiction enthusiasts growing up in an era of anti-Semitism, understood well the conflicts facing refugees" ([source](#): "Superman, a Refugee's Success Story," 2019).
- treat war as attractive
- are sexy but also ubiquitous in mainstream markets designed to sell superheroes

By returning to tradition through neoliberal propaganda, Ripley is a traditional superhero who metes out state-sponsored retribution. When unironically portrayed, such "war bosses" demonstrate coercive heteronormative gender performativity. In particular, they market traditional female gender roles as "strong," thus sufficient for even more masculine-performing cis women: Be superheroes, ladies... by having babies, or protecting them as "natural caregivers" (sublimated sex work). Ripley certainly did, with Cameron retooling neoliberal critique (*Alien*) into neoliberal pastiche by making our intrepid space trucker a bonafide killer-for-hire, but also a champion for "correct" motherhood (unlike that Commie "broodmare," the alien queen; such a slut).

Ripley's reformation easily outshined her original pro-labor role because it aligned with hegemonic corporate interests. This "decision of the market" (strategic manipulation by the elite passed off as mounting prosperity through deregulation) helped spawn endless waves of war pastiche that Americanized fans popularized in movie theatres; they also brought this pastiche into an exciting new medium: videogames, specifically the shooter (re: "[Military Optimism](#)").



(artist: [Joel Herrera](#))

Obviously this proliferation of a gun-toting, pro-life superhero poses a serious problem for anyone pro-choice, anti-gun, and antiwar, but especially for people who ovulate in any of these camps. They don't want to be "powerful" in the traditional, sexist sense; i.e., bearing children, but also defending the practice to the proverbial death by becoming an Amazonian girl boss like Ellen Ripley.

It's not the Left you have to convince, though; it's the pro-lifers, the future fans, the war-hawks-in-the-making. When pressed, they'll describe videogames like fireworks: loud, but harmless. Such media acclimates the

consuming public to war as nostalgic, but also omnipresent—the celebration of an indifference to war because its universal presence has become not just normalized through neutral, benign theatre, but holy. To bridge the gap, you have to retool pre-existing visual language through sex-positive counterparts specialized to show audiences an alternative more ethical than fascists, but also centrists and their neoliberal fantasies: an *escape from tradition* through a gentler Ripley—not the state's badass, dragon-slaying paramilitary agent, but a Marxist virago who combats the true big evil: the bourgeoisie, sexist warts and all.

This comes with risks, mind you. Jadis threw me out over my political views (a rather punishing maneuver given I was financially dependent on them). This

might seem isolated from politics, but it's not: Jadis is a relatively well-to-do neoliberal TERF/SWERF who defended the likes of J. K. Rowling, Bill Gates and Joe Biden¹⁴⁷ over the course of our relationship. Jadis also looked down at sex workers and erotic art (including mine), claiming this "erased feminism" by having women cater to a sexist male audience by prostituting their bodies in a "normal" way (Jadis was fine with sexual expression as long as it appeared bad-ass or monstrous; i.e., monster-fuckers; e.g., the Yeti, exhibit 48d2 from "[Dissecting Radcliffe](#)").



(exhibit 111a: Artist, left: [Bob Wakelin](#); artist, right: [Derek Laufman](#). As we've discussed throughout the book, cis sexuality and heteronormativity historically treats the xenomorph as a xenophobic symbol of rape, a dark mother/Medusa to be conquered by a "Hippolyta" or Amazon queen. The irony is that Ripley basically becomes Beowulf to reinforce her traditional female/feminine role as a good mother (also, the movie is basically Vietnam revenge porn, making the Alien Queen re: a

¹⁴⁷ I once told Jadis that if Biden wanted to actually do something meaningful, he should pass a Constitutional amendment that legitimizes trans and non-binary people instead of opting for executive orders that can simply be undone in the next election cycle: "Trans men are men, trans women are women, non-binary people are valid." Jadis hated this idea, calling it "impossible" and telling me, "Well, at least he's doing *something*!" They also thought that Rowling as the first billionaire author (and female author, to boot) somehow merited praise, ignoring her TERF politics; and lauded Gates for his billionaire philanthropy while ignoring [his privatization of the 90s computer market](#) and his dubious connection to Jeffery Epstein.

Communist metaphor on par with Starship Troopers); in psychoanalytical models, the queen can be a metaphor for abject female rage—i.e., "she mad," a "black mirror" for the woman's own "hysteria" or wandering woman to be faced, fought and defeated inside a psychomachy or "mind battle" where the heroine faces her own trauma. But the reality of queer life is that women like Ripley are usually weaponized through their own trauma survival to attack conservative political targets that are alien, are coded as rapist; i.e., the trans woman as a false woman in disguise/imposter alien.)

And yet, despite liking tentacle dildos (re: exhibit 38a, "[Meeting Jadis](#)"), Tool music videos (re: exhibit 43a, "[Seeing Dead People](#)"), and Rammstein (whose allegory and social critique they felt was moderate enough to be legitimate), Jadis deemed my writing "masturbatory." "You're not George Orwell!" they loved to remind me. Jadis went on to describe me as "indulging in fruitless academic exercises to pointlessly self-aggrandize," taking serious contention with me daring to critique heroic narratives—as if those demonstrate meaningful change for legitimately oppressed groups! Trans people will still be oppressed as regardless of how many times Ripley bitch-slaps the Alien Queen; xenophobic genocide is not sex-positive because sublimated genocide is not sex-positive, it's tokenized oppression delivered by a weaponized sell-out.

Writing about monsters and queerness as Communist entities that are often attacked by cis folk has being an interesting perspective to explore. For all its military bombast, it's interesting how subtle Cameron's allegory could actually be. Early in the movie, Ripley says she isn't a soldier, even being referred to by Lieutenant Gorman as "just an advisor." Writing about *Aliens* for years, I already knew Ripley was a paramilitary agent. However, I didn't pointedly notice the advisor codewords furtively signifying this position until several months ago [meaning back in 2023 when I originally wrote this. —Perse, 5/7/2025]. This is fitting enough: Vietnam advisors generally functioned as covert mercenaries through the Phoenix Program, coding themselves as peaceful. Meanwhile, their pseudonyms helped them violate international law by infiltrating warzones and committing war crimes.

These crimes were hardly accidents; they specifically demonstrated American hegemony as something to continuously reinforce, specifically their monopoly on violence as globally criminalized through the duplicitous and manipulative language of war. Using these tactics, American "advisors" served bourgeois interests through the CIA manufacturing state-sanctioned killers—either by murdering communist agents directly or setting up a US-sponsored regime in the south of the country (a base of operations). Behind this theatre of opposing forces with discrete, unambiguous roles were the elite, shamelessly exploiting millions of people for profit. The entire cause was treated as righteous, tied to wholesale destruction of a

pure evil by a pure good *without* the cloak of neoliberal cinema as codified by Reagan's tenure.



Eleven years later, Cameron whitewashed Reagan's own abuses by reinventing the past. This retro-future revenge fantasy repackaged the state-authored deceptions of yesterday as neoliberal propaganda to consume in the present. Instead of overt "anti-communism" fanfare, Cameron gave the 1986 public a bugs-and-marines pastiche ripped from 1959¹⁴⁸—literally us-versus-them rhetoric, with the good guys struggling to colonize empty space (the space bugs having no valid claim) until Ripley caps off the propaganda victory in spectacular fashion: defeating the communist leader in a grand, whirlwind duel.

As the girl boss to root for, Ripley is central to Cameron's spell, but also under it. She's easily the movie's most violent character, but also its most celebrated—a more sexualized and violent Rambo serving the same basic canonical

¹⁴⁸ As previously mentioned in Volume One (re: "[War Culture](#)")—and explored in my writing from "[Military Optimism](#)" (2021) onwards to any time I look at *Aliens* (e.g., "[Scouting the Field](#)," "[Understanding Vampires](#)," "[On Amazons, Good and Bad](#)," "[The Puzzle of 'Antiquity'](#)," etc)—Robert Heinlein's 1959 novel, *Starship Troopers*, framed communists as a pseudo-arachnid hivemind species, the author pushing for nuclear war against Communist China through the usual ethnocentric (thus Cartesian, settler-colonial, and heteronormative) veneers that neoliberalism translated into videogames (see: "[Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning](#)" for a 2025 encapsulation of this facet of my research).

role: "just" killing bad-guy enemies-of-the-state the way that traditional males soldiers do (something Nintendo would replicate with Samus Aran¹⁴⁹, a traumatized female "war orphan" pushed into radical positions of colonial Amazon violence by her colonizers). She's also the most delusional and emotionally confused, never seeing herself as working for the big bad company despite her becoming their greatest champion: the warrior poster mom who kills everything in sight. Simply put, she was [the baddie](#) of the '80s (meaning "an aesthetic primarily associated with Instagram and beauty gurus on YouTube that is centered around being conventionally attractive by today's beauty standards"; source: Aesthetics Wiki).

However, Ripley is also the movie's biggest lie to us, the audience: Her so-called "empowerment" stems from antecedent trauma, caused by an abusive parent company that recruits her through brute-force coercion: gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss. The board gaslights Ripley by denying her testimony and calling her crazy. They gatekeep her by taking away her license, which forces her to work menial labor until she cracks. Then, after she signs up out of sheer desperation, they transform her into a girl boss. Transformed, Ripley explodes, an instrument of pure xenophobic vengeance whose Promethean Quest eventually leaves her homeless, unemployed, and by the third film, utterly bereaved.



([source](#))

In other words, *Aliens* Ripley is no less freed of the company's abuses than *Alien* Ripley. It's an empty concession where the elite surrender nothing. Not only is the power Ripley "gains" heavily scripted and fake; it's also standard-

issue recruitment fare: false hope that romanticizes U.S. foreign policy and its treatment of women in the military (the men in the movie fare far worse, ground to a collective pulp, something marketed to pro-military dudes everywhere: the myth of the beautiful death): the Amazon as a kind of feral jungle bunny to pimp, as usual—pitting her *against* the Medusa (re: [all of my research on Amazons](#)).

Having grown up on *Aliens* and *Super Metroid*, I felt comfortable in critiquing either franchise, consuming them ironically. Alas, deprioritizing the unironic consumption of neoliberal theatricality was entirely unthinkable to Jadis (despite being the one to introduce me to [Ken Burn's 2017 antiwar documentary, The Vietnam War](#)). They loathed my Marxist reading of popular media specifically because it denuded the neoliberal spell covering everything Jadis consumed (they refused to call *Aliens* neoliberal propaganda, categorizing it as a "bad metaphor").

¹⁴⁹ Refer to my [2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#) for the entirety of my work on Ripley and Samus.

Without their toys to distract them (including *D&D*, which is heavily structured around racial conflict), they might have to actually acknowledge the material inequalities enforced by the ruling class on everyone else, including James Cameron.

Simply put, Jadis was the middle-class "Karen" who endorsed Cameron's neo-conservative grift. Conflating materials goods with the means of production, they favored Ripley the unironic paramilitary "advisor" over Ripley the exploited space trucker because Cameron's version was "as good as it gets." Never mind the absolute chain of recursive tyrannical subterfuge begot from this moderate, xenophobic worldview. George Bush Sr. described it as "the opportunity to forge for ourselves and for future generations a new world order, a world where the rule of law, not the law of the jungle, governs the conduct of nations."

Spearheading this continual lie is a pantheon of heroic personas: powerful-looking men and women, but also token minorities. For Cameron, this included not just girl



bosses, but *queer bosses*—butch lesbians or bisexual warrior women like Zarya, the Russian weightlifting soldier from *Overwatch* (2016) as beings that iconoclasts can subvert through their own ideas of marriage and homosocial behaviors, but are discouraged from doing so:

(exhibit 111b: Artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#). Top-left: As stated during our master's thesis, making love is class/culture war insofar as subversive *Amazonomachia* challenges the status quo's heteronormative profit motive. These are attempts by me to subvert canonical [thus regressive] *Amazonomachia*.

For example, Zarya as a federated Russian, post-Soviet commodity in Blizzard's team-based arena-shooter, *Overwatch*. I like sex, but not centrist/fascist sex, so my *Amazonomachia* redrafted her as such to convey my idea of a "hard woman";

i.e., not someone who fought others for the state, but who would protect the people from the state in all its harmful forms as a kind of "killer rabbit" death knell to state apologia: "teaching an old dog new tricks" by guiding the symbol away from its Pavlovian approach towards something that doesn't lead to euthanasia;

i.e., the gentle mommy dom and her monstrous-feminine sodomy not as exceptional, but as identity under struggle that shouldn't be commodified but presented as a human right to exist. Granted, I did this drawing in June 28th, 2022—about a month before coming out. Only revisiting the drawing a year into writing and illustrating my book did I write this particular exhibit around the drawing itself.

Obviously videogame centrist Amazons are very popular, thus can be used by cosplayers to reclaim sexuality and gender in iconoclastic performances; e.g., Zarya might be a "thigh queen," but Chun Li is another popular character that has her arguably beat in that department, and has been around for several decades (and is an INTERPOL cop). Whereas the sub is always unwilling in centrist or fascist sports portrayals, art allows us to remove the sporting, skullduggery nature of the sports athlete and use their femme-masc crossovers in genderqueer ironies; i.e., the sub/bottom suddenly able to win by being a brat "spoilsport"—an alien approach to competitive sports but a sex-positive one that divorces the athlete, the cop, the war boss, from the sport's traditional nexus of exploitation. Athletic activity and fiscal action are still "on the table"; they're just not enforced for the sake of heteronormative values as an engine for elite hegemony and profit.

The same idea applies to [I-No](#) and [Chun-Li](#), both also fighting "waifus" in fighting game franchises that sexualize their female characters disproportionately compared to the male fighters [the feminizing of female warmakers], but also appeal to the genre at large as a sport through a heteronormative dynamic across the board; sexuality is often stressed through key body parts, but especially the ass, thighs or breasts as "for men." Obviously the inclusion of muscles into the beauty scheme allows a great spectrum of expression for the Amazon to appear and function as, relative to the norms they're subverting.

Likewise, queer performance/gender trouble can grant male queer stereotypes to exist, as well, operating through non-binary femboys/catboys and catgirls, exhibit 91c; non-binary gender trouble with a gradient of Amazons "monster moms"—tough but nurturing OCs "[non-bigoted] Conan with a pussy" characters like Ileana, Revana, Siobhan and Virago; exhibits [7d](#), [37f](#), [37g](#), 61a2, 84, etc; and fanart like Corporal Ferro, exhibit 85—Sabs' use of these things in femboy art, 112a/b; or Zangief as a gay Russian "bear." In other words, there's a small number of ways to make something straight [and endless examples of the state doing so] but no shortage of ways to make something gay that's wonderfully not devoted to sports, to policing and legitimate forms of state violence ["I'm a lumberjack and that's ok..."]. It becomes revolutionary by virtue of being a "spoilsport" who plays their own monstrous-feminine sodomy games rather than simply guaranteeing the money always flowing up through the perpetuation of various heteronormative [thus coercively violent and warlike] stereotypes; the prescribed waifu becomes class-conscious by serving a cause that fights for her rights within a grander conspiracy of collaborators—of media as a broader context gleaned between two or

more participants conveying an at-times veiled pedagogy of the oppressed that runs countercurrent to public opinion.)



(artist: Stephen Gorman. Interviewing Gorman, Dan Epstein writes,

working on the piece, Stephen, who was working as an illustrator in Munich, Germany, at the time, already knew of the perfect "model" for the cover. "The statue reference was based on the Lady Justice statue that stood atop of the High Court in Frankfurt," Stephen Gorman told Unbuilt. "It was the most feminine and sexy version that we could find of the statue." Stephen further amplified the statue's curves — even exposing one breast for, er, titillating effect — before doing some additional local research in order to accurately depict the crumbling of the album's statue. "I was working in Munich and there's a great museum in the center of the city called the Glyptothek which is crammed full of disintegrating Roman statues," he told Unbuilt. "These were my main inspiration for the fragmentation process for the painting" [[source](#): "Metallica's ...And Justice for All: the Story behind the Iconic Cover Art," 2019].



[[source](#): Lucius' Romans' "Ancient Statues Show Their True Colours," 2016]

Roman statues were originally painted in a colorful design, but in fascist, white-centric/supremacist times have famously been whitewashed. Simply put, it's purity argumentation—the enforcement of the colonial binary through statuesque bodies in decay through the inheritance of the world with a structure whose illusions are falling apart under neoliberal hegemony [and indeed, were falling apart before them under earlier forms of Capitalism; e.g., *laissez-faire*]. Of course, Metallica's *seemingly* iconoclastic music has become yet another canonical dystopia largely celebrated by American white boys [or their offshoots]. Their Amazon was the sacrifice of a former glory as something to lament, instead of saying, "Good riddance!" and making a better Amazon [without the sword, unironic fetishization and blindfold], they promptly sold out two years later and have been milking the industry dry ever since.)

I'm not for terminating hero fantasies outright. But I am an iconoclast, humanizing various outlier groups by framing traditional heroism (and its archetypal, badass bodies) as thoroughly dubious when irony is performatively fleeting or arguably vacant. This framing requires *ironic* girl and queer bosses to contrast with. For example, I can generate a lot of gender trouble simply by drawing someone who is fem and masc, who isn't a superhero—or at least, isn't acting like a superhero; i.e., they aren't murdering everything around them. Maybe just have them peg a femboy consensually instead? Make love, not war, people (except class war, amirite?)!

Iconoclastic artwork like mine uses ironic gender trouble to open people's minds to a new kind of queer struggle/existence, one generally consigned to the nadir of xenophobia in American society (or anywhere that sexists call home); the destruction of statuesque icons through irony is viewed as violence, specifically illegitimate, subversive violence against state control. It specifically happens through reverse abjection, granting the victims of sexual and gender division the right not only to exist, but thrive. To reject sexism by throwing its harmful divisions back in sexist people's faces. This can potentially change minds; it's certainly not a given—and it certainly didn't work with Jadis—but I'd argue it's still worth a shot. Or as John Lennon "Imagine" famously implores,

Imagine no possessions
 I wonder if you can
 No need for greed or hunger
 A brotherhood of man
 [...]
 You may say I'm a dreamer
 But I'm not the only one
 I hope someday you'll join us
 And the world will live as one ([source](#)).

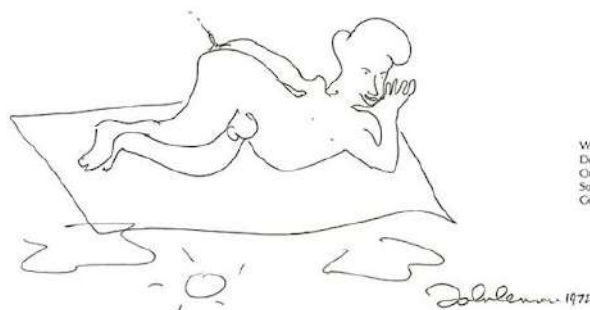
Clearly Lennon's imagination is limited by his own sexism, obscene material advantages and internalized homophobia, but at least he tries:

Of the four Beatles, it was John Lennon who seemed to be the most ready to use antigay slurs, make nasty comments, and even become violent on one occasion, when he was very drunk at a party and a friend made a joke about him and Brian Epstein - he nearly beat the guy to death. He later commented that it was his own repressed attraction to men that caused him to lash out, and he later told Yoko Ono that he would have been bisexual but claimed to have never met a man he was intellectually attracted to enough. There are many other clues in interviews/writings of his that he was attracted to men to some degree. So his apparent homophobia was not only part of the times

in which he lived, but also his own personal self-defense mechanism ([source](#): Preman Tilson's Quora answer to "Were The Beatles in any way homophobic?" 2022).

To be fully transparent, here, Lennon was a violently homophobic man earlier in his life and even at the so-called peak of his "powers," his Jesus-like appeals to immateriality as a millionaire buoyed by his time in the Beatles are pretty tone-deaf—re: Tom Taylor's 2023 writeup, "[Steely Dan vs John Lennon](#)." —Perse, back in 2023

(artist: [John Lennon](#))



Despite Lennon's shortcomings, the value of imagination *is* vital to political change. Extending beyond material things, let's extend the notion to gender trouble:

Imagine Conan with a pussy.

It's not hard to do, but gonadic alteration still leads to a great deal of gender trouble in heroic art. Or rather, purist Conan fans can't imagine him with a pussy any more than Christofascists can see Jesus as a person of color. "Conan's a guy!" they'll cry—i.e., he has a penis, he *must* have a penis.

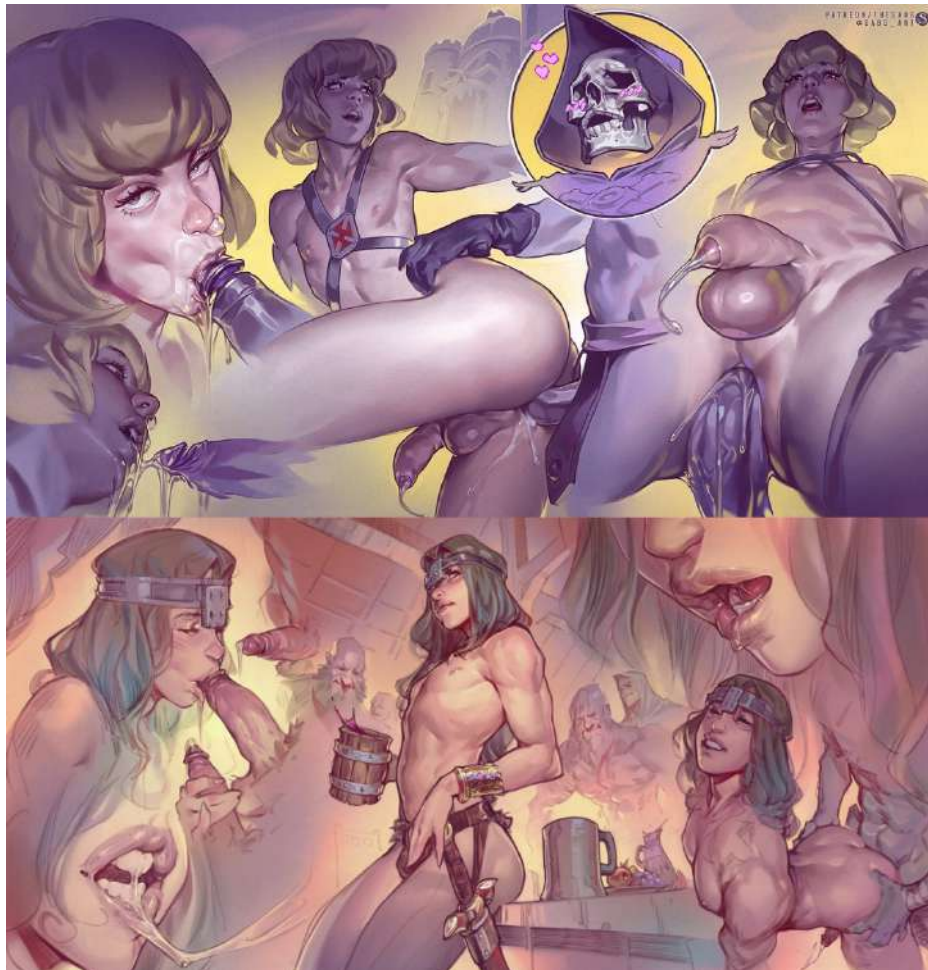


Never mind that I can draw Conan with a pussy faster than you can blink. For added fun, I can even have him identify as a trans man(!). Or keep the penis and have Conan gay or identify as a trans woman. The sky's limit, really. All of this ties to older histories of straight myopia—of a constitutional inability to imagine the trans existence through canonical language as something to subvert.

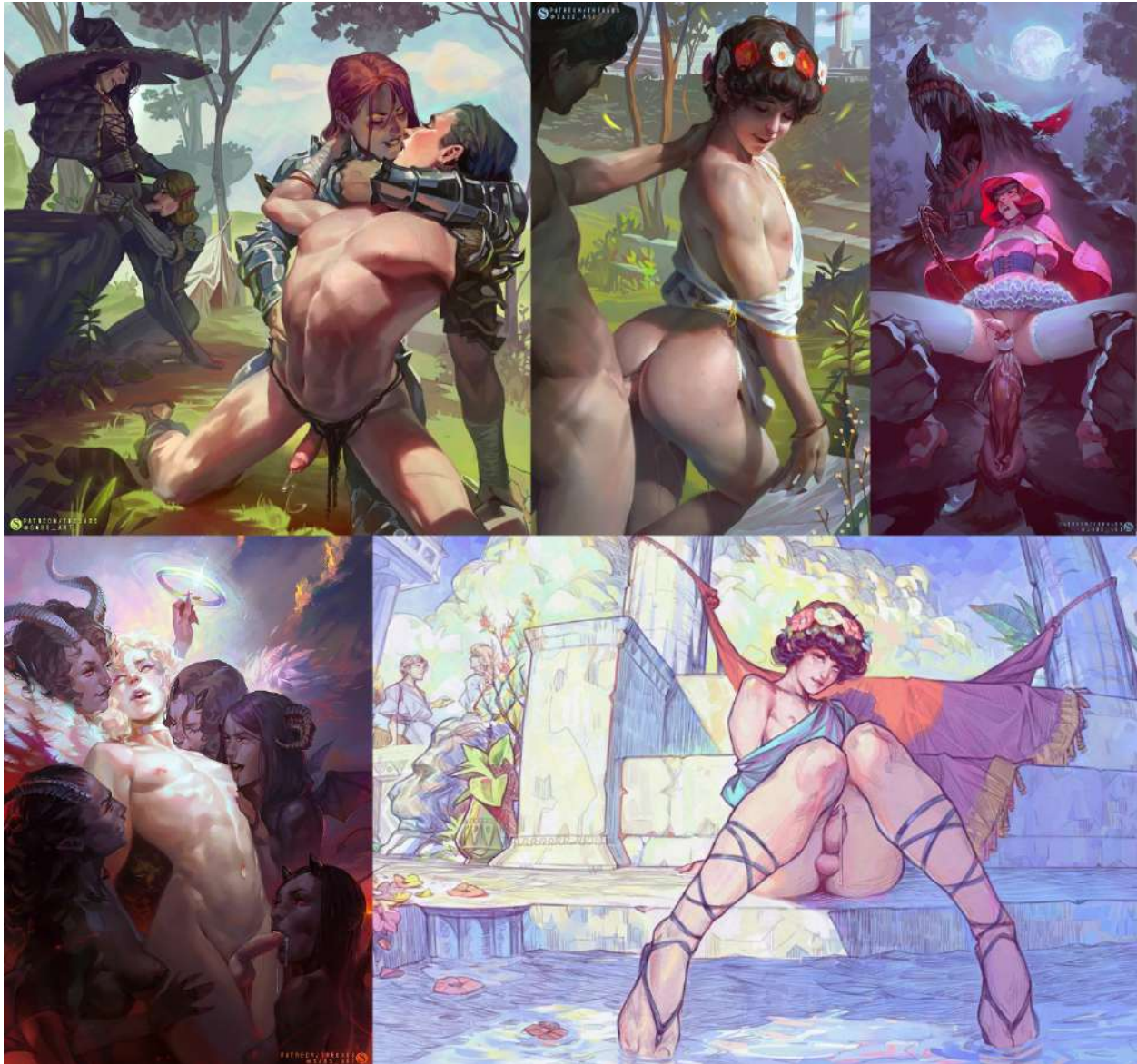
To change, sexist people must learn to expand their horizons through the boss-like bodies they witness, create and consume. However, this must include ironic (re: sex-positive) gender performances. Not only must Conan promote descriptive sexuality through any of the morphological alternates listed above; they must foster empathy by advertising mutual consent and cultural appreciation. Their desire to kill must be replaced with a desire to love—not just sheathing literal (and figurative) swords, but hammering them into ploughshares. In turn, sexist

audiences are granted the chance to change: to watch Conan enjoy getting consensually ploughed and love it just as much.

The radical creativity and consumption of an ironically gendered and sexualized Conan not only flies in the face of the original author, Ron E. Howard, who was racist and sexist; it insults those who uphold his fascist ideas: his fascist fans (it's possible to like Conan and not be bigoted, but those who actively defend Howard's sexism are bigots). These bristling reactionaries will defend Howard's problematic canon by beatifying the very hero that personifies his hyperbolic gender norms—*their* gender norms.



(exhibit 112a: Artist: [Sabs](#). Conan with a bussy, in this case—i.e., the same gender-bending/non-binarism as imagining him with a pussy [which we explored with femboys/catgirls, etc; exhibits 91a, 91b, 91c]. Sabs illustrates this bending of gender performance while subverting another hypermasculine hero: He-Man helping Skeletor with his "boner.")



(exhibit 112b: Artist: Sabs. Sabs' gender-non-confirming themes apply not just to fascist/neoliberal staples as things to subvert, but a transformative, non-binary [i.e., gender fluid] process that reclaims cute boys in a variety of classical scenes of unbridled hedonism; e.g., the rapturous angels-and-demons dichotomy of a Renaissance Europe, the bucolic pleasures of an imaginary Antiquity or fantastical tableau, and the appreciative peril of various urban legends with a dated, hauntological feel to them [often involving totemic demons].)

Generally this stance is ontological—i.e., "Conan is cis-het!" Such claimants likewise abject alternatives by treating them as anathema. To these persons, I'm not an iconoclast (which to acknowledge would belie their adversarial function as canonical gate-keepers oppressing me); I'm just a silly person who gave Conan a pussy (which is different from Red Sonya, who represents the '70s, Marvel comic

book idea of a patriarchal girl boss: conventional eye candy and warlike in ways that uphold¹⁵⁰ the status quo). Conan needing to have a penis will quickly eclipse anything else about him, and erase alternatives by shading them as inherently vile, twisted and demonic.

No disguise mid-cryptonymy is foolproof. The iconoclasts who author these ironic, sex-positive alternatives during revolutionary cryptonymy are generally scapegoated; i.e., by fascist warmongers, whose lethal abuse mid-cryptonymy neoliberals downplay through moderation. We'll explore this concept next, going "over the rainbow" to understand why persecuted groups choose to identify as



witches—especially famous ones like the Wicked Witch of the West—which invariably leads to collective punishment and reactive, transgenerational abuse beyond what workers normally experience under Capitalism.

(exhibit 112c: Artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#). "It ain't easy bein' green!" Whereas Frank Baum envisioned the witch as a small, fairy-tale obstacle, Elphaba Thropp was pointedly written by Gregory Maguire as a kind of sympathetic vice character. Not only is she arguably trans, non-binary and/or intersex; she speaks truth to power in relatable-yet-moderate ways.

To that, Elphaba regrettably retreats into cliché as the story progresses, Maguire

ultimately sacrificing in the "bury your gays" tradition. Like Charlotte Brontë's Bertha, then, Elphaba simply becomes the madwoman in the attic, her humiliating relegation assigned by Maguire through the stigmatizing trauma of her green skin: she becomes radioactive. In doing so, Maguire serves the bourgeoisie

¹⁵⁰ A sex-positive Amazon from comic books would be William Marsden's Wonder Woman, whom Marsden specifically crafted in ways that undermined the Amazon as a patriarchal tool. While the inevitable subjugation of traditional Amazons warned Athenian women not to "act like men," Marsden's protagonist demonstrated women as sexually empowered—i.e., to socially elevate themselves, but also serve as counterculture icons [using less-than-subtle BDSM tendencies](#) (April Baer's "The Not-So-Secret BDSM History Of Wonder Woman," 2017).

instead of defying them [which would require writing Elphaba as something other than a historical victim of the state—a bit like a zombie with her green skin and kill-on-sight punishment by Oz' executive].

By drawing Elphaba as I have, I posit that Oz's most famous witch needn't be reduced to a sacrifice or catchy musical number to inspire people; she can be depicted as a sex-positive, death fetish rebel who—like that undead musical number "Defying Gravity" but with actual irony and Gothic counterculture—soars to majestic heights; i.e., pushing back/punching up against Rainbow Capitalism with borrowed robes [Idina Menzel's blouse and hat, and Mercy from Overwatch's wings, boots/gloves and baton] thus illustrating a new kind of rainbow [queer solidarity] that raises class consciousness, affecting the proletariat's ability to imagine a better world for all workers.



[artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#)]

Ludo-Gothic BDSM is always risk to calculate in the midst of suffering whatever witch hunts the state dishes out. In turn, the same idea pertains to any "broom" you might ride to make a point with [above].)

Sexist Ire: Persecuting Iconoclasts (and Iconoclastic Vice Characters)

"Please, sir. The hardship on the Animals is more than can be borne. It isn't just the murder of Doctor Dillamond. It's this force repatriation, this—this chattelizing of free Beasts. You must get out and see the sorrow. There is talk of—there is worry that the next step will be slaughter and cannibalism. This isn't merely youthful outrage. Please, sir. This is not untrammelled emotion—what's happening is immoral—"

"I do not listen when anyone uses the word immoral [...]"

"if not immoral, then word can I use to imply wrong?"

"Try mysterious and then relax a little. The thing is, my green girlie, it is not for a girl, or a student, or a citizen to assess what is wrong. This is the job of leaders, and why we exist."

—Elphaba and Oz, *Wicked* (1995)

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))



Because iconoclasm invites targeted persecution by defying the status quo (what Elphaba calls "[gravity](#)"), it is invariably performed by marginalized groups or their champions; i.e., passed off as embodiments vice, mid-cryptonymy (mentioned all the way back in Volume Zero; re: "[Doubles, Dark Forces and Paradox](#)"). Being neoliberal/fascist, TERFs function as canonical gatekeepers,

submitting to vice in their own token roles while reacting in bad-faith towards those who defy the social order by reclaiming vice in sex-positive ways. Generally this involves two basic steps: self-persecution, followed by self-defense with extreme prejudice. Apathy and murder pimping the whore out of state revenge, basically.

This perfidious theatre justifies the TERF's lethal response, granting them the right to be as cruel as they want. The victims of their treachery can be authors who generate counterculture media, but also trans persons who author their own,

chosen genders. Both are iconoclasts, but sometimes iconoclasts select their gender identities *and* make media without crypionymy (thus masks): loud and proud!



(exhibit 113a: [Five LGBTQ game designers](#) whose work goes back to the 1980s; source: Shakeena Johnson's "Seven Trailblazing LGBT+ Pioneers," 2021.)

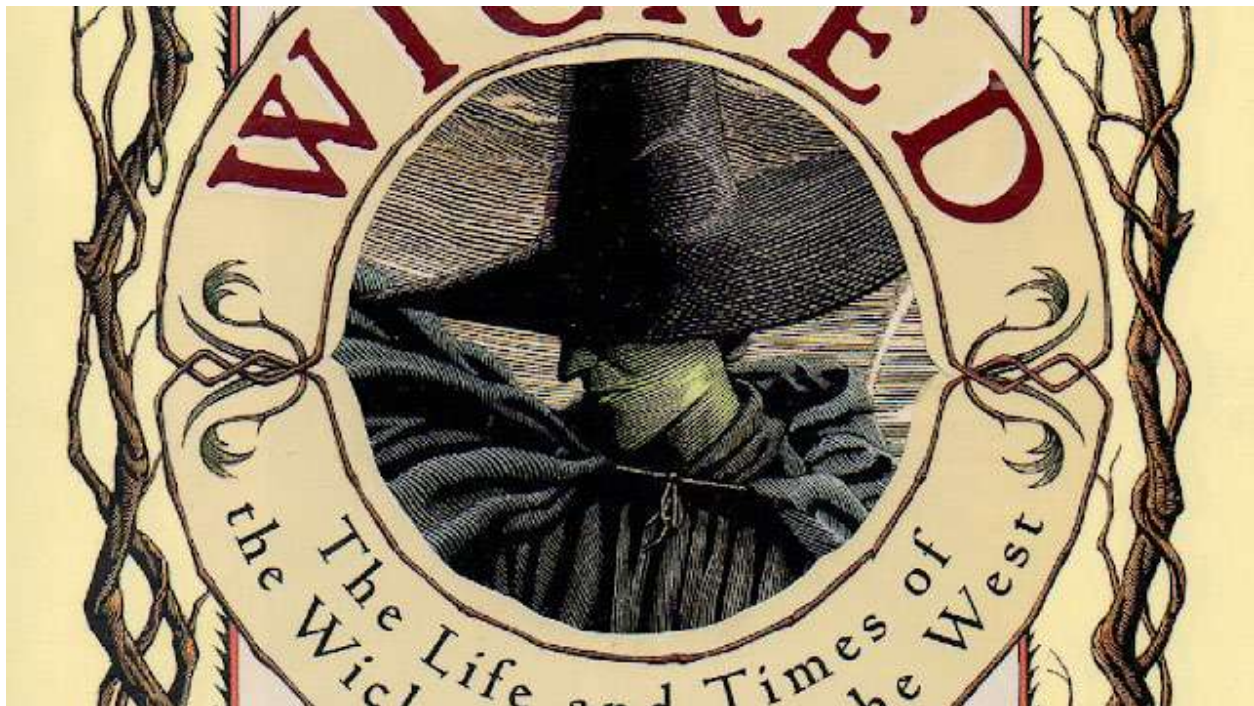
Iconoclasm isn't merely a choice, but something that goes beyond the individual. Contrary to popular opinion, a trans person does not choose to be trans—rather, does not choose to experience the overwhelming [gender dysphoria](#)¹⁵¹ that pushes them away from their assigned gender identity (or some other catalyst if dysphoria is not the reason). Nor do they choose the discrimination and unequal punishment that results. Their biological sex, their assigned gender and the socio-economic forces that compel sexual and gender standardization—all are accidental parts of a broader sexist world the trans person is born into through no fault of their own.

Trans people still have agency and they still make choices; these simply involve societal conditions beyond their control. By shaping their personal identities as they see fit, their decisions inevitably lead to persecution. The same concept applies to authors and illustrations, which often represent actual people. The iconoclastic act—of deliberately reshaping a hero's morphology beyond the established norm—is akin to choosing one's own sexual/gender beliefs in a non-

¹⁵¹ The psychological distress that results from an incongruence between one's sex assigned at birth and one's gender identity.

prescriptive manner. Its mere existence challenges the status quo, leading to gender trouble.

Note: I've written about Elphaba repeatedly in my life, and this wasn't my first time doing so (re: "[Why I Submit](#)" and "On Goblins"), nor would it be the last (re: "[Out of This World](#)"); i.e., Elphaba was formative not just in my trans identity but that of a trans activist grappling with the dangers of trying to exist in a straight world hellbent on pimping her to snapping under reactive abuse. "How 'bout some fire, Scarecrow?"—Perse, 5/5/2025



Consider Gregory Maguire's *Wicked*: The story is about Elphaba, a trans vice character whose ambiguous identity was pre-selected by Maguire, the author. [Being gay and married](#), I'm not surprised that Maguire writes Elphaba's own choices as melding inextricably with her persecuted status: She's a witch—a symbol already martyred by patriarchal sexists in the real world—but also someone described as having chosen her sex and skin color: "Perhaps little green Elphaba chose her own sex, and her own color, and to hell with her parents."

Maguire's writing Elphaba as trans makes the novel far more iconoclastic than it might be otherwise. Yet, despite Maguire's deliberately iconoclastic *Oz*, *Wicked* nonetheless launched his career. People liked the story (or rather, they liked the musical based off his work, which sanitized everything to G-rated extremes [and launched Wicked to bestseller fame](#) 10 years after it was written; source: Alex Witchel's "Mr. Wicked," 2007). The question is, why?

Prudence. For all his creative risks, I think Maguire was actually pretty careful in his approach. Yes, he famously humanized the Wicked Witch of the West, giving her a name and a past. He also deliberately framed her as sympathetic, if not strictly good. By his own admission, though, he deliberately wrote things to be ambiguous:

The play is a little less subtle than the novel in some ways. And I wanted the novel to be more ambiguous because that's the nature of how I was trying to tell my story. To be ambiguous was my intent in the novel, partly because I wanted to pose the question, "How do we know what evil is and how do we know when we see it?" I wanted to pose the question, but I did not want to answer it, I wanted that answer to have to be the job of the reader. And so, to follow that along, I also pose lots of possibilities ([source](#): Chloe Rabinowitz' "Gregory Maguire Talks 25th Anniversary Edition of the WICKED Novel," 2020).

In doing so, Maguire plays it fairly safe. There's plenty of naughty ideas, but nothing definitive that would alienate him concretely.

This caution isn't impossible to understand. Re: the "friends of Dorothy" method and similar "passwords" involves a careful amount of concealment to avoid overt hostility from straight people. And while Maguire may or may not have been using that strategy in no uncertain terms, I can't help but detect a whiff of it in his *Wicked* novels. Rather than patently excoriate the Wizard and those in power, there's a great deal of imperfect, sideways criticism.

For example, much like Sean Young lashing out against Hollywood, Elphaba lacks that "pure" victim status, instead being framed as someone outrageously angry. Maguire chose this on purpose. Perhaps, it was to illustrate the confusing nature of intersectional politics. Nevertheless, Elphaba, is absolutely the victim, a trans person who chose her skin color and sex, only to be killed ostensibly by her own father (the Wizard, who might have sired Elphaba by raping her mother). Maguire's decision to not only understate this, but also intentionally confuse the facts, feels pretty toothless from a critical standpoint. If anything, he makes the "both sides" argument deliberately to complicate things, instead of stating the obvious: the Wizard is clearly the story's villain from a dialectical-material standpoint.

Maguire also cared less about failing to deliver a pre-existing image that people had a very clear idea of, and more about transforming everything around it. He did so at length, making Oz as different from the 1939 film (or Baum's earlier novels) as Elphaba herself was. In other words, he didn't break into someone else's church and desecrate the icons inside; he built his own church out of old bastardized language. There's a buffer, a disguise that hides what he's doing.



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

By comparison, visuals artists that alter icons in isolation invariably get compared, side-by-side, to their canonical palimpsests. For example, I once drew Deet from the *Dark Crystal: Age of Resistance* as thicc(!). There wasn't a grander story to distract from the changes, just a shapely Grottan posing for the camera. I very quickly found myself under attack by fans of the original design. Though I was unaware of them at the time, the broader mechanics of this social exchange highlight the same perils faced by any author who defies the status quo. I

remain entirely honest when I say I hadn't intended to be an iconoclast—at least, not in relation to Deet's body. On some level, I knew that drawing thicc women allows for them to exist¹⁵² (especially in a world where women are generally fat-shamed to anorexic extremes), but I saw that as a win-win.

What I actually expected people to hate was the deliberately schlocky gore. Imagine my surprise when the drawing was removed "for depicting sexual content." My loudest critics didn't mind that Deet murdered Hup and was using his decapitated head like a sock puppet ([that show is deliciously violent](#)); they disparaged Deet's uncharacteristic thicc-ness, declaring loud-and-proud that she was being portrayed "incorrectly"—i.e., into something she wasn't supposed to be according to their cultural values. Thiccness, for them, wasn't canon. Without meaning to, my desire to self-express (through the kinds of bodies I find attractive) led to me being persecuted. I had struck a nerve connected to deeper social biases regarding the human body: fat-shaming. There's more to be said about fandoms defending canonical body types—i.e., body values assigned by the bourgeoisie. However, deliberately choosing non-canonical bodies can ironically yield a tremendous amount of gender trouble all by itself.



(exhibit 113b: Artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#). Mercedes also happens to be one of my muses. They reached out to me once to ask me to draw them, and I've been a large fan of their work ever since.

¹⁵² I hadn't meant to represent anyone in a strictly iconoclastic fashion. Regardless, that's precisely what happened: During the ensuing debate, a grateful moderator defended me, saying it represented their actual body and how they looked. Cool!



They take fetish outfits [which originally had a post-fascist flavor to them in 1970s BDSM culture] and use them to argue for worker rights, sex positivity and transgressive, counterculture art as free speech against the neoliberal/fascist powers that be. In other words, they take the imagery of the medieval cop and reclaim their torturous veneer through camp/schlock.)

Public outcry on Facebook is one thing. The problem is, the destruction of iconoclasts differ historically from the destroying of icons. Yes, there's the vandalistic approach of pulling down of statues—i.e., to efface the Lost Cause Myth (which is good; the Civil War was about slavery and Southern Pride is a racist dogwhistle. Remember what I said about racism in metal? [Check out the Rageaholic—a metal critic who just might be a Lost-Causer](#) (Vlogging Through History's "Abraham Lincoln: American Dictator - My Response (Part 1)," 2023). But history frowns equally upon the *humanist* iconoclast: the artist or thinker who plays with icons in literature, "destroying" them by transforming them into something new. Like the Toxic Avenger, but also those like Mercedes the Muse who identify with that character as a form of iconoclastic expression (exhibit 113b, above)!

Privileged authors like myself (I identified as cis-het when I drew Deet) experience less risk than more marginalized groups. The more marginalized you are, the more your iconoclastic notions affords you genuine, lethal punishment. Some ridicule those in power, [including their bodies](#) (Hasan's "Elon Musk is not Human," 2022). But some iconoclasts are trying to merely stand up for the rights of others by creating documents that defy the social order.

For example, re: [when Nazis protestors raided the Institute of Sexology in 1933](#), they burned 20,000 books that argued for the rights of trans people, homosexuals, and women (a world first, at least by post-Enlightenment standards). I can't say if Magnus Hirschfeld intended to make an overt political statement. Nonetheless, his practice painted a giant target on the institute he oversaw. When the Nazi attacked, it wasn't defense of a besieged community against an alien menace; it was a pointed attack by fascists against marginalized communities fighting for equality under an inherently unequal system.



Historical Nazis are easy to attack thanks to American neoliberal propaganda. However, most practicing Nazis are crypto-fascists. This isn't to say they're invisible. It just means they don't call themselves Nazis. Jordan Peterson is an incredibly visible thought leader who doesn't call himself a Nazi [but literally dresses](#)

[like Two-Face from *Batman*](#) (source: Jordan B Peterson's Instagram, if you can believe it) and "jokingly" [wants his alt-right "trolls" to "clean up their rooms"](#) (Hasanabi Productions' "Joe Rogan DEBATES Jordan Peterson," 2023); he's still trying to flip the script by comparing [consensual gender-correction surgeries to Nazi Germany](#) (The Minority Report's "Jordan Peterson Takes His Bond Villain Act To A Disgusting New Low," 2022). In other words, he's functioning like a Nazi by attempting to bad-faith criminalize gender equality in the fields of medicine and the humanities.

Peterson specifically calls these fields "post-modern neo-Marxist," aka "Cultural Marxism." The latter phrase is not just a Red Scare tactic; it's a fascist dog whistle: Hitler himself famously described the Soviets as "Judeo-Bolshevist," prosecuting eastward expansion into Soviet Russian to destroy "Cultural Bolshevism." Not only were the Nazis [inspired by the United States' own Westward Expansion](#) (re: "How the USA Inspired the Nazis"), they also borrowed heavily from American-style propaganda, replicating Hollywood to create a *copy* of fascism, not an anomaly. They were copycat killers and statesmen playing follow the leader right into their own graves.

Fascists are easy to critique; they're Nazis. However, Neoliberals are just as bad because they

- permit Nazis to exist
- open the doors of power to Nazis
- look the other way when Nazis break shit and kill people

This includes TERFs. Not all TERFs are cis-het women; the gender-critical movement includes the Manosphere, and bad-faith feminists can be male, cis-queer, or even trans (re: trans-on-trans transmisia, NERFs, etc). Regardless of one's biological sex, many TERFs are still "mask-on," normalizing Nazis as people to respectfully debate in the free marketplace of ideas. TERFs are like the neoliberal dad from *The Neverending Story* (1984) reasoning with his fanciful son, Bastian. Bastian's dad tells him to grow up and accept things the way they are.

Such urbane bosses regulate the control of art as the very extension of those they seek to manipulate through social-sexual-economic means: workers depicted through sexualized art, but also sex work as a means of economical control. TERF politeness gives way to SWERF rhetoric that flows in a fascist direction: "Don't give Conan a pussy or make Skeletor a communist trans woman. Be nice to Nazis [the gatekeepers of gender and sexuality]." These SWERF gatekeeper mandates are dangerously similar to book-burning as a form of media control. So much so that, when things reliably get worse and marginalized communities suffer from Capitalism-in-crisis, TERFs will either turn a blind eye, cover it up, or fan the flames of a crypt they help build. Not just a box, nor a closet, but a *furnace* cryptonymy touches on in either direction.

To call this "gaslighting" feels morbidly appropriate: And "where they burn books, they will also ultimately burn people."



(artist: unknown)

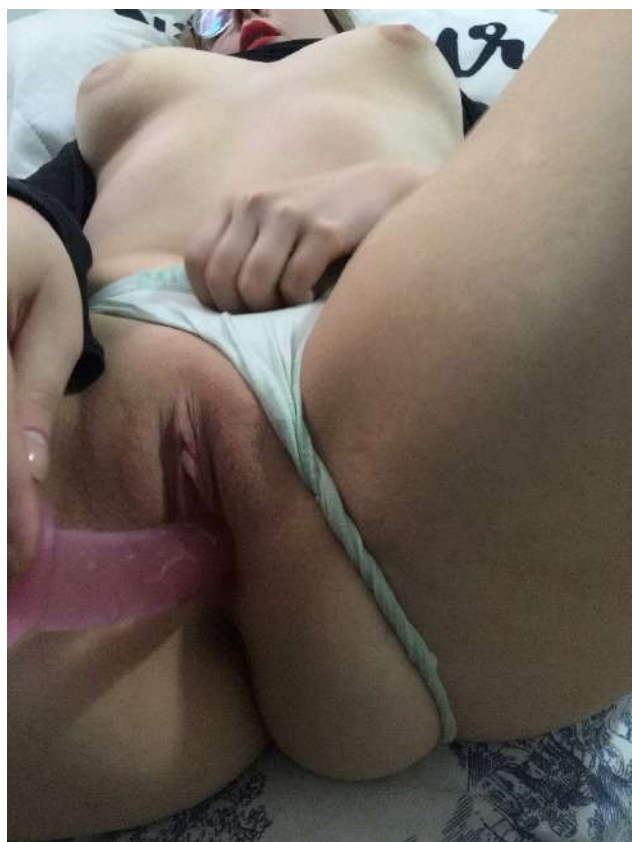
Conclusion: "Pussy on the Chainwax!" The Beginning of the End (of History)?

"I dreamed I saw a great wave climbing over green lands and above the hills. I stood upon the brink. It was utterly dark in the abyss before my fate. A light shone behind me, but I could not turn. I could only stand there, waiting."

—Eowyn, *The Return of the King* (2003)

"History," as something to end, refers to the brutal historical-materialism of Capitalism—i.e., those histories predicate on Capitalism's coerced material conditions. This *will* end in one way or another. The question is, how?

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))



Picture this in your heads: Humanity stands on the edge of a great precipice. The void yawns. Clearly the end is nigh, but of what? Capitalism is undoubtedly Promethean; Gothic Communism seeks to avoid its great disaster, ending the cycle in hope of something better. Sadly, actual history is littered with the scorched remains of fascist victims, lobotomized behind the cryptonymic veil of neoliberalism and turned into hideous, unfeeling monsters. Many will die—have already died—before humanity emerges from the mausoleum. Whether we do or not as a species is entirely up to us.

This isn't a baseless prediction, as the histories of Capitalism-in-decay show time and time again. The fire starts at the edges. It devours the outliers first, moving inward as it consumes every alternate mode of gender and sexual expression. Femboys and catboys slowly become extinct—not just their anathema images, but the associate victims as well. As marginalized groups become

hauntologically imperiled, a love for the "sacred" toxic past begins to fester. Then monsters come—the zombies eating your brains, the vampires drinking your blood, the Amazons crushing you, the ghosts possessing you—until the whole dizzying mess starts to collapse. As Hogle rightly predicted, only the narrative crypt survives, a story of a story of a story trapped inside itself (re: "'The Restless Labyrinth: Cryptonymy in the Gothic Novel,'" 1980); i.e., written on the walls in hieroglyphic blood, excrement, brains and ash as much as darkness visible.

Until this happens, the burial is lived, felt—the mind's eye sealed over in cryptonymic "bricks" but also put out with "knives," cutting into the brain itself. Meerloo's menticide is a slow torture, a gradual rape. In the interim, what follows are the myopic alienation and total extinction of any non-normative person or identity you can think of: trans people, enbys, ace persons—on and on down the line, until homosexuality and gender performance are a myth, and cis men and cis women are all that remains, divided along strict, uncompromising lines. Soon, these fringe atrocities will creep inwards, ravaging the center as Foucault's Boomerang comes full circle. Those in the middle aren't fireproof; they merely have to wait longer before they're burned alive, inside Omelas.

The perfidious hauntologies of sexual hierarchies subjugate to infantilizing extremes. Rendered deaf, dumb and blind, those under them become hopelessly dependent and trapped, oblivious to anything outside their cages: their own bodies, turned against them and those they love as they kill, kill, kill. Alas, the disappearance of iconoclastic language and ability to "play god" for canonized forms won't erase the threat, only the ability to imagine, discuss and perform it openly in safe spaces; i.e., to "play god" in ways that safekeep the rights of workers in monstrous language.

The exceptions to these boundaries still exist, of course; they simply become invisible during Capitalist Realism, including the atrocities committed against them under said "realism's" almighty illusions. The aim of Gothic Communism is to prevent that through an iconoclastic, praxial revival, using the Wisdom of the Ancients through new, Promethean "archaeologies" stemming the monstrous tide at its source: the Gothic imagination's harmful xenophobia as reclaimed by workers liberating themselves from exploitation using xenophilic, demonic poetics. "Hell" as built by state scapegoats, becomes something to move towards *away* from state-supplied illusions that lead to Capitalist Realism, thus genocide; i.e., Le Guin's 1973 "Omelas"¹⁵³: "The place they go towards is a place even less imaginable to most of us than the city of happiness. I cannot describe it at all. It is possible that it does

¹⁵³ An imaginary utopia predicated on the singular suffering of one individual to the boon of all others. Those who cannot rationalize the suffering of this one unhappy being leave the vampiric comfort of the fortress to seek out a home in the perceived darkness of an impossible world. For the exile, as Edward Said notes, the pleasure is found in a contrapuntal acceptance of one's assigned home as foreign, violence and alien, but wherein one can account for something better mid-exodus.

not exist. But they seem to know where they are going, the ones who walk away from Omelas." Or as Volume One argues,

Matrilineal descent, then, is a maverick intellectual pursuit tied to the struggles of everyday life under Patriarchal Capitalism, and one that can cultivate powerful social-sexual habits/pathways in service of sex positivity liberating nature from its patriarchal rapists' perceived air of omnipotence. The door to other worlds—be they the proverbial stars, Hell, or simply "the beyond"—isn't something to dread, but welcome and relish as a precious opportunity to change into something new. But it *must* occur using the same basic language and aesthetics "passed down" through older monstrous-feminine educators pilfered from Cartesian forms ([source](#): "Knife Dicks").



Those with power will be there, of course. From on high, the bourgeoisie lord over the entire trap, installing its boundaries to impose their will upon "lesser" individuals. Such negative freedom is universally toxic, spelling the premature end

for so many people's lives. This includes the tyrants [trapped inside their glorious, melting fakes](#). Hitler's Nazis are the cliché example:

Wewelsburg Castle foundations date back to the Middle Ages. As the site stands today, the castle design dates to the 17th century. The castle is located near the Teutoburg Forest. The [then] believed the site where Arminius, a Germanic tribe leader defeated the Roman Army which in part lends the castle to ancient fantasy. For the last 75 years the castle has exuded a dark fascination luring Satanists and Neo-Nazi's alike drawn in by pagan symbology and Nazi occultism making this site a kind of sadistic pilgrimage. Much of the pseudo-religious mystery that has surrounded this castle since 1945 of torch-lit ceremonies, ancient Nordic and pagan rituals and the mythos of the Ancient Aryan is all fake.

So, where do these rumours come from? Much of the rumours stem from Himmler's own delusional understanding and interpretation of Germanic and Nordic mythology. He was fascinated by prophecy, magical power and the belief that the Aryans were a super race. The SS was designed to be the very embodiment of this belief. Himmler desperately wanted a facility where he could drum these values into future SS leaders. Acquired in 1934, Himmler leased the property for 100 years at the symbolic rental price of 1 Reichsmark per year. Initially he planned to turn the facility into a leadership school for SS officers', but this later changed, and it was designed as a meeting point for the SS elite. The focus of the Wewelsburg Castle was to research pseudo-scientific theories of Germanic pre- and early history, medieval history, folklore and genealogy. All of this was intended to provide the underpinnings for the racial teachings of the SS. Vast archaeological excavation sites sprung up here and at other important sites such as the Externsteine, a place of Christian worship that was thought by the Nazi's to have been a pagan place of worship.

So, what did they discover? In a word; Nothing. All theories put forward by Nazi archaeologists didn't stand up to scrutiny and only through intimidation and suppression of academia were any of these theories able to be published. The lack of evidence didn't stop Himmler though, if he couldn't find the archaeology, he would fake it ([source](#): "Matthew Menneke's "Nazi Temple of Doom—The Real Castle Wolfenstein," 2020).

However, fascist started in American and continues to reign there, shepherded by neoliberal assistance.

Whether through churches, politicians, celebrity sciences, conmen or thought leaders, neoliberals and corporations do much the same as Nazis, albeit to a different flavor and degree; *their* weapons are the language of American exceptionalism through Liberalism and neoliberalism's free market in service of

global US hegemony. All the same, these fatal authors will fall upon their own swords, dying ignominious deaths; maybe not in their lifetimes, but at some foreshadowed termination of their bloodline through the state as already in decay, thus doomed. It's such a fake, short-sighted existence, brutal and misleading when it doesn't need to be. It's easy to think of Mussolini or Hitler dying like this, while so many capitalists watched from relative safety. However, the shadow of climate change will consume them, too. Carceral and complicit, their cryptonyms, chronotopes, and canon are nothing but paper castles—slowly reduced to ash as they feed the flames, then all at once consumed and blown away. "Nothing



beside remains. Round the decay / Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare / The lone and level sands stretch far away."

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

That's one ending. However, it needn't come to pass. No, you have all the power you need, if you dare to go and look for it. To be sure, the

quest will be long and hard; it will take a lifetime. But collectivity assembled, these disinterred "museums" form the threshold needed—not a shield, but an exhibit whose communion with the reinvented past *remembers*; whose unity and harmony with all persons seeking universal protection from tyrants can, at long last, seal them and their genocide histories away.

Enshrined in glass, the horrors of yesteryear become something to look on with quaint wonder and solemn dread: a time when the world was more brutal, more absurd, more deceitful and greedy. To avoid a second similar cataclysm, the Gothic *must* live on, must become something that spreads empathy and joy through sex-positive stories with friendly ghosts and happy monsters—not an infantile dumbness, but a re-remembering of the past through the active, emboldened imagination of a liberated proletarian mindset: an artistic movement and revolution, but referred to more colloquially by Key and Peele as "starting a thing" (re: "[Shining a Light on Things](#)").

And why not? All deities reside within the human breast, the engine of creation as something that we—as Satanic Rebels, self-fashioned gods, demons and undead—can use to author a collective destiny away from bourgeois exploitation.

Again, creation is *fun*, but also vital to preserving who we are in the face of genocide. We can become the gods now as many before us already have in defense of the rights of workers.



(exhibit 114: Artist, left: [Key and Peele](#); artist, top-middle-right: [Maya Mochii](#); artist, far-top-right, bottom-middle right and far-bottom-right: [Alyssa Adelene](#).)

The aim of this thing is not to forget in blind hedonism, but "to put... the pussy... on the CHAINWAX!" Beyond combining the general ingredients we've already discussed—the Six Rs, the Four Gs, the Gothic mode of expression (its means and materials of production: monsters, lairs/parallel space, hermeneutics, phobias, and mediums); but also its oppositional praxis: to illustrate mutual consent, descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation through informed consumption and ironic performance, including sex-positive fetishes, kinks, BDSM and Gothic sensations as reverse-object, emancipatorily hauntological/chronotopic, and revolutionarily cryptonymic.

What those demonic poetics and "hubris" *exactly* entail is less vital to remember than where we came from and who we've become/are becoming through sex positivity as we move forward onto better days: away from a post-scarcity world, away from endless war and exploitation by the elite, and their horrid, interminable illusions designed to trap and brainwash us. Peace of mind comes from having survived and transformed in the face of struggle, which Matthew Lewis put best near the end of *The Monk*:

The remaining years of Raymond and Agnes, of Lorenzo and Virginia, were happy as can be those allotted to Mortals, born to be the prey of grief, and

sport of disappointment. The exquisite sorrows with which they had been afflicted, made them think lightly of every succeeding woe. They had felt the sharpest darts in misfortune's quiver; Those which remained appeared blunt in comparison. Having weathered Fate's heaviest Storms, they looked calmly upon its terrors: or if ever they felt Affliction's casual gales, they seemed to them gentle as Zephyrs which breathe over summer-seas ([source](#)).

Once awake, the bad dream before class consciousness can finally end. Moreover, sex workers can *stay* awake, post-myopia. Undrugged, unmolested, and unlobotomized, but also in full possession of their faculties and out from under Zombie Capitalism's nefarious influence, they suddenly become free—to compare and connect things, but also build a better parallel society to vertical state power that eventually just becomes the world beyond the Capitalocene. This starts and continues by educating it in sex-positive ways that use fun activities (rock 'n roll, drugs in moderation, social activism and sex) as well as happy "monstrous" toys to foster trust and encourage good play while also shaming sexual coercion. To retell the sexy past with past things, their archaeologies become less about sifting through the rubble of war and more about finally controlling the Base to shape the Superstructure. De-alienized, they can reunite with their own labor and drop the cryptonymic disguise, but not their caution.

So, while the Patriarchal Wizard of Oz might be dead and *his* "winged monkeys"—formerly dressed up as "witches" in bad faith—finally disrobed, they can always return. Anticipating this, the traumas must be collectively re-remembered and survived in art as an open, living process—not a barely-whispered ghost of the counterfeit tucked behind a dark forest of cryptonyms inside a hauntological castle, but a mode of *active* imagination, thought, and being that puts the hidden atrocities front and center (and keeps all the fun stuff—i.e., the monsters, BDSM, fetishes and kinks; the mutually consensual power exchange as a lesson to dress up and impart time and time again, with whatever way you and yours orient/are sexually and asexually compatible with and happy doing together). Through the Gothic Communist mode, individuals and communities can invest in Capitalism's continued burial—its *staying* dead under vigilant workers who actively and consciously invest in their own happiness by routinely building parallel societies that help learn to social-sexually trust each other as a group the world over.

To teach, love, and learn how to imagine as one people in ways that have yet to exist (which includes all the chonky animals, plants and the environment, too); to look at the old images of the past—not the valorous masculine dead who proved their mettle on the battlefield in service of nation-states, but the *gentle* dead; the sad and the wretched who were invisible in life and dead under Capitalism, which robbed of their memories, their identities, their voices as whatever images remain stare into the present like sad ghosts—and remember them as people who suffered greatly under Capitalism; to bury those poor, voiceless dead and let them rest

know their killers are gone, that they have been avenged and they may finally rest. With closure comes healing and with healing comes peace, the end of a history formerly known as genocide, exploitation and war. And if that seems rough, then nothing helps a tough session like a bit of carefully timed aftercare: drugs, sex, videogames—"pick your poison," as the saying goes.



(exhibit 115: Model and photographer, top-left: [Sharbat Gula and Steve McCurry](#); artist, top-right: [Jeff Widener](#); bottom-left: [source](#); bottom-right: [source](#).)

That's the *other* ending (which really is just a wiser continuum moving into the future). And while it certainly sounds better than the alternative, it is nevertheless centuries away. In the interim, there is justice, no peace. We are at war. I'm not saying punch CEOs, TERFs or Nazis (though if you did, I wouldn't complain); individual cases of physical violence are far less important than striking them where it hurts: their propaganda. This requires parallel space, ironic consumption, parody and reverse abjection, but also *de facto* educators conveying mutual consent, descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation through counterculture art—*Gothic* art. Combined, these factors can

- denude/demask the fascist as an insecure impostor and killer-in-disguise.

- break the neoliberal spell/concentric veneer by demonstrating the Symbolic Order as an arbitrary construct, exposing the bourgeoisie—and Capitalism's Promethean hierarchy—as the ultimate foe.
- humanize other groups through xenophilic (a)sexual alternatives to the establish norm.
- deromanticize the TERF infatuation with us-versus-them violence disguised as revolution; e.g., the TERF Medusa or Amazon, while still utilizing the Dark aesthetic as universally adaptable to our proletarian cause (our own masks, uniforms, disguises, and enrichment through the subversion of colonial norms [violence] using ironic BDSM, kink and Gothic countercultural art).

This recoding of the Superstructure can affect the Base, thus alter society at a material level. However, *these radical ideas first need to materialize—not through wishful thinking but by attaching to material conditions that make them ideologically viable, in pro-police thinking that leads to genocide in bad faith (re: TERFs are cops in disguise, including Amazons, below)*. This requires teamworking within the system to generate capital for counterterrorism; i.e., mid-cryptonymy in hauntological language that reverses abjection during the whore's revenge in duality. Sex work is work, generating the means to launch a countercultural narrative versus our enemies on and offstage: the whore's revenge happening on the Aegis as multimedia, fluid, holistic, determined by dialectical-material scrutiny instead of aesthetic: "darkness" as code, as alter-ego (re: "[Prey as Liberators](#)").

The more decay, the more cryptonymy, which goes both ways. On all registers, the oppressed and their intersectionally solidarized pedagogies can reify persecuted groups through parallel artwork; i.e., exposing vertical arrangements of power as tyrannical while pushing Numinously towards universal liberation with ludo-Gothic BDSM. Among our enemies (other workers, token or not), cognitive

dissonance can take hold, their brains seeded by informed, ironic consumers and iconoclastic performers illustrating something better for all peoples: a better *possible* world, and one where the second ending might just replace the first.

(artist: [Anato Finnstark](#))



Kicks After Six: Always Another Castle

When such a castle appears, it is time to be afraid; the colonial harvest is at hand. Yet, precisely because the state does not hold a monopoly over violence, terror and morphological expression, a demon or castle needn't spell our end; it can represent our sole means of attack, reclaiming said poetics' endless inventiveness to turn colonizer fears back into their hopelessly scared brains ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "Prey as Liberators"

Rape = profit, which the state achieves through genocide; the state wants what workers have, which it takes through force: to police sex (and nature) through *threats* carried out by traitors against a perceived alien. We camp all of these to have the whore's revenge—not once, but repeatedly until Medusa takes us home. Until then, we are Her dutiful vanguard—stewards of nature policed as monstrous-feminine, protecting ourselves and all life from state abuse, including any pimping that occurs in bad faith.

In Gothic, castle = power and *power* takes infinite forms, *mise-en-abyme*. To critique power and reclaim it, you must go where it appears—to return, ever and always, to the castle coming back to you, thus that special place where the Wisdom of the Ancients can be harnessed again: through paradox and falsehood. Power is performance, and there is *always* another castle—one where the ghosts of our ancestors await, and where workers dance (and fuck) with trouble; i.e., as something not only to find, but *make* as stand-ins thereof: castles-in-the-flesh, the

Medusa in small but nonetheless stacked!

(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

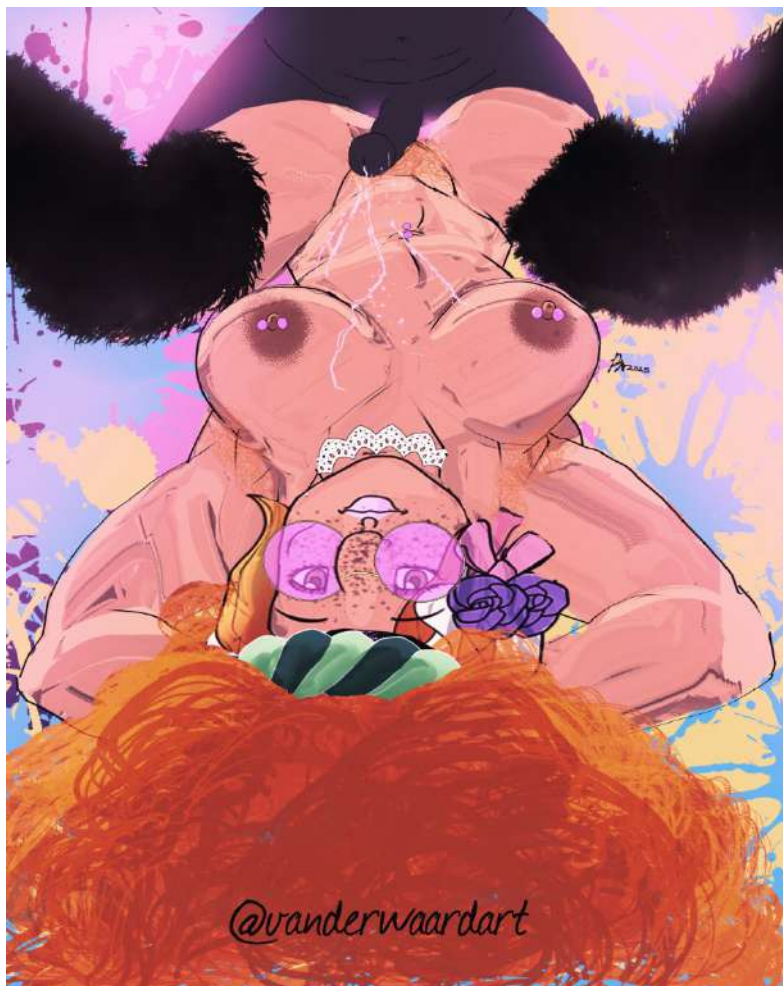


I've written six books now, concluding *Sex Positivity for you* to find and make trouble with! Capital is a *cycle* of abuse. So when the Man comes around, show him *your* Aegis! Chase the Numinous and use the Medusa's hellish power—*your* hellish power—to humanize the harvest!

Anisotropically expose the state as inhumane! Reverse terrorist and counterterrorist during class war as guerrilla war! And in doing so, let them see you having *your* revenge—exposing the elite (and their proponents, token or not) on the very mirrors normally used to rape us: "what she's never had, all the things that make a good girl bad!" (The Scorpions' "[Kicks After Six](#)," 1990).

Despite how exploitation and liberation share the same space, the state and Capitalist Realism only have what power they are given! Take it back during the cryptonymy process. Use your land, labor and sex/gender to break state monopolies; i.e., through your own castles mirroring state doubles to reverse abjection, when the state is weak. The Gothic is writ in disintegration, meaning there is always another castle, hence opportunity for revenge! Castles are power and power = symbols of power in Gothic, *mise-en-abyme*. But you have to go to and make them, playing with power as such; re: sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, unfurled during ludo-Gothic BDSM: raising... awareness, of course!

Medusa's waiting! Go and find her, then make the world a better place!



(model and artist: [Maybel & Jackie](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Keyword Glossary

"You keep using that word. I do not think it means what you think it means."

—Inigo Montoya, *The Princess Bride* (1987)



([source](#): "The 430 Books in Marilyn Monroe's Library: How Many Have You Read?" 2014)

The companion glossary is dedicated to terms found in the thesis volume that nevertheless appear throughout all four volumes. It is divided into four sections:

- [Marxism and Politics](#): Contains any terms that deals with Marxist theories or socio-political concepts.
- [Sex, Gender and Race: Language, Theory and Politics](#): Covers the majority of gender theory used in this book.
- [Miscellaneous Terms, Game Theory](#): Holds anything useful that isn't in the other sorting categories.
- [The Gothic, Kink, and BDSM](#): Catalogues the various ideas/theories on the Gothic, kink and BDSM that, while used throughout this book, aren't listed in the manifesto.

Note: The glossary contains most of the terms in this book series. That being said, it does not contain the terms I coined, which are featured already in "Rage Over a Lost Penny" (and online, in "Paratextual Documents"). Likewise, my work on [Metroidvania](#) and [ludo-Gothic BDSM](#) is too extensive to list in this glossary any longer. To access those terms, simply go to their webpages. —Perse, 4/1/2025

Marxism and Politics

Marxism

Schools of thought stemming from Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, trying historically to achieve Communism through the state first (Marxist-Leninism) instead of direct worker solidarity and action operating in opposition to the state and establishment politics (anarcho-Communism). As an anarcho-Communist, I borrow ideas from Marx, but shy away from calling myself a Marxist (any more than I'd call myself a postmodernist/deconstructionist despite borrowing from Derrida); throughout the book, I prefer to use the noun/adjective phrase "dialectical(-) material" in place of "Marxist." The reason being is that Gothic Communism, as we shall define it, deviates away from Marxist-Leninism (state Socialism) towards a democratized class consciousness/proletarian xenophilia that combats the historical-material abuses of the state in any configuration (fascist, neoliberal, Marxist-Leninist, etc).

material conditions

The factors that determine quality of life from a material standpoint; i.e., not an ethical/moral argument ("this is right/wrong"), but one that deals with access to various material conditions that reliably improve one's living conditions: housing, food, electricity, clothing, water, education, employment, loans/credit, transportation, internet, etc. The status quo reliably constricts material conditions to benefit the elite; this occurs within a societal hierarchy that structurally privileges marginalized groups from least- to most-marginalized along systemically coercive and phobic lines. Indeed, this arrangement is so concrete that future history can be readily predicted through the arrangement of material conditions already displayed in canonical works: historical materialism.

historical materialism

The normalized, vicious cycle that history is predicated on the material conditions that routinely bring them about. These conditions make genocide and sex worker exploitation a historical-material *fact*, something that weighs on the living through what Capitalism leaves behind—the endlessly doubled histories of the dead according to Karl Marx in "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte" (1852):

Hegel remarks somewhere that all great world-historic facts and personages appear, so to speak, twice. He forgot to add: the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce. [...] Men make their own history, but they do not make it as they please; they do not make it under self-selected circumstances, but

under circumstances existing already, given and transmitted from the past. The tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living. And just as they seem to be occupied with revolutionizing themselves and things, creating something that did not exist before, precisely in such epochs of revolutionary crisis they anxiously conjure up the spirits of the past to their service, borrowing from them names, battle slogans, and costumes in order to present this new scene in world history in time-honored disguise and borrowed language ([source](#)).

dialectical materialism

The dialectical progress is the study of oppositional forces in relation to each other. For Marx, this involves the study of dialectical-*material* forces—i.e., the bourgeoisie and the proletariat in opposition, not harmony. "Harmony" is canonical pacification, which leads to genocide and endless exploitation of workers by the elite.

the means of production

Marx' Base, owned by the elite; the ability to (mass)produce material goods within capital/a living market. This operates on a mass-manufactured scale, but also through work performed at the individual level—labor. Workers seize the means of production by attempting to own the value of their own labor. Conversely, capitalists exploit workers by stealing worker labor, often through wage theft (wages under Capitalism being the creation of jobs, or revenue streams for the elite to structuralize then steal from, which they then credit themselves as giving back to people; i.e., "I created these jobs!" Translation: "I created a means of exploiting people through their labor during manufactured scarcity). Billionaires privatize labor through unethical means, "earning" their billions through wage theft/slavery as "owned" by them, meaning *used* by them specifically as exploited labor (which alienates workers from the products of their own labor).



(artist: Adolf Menzel)

private property

Not to be confused with personal property, private property is property that is privately owned, generally by the elite through privatization via state-corporate mechanisms. As Marx puts it in 1844, "Private property has made us so stupid and one-sided that an object is only ours when we have it – when it exists for us as capital, or when it is directly possessed, eaten, drunk, worn, inhabited, etc., – in short, when it is used by us. Although private property itself again conceives all these direct realisations of possession only as means of life, and the life which they serve as means is the life of private property – labour and conversion into capital" ([source](#)).

privatization

If private property is property that is privately owned, *privatization* is the process that enables private ownership at a systemic, bourgeois level. Under Capitalism, the elite own means of production by encouraging negative freedom to "liberalize" (deregulate) the market. They do so by removing restrictions, allowing the owner class to privatize their assets. In class warfare, capitalists disguise this fact by deliberately conflating bourgeois ownership with "bougie" (middle-class) ownership:

- Owners, in the academic, bourgeois sense, own the means of mass production, thus individual production within capital. They privatize factories, territory, industrial sectors, the military, paramilitary (cops), and the means to print money. As a consequence, they also own workers, albeit by proxy (wage slavery).
- Middle-class ownership is merely an exchange of wages—direct purchases or taxes—for material goods aka *personal* property. These goods become something to defend, resulting in a great deal of punching down (reactionary/moderate politics).

functional Communism

The eventual (centuries from now) abolishment of privatization/private property. This process is called development, or Socialism; Socialism's historical-material "failure" to move beyond planned economies stems from foreign, bourgeois interference and internal strife begot from privatized interests—all related to Capitalism preserving itself as a structure.

nominal Communism

Nominal communism—i.e., Communism in name alone, sold to workers through canonical propaganda to scare them into upholding the bourgeois status quo.

Marxist-Leninism/"tankies"

An embryonic form of Socialism that, past and present, favors state models and nostalgia; i.e., one that hybridizes Marx and Engels with 20th century thinkers and leaders—most notably Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, but also Mao, Castro and other state leaders/schools going into the 21st: through "tankie" apologia whitewashing the crimes of said leaders and their states as beings to worship and compromise *with* (Bad Mouse's "[On Hakim's Nuance](#)," 2025).

anarcho-Communism

The gradual disillusion and transmutation of Capitalism into Socialism and finally Communism through direct worker solidarity and collective action, whereupon power is horizontally restructured—slowly rearranged into [anarcho-syndicalist communes](#) (which are historically more stable than Capitalism is, but also under attack/sabotaged by the elite every chance they can get—e.g., Cuba and U.S. sanctions for the past 70 years whitewashed by Red-Scare propaganda). To achieve this, class warfare must be conducted against official/*de facto* agents of the state-corporate union devised by capitalists/neoliberal hegemons.

Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

neoliberal Capitalism

The dominant strain of Capitalism operating in the world today—i.e., Capitalism employed by neoliberal canon, centrism, moderation and personal responsibility rhetoric to achieve the greatest possible division between the owner/worker classes, as well as infinite growth and efficient profit (more on these during the manifesto proper). Neoliberal Capitalism is founded on a vertical arrangement of power through national-state-corporate leaders operating against worker interests by exploiting them to the fullest using capital.

capital/Capitalism

A system of exploiting workers, nature and the world, whose resultant genocide and vampiric devastation is synonymous with profit for capitalists/the elite. The elite parasitize everyone/thing else to generate profit through Capitalism; or to quote directly from Raj Patel and Jason Moore's *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things* (2017):

Money isn't capital. Capital is journalism's shorthand for money or, worse, a stock of something that can be transformed into something else. If you've ever heard or used the terms *natural capital* or *social capital*, you've been part of a grand obfuscation. Capital isn't the dead stock of uncut trees or unused skill. For Marx and for us, capital happens only in the live transformation of money into commodities and back again. Money tucked under a mattress is as dead to capitalism as the mattress is itself. It is through the live circulation of this money, and in the relations around it, that capitalism happens.

The process of exchange and circulation turn money into capital. At the heart of Marx's *Capital* is a simple, powerful model: in production and exchange, capitalists combine labor power, machines and raw material. The resulting commodities are then sold for money. If all goes well, there is a profit, which needs then to be reinvested into yet more labor power, machines and raw materials. Neither commodities nor money is capital. This circuit *becomes* capital when money is sunk into commodity production in an ever-expanding cycle. Capitalism is a process in which money flows through nature. The trouble here is that capital supposes infinite expansion [growth] within a finite web of life ([source](#)).

For our purposes, this "web of life" concerns the privatized, social-sexual exploitation of workers in monstrous language—something to be unironically defended by class traitors preserving Capitalism, thus the state as a means of maximizing capital for the elite (infinite growth); i.e., to serve and protect capital, not people, through the means of production/propaganda's current bourgeois hegemony under neoliberal Capitalism's personal responsibility rhetoric—to regulate the market and empower the state through concealed abuses that accrete out from the center in all directions. As anarcho-Communists, we much critique this canonizing process' profit motive through our own iconoclastic material.

capitalists

Those who own capital, the bourgeoisie. However, capital/Capitalism as a process actually alienates capitalists from their own wealth; there is seldom money "on hand"—largely positions within a structure operating in continuum in pursuit of neoliberal Capitalism's main objectives (very different from the dragon sitting on a pile of gold, which is closer to the fascist strongman stealing wealth by hijacking the mechanisms of the state).

An idiosyncrasy in terms of my writing: This book treats Capitalism and Communism as proper nouns; other words, like "state," "capitalist," "neoliberal," and "fascist" are not capitalized. The reasons are arbitrary but I've at least tried to be consistent. —Perse



Anthropocene/Capitalocene

The *Anthropocene* is unit of time used to describe the period in which human existence and interaction with the natural world has started to impact it negatively in terms of ecosystem proliferation and health, general climate operations, and various other factors that intersect and relate to the survival of all life on the planet—including humans—as threatened by human contributions to climate change. The *Capitalocene* (as used by Patel and Moore) applies this logic to Capitalism:

Regardless of what humans decide to do, the twenty-first century will be a time of "abrupt and irreversible" changes in the web of life. Earth system scientists have a rather dry term for such a fundamental turning point in the life of a biospheric system: state shift. Unfortunately, the ecology from which this geological change has emerged has also produced humans who are ill-equipped to receive news of this state shift. Nietzsche's madman announcing the death of god was met in a similar fashion: although industrial Europe had reduced divine influence to the semicompulsory Sunday-morning church attendance, nineteenth-century society couldn't image a world without god. The twenty-first century has an analogue: it's easier for most people to imagine the end of the planet than to imagine the end of capitalism. [...] Today's human activity isn't exterminating mammoths through centuries of overhunting. Some humans are currently killing everything, from megafauna to microbiota, at speeds one hundred times higher than the background rate. We argue what changed is capitalism, that modern history has, since the 1400s, unfolded in what is better termed the Capitalocene [than the Anthropocene] ([source](#)).

anthropocentrism/posthumanism

In *Posthuman Life* (2015), David Roden writes, "A humanist philosophy is anthropocentric if it accords humans a superlative status that all or most non-humans lack" ([source](#)). Posthumanism goes beyond traditional notions of Cartesian humanism to afford basic rights to humans, animals and the natural-material world as something not to exploit by Capitalism.

transhumanism

From Roden's *Posthuman Life*,

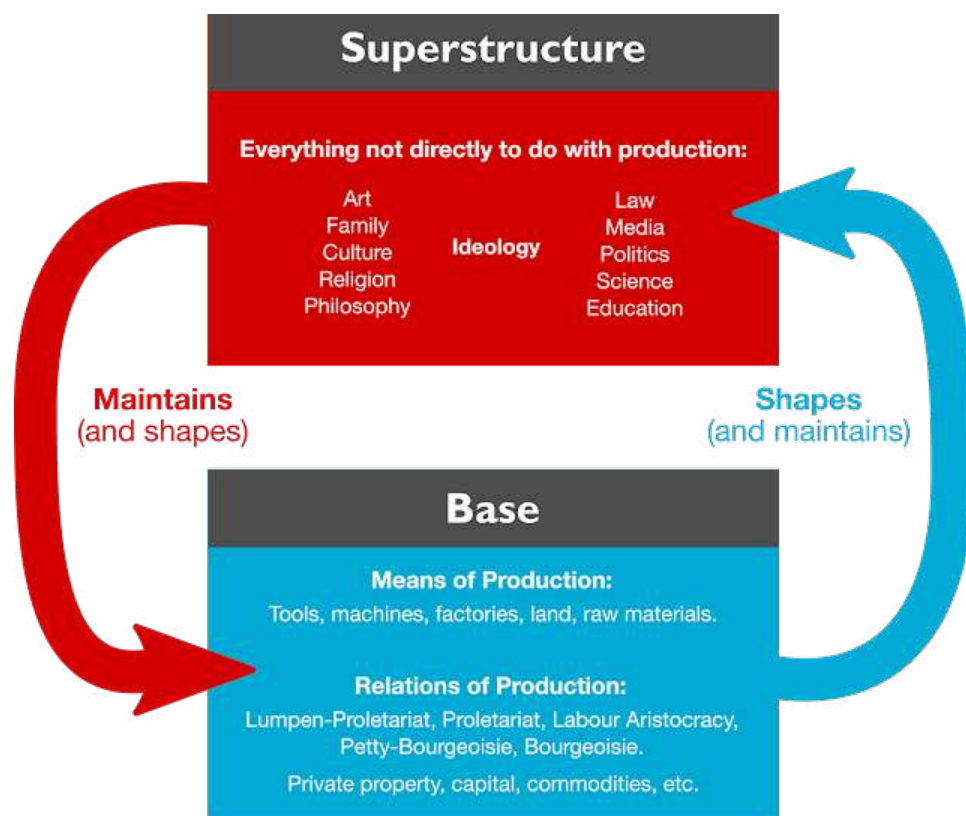
Self-fashioning through culture and education is to be supplemented by technology. For this reason, transhumanists believe that we should add morphological freedom—the freedom of physical and mental form—to

the traditional liberal rights of freedom of movement and freedom of expression [...] to discover new forms of embodiment in order to improve on the results on traditional humanism [and according to the World Transhumanist Association, 1999] "to use technology to extend their mental and physical (including reproductive) capacities and to improve their control over their own lives" ([source](#)).

accretion

Dissemination out from the center of a socio-material structure (similar to how planets form); i.e., the Symbolic Order, the mythic structure, etc; e.g., accretions of the Medusa as someone to kill or avoid, as "untamable" by men as the arm of the state and the law. To escape men, she turns to stone (or a tree)—a defense mechanism from those who unironically defend the structure in official/unofficial capacities.

the Superstructure



**This moves in a spiral pattern.
The base is generally dominant.**
(*exhibit 2*)

Propaganda; that which, Rana Indrajit Singh writes in the *International Journal of Humanities and Social Science Invention*, normally "grows out of the base and the ruling class' interests. As such, the superstructure justifies how the base operates and defends the power of the elite" ([source](#): "Base and Superstructure Theory," 2013)—*normally* being the operative word, here. This book isn't a fan of what's normal because normal is the status quo and the status quo is bourgeois.

splendide mendax

The teller of splendid lies; e.g., [Jonathan Swift and *Gulliver's Travels*](#) (1726); also applies to self-aware weavers of various genres of fiction, from Oscar Wilde to Luis Borges, but also non-white/American authors who have to reinvent their own cultures' lost histories—e.g., Jean Rhys' *Wide Sargasso Sea* (1966), Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (1987), Michelle Cliff's [Free Enterprise](#) (1993) and Charles Johnson's [Middle Passage](#) (1998), etc. Furthermore, concerning bourgeois lies vs proletarian splendid lies, Gothic stories are concerned with recycled clichés in either case.

"archaeologies" of the future

[Fredric Jameson's titular 2005 idea](#), *Archaeologies of the Future: The Desire Called Utopia and Other Science Fictions*, of an elaborate strategy of misdirection (an idea originally from his 1982 essay "[Progress versus Utopia; Or, Can We Imagine the Future?](#)") that breaks through the future of one moment that is now our own past, often through the fantasy and science fiction genres (the Gothic variant of this strategy as we shall discuss it is the Gothic castle/chronotope, discussed in the thesis proper). Canonical "archaeologies" sell this dead future back to workers to pacify them; iconoclastic variations devise ways of seeing beyond canonical illusions by "re-excavating" them, using what's left behind *again* to liberate worker bodies and minds in the process.

propaganda

According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, *propaganda*

is the more or less systematic effort to manipulate other people's beliefs, attitudes, or actions by means of symbols (words, gestures, banners, monuments, music, clothing, insignia, hairstyles, designs on coins and postage stamps, and so forth). Deliberateness and a relatively heavy emphasis on manipulation distinguish propaganda from casual conversation or the free and easy exchange of ideas. Propagandists have a specified goal

or set of goals. To achieve these, they deliberately select facts, arguments, and displays of symbols and present them in ways they think will have the most effect. To maximize effect, they may omit or distort pertinent facts or simply lie, and they may try to divert the attention of the reactors (the people they are trying to sway) from everything but their own propaganda ([source](#)).

For us, propaganda is anything that cultivates the Superstructure, including splendid lies and elaborate strategies of misdirection. However, anything that goes against the interests of the state will be perceived of as terrorist lies by the state, making its abolishment by workers all the more pressing. However, state propaganda also *self-replicates*—with Sigmund Freud's nephew, Edwards Bernays, famously applying the principles of political propaganda to marketing in his 1928 capitalist apologia, *Propaganda*. The book argues for a rebranding of propaganda called "public relations," one where "invisible" people create knowledge and propaganda to rule over the masses, with a monopoly on the power to shape thoughts, values, and citizen responses; that "engineering consent" of the masses would be vital for the survival of democracy. In Bernays' own words, he explains:

The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country. We are governed, our minds are molded, our tastes formed, our ideas suggested, largely by men we have never heard of.

Despite a patent rebrand filled with cheerful Liberalism, Bernays went on to inspire Hitler's minister of propaganda, Joseph Goebbels, but also Hitler himself (as well as American propagandists during and following WW2). Hitler did his best to emulate American media, [seeing its coercive value by creating his own Hollywood](#) (see: Hitler's Hollywood, 2018). Helped from the likes of commercial-savvy artists like Goebbels, he copied Charlie Chaplin's toothbrush mustache, radicalized Bernays' ideas on propaganda, [and painstakingly toiled over the creation of the Nazi symbol itself](#) (Jim Edwards' "Hitler as Art Director: What the Nazis' Style Guide Says About the 'Power of Design,'" 2018). Behind the illusions, Hitler remained cutthroat, buoyed to chancellorship by the German elite defaulting on American loans, whereupon he promptly killed his political enemies and spent the next decade convincing his nation to fight to the death. In short, he was a bad capitalist (unlike the American elite).



praxis

The practical execution of theory. This can be achieved through different modes; e.g., ours is iconoclastic *poiesis*, or artwork tied to worker emancipation as something to creatively express, but also build upon as a collective, cultural understanding unified against the state. In other words, canon and iconoclasm are synonymous with praxis, but also *poiesis*.

poiesis/poetics

"To bring into being that which did not exist before." A commonplace example is "poetry," which historically has granted impoverished, exploited people idiosyncratic voices/parallel societies in times of struggle. *Poiesis* is not just pithy scribblings, in other words; it's a means of understanding the world and sharing that with others to cultivate countercultural movements in opposition to the state; i.e., by "playing god." For our purposes, canon and iconoclasm—as means of cultivating the Superstructure through creative artistic expression and sex work—are both forms of *poiesis*, but exist in dialectical-material opposition. One is a pedagogy of the oppressed; one is a pedagogy of the *oppressor*.

canon (dogma)

Marx's Superstructure as normally cultivated by the elite through official/unofficial, state-corporate icons and materials designed to control how people think, behave

and feel: heteronormative propaganda/dogma. Financially incentivized by the elite including billionaires, these mass-produced, privatized variants are generally accepted as genuine, legitimate and sacred by workers and typically produced by anyone who upholds the status quo. This includes corporations, but also financially-incentivized, bourgeois (often white, cis-het) authors and their beliefs/praxis furthered by pre-2000s, Internet-era media: [the TERF/neoliberal politics of Harry Potter creator J. K. Rowling](#) (Shaun's "Harry Potter," 2022), [decades-long racism and all-around horrible weirdness of Dilbert creator Scott Adams towards anyone different from himself](#) (Behind the Bastards' "How The Dilbert Guy Lost His Mind," 2023), [Earth Worm Jim Creator Doug TenNapel's own conservative praxis when interacting with awful chaser/soon-to-be-divorced dudes like Steven Crowder](#) ("Surviving the Leftist Mob," 2021) or Matt Groening's [proud, middle-of-the-road, smug-as-fuck centrism](#) (David Scheff's "Matt Groening," 2007) having already sold out, his unabashed playing of both sides against each other leading to Zombie Simpsons and a toleration of fascists/total inability to critique Capitalism (cashing in after doing the bare minimum with the first seven seasons completely undoes any activism those episodes achieved in their heyday):

Playboy: When you spread a liberal message by way of Fox, do you feel subversive?

Groening: It's fun anytime you can piss off a right-wing lunatic, but it's also fun to piss off a left-wing lunatic. In fact everybody on the show is concerned about not being preachy or heavy-handed. We try to mix it up.

American consumerism generally frames canon as "neutral," despite complicitly hiding sexist attitudes and ideologies in plain sight (usually through cheap, mass-produced, privatized likenesses/intellectual properties).

iconoclast/-clasm (camp)

Marx's Superstructure, counter-cultivated by an agent or image that attacks established variants, generally with the intent of transforming them in a deconstructive, sex-positive manner. Such a manner is treated as heretical by the elite, but also workers sympathetic to bourgeois hegemony. Deconstruction, aka Postmodernism—when harnessed by Marxists—seeks to move beyond Modernism; i.e., the Enlightenment, whose high-minded principles are really just excuses to enslave and control people through negative freedom for the elite. Generally, this happens by presenting things harmful, segregating binaries like civilization/nature, white/black, man/woman, mind/body, art/porn, etc.

hypercanon/-ical

Something so famous that it becomes recognizable by sight across generations; e.g., *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). However, a popular example is the cyberpunk of the hauntological retrofuture. Popularized by movies like *Blade Runner* (1982), *Ghost in the Shell* (1996) and *The Matrix* (1999), the cyberpunk comments on the future as dead (a concept we'll explore more in the Humanities Primer) as a means of providing a hypernormal, hyperreal illusion.

hyperreal/-ity

A distillation of Jean Baudrillard's broader notion of the simulation representing things that do not exist, yet, over time, have become more real than the reality behind them, which has decayed into a desert the hyperreal simulation has replaced in the eyes of its viewers—i.e., has covered it up. Baudrillard's Hyperreality comments on similar historical-material issues that the egregore or simulacrum do as occult creations and copies of older likenesses or illusions. The preservation of the illusion as Capitalism turns the natural world into an uninhabitable desert could be called *hypernormal*. As Nasrullah Mambrol writes (exhibit, theirs):

Baudrillard's concept of hyperreality is closely linked to his idea of Simulacrum, which he defines as something which replaces reality with its representations. Baudrillard observes that the contemporary world is a simulacrum, where reality has been replaced by false images, to such an extent that one cannot distinguish between the real and the unreal. In this context, he made the controversial statement, "The Gulf war did not take place," pointing out that the "reality" of the Gulf War was presented to the world in terms of representations by the media [as inherently dishonest ...]



4) There is no relationship between the reality and representation, because there is no real to reflect (the abstract paintings of Mark Rothko).

According to Baudrillard, Western society has entered this fourth phase of the hyperreal. In the age of the hyperreal, the image/simulation dominates. The age of production has given way to the age of simulation, where products are sold even before they exist. The Simulacrum pervades every level of existence. ([source](#): "Baudrillard's Concept of Hyperreality," 2016).

hypernormal/-ity

A term that, [according to Adam Curtis' *HyperNormalization*](#) (2016), was originally used to describe the "whiplash" feelings of Soviet citizens during the 1980s—faced with the terrifying onset of societal collapse despite Soviet national propaganda having adopted neoliberal shock therapy while insisting that things were fine. The same idea can be applied to the uncanny sensation that things are *not* fine or even real despite how normal, foundational and concrete they seem; i.e., how they "pass" as normal despite a disquieting sense of decay (worker exploitation, for our purposes).

centrism

"There are no moral actions, only moral teams" (re: Shaun's "[Harry Potter](#)"). Centrism is the theatrical creation of good vs evil as existing within politically

"neutral" media—a dangerous preservation of orderly justice whose "moderate," white (or token) voice-of-reason/cloaked racism and discrimination pointedly maintain the status quo: Capitalism. To this, centrism displaces and cloaks two things:

- genocide as conducted by neoliberals/fascists on foreign/domestic lands.
- the neoliberal's codifying of Nazis as an essential part of Capitalism—where the state's bureaucracy fragments through the emergence of an ultranationalist strongman.

This return of the medieval—of the Imperium and Empire, Zombie Caesar, etc—is both "blind" nation pastiche, but also a cartoonish bourgeois parody that makes the Nazi and pastiche thereof tremendously useful to Capitalism and the elite's survival through genocide's continuation behind the veil.

war pastiche

The remediation of war as something to sell to the audience (for our purposes) as canon, generally in centrist forms. Whereas nation pastiche tends to denote a national character (e.g., James Cameron's colonial marines, but also [the wholesale, staple choreography of Asian-to-American martial arts movies like Ip Man 4: The Finale](#), 2019), war pastiche simply communicates violent conflict as something to personify in various dramatic/comedic theatrical forms; e.g., Blizzard's *Warcraft* pastiche (orcs vs humans).

nation pastiche

Any kind of pastiche that ties war and combat to national identities, a common modern example being the *Street Fighter* franchise's nation pastiche and FGC (fighting game community). Said community employs a variety of stock characters tied to a signature nation-state, draped in a national flag and gifted with a statuesque (sexually dimorphic) physique, snappy costume and set of trademark special moves/super moves. Gamer apathy mirrors the apathy of wrestling fans, whose tentpole company regularly capitalizes off the global stage through geopolitical (nationalistic) dialogs performed using sanctioned, bread-and-circus violence; e.g., [the WWE and its lucrative contract with Saudi Arabia](#) (Renegade Cut's "WWE and the Saudi Royal Family," 2019).



([source](#))

heels/babyfaces

The centrist heroes and villains of staged, professional wrestling and American contact/combat sports—i.e., war personified—but commonly employed through combat e-sports like the *Street Fighter* FGC. Heels normally wear black, fight dirty and talk trash; babyfaces (often called "faces" for short) tend to wear white, fight fair and refuse to talk trash. A common narrative between the two is good overcoming the bullying of evil by deus ex machina "rallies," where upon the underdog babyface is able to prevail by the end of a particular war. The tragedy in doing so is the babyface always converts to a heel position. The theater and its evolution through modern sports parallel geopolitics in ways that deregulate the process of worker exploitation through sports contracts and ringleaders working adjacent, through their own distractions, to military contractors and arms manufacturers/dealers in the Military Industrial Complex; neoliberalism, in other words, promotes fascist as an essential part of centrist theater through post-fascist, Cold War stereotypical heels—the Nazi, Muslim or the Communist—versus the traditional babyface: the American crusader or "good" vigilante/exacter of righteous justice. The public's endorsement, tolerance or unironic worship—of what is generally become recognized as a highly scripted affair—is called "kayfabe."

kayfabe

The Wikipedia entry for "kayfabe" reads:

the portrayal of staged events within the industry as "real" or "true," specifically the portrayal of competition, rivalries, and relationships between participants as being genuine and not staged. The term kayfabe has evolved to also become a code word of sorts for maintaining this "reality" within the direct or indirect presence of the general public. Kayfabe, in the United States, is often seen as the suspension of disbelief that is used to create the

non-wrestling aspects of promotions, such as feuds, angles, and gimmicks in a manner similar to other forms of fictional entertainment. In relative terms, a wrestler breaking kayfabe would be likened to an actor breaking character on-camera. Since wrestling is performed in front of a live audience, whose interaction with the show is crucial to its success, kayfabe can be compared to the fourth wall in acting, since hardly any conventional fourth wall exists to begin with. Because of this lack of conventional fourth wall, wrestlers were once expected to maintain their characters even out of the ring, and in other aspects of their lives that could be made public ([source](#)).

For a good introduction to the concept and its history in modern professional wrestling and popular media, consider Behind the Bastards' podcast episode, "[Part One: Vince McMahon, History's Greatest Monster](#)" (2023). The concept applies not just to wrestling but includes any professional sports—e.g., e-sports but also vigilante sports/action hero narratives with athletic crusaders such as the heteronormative avatars from *Streets of Rage* and *TMNT* or *Street Fighter* as something to endorse through their police violence of state-oriented criminals, potential subversives, revolutionaries and so-called "terrorists" threatening the existence of "correct" action heroes as something to perform (exhibit 34c2, 98a1, or 104a1); or to subvert these false revolutionaries in a variety of ways (exhibit 102a4, 111b).

moderacy

Famously outlined by Martin Luther King's 1963 "[Letter from the Birmingham Jail](#)," excoriating the white moderate as more dangerous than the overt racist. Moderacy would evolve into the American neoliberal and its worldly doubles (1980s Soviet Russia or Great Britain) as willing to break bread/debate with fascists in the "free marketplace of ideas." To this, moderacy equals veiled white-cis-het-Western supremacy—generally upheld by centrist canon.

menticide/waves of terror

From Joost Meerloo's *The Rape of the Mind* (1956), menticide is the animal, "Pavlovian" conditioning through various forms of torture, namely "waves of terror" to achieve an ideal subject just not complacent with state abuse, but *complicit*. Of *menticide*, Meerloo writes,

The variety of human reactions under infernal circumstances taught us an ugly truth: the spirit of most men can be broken; men can be reduced to the

level of animal behaviour. Both torturer and victim finally lose all dignity [...] The core of the strategy of menticide is the taking away of all hope, all anticipation, all belief in a future [which aligns with Mark Fisher's "hauntology," or inability to imagine a future beyond past forms supplied by Capitalism; i.e., a *myopia*]. It destroys the very elements which keep the mind alive. The victim is entirely alone ([source](#)).

Meerloo describes *waves of terror* as

the use of well-planned, repeated successive waves of terror to bring the people into submission. Each wave of terrorizing cold war creates its effect more easily—after a breathing spell—than the one that preceded it because people are still disturbed by their previous experience. Morale becomes lower and lower, and the psychological effect of each new propaganda campaign becomes stronger; it reaches a public already softened up. Every dissenter becomes more and more frightened that he may be found out. Gradually people are no longer willing to participate in any sort of political discussion or to express their opinions. Inwardly they have already surrendered to the terrorizing dictatorial forces (*ibid.*).

the pedagogy of the oppressed

Radical empathy. [Coined by Paulo Freire in his 1968 book of the same name](#), the text is a warning to closeted (and active) moderates to stop talking down to people who know their own trauma far better than moderates do.

the banality of evil/desk murderers

Originally used to describe the fascist bureaucracy of the Third Reich during the Nuremberg trials, desk murder goes well beyond Adolf Eichmann; it is destructive greed minus all the gaudy bells and whistles: the men behind the curtain (canon). Whether fascist or neoliberal, those at the top abject (denormalize) truth, shaming dialectical-material analysis while venerating the uncritical consumption of canon. In doing so, they hide, thus normalize, their owner status; the elite own everything through vertically-arranged power structures, deliberately constructed to exploit everyone else—not just by owning the means of production, but using said means at a corporate-national register to parade and venerate conspicuous shows of god-like wealth and endless consumerism.

neocons(ervatism)

Neoconservatives are liberal hawks who, exposed to menticidal propaganda over time, [despise war protestors and promote peace through strength](#), including neocolonialism and proxy war. It's the centrist, oscillating phenomena of so-called Liberalism turned bloody, routinely demanding its blood sacrifice on the so-called altar of freedom (as Howard Zinn notes about the formation of the Americas during the American Revolution).

Liberalism

Not to be confused with neoliberalism (though the two generally go hand-in-hand), Liberalism is the disingenuous language of the Enlightenment becoming Americanized, then used alongside Cartesian dualism to obscure genocide under settler colonialism. In his *A People's History of the United States* (1980), Howard Zinn catalogs the various fears of the upper "master class"—of Native Americans and slaves rebelling together but also white indentured servants and African slaves as something to discourage using Liberalism:

"What made Bacon's Rebellion especially fearsome for the rulers of Virginia was that black slaves and white servants joined forces [...] Those upper classes, to rule, needed to make concessions to the middle class, without damage to their own wealth or power, at the expense of slaves, Indians, and poor whites. This bought loyalty. And to bind that loyalty with something more powerful even than material advantage, the ruling group found, in the 1760s and 1770s, a wonderfully useful device. That device was the language of liberty and equality, which could unite just enough whites to fight a Revolution against England, without ending either slavery or inequality" ([source](#)).

neoliberalism

The ideology of American exceptionalism (which extends to allies of America like Great Britain) that enforces global US hegemony through deregulated/"re-liberalized" Capitalism as a structural means of dishonest wealth accumulation for the elite. Laterally enforced by state/corporate power abuse through a public conditioned by these groups to worship the free market, neoliberalism seeks to foster a centrist attitude. By preaching the lie of false hope* through an us-versus-them mentality and personal responsibility rhetoric, neoliberalism maintains the status quo [by demonizing nominal Communism](#) (Monty Python's "International Communism," 1969) and disguising the inner workings of Capitalism—how Capitalism is inherently unethical and unstable, and how it exploits nearly everyone

(workers) to benefit the few (the elite). This framework, and the pervasive illusions that prop it up, eventually decay and lead to societal collapse. In the interim, common side effects of neoliberalism include: the gutting of unions, destruction of the welfare state, reinforcement of the prison system and strengthening of the police state.

**For a quick-and-dirty example of vintage American neoliberalism, [consider the opening to Double Dribble \(1987\) for the NES](#): palm trees and skyscrapers in the background, a bare concrete lot and tight, manicured lawns in the foreground—where hordes of consumers flock to a giant stadium to "the Star Spangled Banner" while a Konami blimp emblazoned with an American flag soars overhead. This kind of canonical nostalgia traps workers inside a world they never experience because its constantly sold to them as an idealized past to escape into from their current environment; as Capitalism fails, they can't imagine anything beyond it, just whatever was shown to them as children: something to retreat into fondly like a lost childhood.*



fascism

Capitalism-in-decay aka "zombie Capitalism." When Capitalism starts to fail (which it does by design), it creates power vacuums whose medievalist regressions reintroduce scapegoat mentalities on a state level; i.e., the village sacrifice of a manufactured outsider taken to national extremes during palingenesis ("national birth"), which ushers in a perceived former glory tied to a former *imaginary* past: a liminal hauntology of war against anyone different than the status quo; e.g., a witch/pagan, vampire (queer person) or similar target of state violence during moral panics stoked by fascist ringleaders. A radicalizing of the status quo, then, allow populist strongmen to foster unusual sympathies within the (white, cis-het) working class: the installation of a dogmatic (sexist, racist, transphobic, etc)

hierarchy that intentionally abuses a designated underclass (the out-group), promising societal and material elevation for those following the leader (the in-group). Or as Michael Parenti wrote in *Blackshirts and Reds* (1997):

Fascism is a false revolution. It cultivates the appearance of popular politics and a revolutionary aura without offering a genuine revolutionary class content. It propagates a "New Order" while serving the same old moneyed interests. Its leaders are not guilty of confusion but of deception. That they work hard to mislead the public does not mean they themselves are misled. ([source](#)).

Simply put, fascists are violent LARPers (live-action role-players) living in a death cult, reducing themselves and those around them to expendable, fetishized, zombie-like fodder. The in-group operates through fear, dogma and violence—cultivating the *perception* of strength through a coercive, revered worldview that leads to delusional overconfidence and ignominious death in service of the state through its same-old language (e.g., Monty Python's "[Black Knight](#)" skit, 1975).

pre-/post-fascism

Fascism is the generation of, regression back towards medieval, pre-civilized hauntologies that attempt to revive the glory of former times (usually the ghost of Rome) through the creation of, on various levels, a fearsome destroyer persona: the pagan Goth, but also the zombie tyrant (the Romans killed Christ). *Pre*-fascism is the Gothic imagination that historically was obsessed with the inheritance of a decaying system prior to the rise of fascism in the 18th and 19th centuries, which in turn has become *post*-fascism: the fear of fascism and systemic decay entertained through popular discourse and Gothic poetics in the 20th and 21st centuries, post-WW2. It's the ghost of tyranny—the skeleton king tapping his palm with his cudgel-like scepter. Because fascism defends Capitalism (an inherently unstable system) the fear, then, becomes fear of sacrifice by the state to preserve the whole from an imaginary menace with historical-material validation for its own desire of revenge (the specters of Marx; i.e., a ghost battle between capitalist, thus fascist hauntology and Communist hauntology).

eco-fascism

The turn towards fascist rhetoric, stowed away inside nature conservatist rhetoric. When Capitalism fails, (some) humans become the virus inside the state of exception, *their* destruction pitched as "saving the planet" for the uninfected. This scapegoat is always Indigenous peoples (the go-to recipients of state exploitation) but can and will expand towards the center of American privilege (stopping short of the elite, of course) when things geopolitically and ecologically begin to worsen.

zombification/Zombie Capitalism+

The death of ethical parody and its replacement with "blind" forms; e.g., Zombie Simpsons. In "Zombie Simpsons: How the Best Show Ever Became the Broadcasting Undead" (2012), Dead Homer Society writes,

By almost any measurement, The Simpsons is the most influential television comedy ever created. It has been translated into every major language on Earth and dozens of minor ones; it has spawned entire genres of animation, and had more books written about it than all but a handful of American Presidents. Even its minor characters have become iconic, and the titular family is recognizable in almost every corner of the planet. It is a definitive and truly global cultural phenomenon, perhaps the biggest of the television age.

As of this writing, if you flip on FOX at 8pm on Sundays, you will see a program that bills itself as The Simpsons. It is not The Simpsons. That show, the landmark piece of American culture that debuted on 17 December 1989, went off the air more than a decade ago. The replacement is a hopelessly mediocre imitation that bears only a superficial resemblance to the original. It is the unwanted sequel, the stale spinoff, the creative dry hole that is kept pumping in the endless search for more money. It is Zombie Simpsons ([source](#)).

Zombification results from people living under Capitalism, a system that discourages them not to think for themselves, but also to violently attack people who try. *Zombie Capitalism* is when Capitalism becomes "feral," entering a fascist state of decay—whereupon, violent, pro-state zombies suddenly appear and attack rebellious workers, "eating their brains" (symbolizing an attack on the rebellious mindset). Being the target of the state in this manner means you have fallen into the state of exception—disposable zombie fodder even more useless than the zombie heroes the state endlessly sends after you.

the Wisdom of the Ancients

A cultural understanding of the imaginary past. The past is always imaginary to some extent, but through less wise forms reliably leads to genocide and tremendous suffering; i.e., Marx' prophesied tragedy and farce [...] or according to structures of power that preserve themselves through blind pastiche, parody and canonical art. These foolish forms operate according to structures of power that preserve themselves through blind pastiche, parody and canonical art: pure evil and pure good as an essentialized struggle divorced from material reality—simply the forces of light versus the forces of darkness, respectively of good and evil: not of Milton's humanized, revolutionary Satan, but the Biblical Satan as a vicious

backstabber embodied in *Beowulf* (c. 700) and echoed in future written forms through the canonical monomyth endlessly mimicking itself in heteronormative forms of gender trouble and gender parody.

In turn, canon essentialize Capitalism's vicious cycle and cataclysmic arrangements of the imaginary past as something that is simultaneously Malthusian, but also paradoxically "as good as it gets" and threatened by the doomsday myopia of nominal Communism that Capitalist Realism affords. As their sense of agency and certitude collapse with the world around them, workers—but especially the middle class—are left feeling cheated or lied to, and either blame the system or scapegoats. Scapegoats are historically easier because you can shoot or kill them, implying the solution is a simple, straightforward one. It's the "tried-and-true" "wisdom" of the Roman fool, falling on their own sword while Rome burns not once, but over and over. Such "wisdom" is not wise, but a false power, which Gothic Communists seek to reclaim through our own doubling of the imaginary past—its monsters, castles and battles—as a kind of "living document" that can reclaim the Gothic imagination, thus our ability to think; i.e., through lost forms of knowledge retailored for the complexities of the modern world—its warring mentalities, sexualities, monsters (codified beliefs and actions) and praxis during class and culture war.

the Imperial Boomerang

"The thesis that governments that develop repressive techniques to control colonial territories will eventually deploy those same techniques domestically against their own citizens" ([source](#): Wikipedia). In Foucault's own words during his lecture at "Il faut défendre la société" in 1975:

[W]hile colonization, with its techniques and its political and juridical weapons, obviously transported European models to other continents, it also had a considerable boomerang effect on the mechanisms of power in the West, and on the apparatuses, institutions, and techniques of power. A whole series of colonial models was brought back to the West, and the result was that the West could practice something resembling colonization, or an internal colonialism, on itself ([source](#): "Foucault's Boomerang: the New Military Urbanism," 2013).

Described by Stephen Graham as "military urbanism," this phenomenon accounts for the legion of dead futures popularized in American canon and its expanded, retro-future states of exception—hauntological narratives that present the future as dead and Capitalism as retro-futuristically decayed; i.e., Zombie Capitalism and zombie police states.

the state of exception

The state-of-emergency applied to recipients of state violence; or as Giorgio Agamben writes in *State of Exception* (2005),

"A special condition in which the juridical order is actually suspended due to an emergency or a serious crisis threatening the state. In such a situation, the sovereign, i.e. the executive power, prevails over the others and the basic laws and norms can be violated by the state while facing the crisis" ([source](#)).

the state's monopoly of violence

Max Weber's maxim that "a state holds a monopoly over the legitimate use of violence within its territory, meaning that violence perpetrated by other actors is illegitimate" ([source](#); originally from "Politics as a Vocation," 1919). This applies to state-sanctioned witch hunts and scapegoating markers, which we'll examine much more thoroughly in Volume Three, Chapter Two.

the Protestant (work) ethic

From Max Weber's *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* (1904-1905). In it, "Weber asserted that Protestant ethics and values, along with the Calvinist doctrines of asceticism and predestination, enabled the rise and spread of capitalism" ([source](#): Wikipedia)—a concept I've explored in my own Tolkien scholarship, for example; e.g., ["Dragon Sickness": The Problem of Greed](#), (2015).

Umberto Eco's 14 Points of Fascism (from "Ur-Fascism," 1995)+

A handy guide for spotting fascism, which tends to conceal itself or idiosyncratically manifest. We won't go over all of them in this book, but there are a few that I like to focus on.

Sex, Gender and Race: Language, Theory and Politics

sexualized media

Media that contains sexual and gendered components—of cis-het men and women, but also queer persons/other marginalized groups for or against the state.

However, the treatment of sexuality and gender—how it is sexualized by "the Media" or in media more broadly—depends on if it is sex-positive or sex-coercive (some examples, below):



(exhibit 3a1: Artist, top-left: Frank Frazetta; top-middle-to-right: [Sveta Shubina](#); bottom-left: J. Howard Miller; bottom-middle: Norman Rockwell; bottom-right: Michelangelo.

Artistic mimicry through homage is a common phenomenon of art, with women being illustrated historically by men for various purposes. A common reason for

doing so was to illustrate their place in a man's world; e.g., as wives, mistresses [the Virgin or the Whore] but also as workers. Whereas open fascism historically relegates women to traditional modes of women's work, American propaganda temporarily made various concessions during WW2. These occurred to support the overall war effort and the material interests of the elite. After the war ended, women's rights were quickly rescinded in favor of a return to the status quo, female workers being demonized by the same male employers and patrons who formerly promoted them [and fetishized by the likes of Frazetta, who started his career during a regression towards female re-enslavement after the war].

Mimesis is a back-and-forth process, borrowing images and symbols for new purposes during oppositional praxis. In Rosie the Riveter's case, promotions of female "equality" were themselves guided by an American sense of righteousness that went on to be co-opted for social movements long after the original pieces aired. Indeed, Rosie only became a cultural icon of feminism in the 1970s—i.e., as a symbol of female empowerment that eclipsed Rockwell's Christianized mimesis of Michelangelo's Isaiah. On Rockwell, Christina Branham writes in "Rosie the Riveter" (2016),

The pose she strikes seems a bit awkward, but it too conveys a message: it was inspired by Michelangelo's portrayal of the prophet Isaiah on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Why? As stated during a Sotheby's 2002 sale of the original art, "Righteousness is described throughout Isaiah's prophecy as God's strong right arm." Rockwell's Rosie is certainly sporting some strong man-arms, but I would say the bigger message is that America was on the side of righteousness [[source](#)].

After Rockwell's upstaging by Miller's latter-day revival, the image of Rosie took on a life of its own. The image itself went on to convey the nostalgia of a reimagined past: the rights of cis-het white women [which second wave feminism primarily represented through its arguments]. In the works of future artists, nostalgia becomes something to reclaim, but also regress towards depending on the context and political leanings of the creator.)

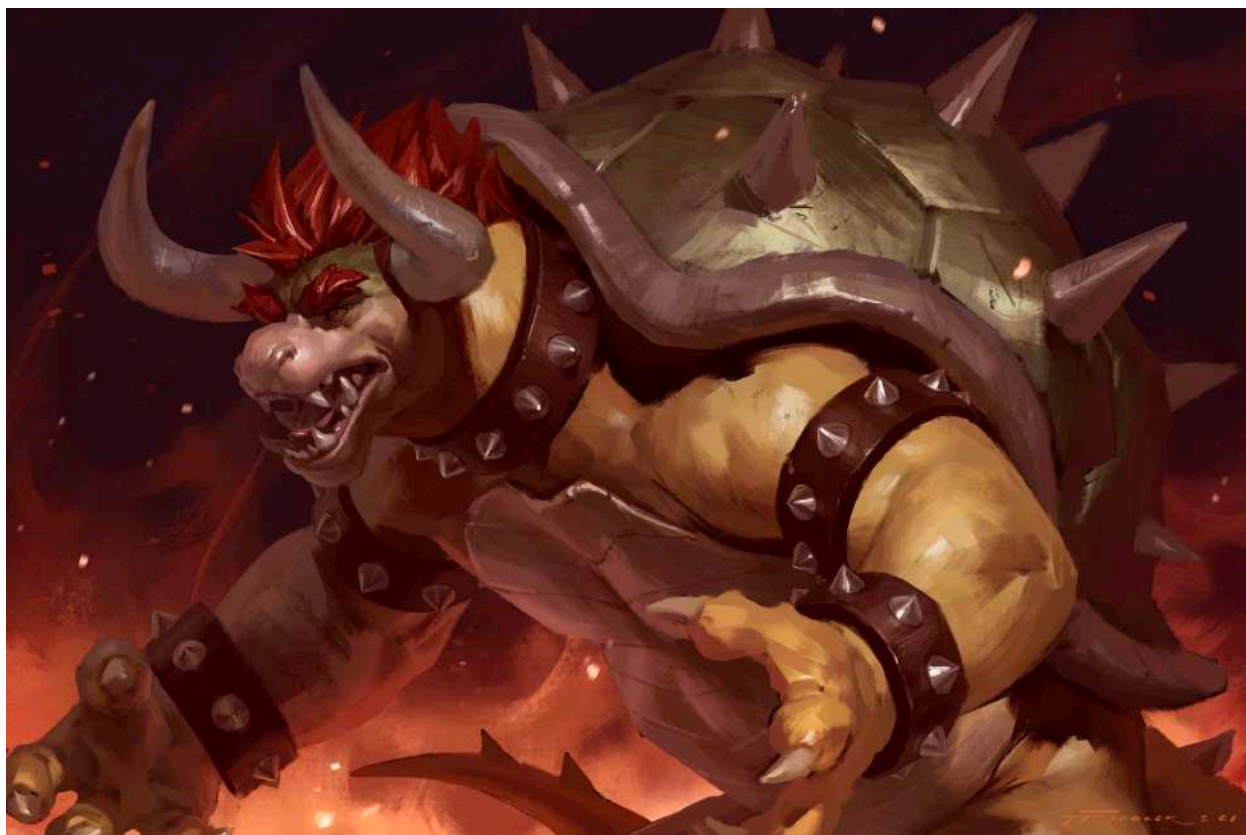


(exhibit 3a2: Assorted pieces by Milo Manara and Luis Royo; middle-right: Olsen; far-top-right: [Morry Evans](#). Hauntology presses women into different forms of transgressive servitude—i.e., more about titillating the cis-het male gaze within risky positions of appropriative peril and high imagination/adventure that women are expected not just to perform, but compete for under male Pygmalions. Indeed, white, cis-het women assimilate and promote these roles, focusing on the unironic torture of a highly specific and prescriptive industry body type, versus catharsis for women forced to do certain forms of coercively humiliating labor regardless of the genre. Reduced to blind pastiche, these can perpetuate various harmful stereotypes within transgressive media as a means of submitting to formal power rather than resisting and reclaiming it through the same rituals as subverted; e.g., Morry Evan's work of a servile giant for the counterfeit of a nun; or Sveta Shubina's Bowser and Peach, below. We'll examine more iconoclastic subversions throughout the book; e.g., the aforementioned size difference as something to appreciate in different monster types, such as the Amazon/mommy dom, exhibit 51d2.)



(exhibit 3a3: Artist, left: [Sveta Shubina](#); right: Don Bluth. The desire to separate the art from the artist and aesthetics from ideology is understandable/possible, but it remains important to remember that when emulating a given style, said style in the past was associated with a problematic belief system and its symbolism; e.g., Don Bluth's damsel-in-distress, Princess Daphne, "needing" to be rescued from the dragon by a man who is still draconian themselves [the knight and the dragon being dichotomized variations of the "walking castle"/human tank]. Shubina is clearly emulating Bluth's visual style but subverts the relationship between the princess and the dragon—i.e., like King Kong but seemingly negotiated through the topos of the power of women [to attract men] as something to toy with. This context, of course, is difficult to glean from the base drawing itself, all but requiring a bit of imagination from us to reinterpret the same old clichés. But even if these stereotypes are subverted, their own work will remain haunted by the sexism of past idols that people unironically love in the present.

The woman as "emasculator" ties to the ironic cuckold of men, having them figuratively "by the balls": "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." This historically unenviable position becomes canonically enviable among women forced to compete for limited husbands with wealth, being judged by men as "gold diggers" and judged by other women jealously fighting over the same heteronormative prize. Conventionally pretty women become viewed through various double standards: the treacherous beauty as a user of everyone around her to get what she wants; i.e., sex as a weapon. While the narrative reduces the woman to a singular role and personality type, it's one where their intelligence is treated like a concealed weapon behind their sexuality as front-and-center. They're forced into uncomfortable clothes and pitted against other women wearing the same princess-style uniform; i.e., the historical-material reality of women competing for the same bloodline: to be the king's prized broodmare.



This includes Bowser in BDSM circles, [a prime candidate for the "daddy dom" or queer "Bear" stereotype](#) [artist, above: Taran Fiddler]. The paradox of the spiked collar is canonized as the master's sigil that simultaneously is an anti-predation device for a large, powerful pet in iconoclastic circles.)

sex work

Any work centered around sexuality and gender roles, including artwork. More commonly thought of as "prostitution," patriarchal sexism under Capitalism extends sex work to the broader division of sexualized labor within a colonial gender binary: men's work versus women's work. While the former focuses on war, violence and promotion through socio-material dominance, the latter involves submissive, traditionalized modes of sexual-reproductive labor towards a male authority figure—often a boss, parent or husband. So, while many sex workers perform strictly eroticized acts in this manner, many more are secretarial or marital in nature, performed inside traditional sites of women's work like kitchens, bedrooms, or laundromats, but also banks or hospitals. In the creative world, sexist employers compel female creators (musicians, models, illustrators and writers, etc) to promote prescriptive notions of coercive sexuality and gender tied to heteronormative beauty standards, fashion and music. Regardless of the work, sex-positive workers will resist sex coercion through their own labor.

sex positivity

Sexual/asexual expression that enables individual self-expression (thus self-empowerment) by relatively ethical means—the right to do sex work or partake in sexual activity *if one so desires*. In other words, it is a *positive freedom*; i.e., freedom *for* people to do what they want, specifically "the possession of the power and resources (material conditions) to act in the context of the structural limitations of the broader society which impacts a person's ability to act." Apart from being morally good and materially beneficial, sex positivity empowers marginalized communities (who, amongst other things, are generally exploited for sex as a form of labor); it does so by arguing for mutual consent, descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation using historically regulated language: bodies and biology, gender identity/performance and (a)sexual orientation.

sex coercion

Sexist, heteronormative argumentation, work and artistry that compels and upholds sexual and gendered norms by abolishing others through various unethical means. This includes corporations downplaying their harmful actions as benign, or fascists framing their openly harmful actions as justified. This freedom to act is a *negative freedom*; i.e., freedom *from* external restraint on one's actions. It is generally repressive towards marginalized communities, the elite exploiting them on a material level while also denying them their basic human rights.

Small idiosyncrasy in terms of my writing: When using "sex positivity" or "sex coercion" (nouns) as adjectives, they will be hyphenated; e.g., "The sex-positive fog crept in on little sex-coercive feet." This is completely arbitrary but my aim is to be consistent. —Perse

basic/civil human rights

The Communist idea that all human/animal workers deserve fair and equal treatment, which nation-states and corporations historically do not give (they are bourgeois and exploit workers). In Marxist terms, these rights are administered through Communism not according to profit, but "From each according to [their] ability, to each according to [their] needs." According to LeiLani Dowell at the Worker's World Forum in 2012, [this existence is planned and achieved through the development phase, aka Socialism](#): "...to each according to their work."

ethics, ethical, ethicality

This book treats *universal ethicality* not as canonical societal norms (what is prescriptively "correct" or "morally right" according to canon), but that humans, animals and the environment have basic, unalienable rights. The universality of

these rights is what is correct. Anyone's hypothetical ability to systemically "question" or undermine these rights—including the bourgeoisie—is fundamentally incorrect/unethical (what moderates call "compromise").



KASIA BABIS themib.com

(artist: [Kasia Babis](#))

-phobia/-philia

In Gothic-Communist terms, a *phobia* isn't raw, animal fear—e.g., fear of death or the unknown—but an actionable, social-sexual stigma, bias or taboo assigned to a particular out-group or historical-material victim under the status quo/inside the state of exception: xenophobia, pedophilia, necrophilia, etc. This extends to various moral panics—e.g., Satanic panic, Red Scares, or the fascist revenge phobia of the backstabbing Jew, etc. Phobias are canonically fetishized. Philias are often deliberate/accidental misnomers insofar as abuse euphemisms are concerned (again, necrophilia, pedophilia, zoophilia); i.e., used to describe acts of abuse wherein the abuser is acting on a sexual attraction or otherwise abusive compulsion but is acting it out on a party that cannot actually consent (the dead, children, or animals; slaves, wives and other humans legally regarded as property in some shape or form).

purity arguments

A type of reactionary, fascist argumentation tied to manufactured scarcity, consent and conflict as radicalized during moral panics under police states/ethnostates. Think "boundaries for me, not for thee," but attached to limited-time waivers for those who best fit whatever soldiers those in fascist seats of power are looking for (with Himmler anything but "Nordic"). This tends to historically-materially manifest in racial-purity pseudoscience and aggressive recruitment tactics, defending the "purity" of a nation (and its children and women) through racialized supermen, generally with the descriptor "ethnic" attached to them—e.g., ethnic Germans (in Nazi Germany) or Jews (in Israel).

moral panic, morals, and morality

This book views personal morals as being shaped by broader social codes—folkways, mores and taboos that determine "good from bad" or "right from wrong" at a societal level. For conservatives, this involves reactionary politics administered through bad-faith, "moral panic" arguments; for neoliberals, there are no moral *actions*, only moral *teams* (re: "centrism," a concept we'll explore much more deeply in Volume Three, Chapter Four). Calling others immoral in either sense is actually immoral/unethical* relative to people's basic human rights.

**I would consider the difference between ethical and moral to be a matter of scope and scale. As Cydney Grannan writes in "What's the Difference Between Morality and Ethics?" for Encyclopedia Britannica (2023), the terms [are often used interchangeably even in academic circles](#).*

Please note, dialectical-materialism focuses on ethics through material relations—hence why I prefer to describe things not as "good or bad," but as bourgeois or proletarian (exceptions will be observed as they arise). —Perse

the Shadow/effect of Pygmalion/Galatea

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

hysteria/the wandering womb

Hysteria is a form of moderate condescension/reactionary control tied to Cartesian dualism, but also the gaslight, gatekeep and girl-boss trifecta that argues women are "less rational" than men; it tends to diagnose them with bizarre, completely absurd medical conditions to keep them inactive and scared, but also under men's power (e.g., bicycle face is one [[source](#): Joseph Stromberg's "'Bicycle face': A 19th-Century Health Problem Made Up to Scare Women away from Biking," 2021] but [here's a whole list of odd disorders/female causes of ignominious death](#) invented by

male "Pygmalions," including "night brain" and "drawing-room anguish"; source tweet: Dr. Daniel Cook, 2021). However, it also tends to frame women as mythical monsters/mothers that need to be killed for men to "progress": Medusas, Archaic Mothers, Amazons, etc.

the creation of sexual difference

Popularized by Luce Irigaray, her flagship concept is summarized by Sarah K. Donovan as follows,

In other words, while women are not considered full subjects, society itself could not function without their contributions. Irigaray ultimately states that Western culture itself is founded upon a primary sacrifice of the mother, and all women through her.

Based on this analysis, Irigaray says that sexual difference does not exist. True sexual difference would require that men and women are equally able to achieve subjectivity. As is, Irigaray believes that men are subjects (e.g., self-conscious, self-same entities) and women are "the other" of these subjects (e.g., the non-subjective, supporting matter). Only one form of subjectivity exists in Western culture and it is male ([source](#): Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy).

the Male Gaze (appropriative voyeurism/exhibitionism)

Popularized by Laura Mulvey in her 1973 essay, "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema," the Male Gaze goes well beyond cinema; according to Sarah Vanbuskirk in "What Is the Male Gaze?" (2022), it deals with female objectification under Capitalism:

The male gaze describes a way of portraying and looking at women that empowers men while sexualizing and diminishing women. [...] first popularized in relation to the depiction of female characters in film as inactive, often overtly sexualized objects of male desire. However, the influence of the male gaze is not limited to how women and girls are featured in the movies. Rather, it extends to the experience of being seen in this way, both for the female figures on screen, the viewers, and by extension, to all girls and women at large. Naturally, the influence of the male gaze seeps into female self-perception and [self-esteem](#). It's as much about the impact of seeing other women relegated to these supporting roles as it is about the way women are conditioned to fill them in real life. The pressure to conform to this patriarchal view (or to simply accept or humor it) and endure being

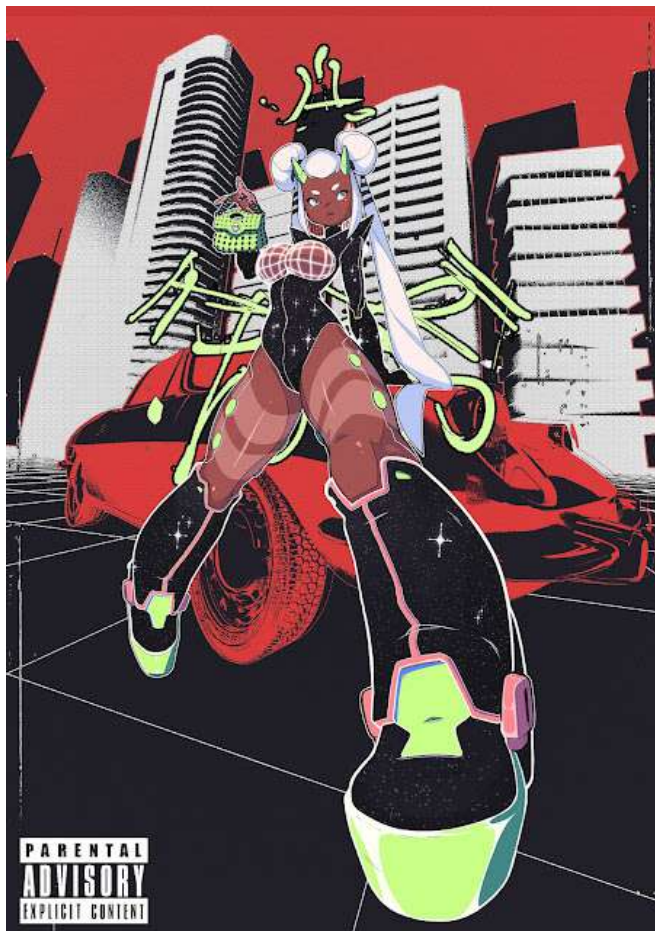
seen in this way shapes how women think about [their own bodies](#), capabilities, and place in the world—and that of other women. In essence, the male gaze [discourages female empowerment](#) and self-advocacy while encouraging [self-objectification](#) and deference to men and the patriarchy at large ([source](#)).

Appropriative performances of voyeurism/exhibitionism (watching or showing sexual activities) that cater to this Gaze uphold the status quo. Those that do not are appreciative (thus sex-positive) in nature, but generally remain liminal and ambivalent.



exhibitionism/voyeurism

A desire to show off or to look, generally tied to kink and BDSM (which we'll define in the Gothic section of terms). As with those, these activities can be sex-positive or -coercive; i.e., rebellious/furious flashing (exhibit 53, 62c, 89a, 101a1, etc) vs cat-calling/scopophilia from a totally unwanted audience (Norman Bates and Marion Crane) vs the liminal, half-invited Peeping Tom (Jimmy Stuart and Miss Torso from *Rear Window*, 1954; George McFly and Lorraine Bates from *Back to the Future*, 1985; or [these two tennis guys \[above\]](#) and [an anonymous female streaker](#)—source tweet: Peach Crush, 2023) vs the transphobic flasher (exhibit 62c) vs fully consensual voyeurism/exhibitionism (exhibit 101c2).



(artist: [Moika](#))

cultural appropriation (verb: "to appropriate"/adjective: "appropriative"):

Taking one (or more) aspect(s) of a culture, identity or group that is not your own and using it for your own personal interests. Although this can occur individually for reasons unrelated to profit, Capitalism deliberately appropriates workers/marginalized groups for profit; the act of these groups playing along is called assimilation.

cultural appreciation (verb: "to appreciate"/adjective: "appreciative"):

Attempting to understand and learn about another culture in an effort to broaden one's perspective and connect with others cross-culturally. The Gothic Communism

aim is to humanized these groups and prevent their exploitation through one's own work.

lip service

Empty endorsements, generally performed by establishment politicians; a moderate tactic of playing both sides (always to the detriment of workers).

queer-baiting/pacification/in-fighting

Empty commercial appeals/"representation" that are generally cliché, stigmatized, or dubiously underwritten/funeral—the "[bury your gays](#)" trope (defined and explored by Haley Hulan's 2017 "Bury Your Gays: History, Usage, and Context") except employed by neoliberal corporations who expect marginalized groups to be grateful for scraps, but also fight over/about them: "They're fighting/killing each other" is music to the elite's ears regarding all marginalized groups (class sabotage).

"bury your gays"

The heteronormative sublimation, violence and moral-panic scapegoating of anything that doesn't fit the colonial binary model. Historically this would have been homosexual men (with queer cis women appropriated by cis-het men as exotic sex toys existing purely for male pleasure); however, it extends to trans/non-binary people or gender non-conforming persons more broadly (with various minorities being assigned heteronormatively atypically gendered qualities, like women of color being seen as more masculine and sexual voracious/aggressive than white women, for example).

Rainbow Capitalism

Capitalism appropriating queerness, generally through surface-level, inauthentic representation and queer-baiting. Marketing-wise, this involves slapping a fucking rainbow on every product in sight during Pride Month, diluting its cultural significance as a sign of solidarity and rebellion in the process.



recuperation/controlled opposition

"The process by which politically radical ideas and images are twisted, co-opted, absorbed, defused, incorporated, annexed or commodified within media culture and bourgeois society, and thus become interpreted through a neutralized, innocuous or more socially conventional perspective. More broadly, it may refer to the cultural appropriation of any subversive symbols or ideas by mainstream culture" ([source](#): Wikipedia). Perhaps the most common example is "corruption" (the evil cop, company or executive, etc) and the "defanging" of oppositional forces (rap, punk rock, antiwar protests, Black Lives Matter and other activists groups, etc as commodified by Rainbow Capitalism; more on this concept in Volume Three, Chapter One) but also "demonization" (e.g., the rebellion of the xenomorph or zombies turned into mindless rage that marines can shoot at with impunity).

sublimation

The process by which socially unacceptable impulses or idealizations are transformed into socially acceptable actions or behavior. Unlike Nietzsche or Freud, I explore sublimation as something that can either be bourgeois or proletarian. For either man, sublimation was a mature, "healthy" defense mechanism by which the modern individual could turn a blind eye, thus function in assimilative ways. I

disagree about the "healthy" part, thinking this kind of repressing is to conceal Capitalism as an expressly tyrannical and exploitative system towards workers—"healthy" meaning "working as intended *for the elite*." Sublimation has to go beyond exploitation if workers are to liberate themselves in ways Nietzsche generally called "envious." It is not envy that drives people to rebel, but a desire to not be exploited like chattel. To this, the recuperation of the activist—into a killer demon or zombie that cannot speak and must instead be shot—is generally seen as a good thing to do; it sublimates them into something that can be logically dealt with; i.e, through violence.

prescriptive sexuality (and gender)

Sexuality and gender as prescribed according to various explicit or tacit mandates; i.e., sex, orientation and gender performance/identity are not separate and exist within a cis-gendered, heteronormative colonial binary. This can come from corporations or groups that produce media on a geopolitical scale, or from individual artists/thinkers who uphold the status quo (TERFs, for example). Generally illustrated through propaganda that appropriates marginalized groups.



descriptive sexuality (and gender)

Sexuality and gender as describing actual persons, be they sexual and/or asexual. This includes their bodies, orientations and identities, etc, as things to appreciate, not appropriate (thus exploit). For queer people, their existence is generally ironic to canonical, historical-material norms because they do not confirm to these norms or their prescriptions. Doing so requires genderqueer expression during oppositional praxis through *appreciative irony* as a kind of gender trouble/parody under heteronormative conditions (exhibit 3b).

appreciative irony

Simply put, a descriptive sexuality that culturally appreciates the irony of queer existence in various forms: trans people, non-binary persons, homosexuals, pansexuals, bisexuals, intersex persons, femboys, catgirls, etc. Often, portrayed through countercultural performance art, including sex-positive BDSM in iconoclastic forms of Gothic media.

asexuality

A gradient of expressions that includes *demisexual/grey ace* and *aromantic* persons, asexuality displays orientations and performances or gender identities that diverge from sexual attraction, generally in favor of romantic, spiritual and emotional connections; i.e., a neurodivergent condition, not a disease that needs to be repressed, shamed or attacked.

neurodivergence

A quality of brain conditions that diverge from neurotypical persons and brains. Neurodivergent people tend to be demonized, but also shamed as disabled, insane or mendacious. However, NeuroClastic's Autistic Science Person writes in "Autistic People Care Too Much, Research Says" (2020) that [autistic people on average tend to be more selfless and open-minded than neurotypical persons](#). This isn't an automatic endorsement of us (I am neurodivergent) nor *carte blanche*, but it does help explain the ways in which Capitalism devalues people who don't toe the line (e.g., [the C.S. Lewis trilemma: lunatic, liar, lord](#); source: Essence of Thought, 2022): Neurodivergent people tend to be anti-work knowing that many jobs and forms of consumption are incredibly unethical; while there is no ethical consumption under Capitalism, we recognize that some forms of consumption actively contribute to an economy of genocide; e.g., purchasing sugar in slavery-era Great Britain before 1833, [or playing Hogwarts Legacy in 2023 despite knowing J.K. Rowling is a TERF and her brand is anti-trans](#) (Renegade Cut's "Don't Play Hogwarts Legacy," 2023).

plurality/multiplicity

Generally demonized in Gothic canon, "Plurality or multiplicity is the psychological phenomenon in which a body can feature multiple distinct or overlapping consciousnesses, each with their own degree of individuality. This phenomenon can feature in identity disturbance, dissociative identity disorder, and other specified dissociative disorders. Some individuals describe their experience of plurality as a form of neurodiversity, rather than something that demands a diagnosis" (source). It's not automatically an ailment or begot from trauma, though it will canonically be presented as such (the same goes for asexual/neurodivergent peoples).

sex-repulsed

Not to be confused with *sex-negative*/reactionary politics, *sex-repulsed* is the quality through which persons—whether through nature or nurture; i.e., hereditary or environmental trauma factors (for these tend to overlap)—are repulsed by sex. This can be partial—can amount to gradient indifference or outright trauma/triggering status depending on its severity. *Important: Sex-repulsion is not strictly a symptom, but a neurodivergent condition with congenital/comorbid factors operating within the brain as neuroplastic (concepts we'll explore in depth in Volume Three, Chapter Three).*

comorbid/congenital

The simultaneous presence of two or more diseases *or* medical conditions in a patient—congenital meaning "present at birth," inherited. In gendered terms, this can present in people who are non-conforming or neurotypical; in Marxist terms, this extends into the material world as an extension of the human mind—i.e., the Gothic imagination as comorbid.

LGBTQ+

Lesbian, Gay, Bi, Trans, Queer, and various other gender-non-conforming groups.

queer

A general, all-purpose label reclaimed from its colonizer origins. For example, I identify as queer/am a queer person. While terms like trans, queer, gay and so on most certainly have specific definitions, in everyday queer parlance they tend to be used *interchangeably* (with idiosyncratic boundaries being drawn up when the need arises); forced conformity/division is to "make things weird" (though marginalized gatekeeping/sectarianism is definitely a thing)

genderqueer

Challenging gender norms; also called "questioning" or "gender non-conforming."

monogamy/-ous

The performance of a singular, happy relationship, canonically structured around marriage, reproductive sex and the nuclear family structure. In Gothic canon, this structure is often threatened by a Gothic villain—e.g., Count Ardolph from Charlotte Dacre's *Zofloya*. When Ardolph cuckolds the husband with said husband's unfaithful,

susceptible-to-vice wife (the Original Sin argument), our unhappy husband—thoroughly chagrined—literally dies of shame. It's heteronormative and white supremacist, foisting societal fears onto a foreign, not-quite-West, not-quite-East scapegoat: those god-damn Italians! This form of xenophobic displacement would be revisited in Mary Shelley's 1818 novel, *Frankenstein*—with her Germanic, asexual scapegoat, Victor, not only cock-blocking his own kid as a proponent of the Enlightenment's version of unnatural reproduction ("I will be with you on your wedding night!"), but mad science being historically-materially Germanized in canonical fictional and non-fictional forms (e.g., [Operation Paperclip](#) and the American privatization/weaponization of mad science from irrational, hauntologized lands like Nazi Germany)!

poly(amory/-ous)

Non-normative family/open relationship structures that break with the heteronormative structure/cycle of compelled marriage; historically conflated with swinging or serial monogamy (which are really their own heteronormative practices; i.e., "We're not *poly*, we're *serially monogamous*!"). Note how poly relationships tend to be framed as *polyamorous*, not *polygamous* (unless you're a Mormon or cult leader, although certain traditions in non-Western societies allowed for polygamy as well—though not many were exclusively matriarchal in function). Polyamory *can* include marriage, though the basic idea is any (a)sexual relationship with multiple partners. Pairs within this arrangement are called *couples* (*thruple* being a popular term even in mainstream fiction, though canon reduces it to a destructive/"bury your gays" love triangle/square, etc); the entire social-sexual structure of a given poly arrangement is called a *polycule*. *Note: As part of the "bury your gays trope," poly couples are often viewed as "homewreckers," conflated with wanton societal destruction of the familial household (re: Count Ardolph from Zofloya); heteronormativity demands that they die—e.g., Shari and Cary (a pun for "sharing and caring," if I had to guess) from You (2018) being ritualistically sacrificed by the writers of the show, who have them murdered by the codependent, horribly selfish, duplicitous and perfidious compulsive liars/pattern-killers, Joe Goldberg and Love Quinn. —Perse*

"friends of Dorothy"

[Historically a method of queer concealment in the 1980s](#) but also appropriated under Rainbow Capitalism; can be appreciated under Gothic Communism, as well.

beards

A relationship of convenience to appear straight, heteronormative, monogamous, nuclear, "Roman," etc. The nuptial variant of a beard is the *lavender marriage*.

heteronormativity

HETERONORMATIVITY

An extremely helpful concept in queer theory, which encapsulates a lot of what we've just covered is *heteronormativity*. Queer theorist Michael Warner popularized this term in 1991, drawing on Rubin's sex hierarchy and Rich's compulsory heterosexuality.

Heteronormativity refers to a set of related cultural assumptions:

- The "normal" or "natural" form of attraction and relationships is one man and one woman who:
 - Normally or naturally embody conventional gender roles and norms; and
 - Have sex whereby the man's penis penetrates the woman's vagina (PIV sex).



- Thus, people are assumed heterosexual unless proven otherwise.

84

(exhibit 3b: Author/artist: [Meg-Jon Barker](#) from "What's wrong with heteronormativity?" featuring their 2016 book, [Queer: A Graphic History](#).)

Heteronormativity is both highly unnatural and normalized by capital. It is the supremely harmful idea wherein heterosexuality and its relative gender norms are prescribed/enforced to normalized, institutional extremes by those in power—i.e., the Patriarchy. In Marxist terms, capitalists and state agents own, thus control, the media, using it to enforce heterosexuality and the colonial (cis-)gender binary

through advertisement on a grand scale (re: the canonical Superstructure). This influence reliably affects how people respond, helping them recognize "the social world of linguistic communication, intersubjective relations, knowledge of ideological conventions, and the acceptance of the law"—re: [Lacan's Symbolic Order](#). Acceptance of this Order when it is decidedly harmful is manufactured consent, leading to basic human rights abuses perpetrated by the state and its bourgeois actors. Pro-bourgeois abuses happen through various concentric lenses of normativity—heteronormativity, [amatonormativity](#), [Afronormativity](#), homonormativity and queernormativity, etc—that appeal tokenistically to the same colonial binary and its heteronormative mythic structure; i.e., that which conflates human biology (sex and skin color), thus sex and gender roles within a transgenerational curse: the king saw the black, queer and/or female monster and went mad because he had been alienated from them and himself. The curse of the castle and the Shadow of Pygmalion, then, is reliable decay and socio-material madness felt through this engineered tension as being ultimately profitable for the elite and detrimental to everyone else (whether they're defending the institution or not). Heteronormativity doesn't just explain away ignominious death, but essentializes and endorses it; i.e., the hallmark couple looks happy so the system must work, right? All you have to do is conform, consume and obey...

queernormativity/homonormativity

Normative queerness centers queerness in *sexualized* spheres (erasing ace people) centered around the nuclear family unit/sexual reproduction. *Homonormativity* takes the same idea and applies it to cis-gendered homosexual men/women (the "two dads/two moms" appropriative trope as queer-baiting/lip service).

gender trouble

Coined by Judith Butler, gender trouble is the social tension and reactions that result when the heteronormative, binary view of sexuality and gender is disrupted. This trouble can happen through the parody of social-sexual norms through ironic or appreciative (counterculture) reverse-abjection, whose reactionary abjection occurs by an increasingly unstable status quo as it impedes or threatens disintegration (moral panics under Capitalism's intended cycles of decay and restoration). Such threatening is generally of the heteronormative side reacting negatively towards the very things it abjects, which can be as simple as boys wearing pink instead of blue(!). Such a binary and similar socio-material schemes have only recently solidified under neoliberal Capitalism; e.g., now, pink is very much canonically treated as feminine/female in cis-coded, heteronormative ways (for an extensive, funny chronicling of this entire tragedy as it historically-materially unfolds, refer to Tirrrb's 2023 video: "[The Yassification Of Masculinity](#)").

girl-cock (exhibit 7c) or boy pussy (exhibit 52c)/gender parody

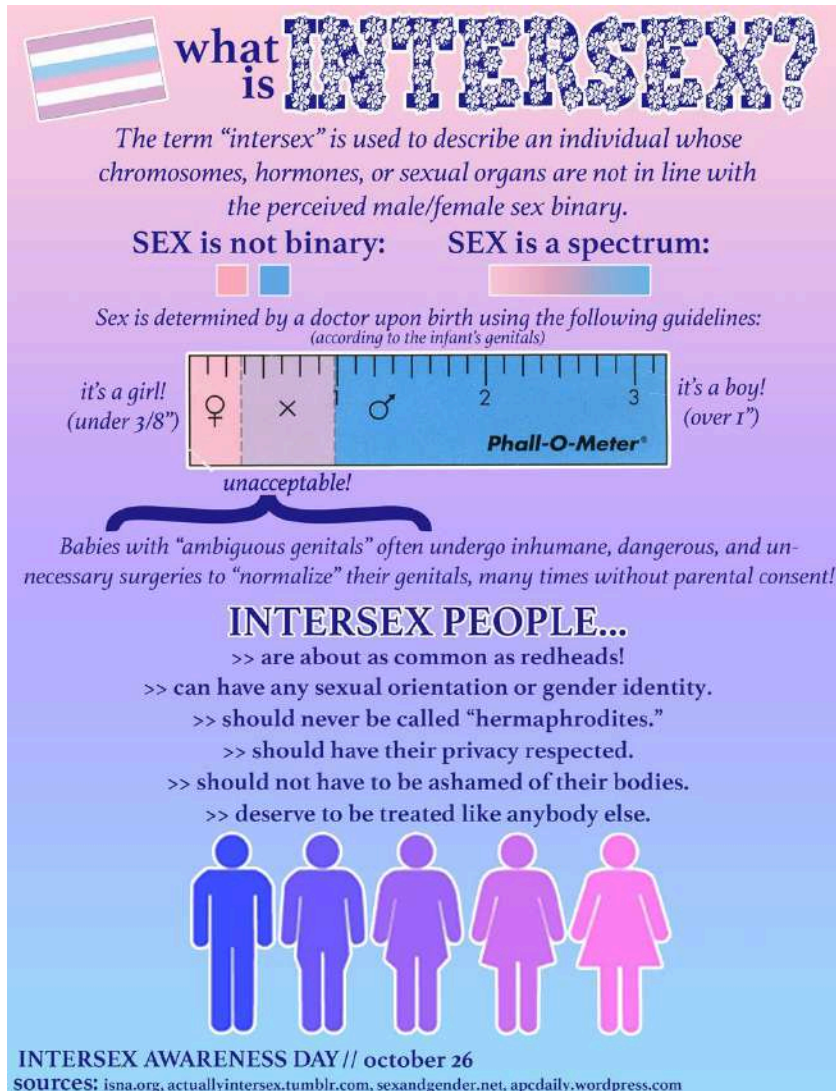
Genitals or genitalia-like artifacts that fulfill an ironic/gender parody cultural role that interrogates heteronormative gender assignment, performance or identity, as well as sexual orientation. They can be informed by one's biological sex in coercive ways (exhibit 30/31). However, no one in non-normative/proletarian circles wants to be "defined" by biological sex—i.e., forced conformity. This leads to the creation of various sex toys (exhibits 38a) and aliases useful to our existence, as well as actively operating as sex-positive workers (this being said, sex-positive workers *are* active by default—attacked for being different from what the state prescribes, but also allowed to exist by the elite because *we're* the fuel that Capitalism needs to operate).

natural assignment

Accident of birth—i.e., the natural assignment of one's biological sex (and conditions to form one's gender identity around, whether through conformity or struggle); one's birth sex/genitals: male, female, and intersex.

AFAB/AMABs

Assigned-Female/Male-at-Birth—i.e., one's birth sex. Can be used as a noun or adjective; e.g., "AFABs dislike this" or "an AFAB person," etc. Intersex people are their own category.



intersex

(exhibit 3c1: [source](#))

The existence on a biological gradient between the qualifiers male and female, amounting to a variable "third sex" that presents mixed features of either sex to varying degrees; except, the umbrella term doesn't represent one particular manifestation as a strict third, but all of them together on a vast, complicated spectrum of genotypical and phenotypical elements. They are often depicted as angels or demons in the classically androgynous sense, or stigmatized/fetishized in porn as "shemales," "he-shes" and other

canonically pejorative labels; a common, non-insulting label is "androgynous" (though this can apply to trans people and mixed gender performance, too). A common intersex example in Gothic media is the phallic woman or Archaic Mother—e.g., the xenomorph.

non-binary

From the Human Rights Campaign's "Glossary of Terms" (2023):

An adjective describing a person who does not identify exclusively as a man or a woman. Non-binary people may identify as being both a man and a woman, somewhere in between, or as falling completely outside these categories. While many also identify as transgender, *not all non-binary people do*. Non-binary can also be used as an umbrella term encompassing identities such as agender, bigender, genderqueer or gender-fluid ([source](#)).

Non-binary can mean a lot of different things. A femboy can be a cis femboy AMAB who feels femme but still identifies as a man; or someone who identifies through the femboy gender role as a performance that constitutes their identity label (similar to drag queens); or someone whose AFAB who non-binarizes the femboy label. To non-binarize is to remove the binary component of something but generally preserve the aesthetic and power structure within the arrangement (e.g., cis-gendered catgirls and femboys as things to non-binarize: exhibits 91a1 and 91c).

sexual/asexual orientation

How people orient (a)sexually/"float their boats" in relation to gender identity and performance. A double helix of two gradients, each having two theoretical "poles," wherein both ribbons descriptively intertwine/intersect within the socio-material world (more on this in Volume Three, Chapter Three).

heterosexuality

Orienting towards the *opposite* gender. Classically called "opposite-sex attraction," gender-non-conformity (GNC) treats heterosexuality as orienting towards the gender opposite to *oneself*. This being said, pure opposites do not generally exist outside of heteronormative enforcement (which compels binaries in service of the profit motive/process of abjection) so heterosexual people also tend to be cis; i.e., cis-het, or "straight."

homosexuality

Orienting towards the *same* gender. Classically called "same-sex attraction," gender-non-conformity treats homosexuality as orienting towards the same gender as *oneself*. No binary is required, and the term is generally synonymous with "gay" or "lesbian."

bisexuality

Orienting towards *two or more* genders. Classically called "both-sex attraction" (or something along those lines), gender-non-conformity treats bisexuality as orienting towards the gender opposite to and the same as *oneself*.

pansexuality

Orienting towards someone else *regardless of* their gender. However, this does not preclude exceptions and the phrase is generally used interchangeably with bisexuality in everyday parlance.

heteronormative assignment (cis gender roles)

Accident of birth in relation to one's "birth gender" as socially constructed by the state in relation to one's genitals. For example, if you're reading this on planet Earth, you're both literate and fluent in English. This means your birth gender is heteronormatively connected to/essentialized with your birth sex by reactionaries and moderates alike, who will collectively die on the hill of assigning you a social-sexual/worker role based *entirely* on your genitals ("It is against free speech to stop us from fixating on the genitals," writes the Onion in their 2023 article, "[It is Journalism's Sacred Duty to Endanger the Lives of as Many Trans People as Possible](#)"). Commonly seen as "cis-het," it can also be cis-queer (e.g., a homosexual or bisexual cis-gendered man or woman). Not all cis-queer people are moderates/reactionaries, though class conflict turns potential trans allies into class traitors working for the elite. Likewise, heteronormativity is binarized, thus connecting gender to sex in order to create sexually dimorphic gender roles for "both" worker sexes (all while ignoring intersex people).

transgender reassignment (transgender identity)

Simply put, Being trans is gender identity wherein one feels, and hopefully one day decides to recognize, that one isn't cis. For example, I have always been trans, but felt closeted about it; for a long time, I identified as genderfluid/as a femboy before deciding that I aligned best within the idea of being a binary trans woman. However, words like "gay," "trans," and "non-binary" can also be used interchangeable to some extent in basic conversation—in short, because the definitions overlap. A non-binary person isn't cis, so calling them "trans" isn't wrong. However, there is a preference with which labels they'll use in basic conversation and which one's they'll wave a flag to (i.e., I *am* an atheist and a feminist, but would rather call myself a gay space Communist/Satanist any day of the week).

gender identity

One's conforming or nonconforming gender identity as a (sub)conscious act; i.e., how one identifies, be that passively or actively. This act of identifying intersect with their birth sex/gender, their orientation, while also competing dialectically-materially for or against the state during various performances. This can be passive/active, but remains a socio-political position that changes over time (sex,

gender and politics, etc, are fluid). In the past, people were more likely to be "true neutral," unaware of things as the state oppressed information outright. Now, misinformation and factionalism are the bourgeois name of the game—gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss; so is denial (for those who don't want to get involved in active politic affairs; aka state-sponsored apathy) and overt genocide (when moderacy fails, doing so by design and allowing fascists to get their hands bloody so the elite can deny involvement): neglect, ignorance and abuse, respectively.

gender performance

Gender performance is coded in relation to oneself, their identity/orientation, and to society's in-groups and out-groups, aka formal/informal gender roles. Whether one's gender *identity* is assigned to them at birth, or is self-assigned through various gender-non-conforming types—e.g., trans man/woman, non-binary, femboy, agender, etc—their gender *performance* amounts to a coded set of social behaviors (and corresponding materials and language) that adhere to performative rules meant to reinforces one's gender as either self-assigned, or assigned heteronormatively by the state. To that, these concepts do not exist in a vacuum, but intersect and often conflict (which leads to gender parody and gender trouble during subversive exercises). The higher you go in vertical power structures, the more patriarchal someone behaves. This varies per socio-material register. The elite will push buttons to calmly genocide entire peoples for profit (for them, it's business-as-usual, conducted over time inside a structure built to accommodate them); those whose positions are more fragile (fascists) will behave more extremely as they defend the nation-state (with moderacy trying to conceal/downplay this). E.g., Bill Gates is a total dweeb who hangs out with pedophiles but dresses like your creepy uncle; Matt Walsh and Hitler both have to overperform to keep up with their fragile, hypermasculine gender roles, thus maintain their veneer of invincibility.



(artist, left: [Mark Bryan](#); right: [Cursed Arachnid](#))

gender performance as identity

Some identities involve broader gender performances to identify around or as. Common sex-coercive examples include the *Einsatzgruppen* (death squads) of Nazi Germany's *SS-Totenkopfverbände* (the Death's Head units); despite being a paramilitary group in a fascist (thus heteronormative) regime, the appearance of these groups was literally tailored by Hugo Boss around fetishistic (then and now) Nazi aesthetics; i.e., as examined by Leftist Youtuber, Yugopnik, in "Aesthetics of Evil - The Fascist Uniform" (2021): [Nazis uniforms were patently designed to evoke the heroic spirit of palingenetic ultranationalism inside a cult of death](#), one whose dimorphic gender roles were deliberately affixed to fear and dogma (whose sex-coercive stamp on canonical BDSM we'll examine in Volume Three). Sex-positive examples include drag queens or femboys. To that, someone doesn't have to identify as either of these terms. And yet, while drag queens are predominantly cis men, they also belong to a cultural movement that is so large and specific in its as to justify identify as someone who belongs to such a group. It takes on a life of its own. Similarly, femboys belong to a group of people who identify according to the word "femboy" as something to live by through its canonical subversion by iconoclastic method; i.e., appreciative irony as a means of reclaiming the word and making it sex-positive through latter-day examples of the word (which we'll examine in Volume Three, Chapter Three).

a woman

That depends ("Beware the elves for they will say both yea and nay"). Keeping the above terms in mind, a woman is multiple things at once. On the *bourgeois* side, she's anything a man isn't—i.e., a cis-het sex slave/employee/girl boss, etc (note the gradient of euphemisms to disguise the deliberate marital role of unpaid women's work under Capitalism); on the proletariat side, she's however someone identifies in relation to the state as a worker—for or against it to various, liminal degrees (this includes personas, alter-egos, egregores and various other disguises). To reduce it to "an adult, human female" is super gross, Nazi-level shit (and while I *want* to seriously feel sorry for Matt Walsh's probably-battered housewife, assuming she's entirely ignorant of her husband's abuse would assume that she actually puts in the work; however, if she does, it would take total isolation of anything not supplied to her in advance by her "big, strong, powerful, caretaker" husband. That's quite sad and pathetic). I hate Nazis, Matt Walsh; my grandfather fought them during WW2 after they raped and destroyed his homeland and killed most of his friends and family. They prey on fear yet instantly run away like Brave Ser Robin when they're outed as perfidiously and ignominiously stupid. You're cut from the same cloth, you giant, callow man-child.

To be good-faith and holistic, I've tried to include the most fundamental and basic queer language as comprehensively as I can for all readers (this anticipates cryptofascists like Matt Walsh, who only asks "What is a Woman?" in bad faith to reactionarily maintain the status quo—the feckless backstabber). Other terms that we haven't mentioned here will come up during the book as we build off our main arguments. —Perse

the (settler-)colonial binary

Nadi Tofighian writes in *Blurring the Colonial Binary* (2013) that, having evolved beyond Rome's master/slave dynamic, colonialism and Imperialism "separated people into different classes of people, ruler and ruled, white and non-white, thereby creating and widening a colonial binary" ([source](#)). To this, the cis-het, white European/Christian male is superior to all other workers. This binary extends to token marginalizations and infiltrated and assimilated/normalized activist groups, thought/political leaders or public intellectuals, who serve as class traitors, but also functional police for their respective domains.

Cartesian dualism/the Cartesian Revolution

The rising of a dividing system of thought by René Descartes that led to settler colonialism. As Raj Patel and Jason Moore write in *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things*:

The inventors of Nature were philosophers as well as conquerors and profiteers. In 1641, Descartes offered what would become the first two laws of capitalist ecology. The first is seemingly innocent. Descartes distinguished between mind and body, using the Latin *res cogitans* and *res extensa* to refer to them. Reality, in this view, is composed of discrete "thinking things" and "extended things." Humans (but not all humans) were thinking things; Nature was full of extended things. The era's ruling classes saw most human beings—women, peoples of color, Indigenous Peoples—as extended, not thinking, beings. This means that Descartes' philosophical abstractions were practical instruments of domination: they were real abstractions with tremendous material force. And this leads us to Descartes' second law of capitalist ecology: European civilization (or "we," in Descartes' word) must become "the masters and possessors of nature." Society and Nature were not just existentially separate; Nature was something to be controlled and dominated by Society. The Cartesian outlook, in other words, shaped modern logics of power as well as thought.

[...] The invention of Nature and Society was gendered at every turn. The binaries of Man and Woman, Nature and Society, drank from the same cup. Nature, and its boundary with Society, was "gyn/ecological" from the outset. Through this radically new mode of organizing life and thought, Nature became not a thing but a strategy that allowed for the ethical and economic cheapening of life. Cartesian dualism was and remains far more than a descriptive statement: it is a normative statement of how to best organize power and hierarchy, Humanity and Nature, Man and Woman, Colonizer and Colonized. Although the credit (and blame) is shared by many, it makes sense to call this a Cartesian revolution. Here was an intellectual movement that shaped not only ways of thinking but also ways of conquering, commodifying and living [... that] made thinking, and doable, the colonial project of mapping and domination.

Finally, the Cartesian revolution was made thinkable, and doable, the colonial project of mapping and domination. [...] Cartesian rationalism is predicated on the distinction between the inner reality of the mind and the outer reality of objects; the latter could be brought into the former only through a neutral, disembodied gaze situated outside of space and time. That gaze always belonged to the Enlightened European colonist—and the empires that backed him. Descartes' *cogito* funneled vision and thought into a spectator's view of the world, one that rendered the emerging surfaces of modernity visible and measurable and the viewer bodiless and placeless. Medieval multiple vantage points in art and literature were displaced by a single, disembodied, omniscient and panoptic eye. In geometry, Renaissance painting, and especially cartography, the new thinking represented reality as

if one were standing outside of it. As the social critic Lewis Mumford noted, the Renaissance perspective "turned the symbolic relation of objects into a visual relation: the visual in turn became a quantitative relation. In the new picture of the world, size meant not human or divine importance, but distance." And that distance could be measured, catalogued, mapped, and owned.

The modern map did not merely describe the world; it was a technology of conquest ([source](#)).



(artist: [Allan Ramsay](#))

patrilineal descent

In medieval terms, patrilineal descent is generally expressed as Divine Right (what Mikhail Bakhtin comments on through the Gothic chronotope as dynastic power exchange and hereditary rites—the time of the historical past); i.e., the bloodline of kings. Under Capitalism, this applies to socio-material privileges accreting outwards from the nation-state/corporations through state-corporate propaganda (canon) in monomythic terms—a Symbolic Order that workers submit to once pacified.

the mythic structure

The Symbolic Order of Western canon: "Oh, look, it's a king or a god! Guess I'll bend the knee and turn off my brain!" Originally disrupted by the "mythic method"

as coined by T.S. Eliot, who "Jerry" from GLR Archive writes in "Eliot and the Mythic Method" (2004),

defines what he exemplifies in *The Waste Land* [1922] – i.e., the "mythic method" – in his essay "Ulysses, Order, and Myth" [1923]. The mythic method looked to the past to glean meaning and understanding for what has been lost or destroyed in the present. This method emphasizes the underlying commonality of ostensibly disparate times and locations by employing a comparative mythology to transcend the temporal narrative. By stressing the mythical, anthropological, historical, and the literary, this method becomes at once (1) satirical by showing how much the present has fallen; (2) comparative to highlight similarities structurally; (3) historically neutral to escape the present to a revived future; (4) confused in its fusion of the realistic and the phantasmagoric; (5) ordering in its approach to morality and imaginative passion. The mythic method does not offer an escape to a better past, but an entry to a confusing present ([source](#)).

Eliot's 20th century modernist shenanigans (not to be confused with Modernism, aka the Enlightenment) fly directly in the face of James Campbell's "[monomyth](#)." Canonized as "the hero's journey" in popular Western fiction and formative to new fictions, the monomyth is central to state hegemony through worker pacification. Perhaps not entirely aware of this, Eliot still chose not to retreat into a "better" past in search of individuation (to borrow from Carl Jung); he addressed the present as a modern confusion that *needs* to be faced. In socio-political terms, this can be spaces that house abject/reverse things (with proletarian/reverse-abject variants, of course): the parallel space.

the monomyth (shortened, from the thesis volume)

Also called the Hero's Journey, the monomyth is a rite of passage wherein a (traditionally male) child finds himself offered the "rare" opportunity to elevate through the seemingly divine provision of a sword or some such masterful weapon. There's many steps and moving parts following the Call to Adventure (often categorized between [twelve](#) and [seventeen](#)), but the basic gist is: offer adventure, refuse, change mind, get sword, cross boundaries, overcome trials and ordeals, kill the (corrupt, monstrous-feminine) monster, return in some shape or form changed by the quest, get the girl. Joseph Campbell is more prescriptive and optimistic, writing in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (1949):

A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder: fabulous forces are there encountered, and a decisive

victory is won: the Hero comes back from this mysterious adventure with the power to bestow boons on his fellow man ["bros before hoes," I guess].

Personally, I find this whole notion incredibly dubious; i.e., harmful wish fulfillment/guilty pleasure that is generally trapped within a space for which there *is* no escape and which the fear of colonial inheritance runs deep in Neo-Gothic fiction. Through this questioning of the heroic quest, we can spot disempowering patterns beyond that of canonical empowerment tied to material conditions and dogma: the Cycle of Kings as a *Promethean* ordeal the state exploits to recruit soldiers to either send abroad and commit genocide, or to (re)colonize the homefront (the Imperial Boomerang, from Foucault) in the name of the father and one's bloodline through patrilineal descent.

the Cycle of Kings

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

infernal concentric pattern (from the thesis volume)

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

totalitarian(ism)

A state condition towards the total consolidation of power at one point. For example, in respect to Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia, Richard Overly writes in *The Dictators* (2004), "'Totalitarian' does not mean that they were 'total' parties, either all-inclusive or wielding complete power; it means they were concerned with the 'totality' of the societies in which they worked."

parallel space

Parallel space (or language) works off the anti-totalitarian notion of "[parallel societies](#)" (Academy of Idea's "The Parallel Society vs Totalitarianism," 2022): "A [society] not dependent on official channels of communications, or on the hierarchy of values of the establishment." For our purposes, though, parallel space can be *either* canonical or iconoclastic, operating through bourgeois/proletarian means; i.e., to dissociate/displace socio-material critiques for or against the state, and usually to a faraway "Gothic" place: e.g., a castle in a mythical, semi-earthly land of madness like Ann Radcliffe's fictionalized Italy or the 1980s, neoliberal "danger disco" of James Cameron's *Terminator* (exhibit 15b2). The role of such Gothic examples is, again, the infernal concentric pattern as inescapable/uncanny.

class warfare

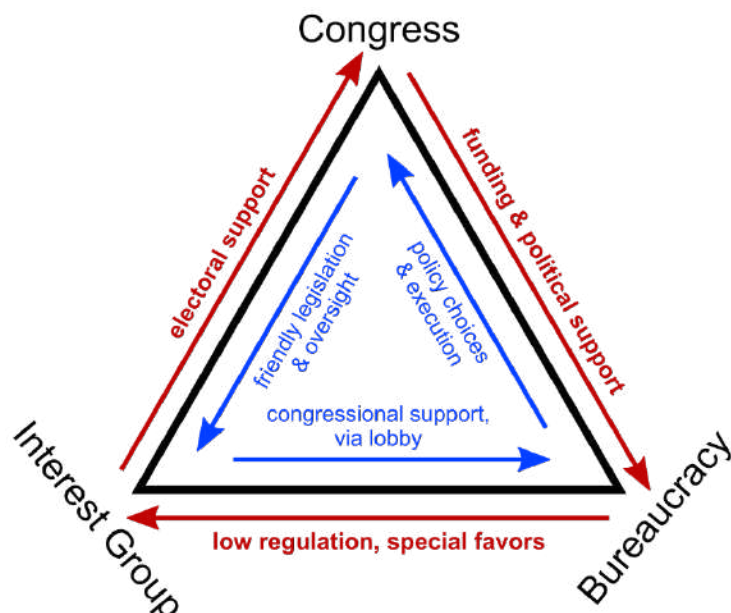
Class war for/against the state-corporate hegemony and its collective bourgeois interests. Proletarian solidarity and collective action fight an uphill battle against fractured/pulverized variants—i.e., worker division and in-fighting through tokenism, assimilation (gaslight, gatekeep, girl-boss) and token normativity as a means of generating class traitors to stall/prevent/regress rebellion and maintain Capitalism.

class traitors/cops

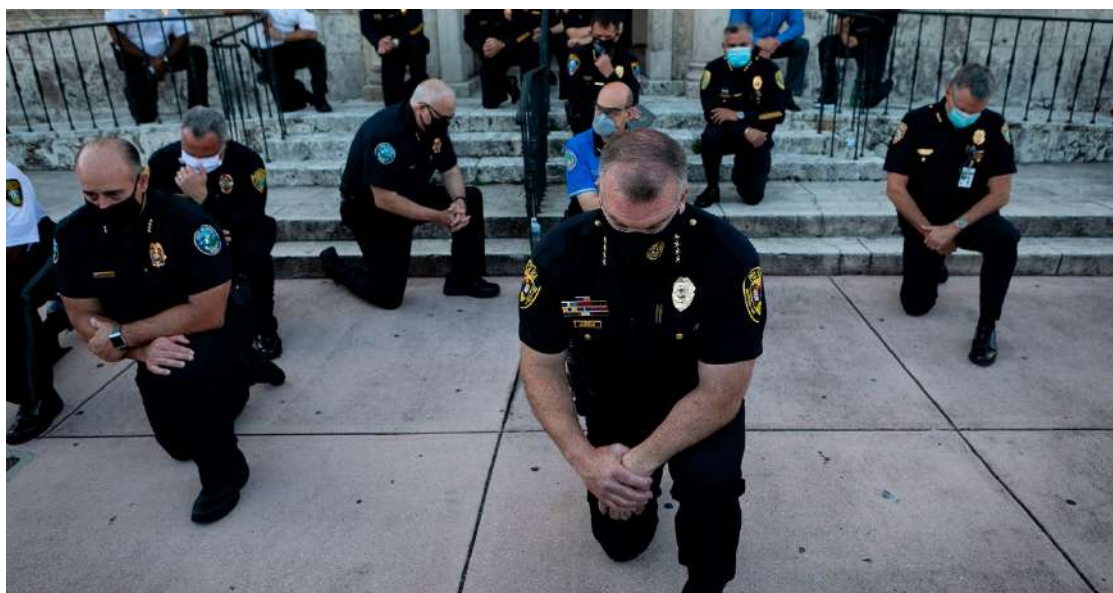
Workers who betray the working class in defense of capital, namely the state as capital, often the military or paramilitary (cops) but also those who take on the same bourgeois function by dividing workers in defense of capital, thus the state. Traitors and exploitation takes many, many forms because all workers are exploited to varying degrees and qualities—e.g., [Justin Eric King lying/downplaying about his active role in exploiting foreign/migrant workers](#) (Bad Empanada 2, 2023) smuggled into the U.S. and exploited like basement chattel slaves, only to be given a slap on the wrist by the state. Regardless of whom, the structure defends itself through manufacture, subterfuge and coercion in defense of capital from whistleblowers and activists as fundamental/*de facto* enemies of the state. "Those with power will be there."

Military Industrial Complex

(from [Wikipedia](#)): the relationship between a country's military and the defense industry that supplies it, seen together as a vested interest which influences public policy. A driving factor behind the relationship between the military and the defense-minded corporations is that both sides benefit—one side from obtaining war weapons, and the other from being paid to supply them. The term is most often used in reference to the system behind the armed forces of the United States, where the relationship is most prevalent due to close links among defense contractors, the Pentagon, and politicians. The expression gained popularity after a warning of the relationship's detrimental effects, in [the farewell address](#) of President Dwight D. Eisenhower on January 17, 1961.



In the context of the United States, the appellation is sometimes extended to **military-industrial-congressional complex (MICC)**, adding the US Congress to form a three-sided relationship termed an "iron triangle." Its three legs include political contributions, political approval for military spending, lobbying to support bureaucracies, and oversight of the industry; or more broadly, the entire network of contracts and flows of money and resources among individuals as well as corporations and institutions of the defense contractors, private military contractors, the Pentagon, Congress, and the executive branch.



([source](#): Matthew Byrne's "Police Departments Attempt a Charm Offensive Amid Uprisings," 2020)

copaganda

Any form of canonical media that defends state abuse through official or functional police agents, but especially their monopoly of violence against those living in the state of exception under crisis as meant to recognize and worship/submit to them like gods. The state is always, to some degree, in crisis, leading to the generation of myriad monomyth stories that express this fact—i.e., as a dividing line between the police and everyone else. Skip Intro, [a YouTuber with an extensive series on copaganda](#), explores how this phenomenon goes well beyond planet Earth, going so far as to call it a Faustian bargain. This bargain manifesting in many different kinds of fiction genres that endorse the status quo. For example, the "witch cops" and vice characters of fantasy narratives (war chiefs, Amazon war bosses; white and black "wolves") either attack orcs, Drow or some other enemy of the state during oppositional praxis, or they rally them in doomed rebellions and futile/misunderstood attacks of revenge. One assimilates, the other is destroyed and vilified.

incels

An extreme form of rape culture, "involuntarily celibate" persons are those whose false victimization blames women instead of the system that alienates them by design. [The term was originally coined by a lonely woman in the '90s](#), but has since gone on to be used almost exclusively by the alt-right; i.e., stemming from grifters like Andrew Tate who market "self-help" snake oil to them, and authors like Hajime Isayama who make incel heroes tied to palingenetic ultranationalism dressed up as standard-issue war/national pastiche: "weeb" food.

weeaboo

Often shorted to "weeb," the term "weeaboo" is used in anime and manga communities to stereotype fans who show a set of extreme and obnoxious characteristics, generally tied to alt-right circles and belief systems. This includes eco-fascism and "waifus" (the videogame equivalent of a culture war bride promised to men or token proponents of the status quo), but also *moe*, *ahegao* and incest.

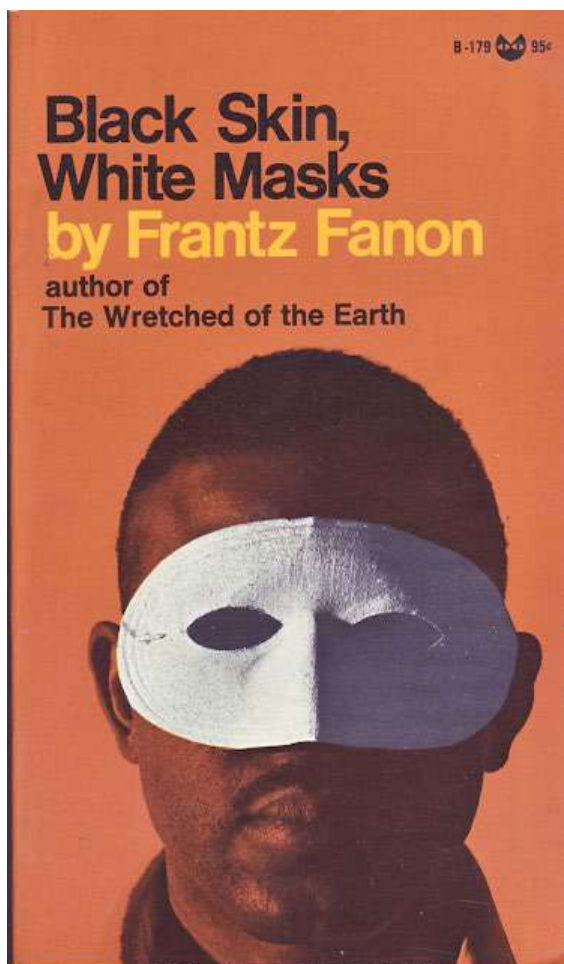
class character

The idea of making critical appeals/arguments that have "class character"/are class conscious. Though this notion is modular, it intersects with race, gender and religion, etc (the deliberate attempt to segregate/prioritize them called reductionism; e.g., "race/class reductionism").

gentrification

The process whereby the character of a poor urban area is changed by wealthier people moving in, improving housing, and attracting new businesses, typically displacing current inhabitants in the process; from a social standpoint, gentrification is the process of making someone or something more refined, polite, or respectable; e.g., Jane Eyre and Adèle (exhibit 21c1). For example, housing crises are instigated by gentrification as the "invention" of exploitable housing arrangements between owners and workers: apartments. The larger socio-material process generally intersects racial tensions in impoverished, redlined neighborhoods shared between intraracial in-fighting (*Boyz n the Hood*, 1991); or between different racial groups encouraged to divide by the elite through fascist/moderate, good cop/bad cop "peacekeepers" (*Lonestar*, 1996): the disillusionment of police culture as being functionally no different than highway bandits, accidental incest (stolen generations), and a border romance (it's practically a Gothic novel, minus the aesthetic).

tokenism/assimilation fantasy/minority police



Assimilated/appropriated forms of "emancipation" that turn minorities into race/class traitors aka "minority cops" (and/or renders them myopic towards the suffering of other groups through *Afrocentrism*). A common example is Frantz Fanon's "black skin, white masks," whose *Afronormativity* to various forms of the assimilated token servant desires to escape genocide by emulating their oppressors' genocidal/carceral qualities. This just doesn't apply to people of color, but *any* minority desiring to assimilate the in-group by selling out the rest of their out-group for clemency (which is always a brief reprieve). Tokenism is also intersectional, leading to preferential mistreatment—meaning "less punishment," not zero punishment the closer you are to the in-group colonial standard/status quo: the cis-het, white European/Christian male. In doing so, the status quo infiltrates activists groups, sublimating/assimilating them into the colonial binary along a gradient of gatekept

barriers.

gaslight, gatekeep...

Two common parts of socio-economic oppression employed by fascists and neoliberals. Gaslighting is a means of making abuse victims doubt the veracity of their own abuse (and their claims of abuse). Gatekeeping is a tactic more generally employed by those with formal power, denying various groups gainful employment (thus actual material advantage) or working platforms that allow them to effectively communicate systemic injustices perpetrated against them.

...girl-boss (tokenism)

A popular moderate MO, girl bosses are usually neoliberal symbols of "equality," a strong woman of authority who defends the status quo (an overtly fascist girl boss [would be someone like Captain Israel](#); source: Bad Empanada 2's "Marvel's Israeli Superhero 'Sabra,'" 2022). This can be the female "suit," in corporate *de*

rigueur, but also Amazons or orcs as corporate commodities (*war bosses*). Suits present Capitalism as "neutral," but also ubiquitous; Amazons and orcs (and all of their gradients) centralize the perceived order of good-versus-evil language in mass-media entertainment. *Queer bosses* are the same idea, but slightly more progressive: a strong queer person of authority whose *queernormativity* upholds the status quo. When this becomes cis-supremacist, the boss is a TERF—an assimilated war boss who regresses to a war bride herself when decay sets in, removing token privileges from most-marginalized token to least-marginalized (canonically speaking).

war brides (submissive class traitors/collaborators)

Persons, usually women, [who historically slept/fraternized with the enemy to survive](#) (Reddit, 2015). However, it's hardly that simple. More actively bourgeois "brides" would collaborate with their conquerors against the conquered (exhibit 2); proletarian "brides" [would kill their "husbands" for the Cause](#). This includes the Dutch *moffenmeiden* (women from Holland who slept with Nazis during the WW2 occupation, exhibit 2) and *gastarbeiders* (foreign exchange laborers forced to uproot and work in West Germany during early post-Stalin years). In class warfare, unironic "sleeping with the enemy" amounts to "breaking bread" with them; i.e., accepting their material gifts and financial backing in exchange for political compromise. Proletarian warriors should never compromise in this manner, as it leads to continued exploitation; i.e., "kicking the can down the road."



(exhibit 4a: Top left: a French woman, publicly humiliated after France's liberation, [source](#); top right: Truus Oversteegen, a Dutch Resistance fighter known for killing Nazi officials; bottom: photos of Carice van Houten, show in *Black Book* [2006] as the fictional Rachel Stein—a Dutch-Jewish singer-turned-spy who eludes capture, kills Nazis, and foils Dutch double-agents in the process [the movie was based off real-life accounts of Dutch resistance members, however. Point in fact, my own grandfather, [Henri van der Waard II](#), was one such person].)

TERFs/SWERFs/NERFs

TERFs are Trans Exclusionary Radical (fascist) Feminists; SWERFs and NERFs exclude sex workers and non-binary people, policing them but also members of their own "in"-groups (fandoms). It's true that older feminist movements were/are racist, exclusionary and cis-supremacist, etc; so I don't like to call TERFs "non-feminists" (though I can understand the temptation). To make the distinction between these older groups and feminism in solidarity with other oppressed groups, I call TERFs fascist "feminists." To be fair, they can be neoliberal, operating through national/corporate exceptionalism obscured by a moderate veneer (centrist media). However, neoliberals still lead to Capitalism-in-crisis, aka fascism, which adopts racist/sexist dogma and rape culture/"prison sex" mentalities in more overtly hierarchical ways. Not all TERFs are SWERFs/NERFs (or vice versa) but there's generally overlap. All compromise in ways harmful to worker solidarity and emancipation.

punching down

Reactionary political action, generally acts of passive or active aggression against a lower class by a higher class. For our purposes, middle-class people are afforded less total oppression through better material conditions (wages, but also healthcare, promotions, etc) by the elite—a divide-and-conquer strategy that renders them dependent on the status quo. This dependency allows the elite to demonize the poor in the eyes of the middle class. The elite antagonize the poor because the poor have the most incentive to punch up. This reliably engenders prejudice against them as a target, often to violent extremes. This is especially true in neoliberal canon:



([source](#))

punching up

Emancipatory politics. Whereas punching down aligns with systemic power, punching up moves against these structures and their proponents through *de facto* roles. This owes itself to how Capitalism works: The system exploits workers and targets of genocide for the elite, requiring them to demonize *potential threats*, not just active ones. Asking for basic human rights might not be a conscious act of rebellion; it *automatically* becomes one in the eyes of the elite (who discourage human rights). The louder these voices grow, the harder they punch up. This forces the elite to "correct the market" with extreme prejudice, which they disguise through various bad-faith measures (and political "neutral language").

reactive abuse

Systemic/social abuse that provokes a genuine self-defense reaction from the victim, whereupon the expectant abuser "self-defends" in extreme prejudice through DARVO. Reactive abuse correlates with reactionaries defending the state—i.e., reactionary politics being a form of white, cis-het fragility (moderacy being a veiled form of this).

white (cis-het, Christian male) fragility

A reactionary tendency for state proponents to become easily frightened, angry and violent when exposed to activist criticism; i.e., criticisms that concern the socio-material realities of systemic racism, heteronormative and other institutional bigotries and biases. These factors (and their material conditions) reliably lead to widespread mistreatment against targeted minorities that white and/or cis-het Christian men/people are normally excluded from; i.e., their privilege affords them *preferential* mistreatment—less exploitation, making them historically more prone to side with power in defense of the status quo (which is white, cis-het, patriarchal and Christian). Power aggregates against slave rebellions, financially incentivizing a middle class of variable size (and inclusion) to *exclude* and attack minorities that are simply fighting for their basic human rights. White and/or cis-het fragility, then, is a useful way to weaponize a violent, defensive mentality against activism as a whole; it is applied differently cross different groups, intersecting within race, class and gender as things to either enforce by white, cis-het agents in Christian *and* secular circles, or assimilate by tokenized subordinates; e.g., girl bosses, black capitalists, and other sell-outs/class traitors.

DARVO

A common abuser tactic at any register, DARVO stands for "Deny, Accuse, Reverse, Victim, Offender." It is meant to be used in bad faith, generally by punching down against activists at a socio-political level.

bad(-)faith

The act of concealing one's true intentions, presenting a false willingness (the opposite of good faith) to discuss ideas openly while deliberately seeking to cause harm to the opposite party. This performance can be fascist "defensive maneuvers" or neoliberal dogma; it can also be beards and various queer/Afronormative masks appropriated by TERFs and other assimilated groups.



virtue-signaling/white-knighting

False solidarity or alliances geared towards "clout" or personal brownie-point-farming. Think "brown-nosing" or "ass-kissing" but towards marginalized groups and their leaders with a desire to de-fang them: "Join us."

tone-policing

Speech- and thought-regulation of activist groups—often through admonishment/open condescension by moderates.

dogwhistles

Coded language, generally presented as innocuous or unrelated to those using it, meant to disguise the user's true ideology or political identity. A popular tactic amongst cryptofascists, but also TERFS. For example, Rational Wiki lists dozens of TERF dogwhistles, including the colors purple, white, green in square emoji for:

Another emoji-based dog whistle used by TERFS on social media. Used primarily by UK-based TERFs, it seems to have emerged in the first half of 2021, and has largely replaced the [chequered flag](#) and [red square](#). The colour scheme is based on the historical tri-color used by the [Women's Social and Political Union](#) (WSPU), an organization that campaigned for [women's suffrage](#) in the United Kingdom from 1903 to 1918. This is yet another example of TERFs trying to cast themselves as the political successors of suffragettes. It also co-opts the colour scheme used in the [genderqueer](#) pride

flag designed by Marilyn Roxie in 2010 ([source](#): Rational Wiki's "TERF Glossary," 2023).

Nazis use their own dogwhistles as well, meant to be seen by fellow club members to identify each other while hiding in plain sight. Many of these symbols are only used by the alt-right, at this stage, but in case there is overlap, the context of the subterfuge and its hauntologies can flush fascists out into the open:



(exhibit 4b: original source, unknown)

cryptofascists

Fascists by any other name or code. These fascists deliberately mislabel themselves and employ obscurantism to avoid the all-purpose "Nazis" label, thus preserve their negative freedom by normalizing themselves. This includes white nationalists, Western Chauvinists, and pro-Europeans; it also includes TERFs like Meghan Murphy [spuriously decrying the "TERF" label as "hate speech" in 2017](#) (a flashpoint for TERF politics). I write "spurious" because hate speech is committed by groups in power, or sanctioned by those in power, against systemically marginalized targets. *Please note: TERFs claiming self-persecution in bad faith (a standard fascist tactic) does not make them a legitimate target for systemic violence beyond what their relative privilege affords; it just makes them dishonest.*

obscurantism

The act of deliberately concealing one's true self (usually an ideology or political stance) through deliberately deceptive ambiguity. The classic, 20th century

example are the Nazis, who called themselves "national-socialists" by intentionally disguising their true motives behind stolen, deliberately inaccurate language; e.g., The Holocaust Encyclopedia's 2017 exhibit on [the inverted swastika as a current-day religious symbol thousands of years old that has been co-opted and profaned by a fascist state](#) (similar to the Star of David being co-opted by the enthostate of Israel in their state-sanctioned, American-backed genocide of the Palestinians). However, any sex-coercive group constantly employs concealment as a means of negative freedom: freedom from social justice. Neoliberal corporations routinely frame themselves as "neutral" and exceptional in the same breath, lying and denying the historio-material consequences of their own propaganda every chance they get; fascists celebrate dogwhistles (sans admitting to them as bad-faith) but condemn whistle-blowing as "censorship." TERFs can be neoliberal or fascist, [but as Katelyn Burns notes in 2019, still call themselves "gender-critical" in either case](#) (similar to white supremacists calling themselves "race realists"). Despite whitewashing themselves, TERFs function as sporadically moderate bigots, dodging legitimate, sex-positive criticism. They generally accomplish this through DARVO obscurantism, a strategy of playing the victim while blaming actual victims by gaslighting them.

For more examples of cryptofascism and obscurantism, consider watching Renegade Cut's "[What Is \(and Is Not\) Anti-Fascism?](#)" (2022). This will come in handy when we examine fascism and TERFs in Volume Three—Perse



(exhibit 5a: Source, "[Cancel culture: the road to obscurantism](#)" [2021]; note: the author, Stefano Braghiroli of New Europe, actually blames iconoclasts for viciously condemning the Greats of Western Civilization to oblivion, itself a form of DARVO obscurantism: The West is built on settler colonialism, Imperialism, and genocide.)

Miscellaneous Terms, Game Theory

accommodated intellectuals

Inspired by [Edward Said's *Representations of the Intellectual*](#) (1993), an accommodated intellectual is—by my measure—a public-speaker, intellectual or thinker socio-materially accommodated by a formal institution of power. Though often corporatized (e.g., the think tank), this traditionally extends to tenured professors, who—even when their ideas *are* useful to Communism—tend to become far more concerned with cataloguing these ideas than spreading them to a wider public (so-called "academic paywalls" and general gatekeeping behaviors). Such individuals are, as I like to call them, giant chickenshits.

cognitive estrangement

The consequence of overspecialized language alienating anyone but a hyperspecific target audience, or an audience being so specialized that they cannot easily understand anything outside of their wheelhouse (a common fatality among academics or specialized researchers).

cognitive dissonance

A "psychomachic" conflict between one's feelings and thoughts, often stemming from an ideology that practices harm against particular groups that another aspect of the person is unable to face, practice or otherwise acknowledge.

anisotropic

The alteration of meaning depending on the flow of exchange—e.g., the white savior vs the black criminal (despite both being violent) vs *the white oppressor* vs *the black victim*. For our purposes, this means "for or against capital/canon," etc—i.e., bourgeois heroic action is benevolent in one direction (from the hero's point of view) and terrifying from the victim's point of view, the assigned scapegoat made to suffer as the state's chosen target of sanctioned violence inside the state of exception (more on this in the manifesto). Likewise, this remains a common phenomenon during the Promethean hero's journey inside the closed/parallel space.

concentric

"The Russian doll effect," an endless procession of mirrors, foes, doors, etc—i.e., the Promethean Quest never ends; the war, carnage and rape never cease; the confusion and utter destitution, etc.

intersectionality

When multiple bourgeois/proletarian codifiers align within a particular social group; e.g., cis-het white women or trans women of color, etc. Intersectionality tends to be canonically abjected or gaslit, gatekept, girl-bossed, fetishized, etc. This book thoroughly examines intersectionality under Capitalism as either bourgeois or proletarian.

liminality

A linguo-material position of conflict or transition, liminality is ontologically a state of being "in between," usually through failed sublimation/uncanniness; it invokes a "grey area" generally demonized in Western canon as "chaos." In truth, semantic disorder can be used to escape the perpetual exploitation and decay caused all around us by Capitalism and its giant lies (a concept we'll explore throughout this book). Liminality also occurs when working with highly canonical/colonized material, like the Western, European fantasy or highly exploitative material like canonical porn (with the word "pornography" being criminalized, thus something iconoclasts must reclaim). Gothic examples include monsters and parallel spaces, which tend to oscillate in liminal fashion.

anachronistic

Spatio-temporally incongruous; for our purposes, this applies to hauntology (a linguo-material sensation between the past and the present, but also a total inability to imagine a future beyond past forms of the future—two concepts we'll unpack during the manifesto at length).

blank/blind parody



(source: [the Vaporwave Aesthetic](#))

In *Postmodernism, or the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* (1991), Frederic Jameson writes,

"Pastiche is, like parody, the imitation of a peculiar or unique, idiosyncratic style, the wearing of a linguistic mask, speech in a dead language. But it is a neutral practice of such mimicry, without any of parody's ulterior motives, amputated of the satiric impulse, devoid of laughter and of any conviction that alongside the abnormal tongue you have

momentarily borrowed, some healthy linguistic normality still exists. Pastiche is thus blank parody, a statue with blind eyeballs" ([source](#)).

Personally, I think Jameson's "normality" echoes Nietzsche's or Freud's. As such, I envision pastiche and parody as likewise having bourgeois and proletarian qualities, much like sublimation does. They *can* be blank under bourgeois (centrist) forms. Likewise, though, "perceptive pastiche" can adopt the appearance of a false "blankness/blindness" (see, above: "Vaporwave," a hauntological subgenre) in the face of power—a tactic vital to revolutionaries' continued funding from different sources, as well as keeping them safe from violent reactionaries.

Vaporwave/Laborwave and cyberpunk

Hauntological *cryptomimesis* that has the subversive potential to challenge established, status-quo nostalgias through the decay of corporate hegemony as expressed through "corporate mood." This encapsulates a gradient of aesthetics through countercultural music, art and the Gothic mode: *Star Wars*, *Blade Runner*, *Alien*, *Mad Max*, *Children of Man*, etc (which Capitalism will try to recuperate through by canonizing these stories, thus robbing them of their revolutionary potential; i.e., controlled opposition through Capitalist Realism).

Capitalist Realism

Fisher's adage, "It's easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of Capitalism," which comments on a profound, widespread inability to imagine a

world beyond Capitalism. This often presents the end-of-the-world as the end-all, be-all; i.e., a kind of vanishing point under Hogle's narrative of the crypt: not a door to pass imaginarily through but a black gate whose inaccessible threshold cannot be surpassed by corporate design. The elite don't want people to cross it, focusing instead on canonical doubles of neoliberal entropy as part of the illusion: violence, death and decay as an "empowering" distraction from the global exploitation and destruction neoliberalism is committing against the Earth and its inhabitants. In ludic terms, engagement with this space requires occupying a space between reality and fiction, and of choosing to break the rules without our own "magic circles."

half-real

[From Jesper Juul's 2005 book of the same name](#); i.e., "A half-real zone between the fiction and the rules" that allows for emergent forms of transformative play. This can apply to sexual artwork (exhibit 93), Gothic liminalities like ghosts (exhibit 43c), live performances like a ball or masque (exhibit 75a), or Jesper's typical ludonarrative (videogames, exhibit 64c), etc.

ludic contract (spoilsports)

An agreement between the player and the game to be played; or as Chris Pratt writes in ["In Praise of Spoil Sports"](#) (2010): "the more traditional definition of the ludic contract [is] an agreement on the part of players that they will forgo some of their agency in order to experience an activity that they enjoy." Yet, inventive players like speedrunners (which Pratt calls "spoilsports") converge upon intended gameplay with unintended, emergent forms. In other words, the ludic contract is less a formal, rigid contract and more a negotiated compromise occurring between the two; i.e., where players have some sense of agency in deciding how *they* want to play the game even while adhering to its rules and, in effect, being mastered by it (see: Seth Giddings and Helen Kennedy's ["Little Jesuses and *@#?-off Robots,"](#) 2008, exhibit 0a2c).

the magic circle

The space where a game takes place, be that a social game, a sport, a dialog or gender performance onstage, and videogames, etc. The founder of the idea, Eric Zimmerman, writes in ["Jerked Around by the Magic Circle"](#) (2012):

The "magic circle" is not a particularly prominent phrase in *Homo Ludens*, and although Huizinga certainly advocates the idea that games can be understood as separate from everyday life, he never takes the full-blown magic circle point of view that games are ultimately separate from

everything else in life or that rules are the sole fundamental unit of games. In fact, Huizinga's thesis is much more ambivalent on these issues and he actually closes his seminal book with a passionate argument against a strict separation between life and games. The magic circle is not something that comes wholly from Huizinga. To be perfectly honest, Katie and I more or less invented the concept, inheriting its use from my work with Frank, cobbling together ideas from Huizinga and Caillois, clarifying key elements that were important for our book, and reframing it in terms of semiotics and design – two disciplines that certainly lie outside the realm of Huizinga's own scholarly work. But that is what scholarship often is – sampling and remixing ideas in order to come to a new synthesis.

emergent play

Unintended gameplay discovered and utilized by players that wasn't intended by developers; optimal variants are called "metaplay" or simply "the meta."

intended play

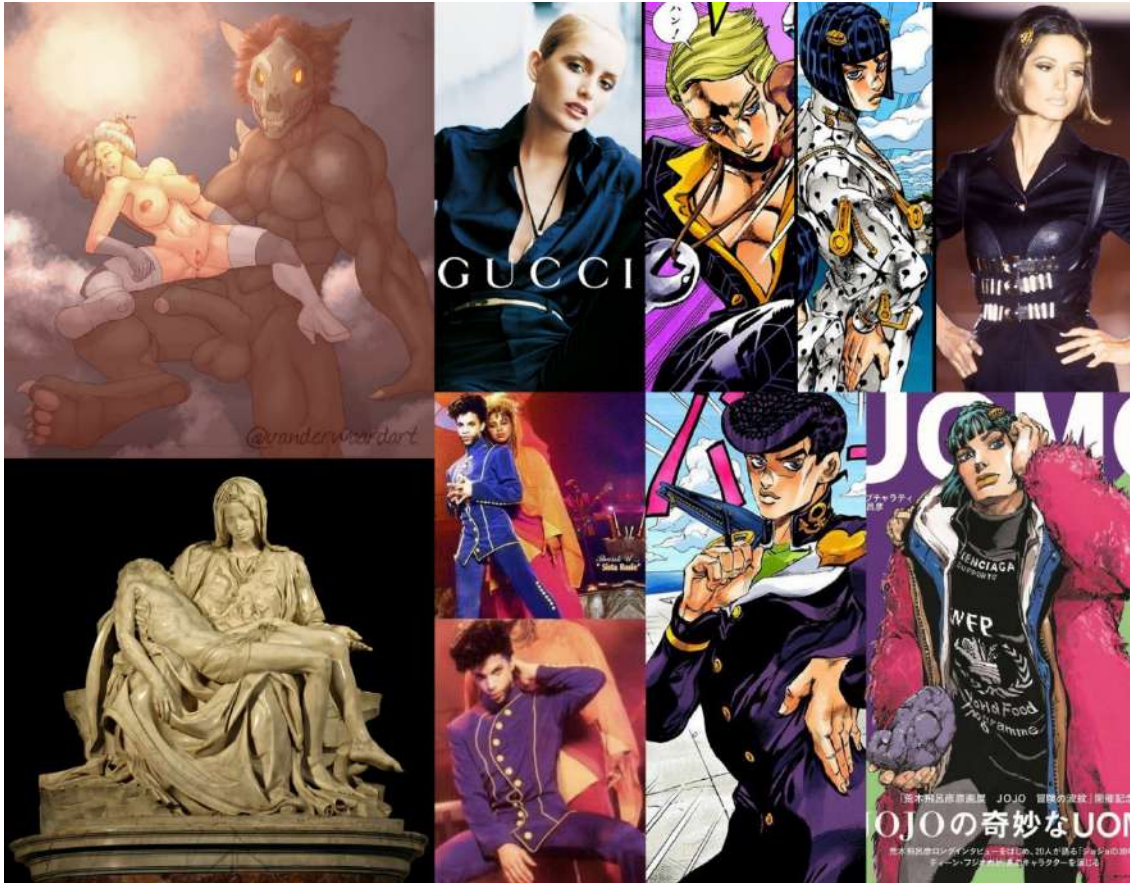
Gameplay intended by the developers; in Marxist terms, this can be considered the bourgeoisie or their proponents.

framed (concentric) narratives

A story-within-a-story (aka *mise-en-abyme* in artistic circles, whose translation "placement in abyss" takes on more spooky liminalities in Gothic circles), generally a perspective contained within an unreliable narrator's point-of-view. A famous example is Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, which tells the story from the shipmaster's perspective, who learns everything about Victor and the Creature from Victor. Victor is a giant, colonial douchebag who lies constantly and does his very patriarchal best to whitewash *everything*. The Creature, meanwhile, is reactively abused constantly and forced to defend his position after Victor has dragged his name through the mud for most of the novel.

unreliable narratives/narrators/spaces (monsters)

A narrator or narrative that is untrustworthy or epistemologically/phenomenologically dubious; in Gothic stories, these rely on ambiguous, historically-contested/-conflicting spaces with liminal markers.



(exhibit 5b: Artist, top-left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); bottom-left: Michelangelo; right side: Hirohiko Araki, his *Jojo's Bizarre Adventure* manga/anime [1987/2012] inspired by a variety of real-life musicians and clothing brands.)

palimpsest

"A manuscript or piece of writing material on which the original writing has been effaced to make room for later writing but of which traces remain"—common in Gothic stories, which amount to a cycle of lies; i.e., historical materialism: bourgeois history is unreliable, treacherous, like a Gothic lover or a concentric chest/midden of unreliable materials (cryptonyms). It can apply to a variety of media or formats: sculpture, music, clothes, videogames, etc (exhibit 5b, 43a/43b).

universal adaptability

[A concept borrowed from Slavoj Žižek's *A Pervert's Guide to Ideology* \(2012\)](#), which outlines the ways in which a piece of media (in his case, Beethoven's "Ode to Joy") can be utilized universally by different groups to promote their own ideologies—all in spite of the original source material, including the author's socio-political stance.

The Gothic, BDSM and Kink

Gothic narrators/narratives

For its hero, narrators, spaces and speakers, a Gothic tale regularly involves unreliable/conflicting artificers and imposters, but also the patriarchal bloodline or castle as invented; i.e., as a series of concentric, sedimentary palimpsests. In the canonical sense, everything is fetishized, valorized and disseminated, then spread far and wide to cover up the ghost of the counterfeit (the circular lie of the West) with more ghosts that further the lie. Iconoclastic variants challenge this myopia with their own counterfeits' opposing class character inside a shared, contested midden.

Gothic doubling

The black mirror of historical materialism's all our yesterdays. It is the fated, ominous premonition of endless circuituity—that everything has already occurred before, or things that have already occurred will occur again from the same materials that occur out of what has already occurred; i.e., for everything that exists, there must (somewhere in the universe) be a dialectical-material "shadow" whose coinciding status as former-or-future counterfeit is actually historical materialism's circular approach to space and time felt in the current moment: everything that has ever existed will exist again or things that will exist have already existed in ways that offer up a prior version's dialectical-material opposition to it—a castle or soldier as "evil" twin, uncanny and undead, replicated like an echo, a virus, a shade; the civil war of black infinity. There is no automatic moral character, merely the presence of infinite possibility amid crushing gravity and decay.

the Gothic heroine



(exhibit 5e1: Left: an old drawing of Samus Aran from *Metroid Dread*, 2021, by [Persephone van der Waard](#); right: [a more recent version of the same drawing—made to be more gay and less colonial](#).)

Note: Many of the drawings in this book are actually modified versions from my own portfolio—updated using

collage/airbrushing techniques that I've been using for years. —Perse)

The oft-female (or at least feminine) protagonist of Gothic stories. Classically a passive sex object/detective/damsel-in-distress, which became increasingly masculine, active and warlike in the 20th century onwards (though Charlotte Dacre beat everyone to the punch in 1806 when she wrote *Zofloya*, [having the masculine-yet-trammeled Victoria de Loredani stab Lilla, the archetypal Gothic heroine, to death](#)). Unlike their male counterparts, who *tend* to default to soldiers or scientists (violent/mentally fragile men of war and reason with—at least in America—closeted ties to Nazi Germany and parallel conservative movements wearing a liberal guise), women within the colonial binary are relegated to spheres of domesticated ignorance; i.e., "Something is wacky about my residence, my guest, my wardrobe, etc. Guess I'll go investigate (exhibit 48a)!" Ann Radcliffe treated the protecting of female virtue as an "armoring" (exhibit 30c) process that commonly worked through a swooning mechanism; though somewhat problematic on its face due to its pro-European origins, the idea of armoring one's virtue still presents the notion of feminine flexibility as facing monstrous-feminine things that male, or at least "phallic," heroes cannot rationalize or stab/shoot to death; i.e., the paradox of terror as something to reclaim through counterterror devices that, yes, include a fair bit of rape, taboo sex, and murderous stereotypes. In other words, it's entirely possible to have the Great Destroyer persona without being bigoted, but you have to camp it, first.

xenophobia

Monster-slaying. A fear of the unknown as something to exude or endure, which may take sex-positive or sex-coercive forms. Inside Gothic circles, theatrical xenophobia sits between fear of and fascination towards "the other" as a social-sexual construct; i.e., inherited either by privileged workers acting out unironic gender trouble, or minorities surviving it through their own ironic variation of gender trouble and gender parody in monstrous forms. As such, *harmful* xenophobia fearfully dogmatizes outsider groups, presenting them as beings to hate, abject and kill, but also fetishize: monstrous-feminine women ("woman is other") but also witches, Amazons, queer/feminine people (trans, intersex and non-binary) and various sodomic ritual metaphors (vampirism, exhibit 41g3; crossdress, exhibit 55b; and lycanthropy/werewolves, exhibit 87a; etc) for non-heteronormative/gender-non-conforming sexual orientations, performances, and identities as deserving of violence by assimilated minorities/token police (e.g., TERFs). Because of the sexual nature of stigma and bias, harmful xenophobia crosses over into harmful xenophilia, and their combined liminal expression elides with cathartic variants of either approach in the same theatrical territories.

monstrous-feminine



(exhibit 5d1: Artist, top-left: [Gabriele Dell'Otto](#); artist, top-left and bottom: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and a model who wishes to remain anonymous; I'll henceforth refer to them as Jericho. When healing from trauma, queerness is often

symbolized as abjectly insect-like/uncanny as something queer people are forced into—i.e., a psychosexual, "corrupt," medievalized ontology whose canonical role they don't want to play but also desire to escape from using the same language: the queer/sodomite whose gender-non-conformity is synonymized with the "rape" of heteronormativity by the monstrous-feminine and whose beauty is feared by fearful-fascinated straight people conflating queerness as a universal symbol of unironic rape and madness. We do sometimes want to express our own trauma in relation to what we're made out to be by our abusers, but ultimately we desire to be butterflies unto ourselves: free from trauma, from judgement, from harm.)

A term lifted from Barbara Creed's *The Monstrous-Feminine*. While Creed focuses on the desire for the *cis* woman not to be a victim, thus terrifying men in abject, monstrous ways (which are often then crucified by heteronormative agents, including token ones like Ellen Ripley), the fact remains that the monstrous-feminine extends to a much broader persecution network; i.e., of any "feminine" force that falls outside of what is acceptable within the Patriarchy's heteronormative colonial binary. I have placed *feminine* in quotes to account for anything perceived as "feminine" thus "not correctly" "male"; i.e., "woman is other" expanded to trans, intersex and non-binary persons (and the animals associated with them: bunnies, butterflies, cats, dogs, foxes, etc). This can be a male twink or vampire; the cis-queer bear's expression of tenderness and love towards another man (or whoever they're intimate with in whatever way constitutes intimacy for them); a female Amazon that rebels against the state, whether cis, or genderqueer in binary/non-binary ways. The possibilities for heteronormative conformity are narrow and brutal inside a vast historical-material tableau of the same-old patterns; gender-non-conformity's ironies go on endlessly.

xenophilia

Monster-fucking. A love of the unknown as something to exude or endure, which may take sex-positive or sex-coercive forms. Whereas harmful (sex-coercive) xenophobia bleeds into harmful *xenophilia*, the sex-positive reversal of abjection and canonical xenophobia/xenophilia resists state power through covert, proletarian means; e.g., "Trojan" monsters and monster-slaying/-fucking rituals that hide revolutionary intent during liminal expressions of oppositional praxis as oft-pornographic. The monster isn't simply someone to fuck (though it can be); it's also someone to potentially love asexually as an "ace" friend/co-conspirator—e.g., *Nimona* (exhibit 56d2). As such, cathartic xenophilia extends to empathy for the wretched, whose medievalized trauma often overlaps with their sexuality and gender but doesn't synonymize with it; indeed, cathartic xenophilia seeks to understand their rage at, and medieval alienation by, state powers (the xenomorph

being a queer icon we shall examine many, many times throughout this book, but especially in Volume Two's "Demon" section of chapters).

psychosexuality ("battle sex")

Literally "of sex and the mind," but in Gothic often having a combative "sex battle" element (the psychomachy), psychosexuality is the adjacent placement of pleasurable pain and other euphoric sensations next to unironic harm; i.e., rape fantasy or theatre. Just as canon and camp exist in the same shadow zone, performative irony and its absence are equally liminal using the same shared aesthetics of power and resistance, death and rape, heroic (monstrous) violence: the colors of stigma, vice, power and sin. Canonical psychosexuality conflates pleasure with genuine harm, including bigoted stereotypes that further this pathology. These result in widespread misconceptions about healthy BDSM as a result of sex-coercive BDSM (through unironic "demon BDSM" examples, including criminal hauntology news cycles or "true crime" in other mediums besides television), and genuine pluralities that seek out dangerous sex (hard kink) due to confused pleasure responses resulting from extreme prey mechanisms/posttraumatic stress disorder that compel victims to unironically spifflicate; i.e., "to be self-destroyed or disposed of by violence" in an unironic sense. As something to unironically or ironically seek out on and offstage, abuse manifests differently per person relative to congenital and environmental factors which are often accident-of-birth. But general psychosexuality manifests through the Destroyer persona and their utterly devastated victim as part of the same social-sexual equation; i.e., a cultural pathology or ironic, informed interrogation regarding the proliferation of this extremism in normalized, canonical depictions of heroic sexuality as embattled: as sex-coercive, hence unironically violent and rapacious through warring factions thereof (and against camp in the larger meta conversation).

calculated risk/risk reduction exercise

A calculated risk minimizes harm but mimics the feeling of being out of control; e.g., consent-non-consent/informed consent.

fetishization

A fetish, or the act of making something into a fetish, is "a form of sexual desire in which gratification is linked to an abnormal degree to a particular object, item of clothing, or part of the body." Generally, fetishes are pre-existing social-sexual trends that people either embrace or reject. They aren't explicitly sexist (e.g., mutually consenting to show feet), but become sexist when used in exploitative

ways (e.g., sex workers forced to show their feet to generate profit for someone else).

rape culture

The tacit-to-aggressive apologizing for rape in society at large. Learned power abuses taught by state-corporate propaganda and power relations through "Pavlovian/Pygmalion" conditioning that breaks the recipient's mind, bending them towards automatic, violent behaviors towards state targets during moral panics. This response can be men mistreating women, but also women mistreating each other or their fellow exploited workers (who can mistreat each other); i.e., TERFs abusing trans people and ethnic minorities. When executed and learned on a societal level, these sex-coercive practices become codified as "bad play" in canonical BDSM narratives, which recycle in and out of popular media (re: the Shadow of Pygmalion/Cycle of Kings).

Man Box/"prison sex" mentality

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

weird canonical nerds (versus weird iconoclastic nerds)

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

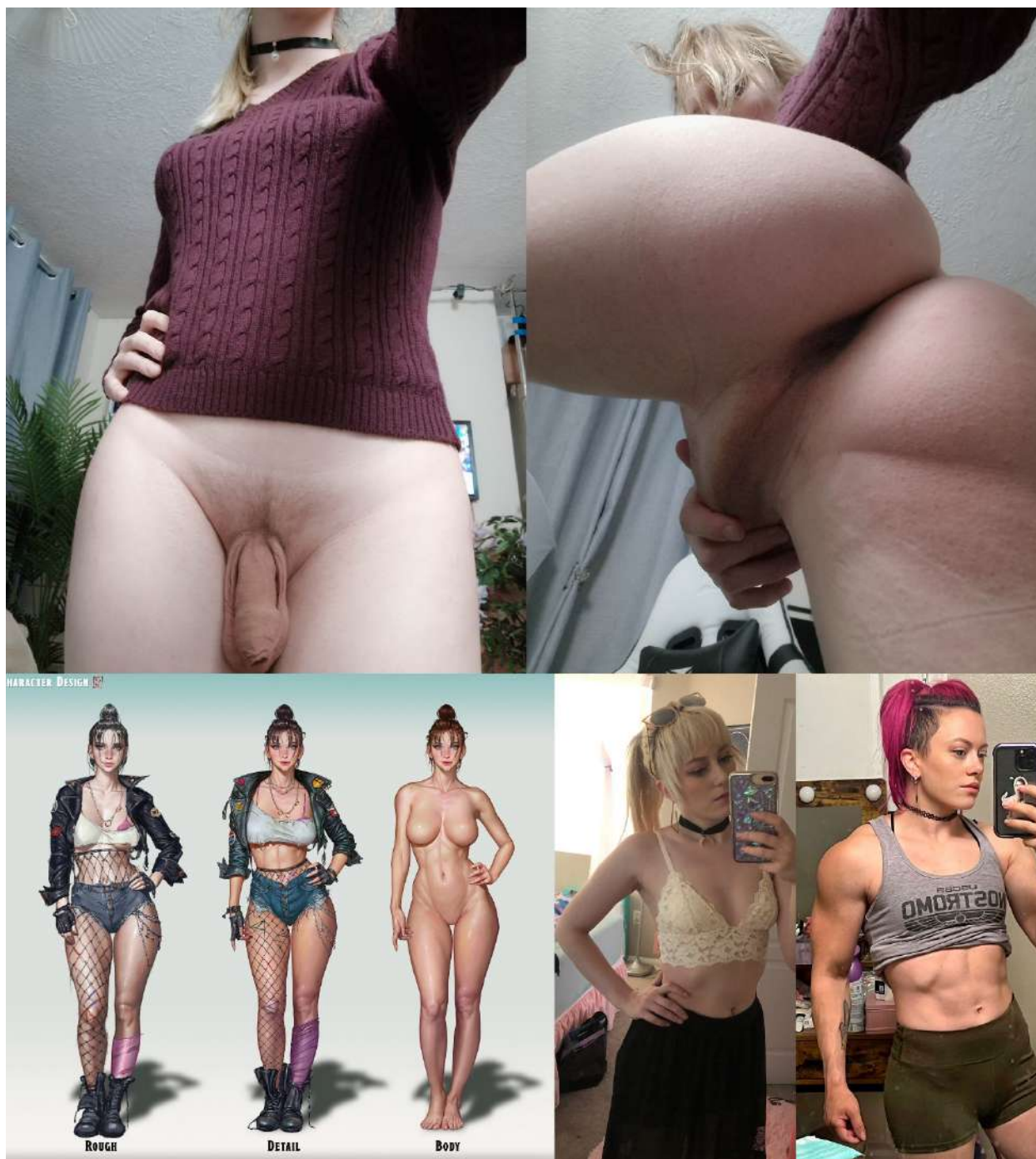
good play vs bad play

Forms of power exchange during oppositional praxis; i.e., sex-positive BDSM and other social-sexual practices and code built on mutual/informed consent vs sex coercion and harmful BDSM/rape culture. Bad play is the emulation of white, cis-het men as the unironic performers of coercive sex, bondage, murder and rape (e.g., TERFs dominating members of their own group).

chaser/bait

Trans women are often seen as "bait" within a "prison sex" mentality—i.e., forbidden, monstrous-feminine fruit for reactionaries (including regressive feminists) to publicly condemn and privately "chase." A "chaser" is someone a person who outwardly rejects the pursuit of "sodomy" (non-reproductive, monstrous-feminine sex, in the medieval sense) but secretly pursues it in private in relation to various out-group types associated with it: the twink, femboy or ladyboy, or trans women more broadly (or the remainder of classic gay man's lexicon of animalized/body hair terms: hunk, twunk, otter, bear or polar bear. Queer sexuality tends to be much more adjective-based than straight orientation descriptors, "I'm a straight" being about it). "Baiting" can be inverted, with trans

women and similar groups also being policed in the sex worker community by AFAB workers who, likewise, brand or otherwise treat us as "false women" who aren't monstrous like they are, thus become worthy of attack to earn clemency from men amid their own self-hatred; i.e., we're "luring" *their* customers away from them like cis-male sex workers do and should be regarded with suspicion and contempt (to be clear, neither we nor cis-male sex workers should be treated this way but our treatment—as gender-non-conforming AMAB persons by AFAB sex workers—is transphobic).



(exhibit 5d2: Artist, top: [Olivia Robin](#); bottom-left: [Kyu Yong Eom](#); bottom-right: [Claire Max](#). The feminine cock as something to show and hide becomes a dangerous game of undress for many traps; the masculine-feminine becomes an advertisement of "incorrect," monstrous-feminine masculinity on the surface of female-appearing bodies before the clothes come off [although such bodies are habitually undressed by the Male Gaze; said gaze can be emulated by TERFs policing male and female bodies]. Either liminality is dangerous for gender-non-conforming AMAB/AFAB sex workers, but also workers in general seeking to express

themselves as different from, thus in resistance to, the canonical standard and its Symbolic Order/mythic structure.)

trap/twink-in-peril/bait

A slur directed at homosexual men/gender-non-conforming AMABs, who are fetishized/coercively demonized by cis-het men during gender trouble when the nation-state cannot provide them heteronormative sex ("war brides"). Often, queer fiction comments on this exploitative side of the "bury your gays" trope through an abject, queer damsel-in-distress: the *twink-in-peril*, perhaps articulated mostly nakedly (with raw exploitation, but also exceptional nuance) [in Dennis Cooper's *Frisk*](#) (1991) or Gregg Araki's *The Doom Generation* (1995). Gentler, less-brutalized versions of this monstrous-feminine can be found sprinkled all throughout popular fiction, including Cloud-in-a-dress from *Final Fantasy 7* (1997) and "Gerudo Link" from the *Zelda* series (which we'll explore more in Volume Three, Chapter Three, exhibit 93). "Traps" in quotes is something that could be supplied to AFAB workers, whose appearance beyond heteronormative standards leads them to becoming demonized as a queer "bait," or trick (no pun intended) that leads chases down queerer and queerer rabbit holes.

bears, otters, hunks/twunks/twinks; lesbians and femmes

The traditionally homosexual male/female language of the 1970s, '80s and 90s. It doesn't exclusively apply to homosexuality and can be non-binarized in order to describe body preferences, orientations and performances (e.g., Link is a twink/twunk depending on the game or scenario); all the same, it has been historically utilized by cis queer people as a movement that ostensibly predates the trans, nonbinary and intersex movements of the Internet Age (with these groups having existed for just as long—i.e., before Western Civilization). Furthermore, some words, like "twink," "dyke," and obviously "faggot" have a pejorative, monstrous-feminine flavor within their own communities, being reclaimed throughout the '90s into the new millennium. There is also cis bias against gender-non-conforming usage of these words, seeing it as "colonization" of the monstrous-feminine from an incorrect variant (a thought pattern of self-hatred that, once internalized, is used to divided and conquer minority groups by having them police themselves).

femboys, ladyboys, catboys; catgirls, [anything] girls

The application of something "femme" next to "boy" historically has an emasculating quality towards men who, in cis-conforming circles (straight or gay/bi), are expected to dominate the feminine, thus weaker party. Obviously this has been slowly reclaimed since the '90s, but cis-queer assimilation still leads to

Man Box culture within homosexual and bisexual men and women, but also tokens (a "butch," female, cis/token *domme* can abuse her smaller "femme" partner in a queernormative sense; or internalized bigotry can lead trans, intersex or non-binary parties to emulate these behaviors as the giver or receiver). In heteronormative circles, adding the suffix, "girl," to the end of a word sexualizes or feminizes them in a dimorphic way—i.e., a cat girl is (from a cis standpoint) a girl, thus coded as such ("cat" curiously being a "femme" entity for precisely this collocation, leading catboys to being seen as femme gay men; e.g., "neko" meaning a male "bottom" in Japanese slang). These terms are often qualified with various other descriptors in public discourse at large, including sex work; e.g., a "pastel goth non-binary catgirl brat": aesthetic descriptors + gender + gender performance + BDSM type. The soft or cuddly is still feminine, thus a monster that must be dominated to preserve patrilineal descent, authority and conquest against a prescribed enemy.

moe

Described by Mateusz Urbanowicz as [an infantilized art style of women popular in Japan](#), generally to make them look physically and emotionally younger—historically a form of female exploitation by male artists.

ahegao

A facial expression tied to *hentai* ("perversion") Japanese culture and the abject sexual objectification of women; i.e., the "little death" of the so-called "O face" made during orgasm, especially achieved by rough sex and rape play. While its "death face" is historically attached to rape culture and unironic rape porn, latter-day variants have become blind parodies (exhibit 104d) to the buried historical trauma (appreciative forms can also be enjoyed in private/public exhibitions, however).

live burial

The Gothic master-trope, live burial—as marked by Eve Segewick in her introduction to *The Coherence of Gothic Conventions* (1986)—is expressed in the language of live burial as an endless metaphor for the buried libido within concentric structures as something to punish "digging into" (which includes investigating the false family's incestuous/abjectly monstrous bloodline; [source](#)). To move beyond psychoanalytical models and into Marxist territories, I would describe live burial as incentivized by power structures in ways that threaten abuse (often death, incarceration or rape) to those who go looking into hereditary and dynastic power structures, especially their psychosexual abuse and worker exploitation: the fate of the horny detective, but also the *whistleblower*.

kink

Nontraditional forms of sexual activity that don't necessarily involve forms of power exchange between partners (unequal or otherwise).

roleplay

The playing of roles in social-sexual situations, usually with a dominant/submissive element (as many come from classic stories which tend to be heteronormative; but even iconoclastic stories transmute BDSM, fetishes and kinks to be sex-positive within dominant/submissive models).

cuckolding

In sex-positive roleplay terms, cuckolding is watching someone fuck your SO (significant other) or having someone watch will you fuck *their* SO; i.e., a mutually consensual, negotiated activity.



negotiation

The drawing up of power levels, exchange limits, boundaries and comfort levels (soft and hard limits) before social-sexual BDSM activities.

safe word(s)

Permission/boundary words used (often by a submissive but not always) to stall/stop whatever BDSM activities are unfolding. A common example is the traffic light system; i.e., "Green light, yellow light, red light."

consent-non-consent

Negotiated social-sexual scenarios through informed consent, consent-non-consent where one party surrenders total control over to the other party trusting that party to not betray said agreement or trust; aka "RACK" ([Risk-Aware Consensual Kink](#)) in relation to risky BDSM; i.e., bodily harm; e.g., public beatings, rape scenarios, whippings, knife play and blood-letting.

(demon) BDSM

Bondage, discipline, sadism, and masochism—seemingly nontraditional forms of sexual activity that involve unequal power exchange that has actually been canonized and must be camped in doubled forms. Both involve power, but non-consensual (sex-coercive) variants canonically involve power *abuse*—generally of women and other marginalized workers by white, cis-het men/arguably token queers in romanticized tales thereof (e.g., Stoker's vampire, Barker's Cenobite) that often, according to Susan Sontag's "Fascinating Fascism" (1974), invoke not just the "master scenario" whose purely sexual experience is "severed from personhood, from relationships, from love," but also the fascist language of death: "The color is black [and red], the material is leather, the seduction is beauty, the justification is honesty, the aim is ecstasy, the fantasy is death" ([source](#)). In a sex-positive sense, such rituals regularly invoke demons as a Gothicized means of catharsis, but also practicing impulse and power control during non-harmful euphoria whose painful, physical, emotional, and/or sexual activities occur between good-faith participants; i.e., ironic variants of Radcliffe's classically **xenophobic** and dubiously "consensual" **Black Veil** (hiding the threat badly), **demon lover** (the xenophobic/xenophilic threat of unironic mutilation and rape), and **exquisite "torture"** (rape play).

dom(inator/-inatrix)

A BDSM actor who performs a dominant role—traditionally masculine (especially in Gothic canon: Mr. Rochester, Edward Cullen, Christian Grey and all the million monster variants of these kinds of characters) thus ostensibly having more power. However, in honored realms of mutual consent, they actually have less power than the sub, who only has to say no/red light, etc (for a good example of sub power, [watch the 2014 Gothic-erotic thriller, *The Duke of Burgundy*](#)); the sub controls the action by giving the dom permission according to negotiated boundaries.



sub(missive)

A BDSM actor who performs a submissive role—traditionally feminine (especially in Gothic canon: Jane Eyre, Bella Swan, Anastasia Steele and all the million monster variants of these kinds of characters) thus ostensibly having less power. However, in sex-positive scenarios, the sub calls the shots from moment-to-moment (except in consent-non-consent, where they only agreed to everything up front and sign everything over ahead of time—a useful tactic for certain rape fantasies and regression scenarios).

"strict/gentle"

A BDSM flavor or style generally affixed to the dom in terms of their delivery. A "strict" dominatrix, for example, will administer discipline much more authoritatively than a "gentle" variant will; i.e., she will deny succor as a theatrical device to supply through the ritual, whereas the gentle dominatrix will be far more nurturing and supportive from the offset.

topping/a top vs "bottoming"/a bottom

These terms generally refer to dominant/submissive sexual activity in which someone "tops"; i.e., "rides"/is rode. However, they can refer to BDSM/social-sexual arrangements with various, historically-materially ironic configurations; e.g., "power bottoms" or "topping from the bottom" (which can be literal, in terms of the

execution of physical sex, but also have BDSM implications/monster personages, too).

regression

In terms of mental health, regression is a form of dissociation, often tied to trauma or healing from trauma. Common in rituals of appreciative peril, which include Big/little roles daddy/mommy doms and boy/girl subs, etc. However, regression is also something that sex-coercive predation keys off of through *regressive politics*; i.e., to regress socio-politically towards a conservative medieval when Capitalism enters decay.

rape fantasies

Fantasies tied to sexual/power abuse (rape isn't about sex at all; it's about coercive power control and abuse). This kind of performative peril can be appreciative/appropriative, thus bourgeois/canonical or proletarian/iconoclastic. Common in Gothic narratives, which tend to project trauma, rape and power abuse onto displaced, dissociative scenarios: man vs nature, Jack-London-style; the lady vs the rapist or the slave vs the master in numerous articulations (racialized, but also in BDSM-monster frameworks), etc.

aftercare

Rituals supplied after BDSM (or frankly just rough sex/emotional bonding moments and other social-sexual exchanges) that help the affected party recover better than they would if left unattended ("rode hard and put away wet" as it were).

the ghost of the counterfeit

Coined by Jerrold Hogle, this abject reality or hidden barbarity is a hauntological process of abjection that, according to David Punter in *The Literature of Terror: A History of Gothic Fictions from 1765 to the Present Day* (1980), "displaces the hidden violence of present social structures, conjures them up again as past, and falls promptly under their spell" ([source](#)). I would add that it is a privileged, liminal position that endears a sheltered consumer to the barbaric past as reinvented as consumable.

the narrative of the crypt

According to Cynthia Sugars' entry for David Punter's the *Encyclopedia of the Gothic* (2012), this narrative is described by Jerrold Hogle as the *only* thing that survives—a narrative of a narrative to a hidden curse announced by things displaced from the former cause. Sugars determines, the closer one gets to the

problem, the more the space itself abruptly announces a vanishing point, a procession of fragmented illusions tied to a transgenerational curse: "a place of concealment that stands on mere ashes of something not fully present," Hogle writes of Otranto (the first "gothic" castle, reassembled for Horace Walpole's 1764 "archaeology").

cryptomimesis

Defined by Jodey Castricano in *Cryptomimesis: The Gothic and Jacques Derrida's Ghost Writing* as,

A writing practice that, like certain Gothic conventions [e.g., Segewick's commentary on live burial as a timeless fixture of Gothic literature] generates its uncanny effects through the production of what Nicholas Rand might call a "contradictory 'topography of inside-outside'" [from Abraham and Torok's *The Wolf Man's Magic Word* ...] Moreover, the term *cryptomimesis* draws attention to a writing predicated upon encryption: the play of revelation and concealment lodged within parts of individual words ([source](#)).

Castricano further describes this process as "writing with ghosts," referring to their nature as linguistic devices that adhere the sense of being haunted in domestic spaces: the house as inside, familiar and inherited by the living from the dead.

rememory

From Tony Morrison's 1987 novel, *Beloved*, to which Morrison herself shares in a 2019 interview, "as in recollecting and remembering as in reassembling the members of the body, the family, the population of the past. And it was the struggle, the pitched battle between remembering and forgetting, that became the device of the narrative [in *Beloved*]" ([source](#)).

ghosts

Ghosts are ontologically complicated, thus can be a variety of things all at once: a sentient ghost of something or someone, a ghostly memory or their own unique entity that resembles the original as a historical-material coincidence (the chronotope), a friendly/unfriendly disguise, or creative egregore. E.g., Hamlet's dad, Hamlet's memory of his dad as triggered by the space around him; or someone painting Hamlet's dad as its own thing that isn't Shakespeare's version despite the likeness. This applies to other famous ghosts in media—e.g., King Boo from *Mario*, the monster from *It Follows*, 2014; or my own friendly ghost of Jadis from exhibit 43c—i.e., Derrida's Marxist spectres.

the Promethean Quest/awesome mystery

Gothic stories enjoy a sense of awesome power tied to the chronotope or awesome ruin (what Percy Shelley calls "the colossal Wreck," exhibit 5e, 64c, etc). In the wake of a great calamity is the presence of intimations of power that must be uncovered in pursuit of the truth—i.e., the Promethean (self-destructive) Quest. We'll examine several in the Humanities primer, including Edmund Burke's *Sublime*, Mary Shelley's "playing god," Rudolph Otto's *Numinous/mysterium tremendum*, and Lovecraft's cosmic nihilism, etc. All indicate the Gothic pursuit of a big power that blasts the finder to bits; or, in Radcliffe's case, is explained away during the conclusion of an explained supernatural/rationalized event; i.e., the explained supernatural (exhibit 22, *Scooby Doo* and *Velma*).

"playing god"

In iconoclastic terms, "playing god" is the ability to self-fashion (aka "self-determination" in geopolitics). It is generally resented by the status quo, or demonized for being too dangerous; e.g., Satan from *Paradise Lost* as a self-fashioning devil moving away from God's heteronormative, colonial-binarized image.



(exhibit 5c: Two examples of the Promethean Quest/awesome mystery—from Event Horizon [top and bottom, 1997] and Alien [middle, 1979].)

the Black Veil



([source](#): "The Rise of the Gothic Novel" by Stephen Carver)

Radcliffe's famous "cloaking device" from *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, delayed until the end of the book (over 500 pages) to reveal behind a great terrible thing that made our heroine swoon; i.e., her immodest desire to look upon something that threatens her virtue and fragile mind. It remains a common device used in horror media today—e.g., as I note in "Gothic themes in *The Vanishing / Spoorloos* (1988)," the Black Veil is [present all throughout that film](#).

demon lover

Cynthia Wolff writes on Radcliffe's process in "The Radcliffean Gothic Model":

Let us say that when an individual reads a fully realized piece of fiction, he (or she) will "identify" primarily with one character, probably the principal character, and that this character will bear the principal weight of the reader's projected feelings. Naturally, an intelligent reader will balance this identification; to some extent there will be identification with each major character—even, perhaps, with a narrative voice. But these will be distributed appropriately throughout the fiction. Now a Gothic novel presents us with a different kind of situation. It is but a partially realized piece of fiction: it is formulaic (a moderately sophisticated reader already knows more or less exactly what to expect in its plot); it has little or no sense of particularized "place," and it offers a heroine with whom only a very few would wish to identify. Its fascination lies in the predictable interaction

between the heroine and the other main characters. The reader identifies (broadly and loosely) with the predicament as a totality: the ritualized conflict that takes place among the major figures of a Gothic fiction (within the significant boundaries of that "enclosed space") represents in externalized form the conflict any single woman might experience. The reader will project her feelings into several characters, each one of whom will carry some element of her divided "self." A woman pictures herself as trapped between the demands of two sorts of men—a "chaste" lover and a "demon" lover—each of whom is really a reflection of one portion of her own longing. Her rite of passage takes the form of (1) proclaiming her right to preside as mistress over the Gothic structure and (2) deciding which man (which form of "love") may penetrate its recesses!

There have been two distinct waves of Radcliffean Gothic fiction: one that began in the late eighteenth century and one that began in this century between the World Wars... ([source](#)).

exquisite "torture"

Exquisite "torture" is a Radcliffe staple, and classically pits the imperiled heroine inside a complicated, but generally unironic rape fantasy within the Gothic castle. Somewhere in the castle is a demon lover who is both more exciting than the boring-ass hero, and someone who speaks to the heroine's inheritance anxiety and/or lived trauma inside the chronotope. The fantasy on the page is a form of controlled risk, but Radcliffe's forms are "proto-vanilla" in that they emerged at the very beginnings of feminism/female discourse and whose imaginary safe spaces are actually didactically *unsafe*. According to Wolff,

Two hundred years ago Ann Radcliffe introduced Gothic conventions into the mainstream of English fiction. For the first time the process of feminine sexual initiation found respectable, secular expression. Yet the terms of this expression were ultimately limiting. It is important to recognize and acknowledge the heritage of Ann Radcliffe's Gothic tradition; it is even more important now to move on and invent other, less mutilating conventions for the rendering of feminine sexual desire ([source](#)).

the explained supernatural

The sensation of a seemingly profound or Numinous in Radcliffe's stories, often linked to fear of unironic rape and death, but also boring material disputes that involve these things. The threat—like her mischievous pirates—are dressed up as ghosts or monsters to fool the detective so they can rob the state (and maybe the

heroine) of their goods (the heroine and her modesty being "priceless treasure" in the eyes of themselves having internalized these bigotries, but also the men "protecting" them).

ludic-Gothic

Gothic videogames. "The ludic-gothic is created when the Gothic is transformed by the video game medium, and is a kindred genre to survival horror" ([source](#): Laurie Taylor's "Gothic Bloodlines in Survival Horror Gaming," 2009).

the palliative Numinous

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

ludo-Gothic BDSM

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

the liminal hauntology of war (danger disco)

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

military optimism

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

the dialectic of the alien

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

the palliative Numinous

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]



the closed space

A self-contained, claustrophobic, Gothic parallel space—generally a site of seemingly awesome power, age and danger (usually occupied by something sinister, if only the viewer's piqued curiosity/imperiled imagination): churches, abbeys, monasteries, castles, mad laboratories, (war/urban crime scenes), insane asylums, etc.

The term is reworked from Cynthia Griffin Wolff's concept of "enclosed space" from her 1979 essay, "The Radcliffean Gothic Model: A Form for Feminine Sexuality"

Now a Gothic novel presents us with a different kind of situation. It is but a partially realized piece of fiction: it is formulaic (a moderately sophisticated reader already knows more or less exactly what to expect in its plot); it has little or no sense of particularized "place," and it offers a heroine with whom only a very few would wish to identify. Its fascination lies in the predictable interaction between the heroine and the other main characters. The reader identifies (broadly and loosely) with the predicament as a totality: the ritualized conflict that takes place among the major figures of a Gothic fiction (within the significant boundaries of that "enclosed space") represents in externalized form the conflict any single woman might experience ([source](#)).

in that I've extended it beyond the purely psychological models (and psyches) of a traditional Gothic readership (white, cis-het women) and now-outmoded school of

thought (the Female Gothic of the 1970s). I do so in connection to how the Gothic mode generally employs deeply confusing and overwhelming time-spaces (chronotopes)—what Manuel Aguirre, in 2008, referred to as "[Geometries of Terror](#)" (exhibit 64b/64c)—that, along with their ambiguous, perplexing inhabitants (exhibit 64a), phenomenologically disrupt the monomyth in pointedly deconstructive, hauntological ways: the Promethean (self-destructive) hero's quest as something that undermines patrilineal descent and dynastic power exchange/hereditary rites in a never-ending cycle of war crimes, lies and blood sacrifice (a fearful critique of medieval feudalism).

Metroidvania

[already defined, in "Essential Keywords"]

Metroidvania as closed space

[an extended list of writing [that you can find on my website](#)]

ergodic

As defined by Espen J. Aarseth in [Cybertext: Perspectives on Ergodic Literature](#) (1997): "During the cybertextual process, the user will have effectuated a semiotic sequence, and this selective movement is a work of physical construction that the various concepts of 'reading' do not account for. [...] In ergodic literature, nontrivial effort is required to traverse the text," meaning effort beyond eye movement and the periodic or arbitrary turning of pages; spatially there is more than one route to take, or multiple ways one can take the same route to complete an objective or series of objectives (which in Metroidvania, are generally unspoken; *Super Metroid* is famous for its lack of narration, open-ended world, and non-linear fragmented narrative).

liminal space

Liminal spaces, in architectural terms, are spaces designed to be moved through; in Gothic terms, these amount to Bakhtin's chronotopes as museum-like times spaces that, when moved through, help past legends come alive, animating in literal and figuratively Gothic/medieval ways. Classically these include the animated portrait, miniature, gargoyle, (often giant) suit of armor, effigy and double, etc; more modern variants include Tool's early music videos (exhibit 43a), Trent Reznor's 1994 music video for "Closer" (exhibit 43b) and *Mario 64*'s own liminal spaces as

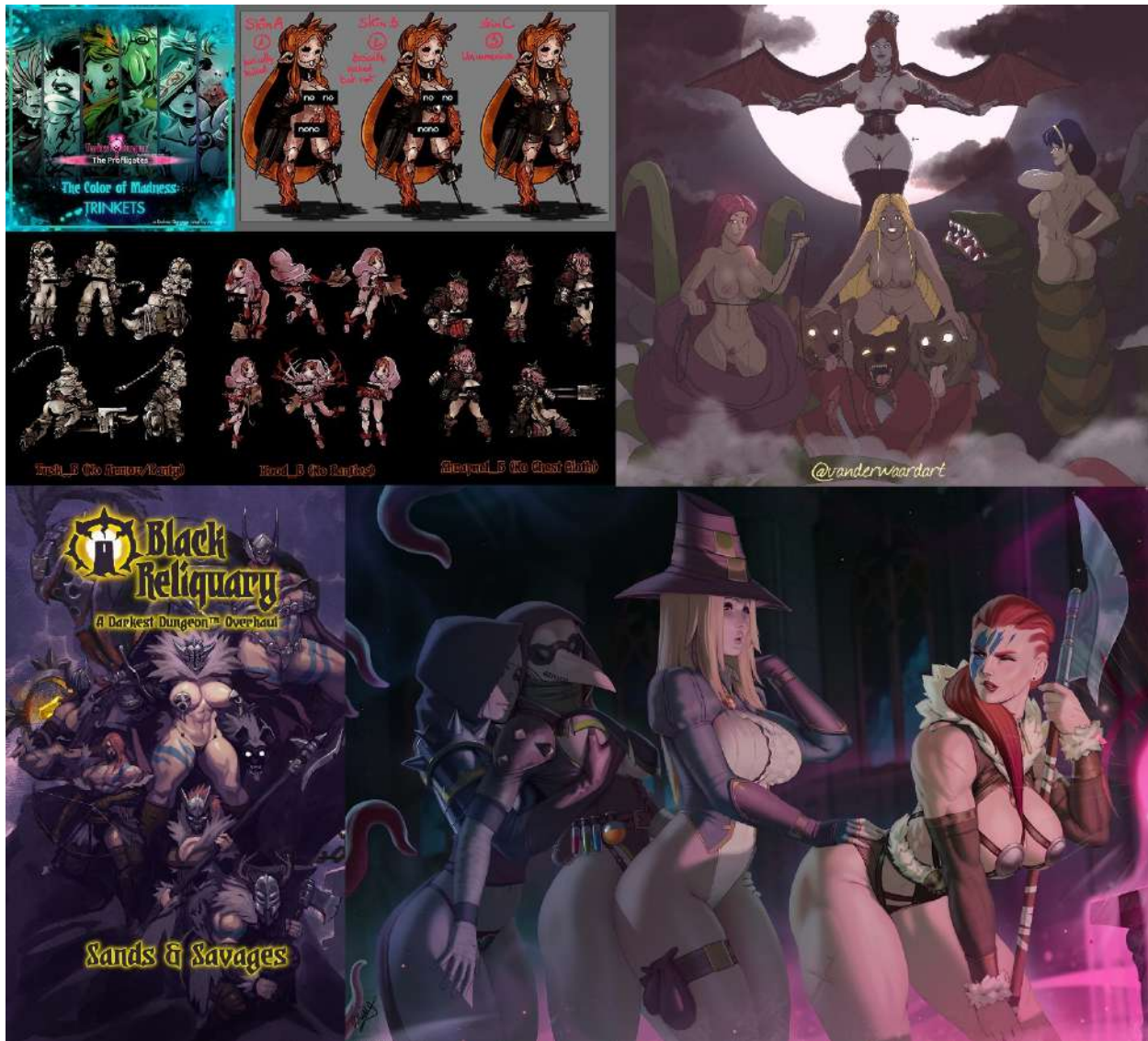
outlined by Marilyn Roxie's "[Marilyn Roxie presents ... The Inescapable Weirdness of Super Mario 64](#)" (2020).



([source](#))

liminal monsters (expression)/monster girls

Monsters are generally liminal, but some more than others openly convey a partial, ambivalent, oscillating sense of conflict on the surface of their imagery. A hopelessly common example is the monster girl, as AFAB persons are generally fetishized/demonized "waifu" in canon and must be reclaimed in sex-positive forms (exhibit 5e; 23a, the Medusa; 49, phallic women; 50, furies; 62e, cavewomen, etc). The advanced degree of this trope is the monster mother, which expects the women to exist in ways that cater to men that are both loved and feared in fetishizing ways, but also sacrificed (exhibits 51b1, 87b1 and 102b, etc). Akin to a black mirror, Eve Segewick, in 1981, called this mimesis "the character in the veil [or] imagery of the surface in the Gothic novel." The basic gist, they argue, is the sexualizing of a surfaces in Gothic media (their example being the nun's veil); i.e., a "shallow pattern" literally on the surface of paper or a screen or glass that can evoke a deeper systemic problem that spans space and time.



(exhibit 5e2: Top-far-left: Muscarine's "Profligates" [from the Darkest Dungeon \[2016\] mod workshop](#). Top-far-left: Muscarine's "Profligates" [from the Darkest Dungeon \[2016\] mod workshop](#). Top-far-left: Muscarine's "Profligates" [from the Darkest Dungeon \[2016\] mod workshop](#). The "Great Waifu Renaissance" of *The Darkest Dungeon* portrays the monstrous-feminine as waifus to control and embody as much during an ontological power trip as simply being a proverbial dragon to "slay." Often, they walk the tightrope between the cutesy and the profane, subverting stereotypes while simultaneously being chased after by weird canonical nerds: **waifu/whewfu monster-girl war brides**. Procured and dressed by powerful greedy companies [e.g., Blizzard's "thirst-trap" catalog of Amazon gradients] and given to apolitical consumers, the latter fight the culture war for the former as tied to the state through capital. And yet weird iconoclastic nerds can weaponize these self-same monstrous-feminine to our purposes.

The Tusk, for example, is a sexy cavegirl who iconoclastically stinks—i.e., with body odor being historically-materially denied to women despite their armpits smelling just as much as guys' do, let alone their vaginas, which guys do not have and can have all sorts of smells: e.g., Zeuhl once asked me to smell their panties, saying incredulously, "Isn't that crazy?" because their cootchie smelled rather strong [and to which my look of shock, post-smelling it, utterly betrayed me. To be fair, it was rather pungent from us simply walking around my hometown. All the same, bodies smell because they're designed to; e.g., that same night, we had doggystyle sex and for the first time I could suddenly smell the natural "musk" from Zeuhl's asshole: a vestigial throwback to a time when humans communicated more by smells than with words]. Apart from the Tusk, the Hood is a slutty Red Riding Hood, and the Fawn is a patchwork animal-girl ninja, etc.

*Lower-top-left: [nude mods for Muscarine's Profligates](#), by JOMO=1. Fan mods operate as "fan fiction," thus tend to be far hornier [see: *Black Reliquary's* (2023) many Amazon thirst traps, bottom-left] than official canon does. Generally the official art/content for the main game or "faithful" fan art tends to be less overtly sexualized, but no less canonical or sexually dimorphic; e.g., the Countess [exhibit 1a1c] as an Archaic Bug Mom slain by the bad-faith Ancestor [who is frankly a giant dick for the whole game].*

*Top-right: Persephone van der Waard's illustrations of four monster girls from *Castlevania* (a franchise with a whole bestiary of female monsters; [source](#): Fandom). These four are all from *Castlevania: Symphony of the Night*—[Alraune](#), [Succubus](#), [Scylla](#) and [Amphisbaena](#).*

*Bottom-left: Promo art [[source tweet](#): Reliquary Mod, 2021] for *The Darkest Dungeon* overhaul, *The Black Reliquary*].*

*Bottom-right: Fan art for *The Darkest Dungeon* by [Maestro Noob](#), depicting what are basically heroic female monsters: the virgin/whore, but also the damsel/demon and the Amazon with a BDSM flavor.*

chimeras/furries:



(exhibit 5f: Artist, left: [William Mai](#); artist, right: [Blush Brush](#). Examples of furries. "Furry" is an incredibly diverse art style. For more examples, consider Volume Two's "Call of the Wild" chapter, as well as exhibits 65 or 68 from Volume Three.)


A **chimera** isn't simply the Greek monster, but any kind of composite body or entity, often with elements of multiplicity or plurality (e.g., [the Gerasene demon](#)). Conversely, furries are humanoid [commonly called "anthro"] personas that tend to have humanoid bodies, but semi-animalistic limbs and intersex components tied to ancient rituals of fertility but also gender expression relating to/identifying with nature. While Greek myths are commonly more animalistic, the (mainstream) furries of today are often closer to the Ancient Egyptian variety: an animal "headdress" or mask over a mostly-human body. There's plenty of morphological gradients, of course—with "feral" or "bestial" variants being more and more animalistic; and the "Giger variety" being more xenomorphic and Gothically surreal (the xenomorph [exhibit 51a/60c] being one of the most famous, if contested, chimeras in modern times). A general rule of thumb, however, is the genitals tend to be human; however, "monster-fucker" variants very quickly move away from humanoid bodies (and/or genitals) altogether, often with abject, stigma animals like the insect, leech, reptile, or worm. Likewise, while "fursonas" (furry personas) tend to be sexualized, they aren't always; in fact, they primarily function as alter-


egos with many different functions: the political (see: [alt-right furies](#) as well as "furry panic"), [the dramatic](#) (Fredrik Knudsen, 2019), the horror genre (see: pretty much anything by Junji Ito, but also [Five Nights at Freddy's](#), 2014; [or its various wacky clones](#), source: Space Ice, 2023) and also for general fandom purposes; i.e., furies are [not automatically fetishes](#) (Vice, 2018) but are criminalized similar to Bronies (though any popular fandom that has a large underage audience is going to attract sexual predators *and* outsider bias; see: Turkey Tom's 2023 [admittedly problematic] "Degenerate" series on [Bronies](#) or [Five Nights at Freddy's](#); or Lily Orchard's [pedophile escapades, hidden behind sexualized Brony fan fiction](#)—Essence of Thought, 2021).

monster-fucking

The mutually consensual act of fucking monsters; i.e., sex-positive, Gothicized kink. However, as this tends to involve inhuman, animal-esque creatures beyond just werewolves, Frankensteinian creatures, or vampires, make sure to refer to the Harkness test (exhibit 38c) to avoid conducting/depicting bestiality or pedophilia! *Note: While sexual abuse does happen in furry communities, these communities are ultimately quite small and those behaviors are not the norm within any more than in the LGBTQ community at large. However, in the tradition of moral panics, this won't stop reactionary groups from scapegoating furies and similar out-groups, the persecutors hypocritically overlooking widespread systemic abuse by paramilitaries and communities leaders in the bargain. —Perse*


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ABOUT US

THE MISSION OF THE SATANIC TEMPLE IS TO ENCOURAGE BENEVOLENCE AND EMPATHY, REJECT TYRANNICAL AUTHORITY, ADVOCATE PRACTICAL COMMON SENSE, OPPOSE INJUSTICE, AND UNDERTAKE NOBLE PURSUITS.



THE SATANIC TEMPLE

We have publicly confronted hate groups, fought for the abolition of corporal punishment in public schools, applied for equal representation when religious institutions are placed on public property, provided religious exemption and legal protection against laws that unscientifically restrict people's reproductive autonomy, exposed harmful pseudo-scientific practitioners in mental health care, organized clubs alongside other religious after-school clubs in schools besieged by proselytizing organizations, and engaged in other advocacy in accordance with our tenets.

[PRINT INFORMATIONAL PAMPHLET](#)

THERE ARE SEVEN FUNDAMENTAL TENETS

I One should strive to act with compassion and empathy toward all creatures in accordance with reason.

II The struggle for justice is an ongoing and necessary pursuit that should prevail over laws and institutions.

III One's body is inviolable, subject to one's own will alone.

IV The freedoms of others should be respected, including the freedom to offend. To willfully and unjustly encroach upon the freedoms of another is to forgo one's own.


V Beliefs should conform to one's best scientific understanding of the world. One should take care never to distort scientific facts to fit one's beliefs.


VI People are fallible. If one makes a mistake, one should do one's best to rectify it and resolve any harm that might have been caused.

VII Every tenet is a guiding principle designed to inspire nobility in action and thought. The spirit of compassion, wisdom, and justice should always prevail over the written or spoken word.

THE SATANIC TEMPLE VS. CHURCH OF SATAN

The Satanic Temple has become the primary religious Satanic organization in the world with congregations internationally, and a number of high-profile public campaigns designed to preserve and advance secularism and individual liberties. The rise of The Satanic Temple has been met with an increase in commentary regarding what Satanism is as media outlets struggle to grasp how this upstart religion has begun to shift religious liberty debates with claims of equal access.





With unfortunate regularity - and much to our chagrin - The Satanic Temple is confused with an earlier organization, the Church of Satan, founded by Anton Szandor LaVey in the 1960s. The Church of Satan expresses vehement opposition to the campaigns and activities of The Satanic Temple, asserting themselves as the only "true" arbiters of Satanism, while The Satanic Temple dismisses the Church of Satan as irrelevant and inactive.

[LEARN MORE](#)

(exhibit 5h: [The Satanic Temple website](#). I never joined, but they seem like an alright bunch—[especially compared to the anti-feminist moderacy of the YouTube Skeptics/atheist Community](#) [source: The Kavernacle, 2021]. To that, "skepticism" often dogwhistles a common moderate/reactionary tactic; i.e., to "just ask questions." This maneuver is bad-faith more often than not, as seen in the "gender-critical" community [a TERF cryptonym meant to conceal the fascist nature of regressive "activism," [Amazonomachia](#) and cryptomimesis] or the so-called race "realists," [but also the transphobia of cis-skeptics defending the "fairness" of professional sports](#) by excluding trans people; source: *Essence of Thought*, 2019.)

Like furies, Satanism is generally treated as a regular scapegoat during moral panic (with "Satanic" [historically being used to scapegoat members of the LGBTQ community as "groomers" during the 1980s into the present](#); source: Caelan Conrad, 2022). However, Satan is a complex figure and can personify different forms of persecution and rebellion. For example, I have explored Satanism before—in my own past time ("[Dreadful Discourse, ep. 7: Satan](#)") as well as [my own living experiences](#): "I, Satanist; Atheist: A Gothicism's Thoughts on Atheism, Religion, and Sex" (2021). Satanic churches aren't ecclesiastical in the traditional sense, but their implementation in Western culture isn't always implemented well. [Anton LaVey's Church of Satan](#) is a bit overly hedonistic and dated, sounding painfully cliché and sexist. [The Satanic Temple](#), on the other hand, is far more accessible, while ostensibly refusing to compromise on the humanitarian issues they seek to confront in society as structured around organized religion (America wasn't simply founded by the Puritans, but founded on their awful principles, too). This being said, the Temple isn't fallible, and its leader Lucien Greaves isn't exempt from using the Temple as a for-profit money funnel while punching down against marginalized, non-profit forms of Satanism; e.g., [four queer members of its own Washington state chapter](#), which it sued using money raised by the church, itself (source Tumblr post, Queer Satanic: October 24th, 2024); i.e., the Temple is registered as a church for monetary and legal reasons—an act meant to protect it from the state, except Greaves then used it to attack its own members in a cult-like way.

uncanny

From Freud's *unheimlich*, meaning "unhomely," the uncanny actually has many different academic applications. One of the most famous (and canonically outmoded) is the liminal/parallel space (the "danger disco/cyberpunk," exhibit 15b2; the haunted music video, 43a; the Nostromo from *Alien*, 64c). Another common example is the *uncanny valley*, which—while generally applied to animation techniques—can also apply to ghosts, egregores and other Gothic imitations (the unfriendly disguise/pastiche, exhibit 43b; the friendly, iconoclastic variant 43c) or humanoid likenesses that fail to "pass the test" (for a diegetic

example of this concept, [refer to the Voight-Kampff test from Blade Runner](#), 1982). In the Gothic sense, the animate-inanimate presents the subject as now-alive but once-not, but also faced within bad copies they cannot safely distinguish themselves from; e.g., the knight from *Hollow Knight* (exhibit 40h1) but also the xenomorph (exhibit 60d) and living latex, leather and death fetishes (exhibits exhibit 9b2, 50b, 60e1, 101c2), or golems/succubae (exhibits 38c1b/51b1), etc, as one subtype of animated miniature whose ghost of the counterfeit is historically-materially abject. The intimation is one of death in proximity with sensations that we are merely clay simulacra within the Gothic spell and that, at any moment, the spell could end and our dancing in the ruins suddenly stop as we cease to be once more; motionless we become, as Monty Python puts it, "ex-parrots."

terror and horror

Gothic schools begot from the Neo-Gothic period (the 1790s, in particular, between Ann Radcliffe and Matthew Lewis) largely concerned with looking—specifically showing and hiding violence, monsters, taboo sex and other abject things (this lends it a voyeuristic, exhibitionist quality). Defined posthumously by Radcliffe in her 1826 essay, "On The Supernatural In Poetry":

Terror and horror are so far opposite, that the first expands the soul, and awakens the faculties to a high degree of life; the other contracts, freezes and nearly annihilates them [...] and where lies the great difference between terror and horror but in the uncertainty and obscurity, that accompany the first, respecting the dreaded evil? ([source](#)).

phallic women

The cock of the state. A monstrous-feminine archetype predicated on active, penetrative violence (or scapegoated for it; e.g., the trans woman as a "woman with a penis" trope). Canonical phallic women are female characters, villains, and monsters (often Amazons, Medusas or something comparable) who behave in a traditional masculine way—though generally in response to patriarchal structures with an air of female revenge; e.g., Lady Macbeth from *Macbeth*; Victoria de Loredani from *Zofloya*, 1806; Rumi from *Perfect Blue*, 1997, and Ripley/Samus Aran from *Aliens/Metroid*. When Dale Townshend introduced the term "phallic women" to me, he referenced Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth:

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose ([source](#)).

In non-fiction, this encompasses TERFs, who adopt violent, minority-police roles post-trauma, accepting further "prison sex" conditioning by reactionaries during moral panics. The phallic power of women is canonically treated as hysterically fleeting (e.g., Lady Galadriel's "dark queen" moment; or Dani's fall from grace as the dark mother of dragons, in *Game of Thrones*, 2009, her self-defeating hysteria supplied by the authors of the show to justify male rule during the final season). She is expected to perform, then put away her sword and wear the dress.

Archaic Mothers (and vaginal spaces)

The womb of nature. An ancient, monstrous-feminine symbol of female/matriarchal power. In Gothic stories, the Archaic Mother (and her space) is generally something for the canonically male/phallic woman to slay and rape (as per the Cartesian Revolution)—e.g., Samus being the "space" variant of a knight or Amazon, specifically a subjugated, *TERF* Amazon killing Mother Brain, the Dark Mother, in service of the Galactic Federation and "the Man" (the entire Red Scare's class character dialog being displaced to outer space); for a more detailed writeup about these concepts in *Metroid*, consider "War Vaginas":

To summarize those terms, a phallic woman resists sexist conventions by behaving in a masculine (often war-like) fashion in Gothic stories. An Archaic Mother is a powerful, ancient, female mythic figure tied to abject images of motherhood and/or numinous authority. Her power is womb-centric, stemming from her actual womb, or the womb-like space she uses to attack the hero with" ([source](#)).

One of the most famous Archaic Mothers is the Medusa, but she takes many similar forms: the transgenerational undead preserved as living latex, leather or clay that comes alive like a gargoyle to seek indiscriminate vengeance against the living for having been wronged by proponents of capital, Cartesian thought, patriarchs, etc.

praxial inertia

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

Tolkien and Cameron's refrains

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

the euthanasia effect (rabid token Amazons)

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

mirror syndrome

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

***Amazonomachia* (Amazon pastiche, subjugated/subversive)**

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

witch cops/war boss

A class, gender or race traitor dressed up in the heroic-victimized language of warrior variants of past victims. Their baleful gaze is diverted away from the elite, instead punching down at their fellow workers to break up their strikes, unions and riots; but also to tease disempowered women with the "carrot" of active, physical violence they're conditioned to use against the state's enemies. There are male/Man Box variants and token variants (the weird canonical nerd of course, exhibit 93b; the war chief, 98b1; the Afrocentrist; the centrist Amazon, exhibit 98b1/100c4; the LGBA's bad-faith bears, otters, dykes and femmes; or the queer boss, exhibit 100c10) and the praxis allows for flexible gender roles within and outside of the heteronormative binary as long as it serves the profit motive. But subversive variants (exhibit 111b) are generally forced to work within notoriously bigoted and oppressive structures: the patriarchal world of professional, competitive sports or the porn industry as things to subvert ("make love, not war" as a hard stance, not conflating Marisa's "love" [exhibit 98a3] with genuine, class-conscious praxis). This makes TERF amazons, Medusas, *et al*, Judas-level "prison guards" inside Man Box culture; they assimilate their conquerors and use their cudgels, slurs and shackles, but also their fetish/power outfits like they do—without countercultural irony during blood libel (even while trying to disguise this function through false rebellion) while being paid in blood money by the state and forced to ignominiously marry people they wouldn't be caught dead with under non-oppressive conditions.

waifus/wheyfus

The waifu is a war bride in *shonen* media; i.e., the promise of sex, generally through marriage as emblemized in Japanese cultural exports that fuse with Western bigotries to make similar promises to entitled, young male consumers (and

older bigots and tokens). While the "waifu," then, is any bride you want—be she big and strong, short and stacked, skinny-thicc, tall and slender, or some other "monster girl" combination dressed up as a pin-up Hippolyta, Medusa or some other hauntological trope—the "wheifu" is conspicuously burly and chased after by entitled fans (this relationship can get performatively complicated, but the basic difference is coercion versus mutual consent). Within oppositional praxis, then, the waifu/wheifu becomes yet another disguise within class war for operatives on either basic side to utilize.

the Male/Female Gothic

Stemming from earlier periods of Gothic academic (1970s), the Male and Female Gothic are gendered ideas of the Gothic school or work connected to older, Neo-Gothic schools: Ann Radcliffe's *de facto* School of Terror and Matthew Lewis' School of Horror ([outlined as such in Devendra Varma's *The Gothic Flame*, 1923](#); though perhaps articulated earlier than that). Radcliffe's school focused on terror concealing the "dreaded evil," the explained supernatural and raising the imagination through carefully maintained suspense. Lewis's contributions to the so-called Male Gothic focused more on the living dead, overtly supernatural rituals, black magic, and sex with demons, murder, and so on. Frankly Male Gothic is a bit outmoded, [with Colin Broadmoor in 2021 making a strong argument for Lewis' Gothic camp being far more queer than strictly "male" in *The Monk*](#) despite the lack of sexuality and gender functioning as identity when he wrote it (similar to Tolkien or Milton, despite their own intentions).

egregore/tulpa (simulacrum)



(exhibit 5i: Artist: [Mole and Thomas.](#))

An occult or monstrous concept representing a non-physical entity that arises from the collective thoughts of a distinct group of people ([what Plato and other philosophers have called the simulacrum](#) through various hair-splittings; e.g., "identical copies of that which never existed" being touched upon by Baudrillard's concept of hyperreality). The distinction between egregore and tulpa is largely

etymological, with "egregore" stemming from French and Greek and "tulpa" being a Tibetan idea:

*Since the 1970s, tulpas have been a feature of Western paranormal lore. In contemporary paranormal discourse, a tulpa is a being that begins in the imagination but acquires a tangible reality and sentience. Tulpas are created either through a deliberate act of individual will or unintentionally from the thoughts of numerous people. The tulpa was first described by Alexandra David-Néel (1868–1969) in *Magic and Mystery in Tibet* (1929) and is still regarded as a Tibetan concept. However, the idea of the tulpa is more indebted to Theosophy than to Tibetan Buddhism [[source](#): Natasha L. Mikles and Joseph P. Laycock's "Tracking the Tulpa: Exploring the "Tibetan" Origins of a Contemporary Paranormal Idea," 2015].*

The shared idea, here, is that monsters tend to represent social ideas begot from a public imagination according to fearful biases that are not always controlled or conscious in their *cryptogenesis/-mimesis*. In Gothic-Communist terms, this invokes historical-material warnings of codified power or trauma—including totems, effigies, fatal portraits, suits of armor, or gargoyles—projected back onto superstitious workers through ambiguous, cryptonymic illusions. For our purposes, these illusions are primarily fascist/neoliberal, as Capitalism encompasses the material world. It must be parsed/transmuted.

ghosts/*Yokai*

An ontologically complex category of either a former dead person, an *artifact/reminder* of them (their legend as an effigy or "statue" of themselves; e.g., a suit of armor or fatal portrait) or a discrete, wholly unique entity that shares only the resemblance but not the context of a former person or their legend. If hamlet's father is a famous Western example of this idea, then *Yokai* are the Eastern variant of this notion.

For a holistic example of many of these Gothic ideas in action, check out [The Babadook](#) (2014); it combine crypt narrative, Black Veils, Gothic heroines, chronotopes, liminal space/monsters et al into a singular narrative in a fairly iconoclastic (queer) way (it's also one of my favorite films and I love to analyze it; e.g., "[Close-reading Gothic Theory in The Babadook](#)," 2019)! —Perse

Acknowledgments

"I don't know half of you half as well as I should like; and I like less than half of you half as well as you deserve."

—J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Fellowship of the Ring* (1954)



(artist: Joseph Severn)

Note: Sex Positivity is an ongoing project, and one I keep expanding on. The Acknowledgements section per book volume, then, inevitably outmodes, over time, wherein it's far easier for me to update it on my website than release a new book edition (which often takes much longer to happen); i.e., if you're curious at all about the polity involved in Sex Positivity and want to see the current register reflecting that, [please refer to my website version of Sex Positivity's Acknowledgements page](#). —Perse

The British Romantic, John Keats, once described William Wordsworth's poetry as indicative of the "egotistical sublime"; i.e., pertaining to an isolated genius whose self-centered nature makes the truth of their work self-evident. In reality, Wordsworth's poems were based on the diary of his less-famous and -celebrated sister, Dorothy, [whose meticulous chronicling of their various "wanders"](#) (1798) laid the foundation for her brother's Romantic canon. As Gavin Andre Sukhu writes on the subject in 2013,

When reading the Grasmere Journal in conjunction with the poetry of William Wordsworth, Dorothy's journal appears to be a set of notes written especially

for him by her. As a matter of fact, Dorothy made it quite clear in the beginning of her journals that she was writing them for William's "pleasure" ([source](#)).

Simply put, Keats was wrong. Wordsworth could *not* have written his famous poetry without his sister, whose close friendship and watchful eye he greatly cherished *and* relied upon!

Like Wordsworth's poems, *Sex Positivity* could *not* have been written alone; I needed the help of various friends, associates, and enemies. While I arguably wouldn't be a Marxist without the eye-opening abuse of neoliberal Capitalism, I also wouldn't be openly trans without the many lovers and friends who taught me the value of things *beyond* Capitalism ("If more of us valued food and cheer and song above hoarded gold, it would be a merrier world..."). It is the latter group—those friends who stood by my side and didn't abuse me—that I wish to honor. Special thanks, then, to those people. Not only did their knowledge, bravery, generosity and love make this book possible in its current form; they made it fun, too. Yet, as I am blessed to have many different kinds of friends, I'll thank each in turn. Please excuse my lists and organizing; I just like to be thorough and complete in my thanksgivings!

First, to my twenty-three muses—[Casper Clock](#), [Crow](#), [Sinead](#), [Bay](#), [Mugiwara Art](#), [Harmony Corrupted](#), [Romantic Rose](#), Angel Witch, [Mercedes the Muse](#), Krispy Tofuuu, [Ms. Reefer & Ayla](#), [Quinnvincible](#), [Blxxd Bunny](#), [Nyx](#), [Maybel & Jackie](#), [Itzel](#), [Tyler & Husband](#), [Moxxy Sting](#), [Rhyna Targaryen](#) and [Delilah Gallo](#). You've all lent me tremendous emotional support and helped me through some really hard times. Your solidarity during our combined struggle helped make this book possible. To each of you, I wanted to give an extra-special thank you:

- *To Bay*: Thank you for your invaluable contributions to *Sex Positivity*, puppy, and for being such a wonderful partner. Meeting you so late into the book's construction was incredibly serendipitous, but also fortunate in that you gave excellent daily feedback, provided many interesting (and germane) ideas to explore, and just frankly inspired and motivated me in so many different ways that, combined, transformed and expanded the landscape of this book more than anyone else (who all, I should add, pitched in a great amount). For example, from the date that we met (June 14th, 2023) until the altering of this entry (July 19th) you inspired me to create over *fifty* new, collage-style exhibits (about 25% of my book's total exhibits up to this point); on top of that, from July 24th to August 16th, the book increased another 150 pages, gaining an additional 88,000 words and 123 new images (many of which were exhibits). You're a person of great *mana*—incredibly loving and sweet, but also gorgeous, cultured and diverse in your many interests and passions; our minds also think very much alike and I absolutely love it and

adore you for it while having weaved your contributions into this book like a tapestry with your assistance. I cannot imagine this project (or my life) without you in it, injecting into both things of yourself that have changed how I see the world in ways I cannot imagine being different or without. I love you so very, very much, muffin, and am glad to have met you the way that we did!

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- *To Crow*: Thank you, puppy, for being such a game and receptive collaborator, and for treating me as well as you do; you're a wonderful partner—gorgeous, delightful, and sweet—and spending time with you has been so, so much fun! You've given me so much to enjoy and look forward to: making someone I love feel good. It delights me that I've found a sweetie who I can pour my boundless love (and cum) into. So all the kisses and snuggles, baby!
- *To Mercedes*: Thank you, mommy, for inspiring my work. It meant so much when you first approached me and asked to be drawn, as I'd never had an artist/model do that before. But I absolutely love and respect what you stand for and think that you're incredibly legitimate, hot and valid. Thank you for being you!
- *To Itzel*: Thank you, daddy, for making me feel so pretty and special, but also offering me guidance and protection—like the little princess I always to be!
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(artist: Krispy Tofuuu)

- *To Krispy and Quinn*: You are both incredibly gorgeous and friendly to work with—treating me like a person and an equal, first and foremost. That means so, so much!
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overall; i.e., different, but alluring and sweet inside your beautiful darkness. Also, while we have a lot of common interests, you're also very nice and good about communicating (in and out of bed). I really value that!

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(artist: Nyx)

- *To Nyx*: Thank you for inspiring this project, comrade! Your close bond with nature, back in West Virginia, is inspiring ("Mountain Mama, take me home!"), as is your amazing body (having the best ass and thighs ever) and giant heart! Working with you inspired me to come out as trans, and go on to write and illustrate *Sex Positivity* (six books, nearly two million words, hundreds of exhibits and collages, over a hundred unique illustrations by me, thousands of images total, and dozens of collaborations with illustrators and sex workers of all walks). Bless you, mommy!
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I've started a new Q&A series called "[Hailing Hellions](#)," which interviews models I worked with. [Click here to see the first entry, featuring Harmony Corrupted!](#)



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#), of Ginger. Originally illustrated to celebrate their coming out as trans, but revised in a more devilish form for this book.)

Second, to my long-time friends and associates and diamonds in the rough:

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Three, first edition v1.0a; released: 5/10/2025 — ©2025 [vanderWaardart.com](#)

- *To Ginger, first and foremost:* My best friend—who's been there for me more times than I can count—thank you from the bottom of my heart; more than anyone else, your deep support, crucial humor and endless hours talking together about shared ideas, struggles and solutions have been foundational—about sex positivity as a virtue have been essential to shaping the writing inside these pages. Thank you, for saving me from Jadis and other abusers who either meant me harm or otherwise took advantage; and for teaching me about figure drawing, including but not limited to: drawing boobs and faces, but rib cages and pelvises. You are a saint, as fierce as a dragon in a pinch, and a most excellent hobbit all-around; may the hair on your toes never fall out; may the rest of your days be plentiful, memorable and comfortable!
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(artist: [Angel](#))

- *To Angel*: Thank you for being a really wonderful friend and for showing me a lot of cool things to include in *Sex Positivity* that I wouldn't have otherwise! Meeting you was a delight I can scarce express and working with you—on my art, or helping you with yours—has been an absolute treat.
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- *And to Cuwu*: My cowardly lion. Our friendship may have been brief, and you were pretty shitty and callow towards the end, but it was still hella saucy and helped pushed me to come out as trans and write this book (which contains many Marxist terms/colloquialisms that I learned personally from you); also thank you for lending me your copy of *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things* and for introducing me to SpongeBob. It really was a good show.



(artist: [Ronin Dude](#))

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I'd also like to thank the content creators on YouTube whose political discourse and general content not only proved incredibly helpful in writing this book: [Theremin Trees](#), [Rebecca Watson](#), [Essence of Thought](#), [Sheep in the Box](#), [J. Aubery](#), [Jessie Gender](#), [Professor Lando](#), [Three Arrows](#), [Schafer Scott](#), [Xevaris](#), [Rhetoric & Discourse](#), [Satenmadpun](#), [The Majority Report](#), [Hasan Piker](#), [The Kavernacle](#), [Fascinating Horror](#), [YUGOPNIK](#), [Broey Deschanel](#), [Macabre Storytelling](#), [Sisyphus 55](#), [John the Duncan](#), [Noah Samsen](#), [Bad Empanada](#) (and [his second channel](#)), [The Living Philosophy](#), [Heckin' Steve](#), [Ashley Gavin](#), [Spikima Movies](#), [MarshSMT](#), [Behind the Bastards](#), [Genetically Modified Skeptic](#), [Eldena Doubleca5t](#), [STRANGE ÆONS](#), [F.D. Signifier](#), [Hakim](#), [Shaun](#), [Non Compete](#), [Moonic Productions](#), [Another Slice](#), [Atun-Shei Films](#), [Kay and Skittles](#), [Second Thought](#), [blameitonjorge](#), [Georg Rockall-Schmidt](#), [D'Angello Wallace](#), [Thought Slime](#), [Dreading](#), [Caelan Conrad](#), [Little Hoots](#), [Tirrrb](#), [Skip Intro](#), [Anansi's Library](#), [GDF](#), (fellow Dutch person) [Brows Held High](#), and [Renegade Cut](#). Even you centrists, broken clocks and chudwads: [Joon the King](#), [Turkey Tom](#), [penguinz0](#), [Knowing Better](#), [The People Profiles](#), [More Plates More Dates](#), and [Collative Learning](#). Thank you all for your wonderful (or at least telling) video essays, political commentaries, and documentaries!

Out of the above YouTubers, though, I wanted to give further special praise and thanks to those meriting it; i.e., for their incredible work as a whole, but also individual video essays and ideas they produced/discussed and which I found especially (in)formative in my own output. These are just as much those who "ring a bell" when I think of them as those who are foundational *to* my book series, but also my approach to *synthesizing* praxis; i.e., regarding those I find fun *and* accessible *during* the educational elements (the mark of a good video essayist):

- To [Renegade Cut](#): I first encountered your work through your 2019 "[Thanos Was Wrong - Eugenics and Overpopulation](#)." And while your work in thinking critically about popular media *is* often quite solid (e.g., "[Frank Grimes - The Cult of Work](#)" or "[Kai Winn - Better Villain Than Khan](#)," 2019 and 2022), I especially enjoy your real-world political analysis and activism. There's tons of videos you've done in *that* area, but for me, your best and most comprehensive—the one that single-handedly introduced me to a lot of useful terms relative to my own anti-fascism work, like "obscurantism"—was "[What Is \(and Is not\) Anti-Fascism?](#)" (2022); i.e., which breaks down a lot of complicated ideas in a self-contained and well-researched video. Your humor is often quite dead-pan and dry and I'm also here for that, and while I think your eventual turn away from such things to give yourself an extended break in the midst of rising crisis *is* unfortunate, I also understand why you did so and want you to know what your work before then didn't go to waste!
- To [Brows Held High](#): I first encountered your work with "[STARSHIP TROOPERS, Part 1: HEINLEIN](#)" (2021), which went on to single-handedly inform much of my writing about *Aliens* in 2021; e.g., "[The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in Metroid](#)," but also its discontinued book series: *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes*. I eventually absorbed said series into my PhD work and *Sex Positivity* book series. So essentially, that one video by itself gave me a rock-solid foundation for critiquing Heinlein/coining "military optimism"—a term that would, itself, go on to formalize my other academic ideas, "[canonical essentialism](#)" and Tolkien and Cameron's refrains (the High Fantasy treasure map and shooter/Metroidvania); i.e., hence inform and reinforce pretty much *all* my critiques written *on* Metroidvania, as a whole (re: my [2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#)). The sequel video, "[STARSHIP TROOPERS, Part 2: VERHOEVEN](#)," is also interesting—and you raise a lot of solid and fair critiques about Dutch culture and misogyny in Paul Verhoeven's work!
- To [Anansi's Library](#): I found your radical perspective formative to "burning Rome," and especially enjoyed/used your exposure of Frantz Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks* ("[Fanon, Blackness, and Gender](#)," 2020), as well as your discussions about having experienced police brutality, first-hand ("[Police Brutality](#)," 2021). Also, your cat rocks and your name is also Persephone, which is cool as Hell (so to speak)!
- To [GDF](#): While your video, "[The Iraq War Wasn't About Oil](#)" (2024), is frankly a bit of a headscratcher, you also introduced me to Robert Asprey's *War in the Shadows* (1975) with "[How The Irish Got So Good At Smoking British Soldiers](#)" (2023); i.e., hence his vital idea of guerrilla warfare, counterterror and the "paradox of terror" that I came to rely on extensively in my own writing. Likewise, your coverage of guerrilla war in older American conflicts like Vietnam, Iraq and Korea was illuminating, but also smaller exchanges

that likewise shined a light on American hypocrisy/foreign policy (e.g., "[How Israel Cucked the United States](#)," 2024).

- To [Skip Intro](#): I encountered [your 2021 copaganda series](#) in early 2023, when writing Volume Three and initially expanding my glossary. The term "copaganda" as I use it comes directly from you, and frankly your entire series on copaganda is essential viewing for its comprehensiveness and holistic approach to the subject matter/research area (and the guests you routinely have on, too).
- To [Caelan Conrad/Little Hoots](#): I first encountered your channels/content with your 2022 "[What Is A Groomer?](#)" The entire video is useful for its wider historical coverage and (mis)use of the term, but I especially enjoyed the section on "Satanic Panic," civil rights, and the AIDS crisis; all helped me conceptualize moral panics more broadly, meaning in an intersectional sense.
- To [Dreading](#): I first encountered your 2022 videos exposing sexual predators, such as [Bill Cosby](#), [Kevin Spacey](#), [Brian Singer](#) and [Stephen Collins](#). While your videos are well-researched, in general, these ones are long enough to be informative but not so long that they drag on (usually from excessive amounts [hours upon hours] of in-court testimony); i.e., to the degree that I often reference them in my own work, doing so when talking about homonormative behavior and tokenized predation at large!
- To [Thought Slime](#): I've been aware of your channel since at least 2018 (originally recommended by an ex). You cover a wide variety of topics, but I especially enjoy your activist work and close-reads in ways that overlap; e.g., "[GIVE ME SUPERMAN'S UNDERWEAR, I AM NORMAL](#)" (2023), a video that taught me about the Comics Code Criteria of 1954 (similar to the Hayes Code in cinema): an idea I found especially useful in writing about comic book characters like Captain America, but also Wonder Woman and even non-comic-book examples like Ellen Ripley. But beyond your many interesting and eclectic takes—and your refreshingly humorous synthesizing of these with being openly queer and defending it through your social/activist work—I especially have enjoyed/relied upon [your amazing Eyeball Zone series](#), which unto itself has repeatedly introduced me to a variety of small channels, creators and ideas I'd never have found on YouTube otherwise (and which served as the inspiration for the title of my Poetry Module book section, "[The Eyeball Zone](#)").
- To [Second Thought](#), [YUGOPNIK](#), and [Hakim](#): All three of your deviate away from the usual BreadTube clichés and problems, breaking down a variety of complicated concepts quickly and well. While Second Thought does this from an American standpoint—and introduced me to the neoliberal trifecta of worker/owner division, infinite growth and efficient profit I'd go on to use in my own Gothic Communist manifesto—Hakim comes from Iraq (and makes excellent book suggestions; e.g., William Blum's 1995 *Killing Hope* and David

Michael Smith's *Endless Holocausts: Mass Death in the History of the United States Empire*, 2023) and YUGOPNIK from Eastern Europe. In turn, each gives a *non*-American perspective that comes together nicely with Second Thought's domestic voice; i.e., [in your collective Deprogram podcast series](#). In short, it's solidarity 101 and you're all rockstars!

- To [Bad Empanada](#): Your postcolonial work *is* excellent, but some of your ideas are too reductive, hypocritical and nihilistic for me to recommend you without substantial caveats; e.g., "all first-worlders are bad," even though *you're* a white straight guy from Australia. Likewise, your at-times SWERF-y ideas on sex work and GNC activism occasionally cross over into Stalinist areas of problematic (re: "[make it taboo again](#)"); i.e., you have a big mouth and tend to shoot said mouth off about things you *don't* know much if anything about—so much so that I've devoted hundreds of pages of academic rivalry responding to just how *stupid* and harmful *those* statements are (e.g., pretty much my entire "[Understanding Vampires](#)" chapter). Also, your ability to critically analyze popular media essentially boils down to confirmation bias and "find what I want to attack my political enemies [however valid your animus with them is] and forget everything else"; e.g., your opinions about anime and other popular media forms being remarkably reductive and myopic (essentially arguing "[all anime is pedophilic](#)," which is nonsense). All that being said... your entire postcolonial work/activist endeavors on Palestine and your essays refuting Zionists in so-called "progressive" circles remain wholly invaluable, as do your various excellent essays on [the Iraq War](#), [Lebensraum](#), [South America and American geo-politics](#), [climate change denial](#), [Jewish Exceptionalism](#), and so on. Also, you introduced me to Ward Churchill's "[Some People Push Back](#)" (2005), which *was* incredibly useful!
- To [Atun-Shei Films](#): Beyond your introductory "[Checkmate, Lincolnites!](#)" series, I frankly enjoy your holistic approach to research and application much more; i.e., I can take or leave your Nazi roleplay fetish, which I understand *why* you do—to camp Nazis 'n all—but find it's not your most *interesting* work. Instead I consider your work with animal rights activists and abolitionists to be wholly essential ([your platforming of Zionists](#), not so much). In particular, I *especially* enjoyed a phrase that came up on one of your videos: "power aggregates"—an expression from [In Range TV](#) noting that "power aggregates" against potential/actual revolt, discussed in your 2021 video, "Fighting for Freedom: The Weapons and Strategies of the 1811 Slave Revolt; [timestamp](#): 20:55). Great stuff!
- To [Non Compete](#): Your honesty in slowly turning more and more Communist over years and years of checked privilege/wake-up calls is valid, useful and refreshing, as is your moving to Vietnam to encounter different systems to better understand (and enjoy) how *they* work *opposite* the United State (see:

"[America's Officially Fascist. Now What?](#)" 2024). I especially enjoy your discussions about fascism being "Imperialism come home to empire" [in service to capital](#), and strange forms of fascism like "[MAGA Communism](#)" (2022).

- To [Behind the Bastards](#): Your podcast covers a ton of people who historically suck, and learning the truth *behind* their façades (when historically trying to whitewash how terrible they are in service to Capitalism) has proved invaluable to me; i.e., to how I approach my own dialectical-material scrutiny of any darling *I* kill. All your videos/guests are informative and funny—e.g., your [Bobby Fisher](#), [Nicholas II](#) or [Adam Scott](#) segments—but I *especially* benefitted from [your Vince McMahon series](#), which taught me about "kayfabe" much more in-depth and how *it* works less on *or* offstage and more in between the two.
- To [John the Duncan](#): Neoliberalism can be a difficult concept to wrap one's head around, and your videos about it explain everything succinctly and well (e.g., "[Neoliberalism: Class War and Pacification](#)," 2020). You also discuss [gender theory](#) and activism against [genocide](#) in your work, which revolves around preventing it *vis-à-vis* neoliberalism in your own PhD material. In short, you're an inspiration of mine and helped me wrap *my* head around academia and application tied to *all* of these things (and Foucault and prisons, though I never watched your *Chicken Run* video)!
- To [Hasan Piker](#): Hasan's a bit of a nepo baby and dude bro with an embarrassing early career making material [no different than Steven Crowder if we're all being honest](#) (Joon the King's "Everyone Hates Hasan Piker," 2025), but his general understanding of socio-political theory *is* solid and today he fights for marginalized groups around the world, including Palestine. He's not perfect, and I think he's a bit elitist (saying, for example, "black and/or trans people, be quiet, and let *me* speak to angry white/straight people *for* you"), but he did introduce me to the idea of cops being "class traitors"—a concept I would go on to use extensively in my own work.
- To [Shaun](#): Someone whose lengthy videos have consistently pushed back against bad-faith impostors not just in online leftist circles, like BreadTube, but also against American exceptionalism/*Pax Americana* as a whole (e.g., "[Harry Potter](#)" and "[Dropping the Bomb: Hiroshima & Nagasaki](#)," 2022 and 2020). Especially useful to my work in 2024 and beyond, though, was Shaun introducing me to Ursula K. Le Guin's essential "Those Who Walk Away from Omelas" (1973; source, from Shaun: "Palestine," 2024; [timestamp](#): 57:11)—a thought experiment about tokenism and selective liberation/genocide I've gone on to reference many, many times (e.g., "[Remember the Fallen: An Ode to Nex Benedict](#)," 2024). He's basically the perfect straight ally and I love his work.

- To [Essence of Thought](#): Essence of Thought, aka Ethel Thurston (she/they) is a trans investigative YouTuber and video essayist; i.e., one whose extensive and impressively researched/cited work has catalogued tokenistic abuse ranging from atheists like [Richard Dawkins](#) and [Rationality Rules](#), famous problematic authors like [C.S. Lewis](#), bad-faith "leftist" impostors like [Ian Kochinski](#), and many real-life events involving trans rights (frankly too many to list). All of this is essential, insofar as Ethel combines thorough and biting research with careful and nuanced application while investigating real-life sexual predators in marginalized communities. That being said, I especially benefited from their exploring of parasocialism in "[Lily Orchard Sexted A 16 Year Old - 2nd Victim Testimony](#)" (2022). In short, Ethel does it all—educating and investigating in ways that perfectly combine stellar citation skills (always timestamping their citations and giving the scripts to all of their videos with the citations listed and numbered, which frankly just rules) with genuine and outpouring empathy for GNC people (and other minorities) at large. I'm glad to have them in my corner and have learned much from my own examination of their work. To that, their brave 2022 exposé regarding [Buck Angel and Contrapoints/Natalie Wynn's defending of the former's NERF-y behavior](#) inspired and informed my book series' earlier (2022/2023) work—i.e., when investigating and writing about TERFs and other exclusionary feminisms in tokenized circles—and Ethel remains someone I eagerly watch and cite to this day!
- To [Professor Lando](#): Not someone I cite too often, admittedly, but who makes awesome, fun and easy-to-parse shorter videos explaining stigmatized ideas of sex, gender and performance (e.g., "[Twinks, Femboys, Otters, and Bears Explained](#)," 2023) that—for all their brevity—contain a ton of useful ideas and applications regarding things normally demonized by heteronormative society at large. While there's undoubtedly people who delve into these topics much more in length (like myself), Lando makes it quick and accessible: to curious audiences who may not actually *be* queer but nonetheless want to learn about such things in good faith; i.e., in ways that poke fun, but also come from an instructor whose "normal" appearance belies a queer core that he passes onto his students.
- To [Kay and Skittles](#): Someone whose literary analysis is both informative, just the right length, funny and insightful (and has a cute animal mascot, Skittles the ferret). I especially enjoyed "[How Enemy At The Gates Lies To You: Saving Private Ryan, Othering, And Cold War Narratives](#)" (2023) in how it introduced me to Howard Zinn's "[Private Ryan Saves War](#)" (1998)—a piece that went on to inform my appreciation for Zinn beyond just *A People's History of the United States* (1980); i.e., *vis-à-vis* Edward Said's *Orientalism* and American exceptionalism in popular war media at large.

- To [Theremin Trees](#): A practicing therapist who breaks down a lot of applied therapist jargon through applied theory. This includes, in their case, personal experience ("[My Cluster B Parent Died and I Felt.... Nothing Much](#)," 2023), but also tons of testimony from anonymous sources the therapist has worked with (e.g., "[Letting Go of Fixing People](#)," 2020). This approach inspired my own; i.e., when working with other sex workers behind aliases we collectively use to speak about difficult subjects; re: Cuwu, myself and healing from rape through dialectical behavioral therapy, sex (work) and drug use. Also, Theremin Tree's music and self-designed visual aids are both stylish and second-to-none (along with their relaxing and verbose vocal delivery); i.e., which help make Theremin Trees' complex-on-paper ideas even *more* accessible in practice. Highly, *highly* recommended!

Thank you to [Karl Jobst](#) (for your good detective work, [not your racism or pick-up artistry](#)), [Bismuth](#), [Summoning Salt](#), and the other members of the YouTube speedrunner documentarian community for making such well-researched content; it contributed to my own graduate work and towards this book. Thanks as well to Jeremy Parish and Scott Sharkey for their research into Metroidvania ([even if they hate the term now](#)), and for Jeremy Parish's books on *Metroid* (e.g., [The Anatomy of Metroid](#), 2014) but also [on the subject of videogames in general](#); they were fun reads!

Thanks to the various content creators, actors, speedrunners, and streamers I've interviewed over the years for my various interview series, whose reflections have helped me rethink what the Gothic even is. Without your contributions, this book as it currently exists would not be possible:

- "[From Vintage to Retro: An FPS Q&A series](#)" (2021): This Q&A series centers on power and how it's arranged in FPS between the player and the game. In it, interview Twitch streamers and speedrunners, but also several game developers who play and create FPS games: [Jrmhd91](#), [Cynic the Original](#), [Alec and Stuff](#), [Frosty Xen](#), [Yellow Swerve](#), and [James Towne](#).
- "'[Mazes and Labyrinths' Q&A, Interview Compendium](#)" (2021): A series of Q&A interviews I give, interviewing speedrunners of the *Metroid* franchise: [CScottyW](#), [Behemoth87](#), [ShinyZeni](#).
- "[Hell-blazers: Speedrunning Doom Eternal](#)" (2020): I created this series when *Doom Eternal* was new. It interviews Twitch streamers and speedrunners about the game and why they play it: [DraQu](#), [Under the Mayo](#), [Byte Me](#), [The Spud Hunter](#), [King Dime](#), [Your Mate Devo](#), and [Frosty Xen](#).

- "[Giving My Two Cents: A Metal Compendium](#)" (2020): I love heavy metal, and have made a name for myself by commenting on videos by Metallica remixers on YouTube. Eventually I decided to interview these remixers in a *post hoc* Q&A series: [Creblestar](#), [Bryce Barilla](#), [State of Mercury](#), and of course, [Ahdy Khairat](#) (rock on, dude; your remixes absolutely rule).
- My [2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#), which includes all of these people.



Kailey (to the left) and Sam (to the right) on-set (courtesy of [Greg Massie](#))

- "[The 'Alien: Ore' Interview Project](#)" (2019): My first interview series, this project centers around the Spear sisters' *Alien* short film, "Alien: Ore." Originally I loved "Ore" so much I did [my own extensive analysis of it](#) ("Alien Ore: Explained (Spoilers)!" 2019). Kailey and Sam Spear enjoyed that so much [they agreed to be interviewed](#). It includes numerous interviews from the cast and crew, all of whom are total rockstars: [Mikela Jay](#), the star, and her co-stars [Tara Pratt](#), [Steven Stiller](#), [Ambrose Gardener](#); [Dallas Harvey](#) of Vancouver FX; and [Rose Hastreiter and Gerry Plant](#), the composers of Leonty Music Group.

Thanks to Boss Ross, Frank Frazetta, Zdzisław Bekski, Stephen Gemmell, and Ridley Scott (and associate artists; e.g., Mobius, Giger and Cobb, etc) for having a profound and lasting influence on my artwork, imagination and life. Some

of you haunted my childhood; others came later and blew my mind. But you're all rockstars.

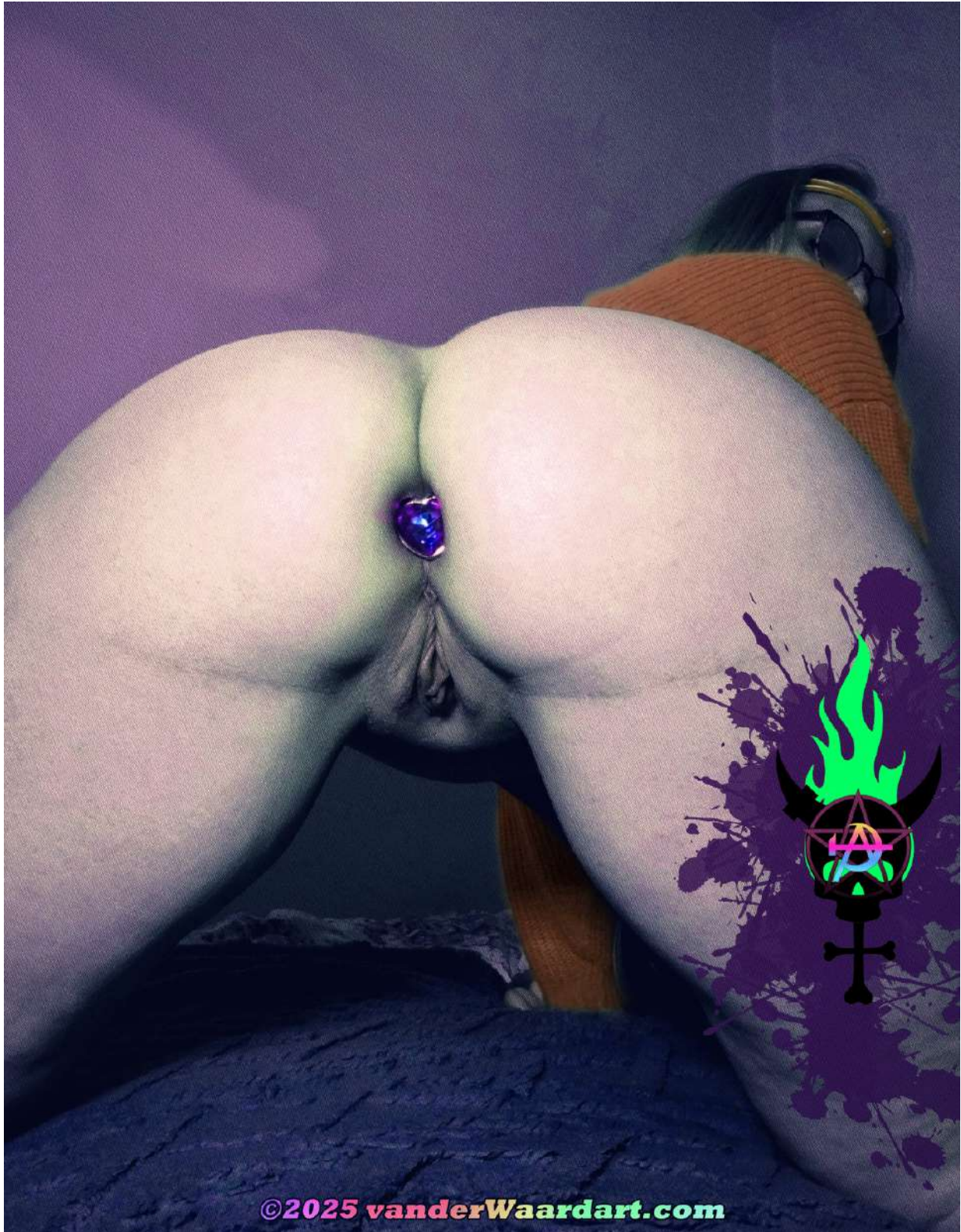
Lastly, thank you to the many, many other artists hitherto unmentioned whose work is featured all throughout *Sex Positivity*. Some of you are recent discoveries, be they models from the present or masters from the past. However, I have followed and studied some of you for many years, and now feel very differently than I did once upon a time! For example, I can see the sexist, racist and otherwise xenophobic/fascist undertones in Frazetta. All the same, his canon is still worthy of dialectical-material study—to learn from the past and appreciate the sex-positive lessons in his work, however imperfect! May they shape the world into something better.

Thank you all very much for reading! Be brave and don't be afraid to learn! Nazi pigs and neoliberals, fuck off.

—Persephone van der Waard



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))



(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

About the Author

*I've walked a path of darkness
Just to open up my mind
I've learned of hidden secrets
Scattered through the depths of time
And at my father's side I witnessed
Things I can't describe
"They must be evil!"
The people cried*

*So when the prince went missing
And the mob was at our door
The king would not see reason
Only vengeance, only war
My father's neck held in his grip
Until he was no more
But the prince was still alive*

*And I said
May never a noble of your murderous line
Survive to reach a greater age than thine*

*Because I'm the Alchemist creator of your fears
I'm the Sorcerer, a curse throughout the years
And I won't rest 'til no one's left
The ending of your line
Their lives are a prison of my design ([source](#)).*

—Eric Bloom; "The Alchemist," on Blue Öyster Cult's *The Symbol Remains* (2020)



(model and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl)

Persephone van der Waard is the author of the multi-volume, non-profit book series, [Sex Positivity](#)—its art director, sole invigilator, illustrator and primary editor (the other co-writer/co-editor being [Bay Ryan](#)). Persephone has her independent PhD in Gothic poetics and [ludo-Gothic BDSM](#) (focusing on partially on [Metroidvania](#)), and is a MtF trans woman, [Amazon enthusiast](#), anti-fascist, atheist/Satanist, poly/pan kinkster, erotic artist/pornographer and anarcho-Communist [with two partners](#). Including multiple [playmates/friends and collaborators](#), Persephone and her many muses work/play together on *Sex Positivity* and on her artwork at large as a sex-positive force. That being said, [she still occasionally writes reviews, Gothic analyses, and interviews for fun on her old blog](#) (and [makes YouTube videos](#) talking about politics). To learn more about Persephone's academic/activist work and larger portfolio, [go to her About the Author page](#). Any money Persephone earns through [commissions](#) or donations goes towards helping sex workers through the *Sex Positivity* project; i.e., by paying costs and funding shoots, therefore raising awareness. She takes payment on PayPal, Patreon, and CashApp, etc; all links are available [on her Linktr.ee](#). Every bit helps!